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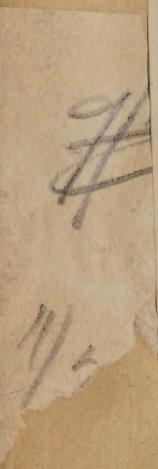

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, THE DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MUSIC, MISCELLANY, ETC.

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VOLUME.

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CONTENTS.

A.

A Talk with our Readers, 81, 177, 273.
A Good Editor, 112.
Anecdotes of the late Archbishop McHale, 143.
A Smallpox Remedy, 150
Anecdotes in the Life of St. Patrick, 218.
A Protestant Bishop on the Monks of Old, 261.
An Irish Governor of Louisiana, 302.
Ancient Scotland, 325.
An Easter Song, 351.
A Sheep-eating Parrot, 416.
A Fly-wheel Cat, 433.
A May Morning Hymn to Mary, 436.
American Citizens in British Bastiles, 480.
A Christmas Voice, 36.

B.

Bell-Baptism, 215.
Bradlaugh, 453.
Beer Drinking, 456.

C.

Character of Washington, 161.
Catholicity in England and Scotland, 252.

D.

Dogs in Literature, 321.
Death, 324
Dillon O'Brien 348.
Don't go to It, 351.
Death-warrant of Jesus Christ, 358.
Death of Rt. Rev. Bishop Lynch, 366.
Discussing a Popular Poem, 395.
Depletion of Population in County Longford, 447.

E.

Early History of the Church in Boston, 97.
Easter, 357.

F.

From Elizabeth to Victoria, 138.
Five Little Farmers, 164, 264, 359, 457.

G.

Grandpa, 137.

H.

Hints to Teachers, 26.
Humiliation of the Stars and Stripes, 216.
Hon. W. E. Robinson, 289, 342.
Have ye Counted the Cost? 334.

I.

Ireland or Russia, 23.
Ireland's Extremity, 63.
Irish National Convention, 97.
Irish Agricultural Statistics, 131.
Ireland's Festival, 193.
Irishmen in America, 194, 293, 392.
Irish Prospects for 1882, 257.
Irishmen at the New York Bar, 347.
Irishmen who Help to Rule the British Possessions, 393.
Irish American Sculptors, 432.
Ireland, Norway, Sweden, 447.

L.

Lawyers in Clover, 251.
Lord O'Hagan, 230.
Legend of the Penitent Thief, 409.
Learning to Cook, 430.

M.

Most Rev. Dr. McHale (with Portrait), 1, 37.
Molly Vaughan, 27, 113.
Moonlight, 36.
Missionaries to the Blacks, 60.
Men of Muscle, 71.
Mixed Marriages, 261.
Mercy, 333.
Musha, Dan, who Let You Out? 448.

N.

New Year, 20.
Notices of Recent Publications, 94, 189, 283, 381, 477.
New Church of SS. Augustine and John, 109.
Notes on Current Topics, 369, 465, 561.

O.

Our Reasonable Faith, 3.
Our Girls, 64.
Ornaments for the Christmas Tree, 76.
Obituary, 95. 190, 285, 382, 478, 574.
On a Certain Book, 301.
Out of Death, Life, 323.
O'Connor, 347.

P.

Personal, 90, 188, 282, 380, 476, 572.
Parody on "Believe Me," etc., 149.
Parody on "I'm Sitting by the Style, Mary," 244.
Preparing Peanuts for Market, 253.
Priests, 323.
Palm Sunday, 350.
Prayer at Meals, 448.

R.

Reaping the Whirlwind, 61.
Religious Demonstration in Limerick, 93.
Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, 192.

S.

Stories of Andrew Jackson, 19.
Some of Our Weak Points, 21, 100, 291.
State Names, 63.
Sweden Coming to its Senses, 71.
Song for St. Patrick's Day, 221.
St. Patrick, 254.
Sermon on the Passion, 305.
Sick Calls and their Consequences, 356.
Siberia, 418.

T.

The Jesuits and their Persecutors, 10, 103, 197, 295, 387.
The Opinions of Men, 16.
The British Empire, 44.
The Irish Bar, 47, 231, 334, 411.
The Charm of Pleasant Manners, 62.
True to His Memory, 66, 132, 209, 314, 449.
The English Began the Boycotting, 70.
The Festival of Christmas, 72.

The Humorist, 80, 176, 272, 368, 464.
The Flower of Finæ, 101.
The Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Mercy, 107.
The History of a Planet, 122.
The School Mistress, 124.
The Cupidity of Mice, 131.
The Irish Soldier in the Rebellion, 146.
The Seas, 148.
The Execution of Emmet, 152.
The Holy Ice-covering Liberty, 156.
The Nun of Kenmare at Knock, 159.
The Dewy-winged Breezes were Soaring, 163.
The Father of the American Navy, 174.
The French-Irish Brigade, 206.
The Angel of Mercy, 222.
The Flying Squirrel, 228.
Terrible Arraignment of Gladstone, 245.
The Nickajack Cave, 256.
Typhus Fever, 256.
The Rosary, 258.
The Great Question of the Day, 259.
The Nun of Kenmare, 260.
The Massacre of Glencoe, 260.
The Last of a Heroine, 262.
The Archbishop of Cashel and the Irish Language, 263.
The Isle of Patrick's Love, 288.
The Church in the United States, 288.
The Fall of Gambetta, 304.
The Happiness of Confession, 313.
Three April Anniversaries, 350.
The Great Dominican, 385.
The Father Jahan Memorial, 400.
Tobacco, 406.
The Dungannon Convention, 431.
The Migration of Nations, 437.
The Eucalyptus Tree, 439.
The Sword, 440.
The Late Festival, 442.
The Month of Mary, 475.
The Jails Open, 575.
Terrible Crime, 576.

U.

Useful Knowledge, 79, 175, 271, 367, 463.

W.

Which will You Do? 70
Where Parnell gets His Grit, 221.
What the Franciscan Brothers are Doing, 401.
Who is God: and what is Sin? 434.
What Irish Federation Means, 441.

Y.

Yorktown, 17, 1782-1882, 352.

✕ John,
Archbishop of Tuam

BORN MARCH 6, 1791. DIED NOV. 7, 1881.

MOST REV. DR. MacHALE,

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

On the 6th of March, 1791, John MacHale was born at Tubbernavium, in the parish of Adragoole, county Mayo. The splintered peaks of the Connemara Mountains towered above his birthplace, and the placid waters of Lough Corrib stretched within a short distance of his early home.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Of the second and more estimable class may be reckoned John MacHale. In his early days, education was a boon withheld from Catholic youth by the state. Primary instruction was sought under difficulties, but these were mastered, and beneath the Nephin Mountain, soaring to the height of 2,640 feet above sea level, the mind of the future Archbishop of the West — the Lion of the Fold of Judah — received the instruction of the parish school. He was then sent to a classical school in Castlebar, and was in his eighth year when the invasion of Ireland by the French under Gen. Humbert took place. Having landed his troops in Killala on the 22d of August, 1798, Humbert took possession of Ballina on the 24th. Expecting the French would advance on Castlebar, Gen. Hutchinson made a rapid march from Galway, and effecting a junction with the British forces under Lieut.-Gen. Lake, on the 26th of August, made, as they thought, every disposition for the defeat of the enemy. But the French general was too apt a tactician to accommodate the English officers. There were two ways of approaching Castlebar, and while sending some baggage carts and his Irish allies along the principal road which the British troops commanded, Humbert selected the mountain road, which was unguarded. He took the British troops so completely by surprise that many of them ran away, and it was said some Irish militia put twenty miles between them and the victorious French before their officers could induce them to halt. The victory was called the "Castle Races," and is one of the few instances in which the British were totally routed during the insurrection of 1798.

Humbert's small force of eight hundred men held Castlebar for several days, and only retired when it was expected the Marquis Cornwallis, who united the offices of viceroy and commander-in-chief, was about marching on the town. Having no supports, for to Humbert's disgust, there was no organized force of disciplined Irishmen to co-operate with him, the French general was surrounded at Ballinamuk; and soon after the French were allowed to return to their native land.

This event, no doubt, made a great impression on the mind of young MacHale, and the tortures and barbarities to which the persons who fostered or harbored the victorious soldiers of France were subjected, filled his young heart with pity and resentment.

For some time the main street of Castlebar witnessed many revolting scenes, and to the young and impulsive student, the tortures of his fellow-countrymen were sources of deep and poignant grief. He had, however, his studies to occupy his mind; these were carefully prepared, and he made such good use of his time as to win the affection of the bishop of the diocese of Killala. Finding John MacHale aspired to the priesthood, the bishop sent him, in 1807, to the Royal College of Maynooth.

Before the year 1795, no institution for preparing the Catholic ecclesiastical student of Ireland existed in that country. Catholic ecclesiastical stu-

Continued on page 37.

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A MAN without religion is an eye without light, a body without life, a fish out of water. A person who lives without religion is a being gone astray; a poor, ignorant creature, who does not know why he exists; a bad son, who forgets and blasphemes his father. Religion is the nourishment of the soul, the true life of the soul, the first and the most essential of all goods.

EVER mindful of our duties, and aware of what is requisite for the good of the Church and the dignity of the Roman Pontificate, we shall never rest in the present state of things, nor shall we cease, as we have not ceased hitherto, to reclaim what by fraud and deceit has been stripped from the Holy See. — *Leo XIII.*

WE want to make our grievances known before the entire world, — to tell France and Spain and Italy and the United States, and the great colonies that acknowledge the sway of Great Britain, — that, as in this country we have been kept down by bayonets to the present time, and as by bayonets we are kept down at present, please God, we are now fully determined, bayonets or no bayonets, to proclaim, at all events, our wants, and to proclaim that we will not be satisfied until we get our rights, and that we will enlist on our behalf, not the swords or guns or cannon of France, or of Spain, or of Italy, or of the United States, but the intelligent opinion of the intelligent nations of the world. . . . What we want is a chance for our lives in our own country, and we will forget the past; we will forget the numberless tyrannies of England; we will forget all the tears we have been obliged to shed; we will forget the massacres that have been committed, the extermination of our race, and the downfall — so far as it was possible for them to accomplish it — of our dear country, and we will begin a new score with the dominant country; we will let them see that we are not only able to flourish abroad, but that in our own land we cannot be suppressed. — *Irish Paper.*

OUR REASONABLE FAITH.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor.

ONE of those annoying objections to the Catholic faith, which really merit only a contemptuous "pshaw," is that nobody can be or become a Catholic without bidding an everlasting farewell to "reason." A convert's friends look upon him as bereft of understanding. If he is an earnest man, they will listen to his vehement arguments with a significant smile, and, probably, a mysterious tapping of the forehead, accompanied with the slyest of winks. Indeed, the convert is incessantly badgered with the absurdest of questions, and his life is frequently less bearable than that of many an early Christian who, at least in some of the persecutions, escaped with bodily torture from his persecutors. But the incessant buzz of foolish controversy, the mean and uncharitable insinuations, the utterly stupid objections and tantalizing remarks to which the modern convert is subjected, must often make him wish that he could exchange his lot with his primitive brother in the faith. Who of us would not heroically jump into a barrel half full of nails and roll down hill, rather than run the gauntlet of a lifetime of sneers, injuries, and most unheathenish abuse? It is questionable whether some of the modern martyrs have not borne longer and keener mental anguish, and deserved a brighter crown, than the ancient martyr whose salvation was assured by a single sword-stroke.

We recently saw, in a public library, an entire alcove of books treating of the Tractarian Movement which culminated in the entrance of Cardinal New-

man into the church. Most of them, of course, were furious attacks upon the motives of the Oxford divines. We thought of that story of Baron Munchausen which narrates the effects of a terrible frost upon his hunting horn. The very sounds froze, and it was only when the horn was brought near the fire, that the loud halloes issued forth. If these books, thought we, could be made audible by some such process, what a howl and hiss would they make! We may gauge the venom, when so prominent a man as Canon Kingsley called Dr. Newman a liar.

The complacent assumption that Catholics are all irrational animals would cause a laugh, if it did not act with exceedingly deterrent force upon those who otherwise would examine and eventually embrace the faith. But what is the use of investigating the claims of a church which is represented as a huge medley of absurd and contradictory doctrines and traditions? This is the lion in the pathway of the non-Catholic, and he has not the courage to examine its ears. In the minds of the vast majority of Protestants in this country, this is the real objection to the Catholic church, — that it is opposed to the commonest dictates of reason; and it is only wasted powder for our controvertists to defend any one particular tenet or doctrine of the faith, until they have removed this singular and absurd idea. You will have to show Americans that the Catholic religion advances no claim and purposes to doctrine subversive of the fundamental rights of human reason; and that you are prepared to abandon the church the very moment it is demonstrated that your faith and your reason are irreconcilably at war. On the contrary, you can show that a most beautiful analogy exists between the teachings of your faith and the very promptings of reason; and that the highest mysteries, whilst being above reason, are in no wise contradictory of it.

It would be easy enough to confuse an honest inquirer, by making him define his idea of the province of reason, about the rights of which he may boldly, though ignorantly, talk. The keenest and most philosophical minds have passed through that dreary castle of doubt, wherein the mind trembles lest, after all, her conclusions may not be valid. We know no more than Aristotle how the mind perceives the external world, and in a large sense, all our knowledge is of faith. It never strikes the average man that he cannot demonstrate the absolute conformity of the object he sees, with its impression upon his eye, and that impression as it affects the soul. He takes it all for granted, and would stare at you if you asked him to explain it.

The truth is, that what certain objectors call "reason" is the very lowest function of that faculty. Of the might and reach of that God-like power, even in the realm of faith, they have no adequate conception. They think that it is the eye that sees and the ear that hears. Of the wonderfully complex nature of mind, especially as it has been developed and trained in the exercise of the highest athletics of reasoning, they know little or nothing. A thorough philosopher finds no difficulty in the presentation of the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, considered simply as a mode under which Christ is present; but the vulgar and ignorant mind fastens at once upon the circum-

stance that Christ is not seen and heard. Like the foolish objection to the existence of God, that he is not seen in some place, such minds cannot realize the truth that were God visible and localized, he would not be God, the Infinite. It is because he is God, that neither time nor space can contain or limit him.

The more profoundly a man reflects upon his own being and the operations of his reason, the more cautious he becomes in all his intellectual operations. That bold and arrogant spirit which rejects everything which cannot be measured by one's thumb is unspeakably odious to the philosophical mind. Constant prating about the divine right of reason stamps a man at once as vapid and shallow. When we reflect that what are known as the primitive truths, those, namely, on which all reasoning rests, must be accepted and believed by an invincible necessity, rooted in the very nature of mind, we come to dislike the cant about bold and independent thought. You cannot prove your own existence, or the principle of contradiction, or the possibility of the mind's attaining any truth whatever. These truths are undemonstrable. You must believe them by the very force of their terms. One may therefore say, in a wide sense, that all knowledge springs from faith, belief, undemonstrated and undemonstrable.

If you told some of these "bold and independent reasoners" that science has virtually abandoned her researches into the inner nature and essence of bodies, and now studies only the phenomenal, or that which lies on the surface, you would probably be greeted with a guffaw. "What! is n't wood, wood; and water, water?" Suppose you remarked that the tendency of present investigation is to resolve all matter into force, that heat and light are only modes of motion, and that extension, space, size, etc., are only relations which we must accept, without reasoning about them at all. In fine, suppose you gave him the last word of science, that this whole universe is a profound problem which overawes the mightiest mind, causes it to falter when it attempts to explain it, and its powers to faint in amazement, even in its flight to the nearest fixed star, and reason will take its proper attitude of adoration, in the presence of a power that it *knows* to be mind, wisdom infinite and might unspeakable.

Where, in the name of reason, is the absurdity of our intellect giving a free assent, under the influence of grace, to truths supernaturally revealed, on the authority of God revealing them? This is faith, and where is the unreasonableness? If you deny God, you violate reason, for we can never explain our own existence, or the existence of things around us, without assuming a first cause. If you deny that He cannot reveal himself to man, you deny him a power which you yourself, nay, your dog and horse, possess. If you deny that He speaks the truth, you deny himself, for he must be absolute truth. If you reject his authority, you reject himself, for he is supreme and infinite. If you deny that there are truths which you cannot understand, you contradict your reason, which admits as facts many things which it cannot explain. The assertion that in the indefinite progress of the human mind, all enigmas will

be solved is properly rejected by the mind itself, which knows and feels its own limitations. The union of mind with matter in man is a mystery which will be as perplexing six thousand years hence as it was to Adam.

Step by step, let queenly Reason advance, for, coming from God, she leads to him. Let her start from any point, her own thought, even, and she will reach her Creator. Some have taught that our idea of eternity, unbeginning and unending, an idea which the human mind certainly has (and it is not made up by the addition of countless cycles of time), is, of itself, a positive revelation of the eternal to the mind of man. Whence do we get this idea? Not from the things of time. Then we certainly can conceive of the Infinite, a Being greater than whom cannot be thought of; and as this Being, in actual existence, would be greater than as merely conceived in idea, St. Anselm argued that his actual existence was an unanswerable conclusion. Reason sees her God in the world of matter as well as of mind. She hears his voice in the unanimous consent of all nations, even the most barbaric. And as she advances in her knowledge of him, she is conscious of a mysterious intercourse, a true and supremely rational communion, which she has with him, who gladly reveals himself as a rewarder to those that seek him.

But Reason need not stop here. A claim is made that God has revealed himself to the human family. When and where? The answer of the ages is, to that people whose existence to-day is one of the most inexplicable in ethnology, to the Hebrew people. Then, before her awe-struck vision is unrolled the revelation of Jehovah. Everything is at her service, to seek, to prove, to verify. For her, the vast monarchies of ancient time rose and fell. For her, history was guided with a providence which startles the infidel. For her, the Hebrew people lost to this day. That she may make no mistake in getting at this divine revelation, nations have protected it, a people was raised to guard it, countless scholars have passed their lives commenting upon it, its prophecies have been verified to the letter; in a word, Reason, even when most unreasonable in her demands, finds herself fully satisfied that God has spoken The culmination of that revelation was in the person of Christ Jesus, who claimed to be the Eternal Son of God incarnate.

Drawn on by an attraction which fascinates whilst it ennobles, the mind pursues the train of evidences for the divinity of the Christian faith. Now, during all this time, Reason has not yielded any of her rights. She has paused, reflected, and accepted. God does not wish her to take one step in the dark. Her own nature convinces her of the duty of believing infinite truth, or else contradicting herself, born, and by an innate law led, to adhere to truth. Even without grace, she can speculatively perceive the irrefragable argument for the divinity of Jesus Christ. He was either God, or there is no truth in human testimony. There is no explaining the success of his religion. There is no key to his motives, his character, his words, or his death. All the motives of credibility, here but faintly and briefly sketched, are brought before the bar of reason. It is the mind that sits as judge, and, by an unspeakable condescension, it is God who is put upon trial. So deeply did

he respect the light that he gave us, that he did not dazzle us with the effulgence of his own glory, but let the taper of reason cast its rays upon the face of our Lord Jesus Christ, — God come in the flesh.

Reason now has only one task left, to find out the mind of the Lord Jesus. Was it left fully in a book? No. How then? In an organization of teachers and taught, called by him the church.

It was at some such stage as this that the logical mind of Newman was overwhelmed as though by the sight of a handwriting on the wall. The voice of all antiquity, from the apostolic day down, assumed and proved that the entire revelation of Christ was intrusted to the Church, a visible body of men, united under one head, receiving the same sacraments, professing one and the same faith. To this body, guided and influenced by the Holy Ghost, infallibility was assured. To its head, in his capacity as supreme doctor of the Universal Church, the same and like inerrancy was ascribed. Then dawned upon the mind of the great divine the sublime vision of the Church of God the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth. He found in the fathers an unvarying principle, *Securus Judicat orbis terrarum*, — the judgment of the Universal Church is sound, safe, unerring.

All controversy, all investigation, suppose and imply the foundation of a church by Christ. It would be idle, in the face of overwhelming evidence, to treat seriously the delusion of those who fancy an invisible church, or individuals specially and peculiarly taught by the Spirit. It may be said that the vast majority of Protestants to-day proclaim and fully believe that Christ established a church, to which he promised vigorous life up to the consummation of time. Then Reason will find it little difficult to distinguish the church of the ages amid the conflicting sects and theories around her.

We firmly believe, that if any honest man will thus let his reason guide him, it will bring him to the portals of the true church. God will do the rest, for we must recollect that faith is a grace. Even the initial movement of faith is a divine gift, as was decided against the semi-Arians. Preaching and such incentives are also graces; and, though our essay is not worthy of the great subject, it is to the Protestant reader a grace for which he will be held to account; for it deals with a question of eternal import, and as such directly addresses the deepest parts of our being and the awful issues of our destiny.

Now, we submit to the candid reader, should a convert be branded as a fool if his patient investigation of the claims of Catholicity has led him through many a long path? Rather should he be praised for his ability to see the rational side. And where is the absurdity of accepting the whole doctrine of the church simply on faith, when one's reason is convinced that she cannot err? Why, what else could a man do? Reason has judged and weighed all objections. In her own sphere she is infallible; that is, she cannot be deceived in the perception of natural, historical truths, when they are properly presented. She is not a blind, erring, and obtuse faculty. To say this of Reason would be to contradict her. We are capable of knowing truth; otherwise we should be only a laughing-stock for the Creator. Reason can

decide upon the facts of miracle and prophecy. She can tell when and where God has revealed himself; and when she believes in the whole revelation of God, as proposed by the church, she is just doing what Reason should do. She has not entered the Catholic Church until she is satisfied with her investigation, and, we repeat, the Church wants no one to enter her gates with a doubting and unsatisfied mind. It would do Catholics no harm either, to devote some of their leisure to studying the wonderful evidences of our faith. It is to be feared that many are not much better off than blind men in a magnificent cathedral, filled with glorious pictures, and shining with divine beauty. The more you study and reflect upon the holy faith, the deeper will the love and practice of it influence your soul.

A false idea which non-Catholics have of the word "Church" is that it is synonymous with priest. "You believe whatever your priest tells you," is a common jibe. On the contrary, we do not believe what the priest tells us concerning matters of faith, unless he tells us what the Universal Church teaches. We are one body, existent in all ages and nations, with an unbroken historical continuity, and the one profession of faith. The humblest Catholic is as much a Catholic as the pope. The people are guided by the Holy Ghost in the preservation of faith, and when the pope or the pope and council define doctrines of faith, they but externize or make manifest the faith that is in the one body, — head and members. The papacy, episcopate, and priesthood are not cliques, not dissevered from the faithful, not dictators of doctrines, but exponents. It would be impossible to foist a false doctrine on the Church, even if councils were shaken by the tempests of arguments, or whole nations abandoned the faith, or Satan sought to sift the pope as wheat. For behind pope, council, and laity is the invisible Son of God, and beneath them are the everlasting arms.

Once admit the Incarnation of the Eternal Son, and its purpose to secure to redeemed mankind the blessings of such a coming, and all miracles, all prophecy, all infallibility seem but motes in the sunbeam. If he is God, and promised what he did promise to his Church, reason would be unreason to reject it. What difficulty is there to Him, to whom the creation of vast and unnumbered worlds was but the play of his omnipotence, to keep the mind of the Church stayed upon his unerring truth? What trial is it to Infinite Wisdom to enlighten the mind of the head of his Church, for whom he shed his precious blood, that she might be without spot or wrinkle? What prodigy of wisdom, love, or power can ever equal his taking flesh of the Virgin, and being born man for our sakes and our salvation? We are but babblers and weaklings in our faith. The pope himself, because he is a finite man, cannot realize fully the power of the keys which the Son of God has placed in his hands. The priest day by day uplifts the chalice of everlasting salvation, and the man who goes to communion is the participant of a miracle greater than the creation of a world.

The royal munificence which led Christ to shed the last drop of his blood, the dead Heart even responding to the thrust of the soldier's lance, has caused him to dower his kingdom on earth with gifts and powers which we poor children of clay cannot realize until he brings us into the Church Triumphant.

Although we are surrounded with evidences of the divine bounty in this world, in spite of sin and the malice of man, who has done all his petty might to make life miserable to his fellows, although we see even in the material world his boundless beauty and power, we seem foolishly to shrink from believing that in his native, spiritual realm, his own kingdom upon earth, the souls of his faithful, he does not reign with a magnificence of grace and a divine royalty of power, before which the material splendor of his worlds sinks into night. If the cup of cold water given in his name merits its reward, and we know what his rewards are, — nothing short of eternal life, — for he is not as man to measure his gifts, infinite treasures are in the keeping of that Holy Church who has given him uncounted martyrs, unrivalled doctors and teachers of his word, lilied virgins and the stainless children, like them of old whose voice, hushed in his passion, was lifted up in his palmal entry into Jerusalem, and millions upon millions of the creatures whom he redeemed, whom she, his bride, his dove, his only one, has nourished at her breast with the milk of babes, and afterwards fed with the food that came down from heaven.

It is just here, however, that Reason discovers her weakness. Instead of grandly accepting the divine faith, with all its immortal privileges and promises, it hesitates, because the gift seems too great, too stupendous. After all, we can never fully understand God, not even in the vision of heaven. We are not used to such lavish generosity. It seems incredible that he should have done so much for us, and the cry of the Psalmist rises to our lips, "What is man that thou shouldst magnify him? Thou hast made him little less than the angels." Yet let Reason, in the face of Infinite Power and Love, endeavor to give a plausible argument for denying any of the great powers of the church, and she fails. What is unreasonable about the gift of infallibility? Why should not the Church of the Incarnate Truth be unerring? Rather, is it not absurd to think that she has fallen into error, and denied him who brought her? Where is the absurdity about the Eucharist? Is it not as reasonable as the Incarnation? Why should we think it absurd that God could empower men to forgive us sin, under conditions? Why should not the Virgin Mother of the God-Man be all pure? Reason, we say, cannot object to these doctrines on rational grounds. It must abandon itself, and call in blind prejudice, or the blind will, which refuses to believe by impulse.

On the other hand, all the analogies of nature and of mind urge Reason to take the Son of God at his word, and to believe that his Church contains treasures of power and of grace which the human mind cannot conceive. We are like the fabled gnomes surrounded by the richest of earthly treasures, untold wealth, jewels that shame the coronets of earth, and inexhaustible mines of precious ore, which we wonder at men's desiring, whilst we content ourselves with a fading flower, or a dance upon a moonlit circle. So the angels, says St. Paul, desire to look in to the mighty gifts and mysterious truths given to man, and they wonder at our obtuseness. We palter and prattle about a few texts, a difficulty about a dozen old heretics, a war started by one of the popes, a scandal in religion, or some such trifle, while the word and deed of everlasting life are in the church, destined to endure, when the heavens and the earth shall have passed away.

THE JESUITS AND THEIR PERSECUTORS.

"They have hated him that rebuketh in the gate: and have abhorred him that speaketh perfectly."
PROPHECY OF AMOS v. 10.

[The writer of the following pages does not propose to attempt to trace the sufferings and trials of the members of the Jesuit order whilst engaged in what may be styled extra-European propagandist labors. To do so, however cursorily or imperfectly, would require more time and talent than he could give to the task. He only intends to very briefly recall the most important instances wherein European governments have turned their hands against the great society, despoiled its institutions, and maltreated its members.]

I.

FRANCE.

WHEN the weak and worthless Henri III., on the death of the last of his brothers, the Duke of Alençon, decided to leave the reversion of the diadem of Charlemagne open to the Calvinist King of Navarre, all Catholic France was profoundly stirred, and indignantly protested against his act. It is true that Henri of Navarre had become the legal hereditary successor of the reigning monarch; but when the majority of the nation recalled how the Calvinists had adopted him as their leader at La Rochelle, how he rode and fought at Jarnac and Moncontour, they naturally ranked the gift of faith above that of birth, and the claims of religion before those of dynasty.

It is to be remembered that at the end of the sixteenth century, men had not as yet come to adopt the theory that it was possible for a king to occupy his high position without seeking to impress his own feelings upon his people, or desiring to bring their religious belief into accordance with his own. Probably none would have more loudly protested against any expression of belief in the practicability of such theory than the leading members of the dangerously fanatical set which rallied to the oriflamme of Navarre. In every land at this period, and for long enough afterward, the monarch was rightly regarded as one possessing genuine power for good or evil. There was no nation which would not have felt itself dishonored by owning the sway of a mindless monarchical puppet, or which believed in the expediency of recognizing as king one without a decided will of his own or the power to make that will effectual. At the period of which we write, "Sainte Ligue" had been some years organized: but it was only now to assume real importance when the faithful nobility and bourgeoisie of France recognized the danger which threatened their native land, the land of Clovis, the victor of Tolbiacum,* the land of Louis, the sainted soldier of the Cross. France, Catholic France, mindful of its olden and glorious heritage, of its struggles and its victories in the cause of Christianity, was not willing to see itself enwrapped in the heresy

* In this battle, fought in A. D. 496, Clovis, as yet a heathen, was hard pressed by his foes, his stanchest and ablest lieutenants were dead or wounded, his soldiers had already turned to fly; when, listening to the advice of his friend Aurelianus, he fulfilled a promise he had made his Christian wife Clotilde when starting on the campaign, invoked the aid of our Saviour, and implored victory from his hands. The prayer was only uttered when it was granted. The French rallied and drove their enemies in disorder before them. On Christmas day of the same year, Clovis was baptized by St. Remi, at Tours. It was on him the pontiff conferred the proud title of the ancient monarchs of France, that of "The Most Christian King."

devised by the apostate of Picardy. Prelates and priests, patricians and plebeians, men of science and of trade, one and all gave their adhesion to the League, one and all bound themselves in compact never to consent to the handing of the crown of their peerless land to the keeping of the Calvinist king, to resist to the utmost of their power the danger which seemed to threaten their faith, to defend with their swords and even with their lives the altars of their Christian sires.

The young head of the house of Lorraine, Henri of Guise, was the fitting leader of the great conspiracy. Brave and talented, fearless in the fray, victor on many a bloody field, clear-headed and ambitious, Henri the "Balafré" was certain to do all that man might to secure victory for the "Holy League." Henri of Guise had, in addition to the religio-political ones common at the time, personal reasons of no common kind for enmity to the Calvinists; for it was by the bullet of a Calvinist assassin that his father, the great Duke Francis, had been slain. In many a sanguinary fight the deed of Paltrot de Méré was avenged, and the sword of Henri was seldom stayed by a cry for mercy; for the memory of that dark February evening in 1562, when his father fell a victim to fanatical hate, lent weight to his arm and was ever present in his mind. That in the war in which the League, its leaders and its soldiers, took such prominent place, many wrongful acts were done and many cruelties perpetrated, there is no need to repeat here. But it is well to bear in mind that it never necessarily follows that a general or commander is to be held responsible for any individual acts of a wrongful or unsoldierly kind done in the heat of contest by any amongst his followers, and that though unfortunately excesses were beyond doubt committed in some instances during the War of the League, it is in no way just to cast the blame thereof on all the leaders of that organization; and when, too, it is remembered that the Catholics at all events did not bring about the contest, that the cruelties referred to were almost inseparable from war at the period, that but for the introduction of Calvinism there was no reason why Frenchmen should not have dwelt in amity, — it will be seen how easy it was for men, with their minds and eyes fixed on high and worthy objects, to overlook, at the actual moment of occurrence, events which were destined to bring obloquy upon a great cause, and, with feelings angered by the memory of works of heretical sacrilege and rebellion, to fail to recognize fully the impropriety of some of the martial acts done against the Calvinists. This is not the place to enter into a discussion upon, much less a defence of, the League; suffice to say that to the impartial inquirer, who chooses to regard the subject free from the extraneous circumstances sure to come forth in a lengthened struggle, the principles and sympathies which called that organization into existence will seem no unworthy ones, — nay, rather of a high and noble kind.

The Leaguers were no ordinary rebels, for they only engaged in an effort to maintain the Catholicity of the monarchy in opposition to the feeble will of a disgracefully and notoriously dissolute king. Personal ambitions no doubt impelled some to their ranks; but what of revolution there was came from the

throne, not from the people. The pope had given the organization what a recent Catholic writer styles "his tacit approval."* Philip II. of Spain had promised it support. It was a great effort on the part of the majority of the nobles and people to preserve intact the unity of the ancient institutions of their land; and they made this effort with every prospect, with almost the certainty, of success.

The people of Paris had formed a species of committee or council of the chiefs of the sixteen quarters of their city. These were spoken of, as a body, as "The Sixteen" (Les Seize), and were destined to play an important and ultra-violent part in the councils of the League. Henri of Guise entered into communication with the Parisian leaders, and eventually, at their invitation, moved on Paris with a considerable force. The popular strength within the capital had been thoroughly organized on a system devised by the duke; and therefore, though the king had gathered a large army inside the walls, when Guise arrived with his troops the royalist soldiers found it impossible to make any impression upon the network of barricades which had been gradually erected by the citizens, and were compelled, on the 12th of May, 1588, at every point to yield up their arms in exchange for their lives. Henri III., seeing that the people were victorious, withdrew to Chartres, from whence he issued an *ordonnance* calling a meeting of the Estates-General at Blois on the 15th of September. Before doing this, however, he had promised the popular chiefs that the objects to be proposed to the Estates-General should be the settling of the inheritance of the crown upon a Catholic prince, as well as the reformation of abuses. Though Henri III. had committed an act which was little less than one of renegacy, and his best loved subjects, the Calvinists, had before this proved that their theology should not want such aid as lay in the logic of the poniard, none could have guessed that one who wore the crown which shadowed his brows would be guilty of the crime he even now meditated.

Henri of Guise was ambitious, and like too many of his station at this period, over-careless of the laws of strict morality, but withal brave and generous; there was nothing of perfidy or timidity about the man, and he disdained to adopt any means of defence against the royal scheme against his life, of which he had been forewarned. Banishing from his mind, with the trust and pride of a true soldier, aught that whispered of treachery on the part of one of the race of Capet, he took no safeguards or precautions. On the morning of the 23d of December, Henri III. with his own royal hands gave to a band of picked assassins the poniards which were to be imbrued in the best blood of France. The chosen scoundrels were carefully secreted; and while the duke was summoned to the chamber where they lay in ambush, the king, whom he was asked to meet, stole away to another apartment to bide the result of his plot. As Guise raised the screen of tapestry which covered the entrance to the regal shambles, the murderers sprang upon him; and though

* "The Jesuits: Their Foundation and History, by B. N.," Vol. I. p. 173, — a valuable compendium of the history of the great order.

in his great strength he struggled bravely for life, at length, pierced with a score of wounds, he fell dead at the foot of the king's bed. At the same moment the uncle of the duke, the venerable Cardinal of Lorraine — who, with the archbishop of Lyons, hearing the noise of the struggle, was hurrying to the spot — was seized and consigned to a dungeon, wherein he was cruelly murdered the next day.

That acts such as these should excite the horror and indignation of all who valued kingly honor, or common justice and humanity, is little to be wondered at. France was in a ferment. The Seize indulged in grotesque excesses and vowed a bloody retribution. A universal feeling of indignation animated the people against the king: in church, castle, and cot his conduct was denounced and justly held up to execration; for a more foul, more brutal deed had never been done in a Christian land. He had hoped to leave the insurrectionary movement powerless by the removal of its leaders; but the result of his massacre had been to increase its strength tenfold, to prove that France would not submit to be enthralled by one whose hands were red with the blood of a prelate and a prince.

That in a period of so much excitement, when the dearest sympathies of the people were outraged, when the ancient faith of the land was murderously assailed, some of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus should have made themselves prominent on behalf of the League, is hardly matter for astonishment. The Jesuits were then, as before and afterward, the ablest and boldest champions of Catholicity, but though some few of them gave themselves with natural enthusiasm to the cause of the League, had never allowed their feelings to overcome their discretion, or their desire for victory for the cause they advocated to induce them to lend countenance to theories and projects of the dangerous kind adopted by some of the Leaguers; yet nevertheless, when, after the death of Henri III. by the dagger of Clément, Henri of Navarre became a Catholic, and was accepted by the majority of the people of France as their king, they were fiercely assailed, even by some of those who should have been their friends, for the actions of a few members of their order, whose only fault was that they had permitted their sympathies as Catholic Frenchmen to induce them to assist in placing the Catholicity of their native land beyond suspicion. As a matter of fact, while certain members of the Society, like Father Claude Mathieu, had worked in the cause of the League, others, like Father Auger, the confessor of Henri III., had observed a strict neutrality; and whilst no doubt some of them had opposed the coming to the throne of Henri IV., the great theologians of the order, Bellarmine and Tyrius, had decided that it was lawful for Catholics to negotiate on terms of equality with him, and even to recognize him as king of France, and this while he was still a Protestant; and yet again, so far was the Society as a whole from being identified with the Leaguistic tendencies of certain of the Fathers, that the General, Father Aquaviva, more than once would have strictly prohibited any of its members from taking part in any way on either side, in the great religio-dynastic conflict, and was only prevented from doing so by the refusal of

Pope Sixtus to sanction such proceeding. More than this, the best friends of Henri of Navarre, when the report of his conversion was received with incredulity at the Vatican, were the Jesuits; it was they who made the greatest efforts to bring about a reconciliation between him and Rome; it was one of them who finally convinced the pope of the sincerity of his recantation.

Despite, however, these well-known facts, Henri IV. was hardly recognized as king when the University of Paris, — determining to efface the memory of past excesses by supereminent loyalty, and to remove, if possible, rivals the superior culture and learning of whose schools left its own colleges empty, — through the president, Jacques d'Amboise, petitioned the Parliament for the expulsion of the Jesuits from France, because, forsooth, they were devoted to the pope, were partisans of Spain and enemies of the king. Now, this newborn loyalty on the part of the leaders of the University was almost laughable, because no institution, no body of men within the realm, had supported the League with such undiscerning zeal as they had; and while the Jesuits as a whole had been neither inciters nor leaders of the confederacy, the universitarians had been to a man its ardent and extreme advocates. The doctors of the Sorbonne had been most emphatic in the expression of opinions opposed to the idea of the compatibleness of loyalty to Catholicity with loyalty to Henri; yet even they lacked courage to say a word against the petition of D'Amboise, or for common justice to those who had controverted their views. In truth, the germs which nearly a century later produced the pernicious Gallican Propositions were already fructifying.

The Parliament investigated the charges made in the Parisian petition on the 12th of July, 1594. These charges were reiterated with vehemence by the advocates employed by the University; but the defence of the Jesuits was so strong in its truthfulness, so convincing in its candor, that their full acquittal seemed secured. The partisan Parliament was not, however, capable of equitable action; and though it dare not affirm that D'Amboise had proved the Jesuits guilty of any wrong-doing, it refused to do more than adjourn the investigation.

On the 27th of December, 1594, the wretched Jean Chastel attempted to assassinate the king in the Rue du Coq, near the Louvre. His Majesty was stooping to raise two gentlemen who knelt before him in the ceremony of presentation, so that the knife of the assassin, which had been aimed at his throat, only wounded his lip. The fact that the would-be regicide had been for a short time a student in the college of the Jesuits, in the Rue St. Jacques, was sufficient foundation for the jealous and vindictive universitarians to build another fabric of accusation against the order upon. Consigning to oblivion the (surely at least equally important) fact that the miscreant had been also, and for a longer period, at a later date, a student of their own, they laid the blame of his murderous action to the teachings and imaginary conspiracies of his earlier preceptors. Nothing could be more unfair or more unjustifiable than the proceedings of the Parliament in this matter; for disregarding the most ordinary elements of equitable conduct, they acted throughout toward

the Jesuits under the influence of a predetermination to secure their expulsion from the kingdom. Even Chastel, under the lie-compelling torture, had refused to accuse the Jesuits of knowledge of his designs or collusion in them; but the enemies of the order were not to be debarred by this from seeking sham justification for their intended act of injustice and spoliation. The myrmidons of the Parliament entered the Jesuit College of Clermont, and were at last rewarded by procuring what they sought; for in the room of Father Guignard, the librarian, they discovered, or at least said they discovered, sundry tracts and pamphlets published during the troublous period of the League. If any one will think of some well-stocked library, and then of what a very slight clew it affords to the political leanings of its possessor; of the many strictly conservative book-shelves he has seen the productions of Tom Paine or Jean Jacques Rousseau on, — he will realize how weak was the evidence procured by the parliamentarians. No one doubted the fidelity of the Fathers to Rome; yet probably their foes could, pursuing the same process of induction, have proved, in a way, their disloyalty to the pope by producing from their library, works the titles of which were registered in the "Index." The evidence was, however, sufficient for his judges, and Father Guignard was condemned to death by the Parliament; though he whom they consigned to the hands of the executioner, bearing all the badges of convicted criminality, had never forgotten the king at the altar, and died with a prayer for the monarch upon his lips.

The day after the death of Father Guignard, on the 8th of January, 1595, the rest of the members of the order were commanded to leave the city. They set out in two divisions, amidst the hardships of an inclement season, upon a wearying pedestrian journey to Pont-a-Mousson, in the university of which place they hoped for shelter. The aged and infirm were graciously granted permission to travel in common country carts, but the rest of the Fathers had to proceed on foot. The magnificent libraries, with the other possessions of the order in Paris, fell into the hands of the Parliament; so the law-makers quickly secured both the books and furniture of the various houses and colleges. Certain of the provincial Parliaments refused to indorse the decision of that at Paris, and therefore in some places the Society were left in peaceful occupation of their possessions and undisturbed discharge of their duties; but wherever the Jesuits were expelled, they departed amidst the lamentations of the people, and only to be followed, almost *en masse*, by their pupils.

The passage of time, and the additional knowledge which he acquired as to their principles, produced a great change in the mind of the king with regard to the Jesuits. He began to realize that they had been made the victims of the jealous vengeance of the universitarians, who could not forgive them for the success of their pupils, or for their refusal to amalgamate their teaching institutions with those of the University. With the "Bearnais" king, to think or wish was to do; and therefore, on the 1st of September, 1603, he issued an edict restoring the great order throughout France, according it full and unfettered freedom. The Parliament and University were both determined in their opposition to and protests against this step of the king; but he was firm in its

maintenance, and emphatic in his declarations of belief in the innocence of the Society of the crimes charged against it by its foes. One of the Jesuits, Father Coton, became the chosen and closest friend, the dearest companion of the monarch, who promoted the foundation of Jesuit colleges in many cities, and desired that on his death his heart should be deposited in the church of the order at La Flèche. In every possible way, Henri testified his veneration for the Society, and evidenced his regret for the wrong done it and its members.

It is a curious proof of the consistent and unscrupulous malignancy of the enemies of the order, that on the death of Henri by the dagger of Ravaillac, though the event was a grievous loss to the Jesuits, there were yet found those amongst their foes who were base enough to charge them with connivance at his assassination. It was the bitter yet glorious fate of the Society of Jesus to be perpetually assailed and persecuted; for the prayer of St. Ignatius has been heard, and history shows us the answer to it.

To be continued.

THE OPINIONS OF MEN.

The saintly Curé of Ars relates that on a certain day, he received two letters, one heaping insults upon him, the other calling him a saint. Showing the letters to his Daughters of Providence, he said, "See the danger of trusting to human feelings. This morning I should have lost the peace of my soul, if I had paid any attention to the insults addressed to me, and this evening, I should have been greatly tempted to pride, if I had listened to all those compliments. Oh! how prudent is it not to dwell upon the vain opinions and discourse of men, nor to take any account of them." On another occasion he said, "I received two letters by the same post; one said I was a great saint, and the other that I was a hypocrite and impostor. The first added nothing to me; and the second took nothing from me. We are what we are before God, and nothing more."

YORKTOWN.

SERVICES OF THE FRENCH-IRISH BRIGADES IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

William J. Onahan.

The national celebration commemorating the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown has been brought to a close. Deserved honor was paid on the occasion to the descendants of the gallant Frenchmen who were in chief command there; and to the official representatives of the French nation, whose aid throughout the war, first in subsidies and moral support, and afterward with fleets and armies, contributed so powerfully to the great and glorious result at Yorktown, which in effect crowned and consummated American independence.

The services of the brave and much-esteemed Gen. Steuben were likewise justly remembered in the recognition shown to those who claim descent from him; and different cities are now showering honors on the German representatives, — though, oddly enough, Baron Steuben in his will altogether ignored and disinherited every one of his "kith and kin." These demonstrations of gratitude on the part of the American government and people are eminently just and appropriate. I by no means wish to be understood as cavilling with or finding fault with any part or feature of the Yorktown celebration. I desire merely to call attention to the historical fact that there was another element and people, it may fairly be claimed, represented at the original scene of the surrender in 1781, who seem to have been wholly forgotten recently.

I refer to *the Irish!* In the army of the Count de Rochambeau, during the siege and at the final surrender of Cornwallis, was Count Arthur Dillon, of the French-Irish Brigade, — the same who served with signal distinction at the siege of Savannah two years previously, where he held the post of second in command to the Count d'Estaing, commander-in-chief of the French fleet and army operating at the time on the Southern coast.

Enumerated as among the troops in Rochambeau's army at the surrender at Yorktown will be found mentioned "Dillon's regiment." The field officers of the regiment were Count Arthur Dillon, colonel; Bartholemew Dillon, lieutenant-colonel; James O'Moran, not placed, — likely major.

Certainly there is no mistaking the nationality of these names! The notable and even distinguished part taken in the American war for independence by Count Dillon and the Irish soldiers serving in the French armies in America has scarcely met adequate recognition and acknowledgment in the histories of the war. I am not referring now to the services of the Irish who fought in the American army and navy. That is a subject outside of my present purpose, and would demand fuller and more extended notice than I can conveniently give in this paper.

My present object is to call attention to the services of the Irish who fought under the French flag, in aid of American independence, against the flag and arms of their hated foe, England. Many of your readers will not need to be

informed that from the capitulation of Limerick in 1691, down almost to the period of the French Revolution a hundred years later, Ireland supplied an enormous contingent to the French armies, the Irish troops being privileged to maintain their distinctive organization, and were even allowed *extra pay* over and above that paid to the ordinary French soldier! Who has not heard and read the story of the career of these gallant exiles? Every battle-field in Europe for a hundred years flamed with their valor, and was crimsoned with their blood.

Extravagant though the figures may seem, authority is not lacking for the statement that 400,000 Irish soldiers died in the service of France during the period alluded to above!

The significant fact in connection with the services of the French-Irish troops in the war of the Revolution is that *they were sent to America, at their own request, to fight the British!* After the outbreak of hostilities between France and England following the signing of the treaty of alliance between the former and the United Colonies, the Irish regiments in the French army, and more particularly the one commanded by Count Dillon, addressed a petition to the French War Office, asking to be sent to America to fight the English, urging as a reason that they "were entitled to serve before other troops (corps), — the English being their hereditary foes." The request seems to have been willingly and quickly granted.

The roster of the regiments sent out in the French fleets to cope with the British forces in the West Indies and in the United States (or Colonies) gives the regiments of "Dillon," "Berwick," "Fermoy" (Roche), "Walsh," and perhaps others which I may have failed to distinguish.

At the siege of Savannah in 1779, Count Arthur Dillon was second in command to the Count d'Estaing, who was commander-in-chief of the French fleet and army which operated in conjunction with an American force under Gen. Lincoln.

Count Dillon had under him his own regiment and parts of others, — "Walsh's," "Foix's," etc., — in all 2,300 men, "for the most part Irish."

In the final assault on Savannah, which ended disastrously to the allied forces, Count Dillon sustained a gallant and conspicuous part; though wounded, he would not leave the field. Three times the attempt was made on his side to carry the intrenchments. Lieut.-Col. Brown, who led the regiment of Walsh, twice planted the French flag on the ramparts, and in the third charge was killed. The list of the killed and wounded officers (a copy of which is in my possession) presents the names of Brown, "Major Dillon's regiment"; Moran and O'Neill, "captains"; Roche, "officer of artillery"; Taafe, "lieutenant"; Fermoy, "cadet." Of the French attacking forces, upward of seven hundred fell in the final attack; the Americans suffered proportionately. It was on this occasion that the gallant Count Pulaski – a Polish volunteer in the American service — lost his life leading a column of troops to the attack.

Need I recall in this connection the renowned exploits of Sergeant William Jasper, an Irishman whose romantic services in the Southern campaign were

crowned by a glorious death at this same siege? He received his death-wound on the ramparts while in the act of rescuing the American flag from the English, who had overwhelmed the assaulting party; "but his hold did not relax, and he bore it off to a place of safety before he fell and died." Prof. Sparks says of him, "Sergeant William Jasper had probably done more injury to the enemy than any one man in the American army." The city of Savannah has raised a monument in honor of the brave Irishman, who, like many thousands of his countrymen on later fields, willingly give their lives to "save the flag." Count Dillon was not the only notable Irishman present at the surrender of Cornwallis; there were others outside of *his* regiment. The name of M. Lynch appears in the list of Rochambeau's staff. His chaplain, too, was an Irishman.

Why were not the descendants of Count Dillon and of Montgomery invited to attend the centennial? I suppose the laws of statecraft and the methods of diplomacy would not admit of this tribute.

The leading part taken by the Irish in the American armies and on the sea invites notice; but it would be unjust to their memorable services and achievements to dismiss the subject by merely "paragraphic mention" in this paper.

STORIES OF ANDREW JACKSON.

When Jackson was President, Jimmy O'Neill, the Irish doorkeeper of the White House, was a marked character. He had his foibles, which often offended the fastidiousness of the President's nephew and secretary, Major Donelson, who caused his dismissal on an average of about once a week. But on appealing to the higher court, the verdict was always reversed by the good old general. Once, however, Jimmy was guilty of some flagrant offence, and being summoned before the President himself, was thus addressed: "Jimmy, I have borne with you for years in spite of all complaints, but this goes beyond my power of endurance." "And do you believe the story?" asked Jimmy. "Certainly," said the general, "I have just heard it from two senators." "Faith," retorted Jimmy, "if I believed all that twenty senators say about you, it's little I 'd think you was fit to be President." "Pshaw, Jimmy," concluded the general, "clear out and go back to your duty, but be more careful hereafter." Jimmy not only retained his place to the close of Jackson's Presidential term, but accompanied him back to the Hermitage, and was with him to the day of his death.

Gen. Jackson had very little love or taste for poetry, his favorite author being Dr. Isaac Watts, from whose Psalms and Hymns he used to make his selection for the inscriptions in the ladies' album, which were once so fashionable, when they were sent him with a request for his autograph.

It is said that while President he never drank any ardent spirits. This was corroborated by his negro servant, who said that "Massa Jackson no drink rum, but then he drinks his coffee strong enough to kill de debbil."

NEW YEAR.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan.

EACH year cometh with all his days,
Some are shadowed and some are bright;
He beckons us on until he stays
Kneeling with us 'neath Christmas night.

Kneeling under the stars that gem
The holy sky o'er the humble place
When the world's sweet Child of Bethlehem
Rested on Mary full of grace.

Not only the Bethlehem in the East,
But altar Bethlehems everywhere,
When the Gloria of the first great Feast
Rings forth its gladness on the air.

Each year seemeth loath to go,
And leave the joys of Christmas day;
In lands of sun and in lands of snow,
The year still longs awhile to stay.

A little while, 't is hard to part
From this Christ blessed here below,
Old year! and in thy aged heart
I hear thee sing so sweet and low

A song like this, but sweeter far,
And yet as if with a human tone,
Under the blessed Christmas star,
As thou descendest from thy throne.

"A few more days, and I am gone,
The hours move swift and sure along,
Yet still I fain would linger on
In hearing of the Christmas song.

"I bow to Him who rules all years.
Thrice blessed is his high behest;
Nor will he blame me if, with tears,
I pass to my eternal rest.

"Ah me! to altars every day
I brought the sun and the holy mass;
The people came by my light to pray,
While countless priests did onward pass.

"The words of the Holy Thursday night
To one another from East to West;
And the Holy Host on the altar white
Would take its little half-hour's rest.

"And every minute of every hour
The mass bell rang with its sound so sweet,
While from shrine to shrine, with tireless power,
And heaven's love walked the nailéd feet.

"I brought the hours for Angelus bells,
And from a thousand temple towers
They wound their sweet and blessed spell
Around the hearts of all the hours.

"Every day has a day of grace
For those who fain would make them so;
I saw o'er the world in every place
The wings of guardian angels glow.

"Men! could you hear the song I sing,
But no, alas! it cannot be so:
My heir that comes would only bring
Blessings to bless you here below."

. . . . . .

Seven days passed; the gray, old Year
Calls to his throne the coming heir, —
Falls from his eyes the last, sad tear,
And lo! there is gladness everywhere.

Singing I hear the whole world sing,
Afar, anear, aloud, alow,
"What to us will the New Year bring?
Ah! would that each of us might know!

Is it not truth? as old as true?
List ye, singers, the while ye sing!
Each year bringeth to each of you
What each of you will have him bring.

The year that cometh is a king,
With better gifts than the old year gave,
If you place on his fingers the holy ring
Of prayer, the king becomes your slave.

Sea-Rest, Biloxi, Miss.

SOME OF OUR WEAK POINTS.

It is easy to flatter, quite easy. It is agreeable to be flattered, quite so. It runs in human nature. To find fault is dangerous. To be found fault with is far from pleasant. Now we think that nearly all our Catholic writers, and the far greater number of our Catholic journals, are and have been entirely too flattering in every way to this American portion of the great Catholic Church.

In fact, in this very small portion of the great Church (and the same holds true of all the sects) we seem to have formed a mutual-admiration society. 'T is praise, and praise and nothing else but praise; and woe to the one who dares to mar the harmony of universal self-glorification by one discordant note. The writer of this article (and he will write much more of like kind) has chosen the very unenviable role of one who knows that accord may be very sweet and mean nothing; and that a discord, as every minor chord in music is, sounds strange and harsh at first, but becomes quite a power when leading up to the grand major chords.

Some while ago the New York Freeman's Journal touched very lightly and charitably on some of the defects in the schools of the Christian Brothers.

The article based on fact stirred the brothers, let us say, to holy anger. The article was weakly attacked and we think the matter was dropped.

Some time ago another Catholic journal in the North called attention to some of the deficiencies in our convent schools. The writer of the article was doomed to the awful displeasure of ever so many nuns and sisters. Now, such is not humility, as we have been taught to understand that very rare virtue.

But why? It is because our writers and papers have woven a web of flattery around our institutions. It was a virtue to praise everything about them. So it became, in their eyes, a sort of crime to find any fault with them. For flattery makes people *touchous* and vain, no matter who they are, unless, together with the light of God's grace, they have the common-sense to know their own defects.

Fronting on every side a wily and persistent foe, watching and waiting an attack from him at any moment, striving to find out his vuluerable parts and weak positions (let us give this enemy the general name of Non-Catholicity), we have come to overlook our own defects, and we have boasted too much of our effective Catholic strength. That weakens, blinds, enervates us. Flattery is dainty food for girls, not the diet of strong men. It injures the man, it harms the church.

In descriptions of Catholic services every sermon preached, no matter by whom, is eloquent and eloquently delivered; which is flattering, but false. Eloquence is a rare gift, and still more rare is oratory. Now, according to those highly colored descriptions of sacred celebrations, the immense majority of the priests in this country must be eminently eloquent men; which is not true. Thank God! we can, in our holy church, get along very well without human eloquence, though we cannot do without the sacramental powers of the priests.

Of course, *a fortiori*, if the priests be so very eloquent, why, the bishops must be more so. Now we have not, in this country, more than six bishops (if that many) gifted with eloquence of the highest order, as eloquence ought to be measured.

Again, every discourse pronounced in church is designated as learned. Now the word *learned* is an adjective not to be lightly used.

Catholics breathing an atmosphere impregnated with Protestantism catch the contagion of giving to the merely *human* more than its real moral value in our holy church. Protestantism needs eloquence, and has plenty of it, as it goes in this country. Protestantism is simply a human organization which lives and thrives on the human.

Now, in our church, the Divine rules and reigns, despite the imperfections of the human. The pulpit, in which the priest preaches the gospel, has generally, in our churches, an elevation higher than the altar. But that is only to the eyes in the Catholic head. In the eyes of Faith in the Catholic's heart the lowly altar has an immeasurably higher position.

And so, also, there is a tendency a long time a growing to make the preacher supersede the priest and to place the sermon above the holy mass. The pulpit's stole is as nothing to the altar's chasuble.

The grandest sermon is not even a shadow of the great sacrifice.

Now Catholic journals and writers seem to pander to this very false taste. Are they afraid to be frank? 'T is hard to tell. But the writer of this has often smiled and heard others laugh at the fulsome flatteries which follow every preacher and every sermon. Does it make the faithful forget the priest for the preacher and the mass for the so-called eloquent sermon?

It mortifies the priests themselves. They know better. And we have seen them wounded more by the exaggerations of unearned praise than by the honest criticisms of sincere friends.

First weak point, too much flattery. More anon.

A. I. R.

The Liverpool Mail is responsible for the following yarn: The recent severe illness of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., has produced a curious instance of the impossibility of laying down rules on the system of the Medes and Persians. Mr. Sullivan, as all the world knows, is a most intemperate advocate of total abstinence. I well remember the fierce indignation which he expressed a few years ago, in the dining-room of the Inner Temple, when he found that aerated waters were to be paid for as "extras," while claret, port, and sherry were free. But when Mr. Sullivan fell ill, his doctor prescribed small doses of brandy; and, though the eloquent Home Ruler held out stoutly for some time against the poison, he was, fortunately, too sensible a man to risk his life for his theory. He took the brandy, and is now, his friends will be glad to learn, in a fair way towards complete recovery. What makes the story more amusing is that, just before his illness, Mr. Sullivan had joined the directorate of a company formed for the purpose of supplying temperance drinks which should, in the course of time, entirely supersede alcoholic stimulants.

IRELAND AND RUSSIA.

Wendell Phillips.

IRELAND is another touchstone which reveals to us how absurdly we masquerade in democratic trappings, while, as Emerson says, we have gone to seed in Tory distrust of the people; false to every duty which, as eldest born of democratic institutions, we owe to the oppressed, and careless of the lesson every such movement may be made in keeping public thought clear, keen, and fresh as to principles which are the essence of our civilization, the groundwork of all education in republics.

Sydney Smith said, "The moment Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common-sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots"; and Byron called England's union with Ireland "the union of the shark with his prey." Bentham's conclusion, from a survey of five hundred years of European history, was, "Only by making the ruling few uneasy can the oppressed many obtain a particle of relief." Edmund Burke — Burke, the noblest figure in the parliamentary history of the last hundred years, greater than Cicero in the Senate and almost Plato in the Academy — Burke affirmed a century ago, "Ireland has learnt at last that justice is to be had from England only when demanded at the sword's point." And a century later, or last year, Gladstone himself proclaimed in a public address in Scotland, "England never concedes anything to Ireland, except when moved to do so by fear." When we remember these admissions, we ought to clap our hands at every fresh Irish "outrage," as a parrot press styles it, aware that it is only a far-off echo of the musket shots that rattled against the old State House on March 5, 1770, and of the war-whoop that made the tiny spire of the Old South tremble when Boston rioters emptied the three India tea-ships into the sea; welcome evidence of living force and rare intelligence in the victim, and a sign that the day of deliverance draws each hour nearer.

Cease ringing endless changes of eulogy on the men who made North's Boston Port Bill a failure, while every leading journal sends daily over the water wishes for the success of Gladstone's copy of the bill for Ireland.

If all rightful government rests on consent, — if, as the French say, you "can do almost anything with a bayonet except sit on it," — be at least consistent, and denounce the man who covers Ireland with regiments to hold up a despotism which will in twenty months, he has confessed, rest wholly upon fear.

Then note the scorn and disgust with which we gather up our garments about us, and disown the Sam Adams and William Prescott, the George Washington and John Brown of St. Petersburg; the spiritual descendants, the living representatives of those who make our history worth anything in the world's annals, — the Nihilists.

Nihilism is the righteous and honorable resistance of a people crushed under an iron rule. Nihilism is evidence of life. When "order reigns in Warsaw," it is spiritual death. Nihilism is the last weapon of victims choked and manacled beyond all other resistance. It is crushed humanity's only means of making the oppressor trouble. God means that unjust power shall be insecure; and every move of the giant, prostrate in chains, whether it be to lift a single dagger or stir a city's revolt, is a lesson in justice. One might well tremble for the future of the race if such a despotism did exist without provoking the bloodiest resistance. I honor Nihilism, since it redeems human nature from the suspicion of being

utterly vile, made up only of heartless oppressors and contented slaves. Every line in our history, every interest of civilization, bids us rejoice when the tyrant grows pale and the slave rebellious. We cannot but pity the suffering of any human being, however richly deserved; but such pity must not confuse our moral sense. Humanity gains. Chatham rejoiced when our fathers rebelled. For every single reason they alleged, Russia counts a hundred, each one ten times bitterer than any Hancock or Adams could give. Sam Johnson's standing toast in Oxford port was "Success to the first insurrection of slaves in Jamaica," a sentiment Southey echoed. "Eschew cant," said that old moralist. But "of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of piety may be the worst," the cant of Americans bewailing Russian Nihilism is the most disgusting.

I know what reform needs; and all it needs is a land where discussion is free, the press untrammelled, and where public halls protect debate. There, as Emerson says, "what the tender and poetic youth dreams to-day and conjures up with inarticulate speech, is to-morrow the vociferated result of public opinion, and the day after is the charter of nations." Lieber said in 1870, "Bismarck proclaims to-day in the Diet the very principles for which we were hunted and exiled fifty years ago." Submit to risk your daily bread, expect social ostracism, count on a mob now and then, be in earnest, don't equivocate, don't excuse, don't retreat a single inch, and you will finally be heard. No matter how long and weary waiting, at last

"Ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done;
For humanity sweeps onward:
Where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas
With the silver in his hands.

"Far in front the cross stands ready,
And the crackling fagots burn,
While that hooting mob of yesterday
In silent awe return
To gather up the scattered ashes
Into history's golden urn."

In such a land he is doubly and trebly guilty who, except in some extreme case, disturbs the sober rule of law and order. But such is not Russia. In Russia there is no press, no debate, no explanation of what government does, no remonstrance allowed, no agitation of public issues; dead silence, like that which reigns at the summit of Mont Blanc, freezes the whole empire, long ago described as a "despotism tempered by assassination." Meanwhile, such despotism has unsettled the brains of the ruling race, as unbridled power doubtless made some of the twelve Cæsars insane, — a madman, sporting with the lives and comfort of a hundred millions of men.

The young girl whispers in her mother's ear, under a ceiled roof, her pity for a brother knouted and dragged half dead into exile for his opinions. The next week she is stripped naked and flogged to death in the public square: no inquiry, no explanation, no trial, no protest; one dead, uniform silence, the law of the tyrant. Where is there ground for any hope of peaceful change? where the fulcrum upon which you can plant any possible lever? Machiavelli's sorry picture of poor human nature would be fulsome flattery if men could keep still under such oppression.

No, no: in such a land, dynamite and the dagger are the necessary and only proper substitutes for Faneuil Hall and the Daily Advertiser; anything that will make the madman quake in his bedchamber, and rouse his victims into reckless and desperate resistance.

This is the only view an American, the child of 1620 and 1775, can take of Nihilism; any other unsettles and perplexes the ethics of our civilization.

Born within sight of Bunker Hill, in a Commonwealth which adopts the motto of Algernon Sydney, *Sub libertate quietum* (Accept no peace without liberty); son of Harvard, whose first pledge was "Truth"; citizen of a Republic based on the claim that no government is rightful unless resting

on the consent of the people, and which assumes to lead in asserting the rights of humanity, — I at least can say nothing else and nothing less; no, not if every tile on Cambridge roofs were a devil hooting my words.

I shall bow to any rebuke from those who hold Christianity to command entire non-resistance; but criticism from any other quarter is only that nauseous hypocrisy which, stung by a threepenny tea-tax, piles Bunker Hill with granite and statues, prating the while of patriotism and broadswords, while, like another Pecksniff, it recommends a century of dumb submission and entire non-resistance to the Russians, who for a hundred years have seen their sons by thousands dragged to death or exile, no one knows which, in this worse than Venetian mystery of police, and their maidens flogged to death in the market-place, and who share the same fate if they presume to ask the reason why.

"It is unfortunate," says Jefferson, "that the efforts of mankind to secure the freedom of which they have been deprived should be accompanied with violence and even with crime. But while we weep over the means, we must pray for the end." Pray fearlessly for such ends; there is no risk. "Men are all Tories by nature," says Arnold, "when tolerably well off; only monstrous injustice and atrocious cruelty can rouse them." Some talk of the rashness of the uneducated classes. Alas! ignorance is far oftener obstinate than rash. Against one French Revolution — the scarecrow of the ages — weigh Asia, "carved in stone," and a thousand years of Europe, with her half-dozen nations meted out and trodden down, to be the dull and contented footstools of priests and kings. The customs of a thousand years ago are the sheet anchor of the passing generations; so deeply buried, so fixed, that the most violent efforts of the maddest fanatic can drag it but a hand's-breadth.

Before the war, Americans were where the crowd in that terrible hall of Eblis which Beckford painted for us, — each man with his hand pressed on the incurable sore in his bosom, and pledged not to speak of it; compared with other lands, we were intellectually and morally a nation of cowards.

At last that disgraceful seal of slave complicity is broken. Let us inaugurate a new departure, recognizing that we are afloat on the current of Niagara, — eternal vigilance the condition of our safety; that we are irrevocably pledged to the world not to go back to bolts and bars, — could not if we would, and would not if we could. Never again be ours the fastidious scholarship that shrinks from rude contact with the masses. Very pleasant it is to sit high up in the world's theatre and criticise the ungraceful struggles of the gladiators, shrug one's shoulders at the actor's harsh cries, and let every one know that "but for this villanous saltpetre you would yourself have been a soldier." But Bacon says, "In the theatre of man's life, God and his angels only should be lookers-on." "Sin is not taken out of man as Eve was out of Adam, by putting him to sleep." "Very beautiful," says Richter, "is the eagle when he floats with outstretched wings aloft in the clear blue; but sublime when he plunges down through the tempest to his eyrie on the cliff, where his unfledged young ones dwell and are starving." Accept proudly the analysis of Fisher Ames: "A monarchy is a man-of-war, stanch, iron-ribbed, and restless when under full sail, yet a single hidden rock sends her to the bottom. Our republic is a raft hard to steer, and your feet always wet, but nothing can sink her."

If the Alps, piled in cold and silence, be the emblem of despotism, we joyfully take the ever-restless ocean for ours, only pure because never still.

To be as good as our fathers we must be better. They silenced their

fears and subdued their prejudices, inaugurating free speech and equality with no precedent on file. Europe shouted "Madmen," and, gave us forty years for the shipwreck. With serene faith they persevered. Let us rise to their level: crush appetite and prohibit temptation, if it rots great cities; intrench labor in sufficient bulwarks against the wealth which, without the tenfold strength of modern incorporation, wrecked the Grecian and Roman states; and with a sterner effort still, summon women into civil life as a re-enforcement to our laboring ranks, in the effort to make our civilization a success.

Sit not, like the figure on our silver coin, looking ever backward.

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth:
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.
Lo, before us gleam our watch fires;
We ourselves must pilgrims be:
Launch our 'Mayflower' and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal
With the past's blood-rusted key."

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

The heart having been gained, the next thing is to come in contact with and elicit the powers of the intellect. There is a wonderful passage in the "Horæ Subsecivæ" of Dr. John Brown — a most acute thinker—which lays bare the whole secret of the master's power over the expanding intellect of his pupil. The bud, through the natural action of these elements, swells, and finally bursts forth into its fulness of elaborate perfection. You cannot stick knowledge, worthy of the name, into the mind, as you do pins into a pincushion. It must, on the contrary, unfold like the petals of a flower, from the internal fount of living action. But to quote the words of Dr. Brown: "The great thing with knowledge and the young is to secure that it shall be their own, that it be not merely external to their inner and real self, but shall go *in secum et sanguinem*, and therefore it is that the self-teaching that a baby and a child give themselves remain with them forever. It is of their essence, whereas what is given them *ab extra*, especially if it is received mechanically, without relish and without any energizing of the entire nature, remains pitifully useless and insipid. Try, therefore, always to get the resident teacher inside the skin, and who is forever giving you lessons to help you, and be on your side." It is by means of the heart — of which I have just spoken — that a friendship is struck by the master with what Dr. Brown so well calls "the resident teacher inside the skin." The resident teacher is the child's own impressionable and expanding intellect; and when once the real and external master — the finished and matured scholar — the formed, ennobled man — has succeeded in bringing about an *entente cordiale* between himself and the child's internal, spiritual, and intellectual life, he is in possession of the second great secret of the science of educating those who are to take our place when we are gone. — Most Rev. Dr. Vaughan, *Bishop of Sydney, N. S. W.*

APPREHENSIONS OF THE HOLY FATHER.

In the recent and latest discourses of Leo XIII. is revealed a growing care of the situation. He said a few months ago, in answer to the Roman deputations who presented him with a roll of signatures in protestation against the events of the night of July, the times are indeed very evil, but they may even become still worse. A few weeks later, whilst receiving a deputation from Perugia, he spoke of the changes impending which threaten families and society at large. Likewise to the pilgrims of the Argentine Republic received in audience on the 9th instant, he concealed not the sorrows and bitterness of his heart, "charging them not to let the faithful of the distant republic be ignorant of the sufferings of their pastor and father."

MOLLY VAUGHAN:

SEQUEL OF AN EVICTION IN IRELAND.

THE clouds were breaking. The storm which had raged all night and during the forenoon was sobbing itself to sleep. The wind grew fainter and fainter, like the tired cry of a child anxious for rest, and already the face of nature beamed into smiles, as if in response to a higher than an angel's whispering.

The road was wide and shady. Huge elms, thickened by birches, stood on either side, their arms embracing and forming a "roof of leaves." The storm, just subsiding, wailed amongst the trees, like the lowest and saddest air in a minor key, while the branches waved and bended, as if they knew that sorrow was at hand. The road near Mat Vaughan's house took a slight bend, on rounding which the eye was met by a scene that made one fancy that nature was but sympathizing with suffering humanity.

Under the rain, which had not yet quite ceased, stood a group of stalwart peasants evidently fiercely excited. Men thronged together; some were young and vigorous, others aged and decrepit. Mothers with infants in their arms stood by, and amongst them were some very old women supported by their grandchildren. Many of the females gesticulated wildly, and, by their shrill cries, added to the general clamor. They surrounded the door of a long, low, thatched farmhouse, which was sheltered at one end by the wooded road; at the other, as far as the eye could reach, was a dreary expanse of bog. One fine young fellow, leaning against the doorpost, with a good view of the interior of the cabin, seemed to be looked to by the rest for information and guidance.

"How does the old man look, Jerry?"

"Is the purty colleen bearin' up?"

"What are we to do whin the sheriff comes?"

"Does Mat think the blackguard will have the impudence to turn him out in the could?" were among the questions addressed to him.

"Do ye mane me to take lave of me sinses?" replied Jerry. "Is n't one question at a time plinty for any man to answer? How is the ould man, is it? Sorra a worse. As for the colleen, faix, whin I say a civil word to her, she looks at me with her big eyes, sayin' nothin'; and she won't let go her hoult of the ould man. She 's for all the world loike a cow afeard of losin' her calf."

"God help the crathur," muttered a white-haired old laborer, trying to keep up his aged head long enough to look round the crowd for approbation; "no wonder at all, at all, she has the sorrowful heart this day. Nairy a betther colleen ever stood in shoe leather. She worked early and late, and made up to poor ould Mat in the latther ind of his days for the loss of his own foine sons and daughters."

"Aiye," said a handsome young woman with an infant in her arms, "an' there was n't a betther conducted girl in the parish. I 'm shure she was more loike a lady than anything else. Begor, many was the boy was breakin' his heart to get her. It was only last Shrove, the bailiff, Billy Gilligan, axed Mat Vaughan for his granddaughter. 'Divil a pinny I have to give her,' says Mat, for he could n't believe sich a close, near man as Billy would do without the ha'pence; an' shure he was n't far out. The boughal knew that the half-year's rint the ould man owed, along with the hangin' gale, would matther little to him if he once had possession of poor Mat's land."

"I 'd never doubt Billy," interposed one of the audience; "the thief of the world, he 's as cute as a pet fox; and the dirty blackguard would do anything mane to get hoult of a farm."

"Well," continued the young

countrywoman, "Mat said he'd spake to Molly, an' so he did, but Molly said she did n't want to lave him. 'Yerra what nonsince,' says Mat, 'shure 't is n't lavin' me at all you 'll be; won't there be room for me on the hob as long as I'll live?' 'No matther,' says Molly, 'I'll never marry any man'; and she began to cry. At first Mat was terrible angry intoirely with her for refusin' sich a good offer, but thin he got sorry, an' said he'd never force her. 'I could n't bring myself to do it, grandfather,' says she, 'for shure 't is yourself knows I was very fond of Mick Ryan; an' when the bad times came, an' he wint to Amerikay, I promised him I'd never bear any other man's name. I think me heart shrank the day I heard he died of the yallow favur, an' now 't is too small intoirely for any one but you. Shure if I married Billy Gilligan I'd be only sellin' meself; 't is n't him I'd be takin', but his money.' So Billy was sint about his business, an' I take my swear the spalpeen has a hand in this dirty job to-day."

"You 're not far out there, Mrs. Mulligan," said a middle-aged farmer, the most well-to-do man in the crowd.

"It is my opinion," he continued, raising his voice and assuming the attitude of an orator, "that the landlord has no more to do with it than I have. His name is only used by the agint, led on by that revingeful sneak, Gilligan, who swore a big oath to humble Molly's pride. Shure what can the young landlord know of the rights of the case, whin the blue say rolls between him and us? He hears from the agint that the land is worth the rint axed for it; that we 're an idle, lazy set, that could pay well if we liked. He 's tould, moreover, that we 're wasteful and extravagant, that our daughters dare to dress on Sundays an' holidays like Christians, and that we have the impidence to have a dinner of mate once a week. Little he knows, boys, that I 'm any betther off than most of ye. Because I 've a long lase at a purty fair rint, I 've a bit of money saved and put by for my girls, but little the landlord knows how hard 't was to make that same money. Whin he sits at his iligant dinner afther his idle day, does he think that while I was scrapin' it together, *my* dinner, barrin' Sundays, was always praties an' sour milk? I have had my forty years of hard toil, one saison's work over for another to begin — settin' the seed, cuttin' the turf, savin' the hay, reapin' the harvest, scourin' the drains, an' top-dressin' the meadows; round an' round, boys, like the wheel of a churn. An' yet we would n't grudge our own labor, if we could spare the crathurs we love betther than ourselves; but 't is young enough we must put thim to the work. Many a time my heart ached whin I had to call my litttle girls at four in the could mornin's, and dhrive thim out to milk; and many a day my heart bled whin they came in dhrinched to the skin, and no time to dhry thimselves, by raison of havin' to look afther the calves, the pigs, an' the churnin's. It was that way Mary came by her death. She got could out of one of the wettin's, an' it wint on from bad to worse. Her mother took her to the docther, an' he said if she could be kept warm an' comfortable she 'd pull through, for that she had a foine chest. Well, we kept her at home for a while, an' she did improve; but the times got bad, I had nothin' put by thin, for the children were too young to work. Mary knew I could not afford to pay a helper, an' she would not stay from the work; so that year I paid me rint with me child's life."

Here the speaker was visibly affected, while the listeners drew close to him, and showed their sympathy by exclamations of "Thrue for you"; "We remimber it well."

"We have a bad government," he continued; "they ought to be ashamed of their shadows to let such a state of things go on in the counthrey. There are a lot of swindlers up in Dublin, boys, in a place called the Castle, an'

the worse state the counthry is in, the betther they feather their nests. Thin, whin they are too idle an' too grand to make money for their children, they get thim government situations too, which manes, boys, they get thim good wages for crushin' you and me; an', by the same token, we have to pay heavy taxes to give thim their wages. We have what they call a Tory government in now, an' some people make out that if the other side wor in, we'd have a betther chance, but the mischief a bit of it. No matter whether head or harp turns up, we never win anything; for whatever side is in, Dublin is caught hould of by the Tory Castle sharks, an' all their good intintions (if they have any) are devoured by thim. As a case in point, I will tell ye a story my son, the priest, tould me. Once upon a time a shield was hung up at a cross-road; one side of it was silver, an' the other was goold. A thraveller comin' one road called to one comin' against him at the other side, 'Is n't it a beautiful goold shield?' 'What, you omadhaun?' says the other, 'silver shield you mane.' 'Divil a bit of it,' says the first, 'I 'd swear 't is goold, for I see it.' 'Do ye want me to doubt the sight of me eyes?' said the other, and the ind of it was they came to blows. Well, we see the goolden side of the land question," he continued, "an' the government sees the silver side; an' as to what the shield is made of, we are both as positive as the thravellers were. I'm not manin' we 'll come to blows, but I do mane that whin a man in power is friendly to us, an' sees the goolden side, the Castle hacks draw him over to thim; an' he that first thought the shield all goold, inds by believing it to be only silver."

The farmer's speech was warmly applauded, to the secret annoyance of the parish wit, who, determining not to be outdone, said that "the Liberals can be no great shakes, as there is only one man among 'em who can be called bright." This statement caused such hilarious merriment, after it had been explained, that the approaching sound of a horse's hoofs was not heard by the group till the rider came up with the crowd. When recognized, there were shouts of "Welcome, Father Maurice"; "God bless your riverence"; "'T was aisily known you 'd be with poor Mat in his throuble."

The clergyman sadly smiled a hurried acknowledgment, and then dismounted. He gave his horse in charge to a lad standing by. Then, looking slowly round the crowd, he let his keen, gray eyes dwell for an instant on almost every member of it, and after a pause addressed them.

"I have a few words to say to my people," said Father Maurice, "a very few words of warning and advice. Be guided by me; no one has your interests more thoroughly at heart. A cruel wrong is going to be dealt to your neighbor, and, far from blaming you for your just indignation, I take pride in thinking that Irishmen have not yet learned to look coldly on a brother's trouble. Mat Vaughan is one of the oldest men in my parish; it is eighty years since he was born in the cottage he is to be evicted to-day. For generations his forefathers fulfilled the great Creator's precept, 'Thou shalt earn thy bread with the sweat of thy brow,' by cultivating this little farm. Many old men listening to me remember him from early manhood, and know him to have been a kindly neighbor, a faithful husband, a loving father; in one word, an honest man."

After a chorus of assent, Father O'Donnell resumed: "Mat Vaughan was frugal and industrious, cheerful and independent. He paid his way, owing to no man, and his life was one long struggle to pay a rack rent. The bad times came, and what was barely possible in prosperous years was utterly impossible in one of famine. In return for his patient toil, for every drop of honest sweat that went to swell his landlord's income, he is to be left without the shelter of a roof

to-night. I have stated the case to you, and you may think I speak coldly. Do you fancy I feel it the less? Men, my heart is swelling with anguish. God sees that I would give a great deal, if I had it, to save that poor old man in his homestead. I can hardly curb my passion when I recollect that I am powerless; but I know how foolish it would be to give it rein. Remember, no wrong can make a right; the least illegal violence on your part will but give more strength to your enemy. The eyes of your countrymen are on you to-day; show them that while you hate the inhuman law, you can gain the greatest of all victories, the victory over your own passions, and leave to a higher Power the righting of your wrongs. I am a long time in the world, my friends, and this is my experience: whenever a man appoints himself the avenger of an evil deed, he almost always draws upon himself a heavier punishment than any he can inflict upon the criminal. When the evil doer has been left to the Author of all justice, He, sooner or later, proves the truth of his own words, 'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay.' I'm not as much troubled about Mat as about the girl," continued the good priest, "he is not long for this world; but, if I am any judge of character, Molly is likely to go to extremes in good or evil. May God send this day won't drive her to the latter; she 's desperate enough, poor girl, and if you can't take from her trouble, don't add to it. And now the time is nearly up, and before I go in to comfort them, I want you to make me a promise. I'm not speaking to the old men now. If time has not taught them to curb their passions, I could have no influence over them to-day. But, boys, listen to me. I've baptized you at the altar; I've watched over you, year by year, growing to manhood; and as He, whose representative I am, loves each one of you as if you were his own child, so I have a fatherly love for every one who is listening to me. Loving you as I do, what would give me most pain to-day? That one of my flock, no matter how provoked, would raise his hand against his fellow-man. Promise me you will not interfere with the eviction. Remember, the sheriff, his officers, or the police are not the guilty parties; so if you have any affection for your old parish priest, promise me, promise me, I say, that no blow shall be struck here to-day."

While Father Maurice was speaking the emotions of his parishioners were indescribable. Like the strings of a musical instrument under the touch of a skilful performer, they vibrated to his will. When, amidst the ringing cheers of men and hysterical sobbing of women, he ended by imploring them not to meddle with the execution of the law, they unanimously and earnestly pledged themselves to do as he wished; and, invoking the choicest blessings on his head, made way for him to enter the cottage.

On entering, Father O'Donnell found assembled in the kitchen the most comfortable farmers of the district, with their wives. They stood in small groups, discussing the all-engrossing topic of the day, and if some of the exclamations overheard by the priest were more emphatic than elegant, he could not find it in his heart to blame them.

"Ye 're keepin' the view from his riverence," loudly exclaimed a motherly looking woman to a knot of people near the fireplace. This caused them instantly to disperse, and leave Father O'Donnell face to face with the unfortunate inmates of the house. Seated on a low straw chair at the side of the empty hearth was a very old man, with shoulders so bent that at first sight one would fancy he was purposely stooping. His head was nearly bald, but a slight ring of spare white hair went round the back from ear to ear. His beard, straggling and uneven, and his eyebrows, which were unusually bushy and thick, were of the same snowy color. Notwithstanding the shrivelled skin, seared with

many a furrow, the dull, sickly, yellow hue of the face, and the drooped and toothless mouth, the relics of manly vigor could still be traced: the high, square forehead, and his long and shapely nose still outlined the past — the bare walls of a once noble structure.

Standing at his side, a pace behind, with her hand resting on his shoulder, was his granddaughter. Like, and yet unlike, *she* showed what a wreck time had made of *him*. Her forehead too was square and broad, but adorned with a background of chestnut hair, so shaded that when she moved it seemed as if the sun were playing a game of hide-and-seek with her wavy locks. Her eyes were large and dark, but they now lacked the softness which was their greatest beauty. Standing with her lips clinched, with pupils widely dilated, staring fixedly before her, she seemed like one acting in a dream. The mouth, though large, was flexible and well formed, and the chin was finely cut; yet, though all the features were nearly beautiful, the face as now seen looked almost terrible. The hard, cold, passionless look in the eyes appeared unnatural in a woman. The set, rigid, firmly closed lips seemed totally out of place in one so young; while the only features showing the least emotion were the nostrils, which quivered with the heavy breathing of the self-restrained though fiercely excited girl.

"God bless all here, and I 'm sorry for your trouble," said Father Maurice, grasping the hand of his aged parishioner.

"Musha, 't is meself knows it, your riverence," muttered Mat. "'T is n't the first time by many you 've given a blessin' under my roof, an' I 'm sorry 't will be the last," he gasped in sobbing tones, glancing round the room for sympathy.

Luckily for Mat, the childishness that drew tears from the eyes of the bystanders prevented him from feeling his loss too acutely. He knew he was to be thrust out of his home, and he felt it enough to make him weep. But as a hurt child feels the pain assuaged by having a fuss made over him, poor Mat was secretly gratified by all the sympathy his case evoked.

As the clergyman turned aside to hide his emotion, a clamor of shouts and groans from the crowd told him the sheriff had come in sight, and made him hasten out to pacify his people.

Emerging from the road before described was a long double file of constabulary with fixed bayonets. On they came, two by two, gradually forming a half-circle round the cottage. The crowd obeyed the gesture of the priest, and receded a little towards the bog.

The sub-inspector, accompanied by the resident magistrate and sheriff, headed his men, while just in front of them, and protected by a strong body-guard of police, walked Billy Gilligan, who was to take possession for Mr. Blindly, the agent.

Even before this the excitement of the people had been intense; but when the bailiff appeared it seemed as if their anger could not be kept within bounds. Execrations rent the air, while here and there sticks were flourished, and stones caught up with ominous agility. For an instant a collision between the constabulary and the people seemed imminent, but a single look from their pastor, and the words, "Remember your promise, boys," calmed the tumult.

"This is a very unpleasant duty of ours, Father O'Donnell," remarked Mr. M'Clintock, R. M., after he and the sub-inspector had greeted the clergyman. "The case is such a peculiarly harsh one it has caused me the greatest anxiety during the week. I hope there is no fear of resistance being offered to the law. I need not tell you that nothing would give us more pain than to be compelled to order our men to charge on the people." Here the police officer chimed in, "It would be a most unpleasant

duty, sir, but inevitable, if any resistance were shown."

"I give both of you credit for the greatest consideration, gentlemen," returned Father O'Donnell, "and I need not say that any little assistance I can give you, to keep the peace, shall be rendered cheerfully, for my people's sake, as well as for yours. I have my own strong opinions with regard to the injustice and cruelty of the eviction, but I hold you in no way responsible. You are but doing your duty, and the sooner it is performed the better it will be for all the persons concerned."

Already the women had come out of the cottage, and their sons and husbands had commenced to remove the household goods possessed by Mat. When the first piece of furniture was taken out, a change came over the old man. Like the expiring light of a candle, his intellect flashed up brilliantly once more, and the reality of his misery broke on him. As, carefully, the time-worn articles were lifted out, he sat crying, wringing his hands, and rocking himself to and fro. First came the old camp bedstead, and the bed in which he and every child of his had smiled and wept in infancy; over it was thrown a faded patchwork quilt, once a source of pride to Mat, as the first piece of work done by Molly's mother when a bride. Then the dresser was carried out. His poor dead wife used to boast of it, as the best furnished one in the parish, when showing it off to the neighbors, as it shone resplendent with gaudy delft and bright pewter. When the spinning-wheel was taken from its place, all sound of the old man's grief was lulled; he looked at it with brimming eyes and, in fancy, he was half a century back, gazing at the form of his young bride at work, and listening to her song, as she kept time to the humming of the wheel. The dream could not last. As, one by one, he saw every well-loved thing that made his home what it had been carried out on the roadside, it was pitiful to hear him recall reminiscences of each.

At last everything was cleared away, the embers of the fire were quenched upon the hearth, and the moment had come when the grandfather and granddaughter should leave their home forever.

As her grandfather's grief became greater, Molly's face grew tender. No tears relieved her aching head, but the eyes softened, and the mouth quivered piteously. Bending over him, twining her arms round his neck like a mother soothing a child, she stroked the aged head which rested on her breast, and, as she did so, she lovingly begged of him not to fret.

"Grandfather, shure 't is n't goin' to break me heart ye are?" she implored. "What do we care about lavin? 'Deed, thin we had n't much pleasure here this many a day, an' as long as we 're left together 't will be home wherever we are. Do ye remimber last Sunday, when the Soggart tould us the Almighty God himself promised that not even the little sparrow would fall from the ould roof without he mindin' it. Shure you know he won't lave us could or comfortless"

"That 's right, my girl," said Father O'Donnell, who had come in to lead the old man away. "I feared that in your hour of trouble you were forgetting your faith in your Heavenly Father. I know I can trust you to make no scene; go out quickly; I will follow with the old man."

Without a moment's hesitation, looking neither to right nor left, the girl silently obeyed; but when she was outside the threshold she quickly turned, and anxiously looked for the coming of her grandfather. In a few minutes Mat appeared, bowed down and dejected, leaning on the priest's arm. Another moment, and all would be over; his foot was on the doorstep, when, wrenching his arm forcibly away, he flung himself, with a faint cry, on his knees. The despair and agony of the old man, as he clung to the door-post and pressed his lips again and again to the hard wood,

were heartrending to behold. In vain the clergyman spoke of the sorrows of "Him who had not whereon to lay his head." In vain, Molly used every endearing wile to coax him away. All was useless. The priest saw that the crowd was rapidly growing more and more violent; and he knew that if the sad scene were not at once ended, in a few moments the people would be beyond his control. Gently throwing his arms around the old man, he tried, with superior strength, to make him let go his hold. Mat seemed to yield a little; his lips moved convulsively, but no speech came from them. Then he gasped heavily, and, with a deep sigh, fell back against the knees of the priest. The quick eye of Father O'Donnell saw that, under the sanction of the law, a fearful tragedy had been enacted, and a human life sacrificed. Mat Vaughan was dead, and the hand of the corpse still grasped the roof-tree to which he had clung even in death.

O God! what could picture the scene that followed. With a shriek that must have pierced the heavens, the horror-stricken girl flung herself beside the dead man. Reverently laying down his dead burden, Father O'Donnell stood up, trembling and livid with indignation. When the fearful facts were realized by the people, a wail, an Irish keen, arose, that could never be forgotten by a bystander. Men, ay, even the agents of the law, looked at each other panic-stricken, with moistened eyes. Women threw themselves into each other's arms, sobbing hysterically, while many a bitter curse was heaped on Mr. Blindley, by men and women alike.

Recovering himself, and eager to end the awful scene, the sheriff formally offered to render up possession to the bailiff; but his guilty conscience warned Gilligan to get out of the people's reach as quickly as possible. Trembling with cowardly fear, he declined to take any further part in the proceedings, and he urgently asked for an escort of police to see him safely home.

The hearts of the people had been deeply stirred. The magistrate, seeing their anger rising towards the craven he was bound to protect, appealed to Father O'Donnell to calm them. The day had been a trying one for the priest, and the terrible ending of the last sad scene had almost completely unnerved him. Yet he made an effort to accede to Mr. M'Clintock's request. "My children," said the venerable old man, in broken tones, "it is only a few hours since I asked you not to strike a blow in Mat's defence; he wants no defender now. Man turned him out of his earthly home, and many of you would have been glad to offer him the shelter of your roofs; but the good God was beforehand with you, and took him to Himself. Believe me, he is well provided for. If the queen gave him her palace it would be nothing in comparison with his heavenly Father's mansion. His home above is a good exchange for the one he left here below. And now, my people, I know you are greatly shocked, and that you would be almost ashamed of yourselves if the dreadful crime were to go unpunished."

"Your reverince never said a thruer word."

"But, remember what I said to you this morning, and leave to God the punishment of the guilty." Here he abruptly ended, unable from emotion and fatigue to say more.

Many of his hearers assured him they would do as he advised them; but the enthusiasm of the morning had given place to sullen and deepening resentment. Some, with lowering brows and clinched hands, muttered fearful threats of vengeance; while Jerry O'Rorke, with flashing eyes, openly declared that "he would never rest aisy till he gave Billy Gilligan a wollipin' he 'd remimber all the days of his loife."

All was now ended, and the constabulary marched off with the bailiff shivering in their midst. Mr. M'Clin-

tock and the sub-inspector, having said good bye to Father O'Donnell and expressed their sympathy with Molly, followed the police. Molly looked utterly unconscious. She sat in the desolate kitchen, into which the neighbors had brought her grandfather's corpse; and there seemed as little soul in her face as in that of the dead. Hers were the only dry eyes in the room of mourning. With knit brows and clinched lips she passed the long night in silence, rocking backwards and forwards the chair in which she sat, heedless, alike, of food and of the consolation which the other women offered her. The kind-hearted people performed the last sad offices for Mat; and, in consideration of Molly, the arrangements for the interment were hastened as much as possible.

From many miles the people came to the funeral, to protest by their presence against the unjust exercise of the law they were told to respect and obey. The length of the funeral procession was exactly in inverse ratio to the length of the purse Mat Vaughan had left after him. This uncommon incident was a true gauge of the general sorrow for the dead, and of the sympathy with the suffering girl.

Molly was now a source of the gravest anxiety to her pastor. He would have preferred the wildest outbursts of grief to the unnatural calm that hid, he knew not what. He still hoped that the last touching moment, when the coffin was lowered into the grave, would open the flood-gates of her sorrow. It was not so. Seemingly unmoved, she watched each shovelful of earth as it fell; and, when all was over, she drearily turned away, and rudely repelled the company and gentle consolation of many a warm-hearted friend. The graveyard surrounded the parish church, the clergyman's residence standing in an adjoining field. Father Maurice overtook Molly near his own gate and gently drew her into the house. A bright fire burned in the snug little parlor, and he seated her near it; he then rang for the cup of tea which he had ordered his servant to have in readiness, and, as he placed it before the afflicted girl, he tried to assume an air of cheerfulness.

"You must drink that now, like a good child," he began.

No answer from Molly.

Thinking it better not to notice her reticence, he inquired, "What do you intend to do with yourself, Molly?"

"I don't care, sir," she sullenly replied.

"That's nonsense," he returned. I'm very much afraid you are listening to the devil, Molly. If I am not greatly mistaken, my girl, your heart is full of black thoughts of revenge. For shame on you! Is that the way, after all my teaching, you bear a trouble when God sends it to you?"

"But he did n't send it," she screamed, starting to her feet, her whole frame convulsed with passion. "Shure, if the ould man died on his bed I would n't mind; but 't was man, and not God, that took him from me. There's no use prachin to me about religion and Providence; I would n't believe a word you'd be sayin'. Am n't I bearin' up, an' workin' an' draggin' all me life, an' what have I by it now? An' grandfather, what harm did *he* ever do mortal man? You tould us the Lord watches over the little sparrows; if he does, why did n't he moind him? Shure I 'd be betther off if I never throubled meself about me sowl. Is n't it common talk that Blindley's wife (the wife of the man that murdered me grandfather) married Blindley without carin' a thraneen about him; oiye, that she was clane daft about another man at the time? An' I could n't do what a lady did. You tould me 't would be a sin for me to marry that thraitor Gilligan, for a livin', whin I hated him. I'm sorry I took your advice; for the ould man would be livin' now, only Billy's spite against me made the landlord turn us out of our holdin'."

She ceased speaking, absolutely struggling for breath.

The priest was horrified. The girl's misery touched his heart, but the intensity of her passion shocked him. Her words were wild; the tone and manner still more reckless. He saw that now was not the time to remonstrate with her, so he gave her in charge to his housekeeper. He intended to see her in the morning when the first violence of her grief should have given way to the influence of repose, and the good priest prayed fervently that the dawn might find the bereaved girl reconciled to the holy will of heaven.

The next morning Molly could not be found. The priest and people, fearing she was scarcely sane, searched far and near to learn what had become of her. All was useless. Molly was never again seen in the townland of Ballydinagh, nor in her beloved county of Limerick.

A few nights afterwards Gilligan, on his way home from a fair, was treated to a severe belaboring by a couple of strapping young peasants. He swore an information against Jerry O'Rorke, who was returned for trial to the quarter sessions. Jerry's threats on the day of the eviction corroborated the bailiff's oath. He was found guilty, the jury strongly recommending him to mercy.

The presiding judge, when pronouncing sentence, remarked that "The twelve men by whom the case was tried could not possibly have returned a different verdict, and he only regretted that, what he could not help designating as a sickly sentimentality, had allowed them to add the recommendation to mercy. The man now convicted was guilty of an unprovoked and brutal assault; Gilligan's performance of his duty on the day of the eviction being the only semblance of an excuse put forward as a palliation of the crime. If a man could not do his duty, which might be an unpleasant one, without danger to his life, there would be an end to all law and order. The sentence of the court was, that he should be imprisoned and kept to hard labor for a period of eighteen months."

The severity of this sentence caused some sensation in court, but all manifestations of disapproval were at once checked by the police.

Conclusion next month.

The Marquis de Catania has just written a work on "Social Disorder," which has been eagerly caught at by the political economists of Europe, and has been the talk of the clubs and a principal subject of discussion among the serious men of all countries, to whom it is addressed. He declares that after long study and unremitting attention, he has arrived at the solution of the enigma which the Old World is ceaselessly endeavoring to solve. He defines the question as a purely religious one. "The Church of Rome," he says, "alone holds the key to the secret door which leads to the open country. She alone can render the toils and sorrows of the poor man supportable by her promise of compensation in another life."

Boycotting a Bride. — The latest and most novel phase of boycotting has just been exemplified in a parish near Mallow, county Cork. A young lady, daughter of a well-to-do farmer, was engaged to be married to the son of a neighbor, also in comfortable circumstances, but who had the misfortune to come under the ban of the Land League, and was undergoing boycotting in its severest form. The night before the day appointed for the marriage the bride elect was waited upon by a number of members of the local Land League, who informed her that, should she marry the intended bridegroom, both she and all her family would be equally boycotted. So great was the persuasion brought to bear upon her that the poor girl has broken off, or at least postponed, the match.

A CHRISTMAS VOICE.

D. J. Donahoe.

An angel, star-crowned and with heaven-blue wings,
With a voice that rang out as a clarion rings,
Came out of the rose-windowed East of a morn,
Saying, "This is the day that the Saviour was born."

The clouds fled away from the regions of air,
The skies became bright with the presence so fair;
The wind and the waves sank abashed and were still,
"Peace be on earth unto men of good-will."

High over the great sleeping city he flew,
Whose walls in the dawning were dim to the view;
From the myriad chimneys rose cloud-wreaths of smoke,
That vanished in air as God's messenger spoke: —

"O man! on thy heart grave the words which I bring,
The living command of Creation's dread King,
The law which uniteth the spirits above:
Give worship to God, to thy neighbor give love."

Away to the west through the crimsoning skies,
In a rainbow-like halo the messenger flies;
While sweeter than song drop these tokens of cheer,
"Merry Christmas to all, and a happy New Year."

MOONLIGHT.

Anna T. Sadlier.

O solemn and wonderful moonlight,
How strange are the myst'ries that lie,
In the glow of thy magical whiteness,
Enshrouding the earth and the sky!

On the alleys of park or of forest
Stray shadows uncanny to men;
In clusters fantastic they whisper
Of secrets surpassing our ken.

O solemn and wonderful moonlight,
How white lie the paths in thy sight!
'T is a mournful and desolate whiteness,
Like the infinite silence of night.

The infinite silence of midnight,
When spirits far out of our reach,
The embodied or disembodied,
With souls that are kindred hold speech.

Thy glory, O tremulous moonshine,
Thy dazzling, aerial light,
Is the heaven where spirits congenial
May meet and hold converse by night.

MOST REV. DR. MacHALE.

Continued from page 2.

dents were obliged to seek in the colleges and universities of Italy, France, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal the education denied them at home. It was supposed that, along with the learning which qualified them for their sacred calling, they imported sentiments and feelings hostile to England, and, therefore, not because they loved Ireland much, but that they loved Britain more, the British government, in 1795, granted a sum of money and established the Royal College of St. Patrick, at Maynooth, in the county of Kildare.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, had the good sense to consult, and better still, to be guided in the arrangement of the college by the present writer's illustrious kinsman, the Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke. Mr. Burke took an active part in the selection of professors. In this he was assisted by the late Dr. Hussey, bishop of Waterford, who was the first president of the new college. It is stated this clergyman administered the last sacraments of the Catholic Church to his distinguished friend. Burke's mother — Miss Nagle — certainly was a Catholic, and when Edmund Burke visited her relations at Killevullen, county Cork, he attended a Catholic school, held in the Castle of Monanimy. Many of the first professors of Maynooth, as was unavoidable, were foreigners, and thus Dr. Delahogue, Fellow of Sorbonne, was Emeritus Professor of Theology, and Francis Anglade, Professor of Moral Theology. The studies were of no light nature, and there was no lack of emulation on the part of the students. John MacHale greatly distinguished himself, and when, in 1814, the continuous labors of nineteen years made the venerable Dr. Delahogue need assistance, Mr. MacHale, who in that year was ordained priest, was appointed to lecture in his place. He acquitted himself so completely to the satisfaction of the authorities of the college, that when Dr. Delahogue was able to resume his duties, Mr. MacHale was appointed professor of dogmatic theology. He filled this chair for three years.

During these years, O'Connell, in the Catholic Association, and Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin,* were urging on the Parliament and people of Great Britain the claims of the Catholics to emancipation. In a letter to the viceroy, the Marquis Wellesley, which filled seventy-one closely printed pages, Dr. Doyle vindicated the course which the agitation had taken, refuted many arguments against the proceedings of the Association, and urged the right of the Irish Catholics to have their grievances redressed. This letter was attacked in various quarters, and among the earliest of Dr. Doyle's defenders was the Rev. Mr. MacHale. He wrote as follows: "The interest which has been excited by this publication, and the hostility which it provoked, are no equivocal proof of its merits. The novelty of an Irish Catholic bishop placing himself in the presence of the viceroy and pleading with respectful firmness the cause of his injured countrymen, was calculated to excite surprise. Surprise was soon succeeded by resentment, and those who were hitherto in the habit of exclusively approaching the lord lieutenant have felt and expressed their mortification that their monopoly has been invaded. The respectful use of a privilege which is extended to all who feel themselves aggrieved has been characterized as an insolent intrusion. The bishop has been accused of warmth in his language. Yes, he has been warm; and in his portrait of our unmerited sufferings his language rose to a tone of firm but respectful remonstrance. But if he was eloquent and impassioned, his feelings were not pointed against the chief governor, but against those who had accused him of sedition, and dragged

* A new and enlarged "Life of Dr. Doyle," by W. J. Fitzpatrick, is published by Messrs Duffy.

him before its tribunal; and if, like the apostle in presence of Festus, he exhibited the chains which he wore, the persecution he underwent, and the religion by which we were sustained, the theme was suggested by the calumny of his accusers; and if he sought for redress, it was not by acting on the irritated passions of the people, but with a high consciousness of the justice of his cause, and his rights as a Roman citizen, he sought protection from the frenzy of a persecuting multitude by throwing himself into the arms of the law, and appealing to the majesty of Cæsar."

This is a fine specimen of Dr. MacHale's dignified style of writing or preaching.

The young professor of dogmatic theology was destined soon to wear a mitre. The bishop of his native diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. Waldron, Bishop of Kilala, needed help, and Dr. MacHale was selected as his coadjutor. He was consecrated by Archbishop Murray in the College Chapel of Maynooth, on the 5th of June, 1825, being then in his thirty-fourth year, and in 1834 he succeeded Dr. Waldron as bishop of Killala. The ability with which he discharged his episcopal duties, his zeal in the cause of creed and country, recommended him for still higher rank in the church. When the lamented death of Dr. Oliver O'Kelly left the archdiocese of Tuam vacant, in 1834, Bishop John MacHale, on the 8th of August of that year, became archbishop in his stead.

From my college days I was familiar with the writings of Archbishop MacHale, and the prominent part he took in all matters relating to the welfare and intellectual progress of Ireland and the Irish. It was not, however, until the close of 1849 that I made his personal acquaintance. Well do I remember our meeting, though more than thirty years have since elapsed. I had promised to share the family dinner of my beloved friend, the late Henry Baldwin, Q. C., then law adviser to the Irish government. It was not very long after the abortive insurrection of 1848, and the law officers of the crown had full work. On entering the spacious drawing-room, I found Mrs. Baldwin more excited than was the custom of her equable disposition. She greeted me with more than her usual warmth.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are come!" she said, as if relieved from some apprehension. "Henry has written a hasty note to say the Archbishop of Tuam is coming to dinner, and there is so much to do at the castle he will not be home till late. I have never met the archbishop, so I want you to help me to receive him."

I promised to do so, and we settled ourselves cosily by the fire, which threw a pleasant warmth over the apartment, when the door quietly opened, and "Dr. MacHale" was thus simply announced. There was no assumption of eccesiastical title to enable Lord John Russell to indict the prelate, nor was there the least tinge of arrogance in the quiet and very unpretending manner in which the distinguished guest entered the room. Mrs. Baldwin at once came forward, and, having duly greeted her husband's friend, introduced me. She then mentioned the cause of Mr. Baldwin's unavoidable absence, but said she was sure he would be home for dinner, and Dr. MacHale said she need not apologize. He took his seat at the fire and conversed freely and familiarly, as if he had known us long, and I never met any one who so completely set Mrs. Baldwin entirely at her ease. Ere dinner was announced Mr. Baldwin arrived.

Many and great are the changes which time has wrought since that day. Host and hostess, those who then held sway at the castle, Monahan the Attorney-General, Hatchel the Solicitor-General, all are gone; but Dr. MacHale is still alive, though the snows of ninety winters have passed over his head.

One of the events of Dr. MacHale's eventful life was his participation in

the Œcumenical Council at Rome, and his alliance there with the minority, which included, with him, two such marked types of prelates as Mgr. Dupanloup, late bishop of Orleans, and Dr. Moriarty, late bishop of Kerry. While passing through Liverpool, *en route* to the Holy City, he was induced to preach in the Pro-Cathedral. He was also presented with an address by the Catholic Club, and the utmost enthusiasm was manifested by the entire Catholic people of Liverpool. On the following day — Monday, Nov. 8, 1869 — a pulpit sketch of the great old man appeared in the Daily Post, from the facile pen of the editor, and it will not be out of place to here reproduce the principal portions of it: —

"We are apt to think the present times rough and exciting, especially in Irish affairs; but it is as far from a quiet haven that Dr. MacHale now looks back upon times in which he — a much-inflicting, as well as a 'much-enduring' Ulysses — roved hither and thither over the wide waste of political and religious discussion. He thankfully acknowledges that it is in the spirit of the present times to accord to religionists of every type equal rights and privileges; and, when this is yielded, almost all the national evils which used to fire his tongue and pen must swiftly disappear. He has been for some forty-five years a bishop, and for eleven years before he entered the episcopate, he was a theological professor. From the first he regarded his spiritual duties in a national light. He was a priest; but he was an Irishman. He was one of the first, as he was one of the most formidable of Irish priests who became real political powers. His letters signed 'Hierophilus,' written while he was at Maynooth, treated not only of emancipation, but of the Irish church, of Bible societies, and of almost every topic upon which the religious and political ideas of his countrymen run into each other; and with characteristic energy he produced, besides these semi-political productions, an important book on dogmatic theology, The Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church, which has since been translated into Continental languages. So have the sermons which, nearly forty years ago, he delivered at Rome. While the emancipation struggle — compared with which no agitation now proceeding is worthy to be named — was at its height, Dr. MacHale brought out another series of cogent and damaging letters; and when emancipation was granted, the Reform Bill passed, and Lord Melbourne in power, others flowed from his pen on education — still a favorite subject with him — and the Irish establishment, which, probably, sanguine as he was, he did not expect to see the last of in his time. It is difficult for those whose memories do not carry them over his long and agitated career, to realize the vigor and almost savageness with which Archbishop MacHale fought what he believed to be the good fight of his nation and his creed; and there was little in his words yesterday that rang of the old time.

"A faint reminiscence of the old leonine roar of St. Jarlath's was to be discerned in the indignant denunciation of the 'prosperity' ignorance of absentee landlords, and in the assertion that any liberties which belonged to a nation separated from the Catholic Church, instead of being Gallican liberties or English liberties, were but Gallican slaveries and English slaveries. . . .

"One of the prominent characteristics of Dr. MacHale's speech was the deliberation which, without hesitancy, sufficed to pique the attention by revealing that the speaker's thoughts were actively at work.

"The best parts of the discourse had much in them of the characteristic style of Mr. Bright. Especially was this notable in one or two sentences where, after Mr. Bright's manner, the orator deliberately and artistically kindled the minds of his audience by a majestic building up of simple imagery, pregnant adjective, and thrilling

Scripture phrases. We may be forgiven for citing as an example the sentence in which Dr. MacHale contrasted the thought taken for secular and scientific education and carelessness as to spiritual teaching. 'Why,' said he, 'fit up with such superfluous and elaborate embellishments the shepherd's tent that is pitched to-day, only to be struck to-morrow on the drifting sands of the desert, and never think of that permanent city not built by mortal hands, and lighted not by the sun nor the moon, but by the glory of the Lamb who was slain for our redemption?' This passage produced an effect upon the people in the church very nearly corresponding to some of those in which the great orator whom we have named has illustrated the mysterious power of simply collocated simple words. Other portions of the sermon were, indeed, turgid and entangled; and it was not easy to tell whether the decay that comes of age or a rhetorical habit which is rather the quality of youth ought to be charged with the declension of style. But, as a whole, the sermon was a fine one, — for an octogenarian a surprising one, — for Dr. MacHale a most liberal one. No lover of celebrities who went to hear 'John, Archbishop of Tuam,' yesterday, came away with lowered ideas of the once formidable and still earnest politician and polemic."

Some time ago, the archbishop figured in the World's gallery of celebrities. The sketch was, on the whole, sympathetically done; but as there is a great deal of it not new to Catholic readers, a few selected paragraphs will suffice for quotation: —

"Dr. MacHale is not a fluent, although he is an interesting, speaker. He preaches nearly every Sunday morning, often both in Irish and English, to his congregation. His efforts to keep alive his native Gaelic are sentimental in their gallantry.

"His daily life may be thus chronicled: An early riser, the archbishop usually officiates at the high altar of his cathedral at eight o'clock, and, after a simple breakfast, devotes the forenoon to the administration of his large diocese. In the early afternoon he receives, and later in the day may be met, clad in the ordinary ecclesiastical dress worn in these countries, walking or driving, accompanied by one of his priests, and escorted by a motley troop of importunate beggars whom his beneficence maintains. An early and plain dinner is followed by an evening of seclusion, unless on those occasions when the presence of guests calls forth the geniality of the distinguished host, who enjoys nothing better than the company of that *bon raconteur*, Father Tom Burke, the well-known Dominican preacher.

"To the government claim for the education of the children of the state he always returned an unvarying *non possumus*. But in his diocese he has not been unmindful of education according to his mind, — that imparted by monks and nuns and in schools under the management of his priests. His annual visitation to these, necessitating journeys of no little arduousness for a man of his years, are so many triumphal progresses. Fleets of boats gay with bunting convey him to stormy Achill and to distant Arran. The faithful peasantry of Mayo and Galway receive their high-priest with genuine heartiness allied to a primitive reverence. The sick are brought to be touched by his hands. It is not given to every man to see a statue erected to him while he yet lives; but even as the Athenians of old decreed statues of brass to those deserving well of the state, *grata Connacia*, in the words of the inscription on its pedestal, unveiled, amidst a crowd of Irish notabilities, a white marble statue to its archbishop on the occasion of his jubilee in the episcopate. During the O'Connell centenary celebration the populace of Dublin singled out 'the Lion of the Fold of Juda' for ovation as the bishops, home and foreign, returnd from the ceremonies in their Pro-Cathedral.

"One of the last acts of the late Pope Pius was to fiat the selection of a coadjutor made by the clergy of Tuam. Dr. MacEvilly, the present bishop of Galway, but a native of the diocese of Tuam, — as, indeed, are almost all Dr. MacHale's suffragans,— has been appointed to succeed him. The archbishop is, however, still hale; and whosoever shall come after him in the see shall find its lustre increased, not diminished, by a prelate from whom those disagreeing with his faith and differing from his policy *toto cœlo* will not withhold the compliment, *Integer vitæ scelerisque purus.*"

On the 6th of March, 1880, his Grace attained the patriarchal age of ninety years, and the day was duly observed by his faithful priests and people, who presented congratulatory addresses. That he is in full possession of his faculties may be seen from the following account of the visit paid to him by fifty members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family connected with the Redemptorist Church at Limerick, on their return from a pilgrimage to the Chapel of the Apparition of Our Blessed Lady at Knock, on the 21st of March, 1880: —

"His Grace appeared greatly pleased, and said how delighted he was to see us. He knew Limerick well, and he knew that the work of the Holy Family was a glorious work. It gladdened his heart to receive such proof of the love of religion in the old historic city by the Shannon. The proceedings were in keeping with their history, and it was additional evidence that the attachment of the Irish race to the holy faith was as vigorous and earnest as ever, even as when it was tested by the direst persecution which could befall a devoted people. He was sure that their visit to the church of Knock not only would be pregnant with blessings to themselves, — looking on it, as he did, as a great act of devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, — but it would, by its edifying example, be a means of doing good also to the people of the localities which they visited."

FATHER BURKE'S EULOGY.

We (Western Watchman) reproduce from our past files the speech delivered by the great Dominican on the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam. Bishop Ryan had been called out to respond to the toast, but declined; and in turn called upon Father Tom Burke to answer for his old friend of Tuam. There were present on that occasion many of the most distinguished men of St. Louis and State, and we shall never forget the impression made upon the assembly. Ex-Governor Reynolds turned to us at the close of the speech and whispered, "I have at length heard eloquence, I have heard an orator."

Father Burke arose and said: —

Knights of St. Patrick, I am a friar, and one of the friar's vows is obedience. Acting upon that vow a great, big, six-foot four of a friar in Ireland was once known to eat the whole of a roast goose because he was told to do it. "It can't be done, ma'am," said he to the farmer's wife. "You will have to do it, your reverence," says she. "Well, ma'am," says he, "I was brought up to obedience, and I will try." The voice of ecclesiastical authority calls upon me to speak, and I thought I might resist because this is not exactly an ecclesiastical meeting; but when the mailed hand of the leader of the knights is lifted up, and from out that visor of a good-humored face the voice comes, telling me I am in order, I said to myself, in the language of the old monk, "The Lord abbot may be wrong; but surely when the baron comes in with him, he must be right" Well, gentlemen, you have received with acclamations of honor and joy the memorable name, and I wish, in return for the manner in which you have received the name of the great Irishman, the best reward that I could wish you, — that he were here to charm you with his eloquence in responding; but the old man is far away in the midst of his people, and it is indeed a pleasure and a joy to me to speak in response to that dear and venerable name: dear to every Irish heart wherever that heart throbs; venerable shall it be, when the future historian of Ireland shall come to chronicle the grand character of a life over which seventy-three, ay, eighty winters have passed, and have found a man always faithful to his country in the exegencies of the hour; a heart that never grew old in its love for Ireland; a mind that never

lost its acumen in the pursuit of all that was truly for the interest of his country, and a man who, to-day, blanched with the winters of nearly a century, is still as fervent as a youth of twenty in his love and aspirations for dear old Ireland.

What does the name of John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, bring before you? It brings before you the image of a man crowned with glorious and beautiful gifts of Irish genius and Irish intelligence. Gifted with hereditary faith which no man of his race or of his name ever yet resigned or gave up; standing upon the stage of our national history as a priest and as a bishop, whilst the nation was yet lying bleeding, fainting after the last desperate struggle of 1798. John MacHale as a priest comforted the poor, failing, impulsive, generous Irishmen who were brought to the scaffold under a mockery of justice, because they dared to hope in the last final effort of their country. From that early date up to the present year of grace, 1872, that man had stood before us, and his life belonged to Ireland and her people. His was not a private life, the joys and sorrows of which were screened from the public eye. His was a heart consecrated unto the altar which he served and unto the country from which he drew his lineage. The people of his faith and of his blood have been witnesses of his life, and is it not a grand and proud thing to say that neither the friend who fought with him, nor the foe who assailed him, can now touch the honor and the unblemished reputation of the old man bending under the weight of his years? He stood and heard the last echoes of the voice of Henry Grattan, and John Philpot Curran, as they thundered in the cause of Ireland in the defence of the last vestige of their and of her freedom. He saw the giant arise whom God sent as another Gideon, as another Samson to his people. His episcopal hand was laid upon the head of the youth who grew up into a mighty man, whose claim and demand for justice thundered with the voice of eight millions of Irishmen at the gates of the English Parliament, as the prayer of a saint, storms at the gates of heaven, — Daniel O'Connell.

Two men in Ireland prepared the way for that glorious uprising of our nation that ended in the emancipation of the Catholics, and prepared the way for that great act of justice which Gladstone has done in our day, — the disestablishment of the church. These two men were Theobald Mathew, the apostle of temperance, who taught Irishmen to be sober, and in their sobriety they found an *omni paterbe*, and an invincible strength, and John MacHale, who, standing at the head of the episcopate, of the priesthood of the genius of Ireland, — first by the authority of the position, first by the power of his intellect, first by the greatness of his heart, — upheld with a mighty hand every man that ever yet put up his voice from a true heart in favor of old Ireland. Well did the liberator call him "the lion of the fold," for, like an aged lion — aged yet strong in the energy of his years — aged yet terrible in the voice that he sent far through the forest glade — so for fifty years has the Archbishop of Tuam lain right athwart the designs of every enemy of Ireland, and at the sight of his eagle eye, and at the sound of his terrible lion-like voice, and at the shaking of his aged mane, every man that ever lifted his hand against Ireland recoiled in terror, for there was a lion in the path.

The days of victory passed away, and in the day when O'Connell gained the triumph of Ireland by peaceful, intellectual, and, as my friend Governor Reynolds has said, powerful agitation, founded upon eternal right, justice, and reason, and not in the mere brute force of arms, but in the polished arms that come from the armory of God, — the sword of the word; in that day Ireland set her first wreath upon the brows of her great tribune, and then turned with eyes glistening with tears of love, and placed her second crown upon the hoary brows of the great Archbishop of Tuam.

God sent forth his angel of famine upon the land. Death and ruin stalked from end to end of Ireland; the children cried for bread, and O God! there was no hand to break it; the heart of Ireland's great tribune could not bear it; it turned away and he laid his weary head at the foot of the Alps, and there, his heart broken, he yielded his spirit to God; but the lion remained. The man who loved his people as no man ever yet loved the Irish race remained; and what bore him through that terrible day in which I first had the honor of loving and knowing him, what upheld the old lion's heart, when the people he loved were dying around him? The love that upheld Mary at the foot of the cross when her natural grief and sorrow would have killed her. The love that came from heaven above sustained him, and John of Tuam outlived the famine of '46. He is an aged man to-day, with the instincts of Irish ingenuity, Irish brain, and Irish faith; he can look back to-day upon an episcopate of fifty years. For fifty years he has worn the mitre and wielded the crozier in Ireland, and there is not a man in Ireland who can point to a religious or political mistake in that life. He never made a mistake in the great

cause of education; he never made a mistake in the great cause of permitting the government of England to have hand, act, or part, or little finger on anything connected with the Irish Church. He always said, "We are here and able to do our own business." Never has he made a mistake in his patronage of a public character; he has never taken the wrong man by the hand.

Grown old to-day, the Celtic blood that has flown in those veins for eighty years flows as fresh and as vigorous and as free as ever. At this very time twelve months, just one week before I started for America, I spent eight days in the company of that venerable man, and every morning at six o'clock, rain or shine, there was the aged archbishop, his white hair falling like the untrodden snow over his shoulders, observed in prayer at the foot of the cross before the altar of the Cathedral of Tuam. Well do I remember having preached one day in his presence, not without fear and trembling, and returned with him clad in my Dominican habit into his house, and the old man, sitting there in the corner of his room, he pulled out his old Irish harp, and, flinging open his purple soutan, and shaking his old head, he drew his trembling, aged fingers over those strings, and with his gray eye uplifted in inspiration and mild with tears, he applied his whole heart to the accompainment of that harp, and it seemed to me as if I had beheld Brian the brave and immortal as he sat in his tent on the morning of Clontarf and invoked the god of battles by the sound of his Irish harp.

We are on the banks of the Mississippi to-night, but we live in a day when space no longer exists, and the words that resound to-night within this hall will be read by some affectionate heart and lips to the aged man as he sits at home in his Cathedral house in Tuam; and when he hears that the children of his race and of his nation, for whom he has battled and fought for so many years, received that dear and venerable name with loud shouts of joy, it will be a balm to his aged heart, and perhaps he will say in his highly imaginative soul, they died under mine eyes, and my breaking heart could not relieve them; but lo! they have sprung up again, in a foreign land far beyond the Atlantic wave, just as the seedling that escapes from the mother petal in the bosom of the rose is borne away by the autumn breeze and falls far off to produce again from the same stem the self-same beautiful flower. "They are born again," he will say, "my children, my race, my blood, in a far, foreign land, and they have sprung up again like flowers, and have given forth fruits unto a divine order of faith; and there, as the bay-tree or the cypress-tree upon Lebanon, by the running waters, they have sprouted in a foreign soil; they have put forth all the old love and all the old faith, and the old name falls upon the ears of their afflicted fathers at home." This will be a consolation to the aged man, and many a sad thought will it soften; and as he goes back and roams in spirit through the halls of that memory, fruitful with so many spectral reveries, reminiscences, and wrongs and grievances of Ireland, the voice from America will come to him like the fluttering of angel's wings to him who tosses in an uneasy dream, and it will truly bring calm to his spirit, and sooth the pillow of his old age.

The remains of the lamented Most Rev. Archbishop MacHale were interred on the 15th of November, in the Cathedral, with all the impressive ceremonies of the Catholic ritual. The Most Rev. Dr. McEvilly officiated, and over two hundred other dignitaries and ecclesiastics were present. Messrs. E. Dwyer Gray and T. D. Sullivan, members of Parliament, were also present; and the funeral services were attended by an immense multitude from all parts of the country.

On the very day that he received the news of Parnell's arrest, by which the English government showed its old hatred of Ireland and the Irish, and its utter disregard of the rights of citizenship and free speech, President Arthur ordered a salute to be fired at Yorktown in honor of the British flag, and greeted the representative of her Highness with a speech brimful of flattering praise. Now, what do some of our contemporaries who have been lauding President Arthur to the seventh heaven because he is "the son of an Irishman" think of him? — *Louisville Central Catholic Advocate.*

A New York bachelor makes the impertinent and rather novel suggestion that a number of thrifty women might put themselves in the way of a fortune by opening a shop for mending men's clothes, darning stockings, sewing on buttons, etc.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

Cardinal Manning.

His Eminence said he would ask any one why it was, and to what purpose, that Great Britain possessed at this moment a sway over three hundred millions of the human race, — that was to say, over something more than one fourth of the whole race of mankind? He would ask also how it was that we, as a people, possessed a sway over an island in the Pacific, which is as large as the whole of Europe, and a domination in India, the extent of which is enormous, and in North America, that great continent; so that, putting these three together, leaving out of view many other colonies and dependencies we possess, we have a proportion of the earth's surface far exceeding anything which was ever possessed by any power or empire since the beginning of the world. He would ask if this was by haphazard or by mere chance? Has it been by mere human will; has it no purpose, no further design, and has it no responsibility? Are we not in some sense put in trust as with a great duty, and shall we not have to answer for our actions as a people? He did not doubt in his own mind that it was not brought about by the will of any statesmen or succession of statesmen, but that it was brought about by a will that is above all human wills; that is, by the will of God, by the divine guidance that governs the world. To us is committed the care, the welfare, the government, and he might say the destinies of he knew not how many different races and peoples, speaking all manner of languages, and of princes and sovereigns who govern these people, so that we possess an imperial sway over them all. He would ask, Is all that for nothing? His belief was that we were placed by the providence of Almighty God, that the civilization of the world should be brought about by us. He believed that this great empire, whose civilization was the ripest and most solid of any people in the world, was not raised to such a height to be a mere beast of burden for the carrying of cotton and cloth and iron and coal throughout the world, but that we should go as a pioneer of civilization, and he would say as an evangelist to the races of the north and south, and the east, and wherever we possess territory, carrying the light of Christianity to those who are in the darkness of night, and are savage and ignorant, so that they may, by contact with our civilization and Christianity, become civilized and Christian too.

If we are as a people responsible for the welfare of that great portion of the human race, and for the government of that vast extent of the world's surface, let us consider for a moment the history of the world, which is made up of the history of empires. There was a vast empire in the East, the empire of Babylon. Where is it now? The silence of the desert covers every ruin of it, and men dig in the sand and discover what are called its antiquities. It is gone; it did not know the day of its visitation. There was another great commercial city which sent its commerce all over the known world, — the city of Tyre. Where is it now? According to the prophecy, the fishermen spread their nets to dry upon the ruins and the foundations of that great city. There was another great empire — the empire of Rome — which spead itself nearer, perhaps, than any other over the whole surface of the known globe. Where is it now? Gone, altogether effaced and obliterated. There remains here and there aqueducts and old roads in our own land, the remains of the Roman occupation; but Rome is gone, — that Rome which spread from the Mediterranean Sea

up to Alban hills, that was twelve miles in length, and he knew not how many in breadth,— as near as possible the size of our own London. Why is it that it has now shrunk up to a mere circuit of walls containing at the most some 280,000 people? Most assuredly, because it had filled its destiny or failed in its duty; then it was swept away. If, then, this be the fate of those to whom the providence of God gives great power in the world, is it not clear that we are upon probation, and that there will come a day of reckoning for us if we fail? May not the great city of London be one day as desolate as that great and banished city of Rome? Why may not the docks in our river Thames be one day as thick of mud and lie idle as now lie the docks on the river Tiber, and may not the fisher's nets be spread to dry upon the walls of the city?

Perhaps there never was seen a more sudden rise to greatness than that of what is called the empire of this country. A hundred years ago it had hardly its existence. We possessed certain isles in the West Indies, and here and there we had colonies and dependencies; but from 1760 has been formed that imperial power we call the empire of England. It has grown up like a tropical plant. How did it grow up? It was not by mere force of arms; a great deal of it was not conquest. Australia was in the possession of the wild tribes; we have it now and we are bringing it to the knowledge of the light of Christianity. The empire of England is like a great tree that has grown up and has spread its branches all over the world, and showing an apparently boundless promise of future life. But there are two worms at the root; and he could not help naming one of them, though he did not come there that evening to do so. What created the great people and commonwealth of England? He had said before Christianity. What made the people of England, Ireland, and Scotland Christians? The Christian faith was brought amongst them by the providence of God, and had been perpetuated by Christian teaching, by the Christian education of the rising generation of men. He saw a worm at the root of our great Christian commonwealth, and he would tell them what it was. For the last fifty years we had been upon an inclined plane. That Christian education in England had been going down, and becoming less and less religious, until now we had a multitude of men going about the world, who write and preach and labor and toil, throughout the length and breadth of the land, to prevail upon people to believe that the religious difficulty, as they call it, ought to be shut out from the schools altogether, and that the little children ought only to be taught secular things, — reading, writing, and arithmetic. He would only say that, if ever the day comes when the schools of England, Ireland, and Scotland shall be robbed of their Christianity, the Christian people, of which we are part, shall be cut asunder, and the Christian inheritance will be taken from those who are to be born to us. If this was so, he acknowledged he saw in the future the same just downfall of our greatness as he read in the history of other empires. The other worm which was at the root of the national prosperity of England, Ireland, and Scotland was the worm of intoxicating drink.

The League of the Cross bears witness to three things. They bear witness, first, to what is called the drink trade of the country, — that trade in which every year there is engaged, according to the most zealous and narrow-hearted calculators, who wish to make out the best case they could against total-abstinence people, a sum of £130,000,000, which is an amount greater than the whole capital engaged in the iron trade, our cotton trade, and, he must add, our clothing trade. The League of the Cross bears witness that this trade and its consequences are a great national shame. Wine-growing countries make their wine, export

it and take money for it; and it is strange, but true, that Portugal, Spain, and Italy are not drunken countries. There is a remarkable sobriety, as he could testify, having lived amongst the Italian people nearly eight years, and having rarely or ever seen a drunken man, and never a drunken woman. He never saw a drunken child either, and he wished he could say as much for England. He was once present at St. Andrews, in Scotland, on what is called "Hiring Day," and he could testify that men, women, and children were in a condition he never saw in Italy. Scotland, Ireland, and England exceeded in hard drinking the whole of France, with the exception in the north, where France is in contact with us, and where many drink brandy or cogniac. The east of France, which was in contact with Belgium, had, he was afraid, got habits which were partly Flemish and partly Belgian, as the habit of drinking prevailed there, but in no degree comparable in extent to what it was in the United Kingdom. Our own colonies were beginning to pass laws for the suppression of the drink traffic, and Sweden and other countries had already done so.

The other day a very learned professor tried to make out that the amount of waste was only a small proportion of this £130,000,000; but if that sum was expended in cloth, there would be no ragged back in the three kingdoms; if a portion of it was expended in building houses for our agricultural poor and our factory hands, there would not be a family in the three kingdoms that would not have a house worth the name and fit for human habitation. If that £130,000,000, or part of it, was expended in draining the land of England — and a very large part of the land of England is, as we know by evidence taken before a committee of the House of Lords, imperfectly drained at this moment — what an abundance of food there would be for the mouths of the people! More than that, if that immense sum of money was so employed, there would not be a man in England without work who had strength in him to do work. But this money is not wholly unproductive. There is a bitter harvest from it of every crime that man can commit. It produces suicides without number, murders, manslaughters, robberies, arson, every kind of brutality, every kind of disease. It is indeed productive; nothing so productive of sin, and what evil is done by it no man can tell. He had said that we possessed a great responsibility, and he was reminded of it in reference to India.

The Hindoo population of India in 1852 presented a petition to the governor and council of Bombay, praying them to hinder the production and sale of intoxicating drink. The poor heathen — mark you, those whom we call heathen — said they were not sorry to be under the rule of England, but they were sorry to know that wherever the rule of England entered intoxicating drink followed. There was a rebuke from those who were not Christian to a Christian people! Further than this, in the year 1823 or 1825 we took possession of Burmah, a beautiful province of India with a fertile soil and a fine seaboard; great rivers and their banks fertile in the extreme, and in the country a population of sober people. But what did we do? We introduced the opium trade and the liquor trade to the poor Burmese, who are imploring England at this moment to withdraw from the midst of them that which is truly ruining the population — ruining them in body and mind — destroying their sons and daughters, so that there is no crime committed in England that is not committed in Burmah. Here is our civilization! Instead of introducing Christianity amongst these poor heathens, we have introduced vice and corruption. After drawing a vivid and horrifying picture of what drink is doing at home, his Eminence concluded by explaining the objects of the League of the Cross, and asking his hearers to take the pledge.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXIV.

RICHARD AND EDWARD PENNEFATHER.

The brothers born in the county of Tipperary, Richard in 1773, Edward in 1775. — Portarlington. — University career. — Richard obtains an *Optime*. — Law students. — Called in 1795. — Character of the brothers. — Richard a leader on the Munster Circuit. — Appointed a Baron of the Exchequer. — A judge for thirty-eight years. — Judicial fitness. — Resigned in 1859. — The Bar address. — Death in 1859. — Edward Pennefather a most eminent Equity lawyer. — A Sergeant in 1830, Solicitor-General in 1834, again in 1841. — Attorney-General in 1842. — Lord Chief Justice. — The State Trials of 1844. — Death in 1846.

THE O'LOGHLENS.

The county of Clare eminent for its lawyers. — Michael O'Loghlen's anecdote of his childhood. — School of Ennis. — Character as a student. — Habit of early rising. — Called in 1811. — His slow practice. — First great argument. — His signal success. — Succeeds to O'Connell's practice. — Sergeant in 1830. — Solicitor-General in 1834, again in 1835. — The liberty of the Press. — Challenges in government prosecution. — Represents Dungarvon. — Law Reforms. — Spirited defence of his character. — Succeeds Sir W. C. Smith as Baron of the Exchequer. — First Roman Catholic Judge since the Revolution. — Master of the Rolls in 1837. — Judicial qualities. — Death in 1842.

SIR COLMAN M. O'LOGHLEN, BART, Q. C., M. P., SERGEANT-AT-LAW.

Born in 1819. — Called to the bar in 1840. — His literary tastes. — Sir Colman's cards. — His quickness in detecting flaws in pleadings. — Intimate with the Young Ireland leaders. — Counsel for O'Connell in 1844. — Who killed the indictment? — Result of the Rising in 1848. — Is made Queen's Counsel. — Chairman of Mayo — Member for Clare. — His popularity in the House of Commons. — Opens the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland to Roman Catholics. — Inauguration address at O'Connell's statue in 1865. — Judge-Advocate-General. — Resigned this office. — Letter to the author in 1870. — Crown prosecutor on the Munster Circuit. — Sudden death on 22d July, 1877. — Sir Bryan O'Loghlen at the Melbourne Bar. — Returned M. P. for Clare. — Mr. Michael O'Loghlen a talented member of the Irish bar.

RARELY has any family produced more estimable men, more distinguished lawyers or famous judges, than the two brothers of the house of Pennefather. As these eminent members of the bench and bar of Ireland were contemporaries, I propose to narrate the story of their lives in the same chapter.

They were born at Knockeven, Darling Hill, on the banks of the Suir, about midway between Clonmel and Cashel. Major Pennefather, their father, represented this ancient and historic borough in the Irish Parliament. Richard, the elder of the brothers, was born in 1773, and Edward in 1775. At the time they had grown to an age to be sent to school, Portarlington was selected as the place where they were to be instructed. Here many of the French Huguenots found refuge when driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and their descendants founded schools, to which the youth of Ireland flocked for instruction. When well grounded in the ordinary branches of the great tree of knowledge, the brothers Pennefather were prepared for the University in the Endowed School of Clonmel, the capital of their native county; and proud should it be of such pupils. Nothing could be more brilliant than their collegiate career. Honor after honor, prize after prize, medals, money, distinctions from the heads of Trinity College, Dublin, rewarded their intellectual triumphs; and to Richard was assigned the rare distinction of an *Optime*, conferred only seven times, since the foundation of the University, in the reign of Elizabeth. The bar was deemed the profession best suited to their rare talents, and both became students of King's Inns, Dublin. They had able and gifted companions: Robert Holmes, the Emmets, Thomas Lefroy, Louis Perrin — names well known in after years — were contemporaries. Having completed their terms, both brothers were called to the bar in 1795.

They were not alike in intellect. Richard's possessed more clearness and profundity than that of his younger brother. He displayed little taste for any pursuit save that to which he devoted his life, and, to the last, he took the greatest pleasure in discussing law. Edward's mind was more diffuse and cultivated. He was a most eloquent and graceful speaker, loved literature, and preferred the broad principles of equity to the minute technicalities of special pleading, in which Richard revelled.

Both rapidly obtained practice. Richard's logical mind and quick perception enabled him at once to see

the weak points in his adversary's armor, and he soon showed how to conquer. He became one of the leaders of the Munster Circuit, and, having been made King's Counsel, was looked on as sure of a seat on the bench. It was not long deferred. He tells us himself: —

"On the 12th of February, 1821, I received a letter from Mr. Gregory, the Under-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, Earl Talbot (the Chief Secretary, Mr. Grant, being in England), stating his Majesty's letter appointing me to fill the place of one of the Barons of the Exchequer had arrived at the Castle. The patent for my appointment was very speedily made out, and I was sworn on the 14th February, being the second of the eight days after Hilary Term, at the Chancellor's * house, and on the same day I took my seat on the bench. On the 15th, the Lord Lieutenant held a levee at the Castle, which I attended as a baron, and was very graciously received; thus concluding, through God's mercy, a very prosperous bar life in my forty-eighth year, and through the same Divine mercy, in which I put my trust, do I humbly hope to acquit myself in the arduous and trying situation in which I am now placed, as may become a lawyer, a judge, and a Christian."

And well and faithfully, for the long space of thirty-eight years, did this Christian lawyer discharge the arduous duties imposed upon him. His clearness of comprehension, his well-stored mind, his great legal experience, his untiring patience, and quiet, courteous manners, made him greatly beloved. For a long portion of this time the Court of Exchequer was an equitable as well as legal tribunal; and, whether the suit was commenced by bill or declaration, Baron Pennefather was able to deal with it. He was, in the quaint language of Sir Edward Coke, "a sage and reverend expositor of our law, who prideth himself less in fine conceits than in sound discernment and gravity of manners." Failing health and loss of sight caused the baron to tender his resignation in 1859, and the bar presented him with a cordial address. It was signed by four hundred and seventy-two members of the bar, and on the 10th February, 1859, I witnessed its presentation. On the afternoon of that day the spacious library of the Four Courts, Dublin, was thronged with members in bar costume. The venerable judge looked remarkably fresh and vigorous, as he took his seat before the table, on which lay a capacious box containing the address of the bar.

Then the Father of the Bar, himself a venerable man, who had sat over "sixty years since" in the Irish House of Commons, Sir Thomas Staples, baronet, read the address in a clear and distinct voice. It was couched in most eulogistic terms. When read, the baron expressed his fear "that his voice could not reach throughout that large space, and hoped his brethren of the bar would allow his son, who delayed his departure from Ireland in order that he should be present upon that occasion, to read his reply." Thereupon Rev. Mr. Pennefather delivered his father's reply in that peculiar intonation which churchmen use. It was well written and well received.

We did not expect the baron was so near death. He soon succumbed, and, as the early autumn denoted the winter at hand, the just judge and Christian lawyer went to that tribunal where we all hope to find mercy.

The career of Edward Pennefather was more marked by official changes than that of Richard. Though neither became politicians, in a party sense, or entered Parliament, which in Ireland is the usual road to office, their professional fame and social position served instead, and, as we have seen, Richard became a judge in 1821.

* Lord Manners was then Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Edward Pennefather became one of the leading equity lawyers at the Irish bar. His profound knowledge of the principles and pleading of suits, and his inimitable court manner, soon made him one of the barristers in best practice in Chancery, the Equity, Exchequer, and the Rolls. He was appointed a sergeant on the resignation of Sergeant Lefroy in 1830, and continued in this rank until Sir Robert Peel became premier in 1834, when he filled the office of solicitor-general, while that of attorney-General was held by the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne. The changes in the political kaleidoscope quickly displaced both these officials, and Mr. Pennefather practised in the bar thence until the Tory administration of 1841 restored both Blackburne and him to their former stations in the government.

The lamented death of Sir Michael O'Loghlen, in 1842, having caused the Attorney-General to become Master of the Rolls, Mr. Pennefather succeeded as first law officer of Ireland.

The retirement of Lord Chief Justice Bushe relieved Mr. Pennefather from further anxiety respecting the inns or outs of government. He was appointed successor to Chief Justice Bushe, and this high office lost nothing of its dignity by the change. He presided at the state trials of O'Connell and others in 1844, and resigned in 1846, in which year his death took place. He left a son, also named Edward, a very respected member of the Irish bar.

THE O'LOGHLENS.

The county of Clare claims many distinguished members of the bench, the bar, and attorney profession. We have already noticed several in our sketches of Lysaght and the Henns. We now desire to record the career of both father and son, who won fame and station by the union of high talents with every virtue that can elevate a man — Sir Michael and Sir Colman O'Loghlen.

The family had a far-back ancestry in the county of Clare, where Sir Michael was born. An anecdote of his childhood attests his character, which was always to do what was the object of his especial work. In the season when nuts hung temptingly in clusters in the woods of Clare, he set forth with his elder brother to gather nuts. When the two boys came home in the evening, Michael was seen to have nearly double the quantity collected by his elder and stronger brother.

"Why, Michael," asked their father, "how does it happen you have more nuts than your brother, who, being taller, might have got them more easily?"

"I suppose it was because he went out to play, while I went out to gather nuts," was the child's very intelligible answer.

Ennis possessed one of the best classical schools in Ireland, and here Michael received the benefits of a liberal education. He entered Trinity College, and had as his fellow-students many afterwards brother practitioners at the bar, Richards, Baron of the Exchequer, Woulfe, and Shiel. He was distinguished by his gentleness, almost amounting to timidity of manner, and his unwearied diligence as a student.

Having resolved upon the law for his profession, he applied himself very ardently to store his mind with legal lore. He was endowed by nature with a clear and strong intellect, great reasoning powers, a pleasing voice, and a love for labor. Aware of the advantage of early rising to master work, he accustomed himself to leave his pillow at five in the morning, and no doubt this habit proved extremely advantageous to him when briefs came in shoals.

Michael O'Loghlen was called to the bar in 1811, and went the Munster Circuit. He was soon compelled to work by more than ambition. He married early, and, having no patrimony but his profession and rare tal-

ents, sought to advance himself for the sake of his family, as a good husband is bound to do. Practice did not come very soon, and for four years he might be seen, with note-book in hand, diligently reporting in the courts, listening to the arguments of counsel, or the decisions of judge, patiently biding his time.

One of those accidents which Providence uses to further its almighty plan brought the rare legal talents of the unknown Clare junior to light. Towards the close of February, 1815, Daniel O'Connell fought the duel with D'Estere, in which the latter was killed. Next morning a very important case was fixed for argument in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, in which O'Connell was senior and O'Loghlen junior. A strong array of silk gowns was opposed to the stuff, and, when the case was called, only Mr. O'Loghlen appeared for the plaintiff. He modestly stated that, owing to the melancholy result of the duel, Mr. O'Connell was away, and it was impossible for him (Mr. O'Loghlen) to argue a case of such importance without better preparation. He therefore asked to have the case postponed. The opposite counsel objected, and pressed it on. The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Downes, and the other members of the court encouraged the young barrister to proceed, and, with that courteous attention to the difficulties of a young man thus suddenly called upon, kindly directed him to apply his argument to such portion of the case as they felt requisite to inform the court. Thus encouraged, Mr. O'Loghlen soon obtained confidence, and while his youthful appearance, his modesty of demeanor and unassuming manner prepossessed the judges in his favor, his clearness of statement, legal precision, and masterly application of cases and principles surprised, while it delighted, the court. He went on and on, citing authorities, and establishing propositions in favor of his client; and, when he sat down, after speaking for two hours, he received the marked eulogium of the bench, and even the opposing counsel could not refuse to praise.

The case remained at argument for several days; and when the opposite bar completed their arguments, as O'Connell was still absent, Mr. O'Loghlen replied. If his opening address surprised his auditors, his reply satisfied them he was a most able lawwer. He took up the arguments of the opposite counsel *seriatim*, and demolished them; and, by his lucid exposition of his client's case, gained the unanimous judgment of the court.

O'Connell warmly congratulated his worthy colleague, and his hearty recommendation soon obtained O'Loghlen's name to be indorsed on the back of the briefs sent to O'Connell as senior counsel. When the vortex of politics absorbed O'Connell's attention, previous to and after the Emancipation in 1829, Mr. O'Loghlen succeeded to much of his large practice. He was accustomed to place the shillings he received with the pounds (guinea fees) in a box for his wife, and, I was told, in one term they numbered fifteen hundred.

Emancipation having removed the shackles which prevented Roman Catholics from rising at the bar as elsewhere, O'Loghlen was speedily marked out for promotion. In 1830 he became sergeant. While sergeant, he was making a speech at some public meeting and, referring to Lord Ingestrie, said "the people usually called him Lord Industry"; whereupon one of the crowd, resolved to have a laugh, shouted, "Bravo, Surgeon MacLachlen!"

In 1834, Sergeant O'Loghlen became solicitor-general, but was soon displaced by a change in the administration. The Whigs were soon again in office, and the ensuing year found Perrin attorney and O'Loghlen solicitor general. Both worked harmoniously together, and administered the criminal law in a manner to inspire

confidence throughout the land. Press prosecutions for libel, or, what were deemed such by their Tory predecessors in office, were not favored by these law officers. When O'Loghlen was asked "why he did not prosecute," he replied, "While I remain in office the press shall be free. Its language, indeed, must be extravagantly licentious, and utterly subversive of that sound liberty which, in its healthy state, the press tends so much to uphold, before I shall be its prosecutor. The government which I serve has no desire to make every ebullition of passionate feeling in public writers amenable to law." Such words as these deserve to be remembered. The abolition of challenge of jurors, in cases where the crown prosecuted, gave much greater confidence in the administration of the criminal law to the public than formerly prevailed when juries were carefully *selected;* and while no one was more careful to uphold the majesty of the law, Mr. O'Loghlen resolved its purity should be above suspicion. He was member for Dungarvon in the House of Commons, where he effected many very beneficial reforms in the administration of law in Ireland. He caused the jurisdiction of the Quarter Sessions Court to be greatly extended, and thus brought justice home to every door. This has now been carried to such an extent as to divert a large portion of the work formerly transacted in the superior courts to the county courts throughout Ireland. Mr. O'Loghlen was much liked in the House of Commons, where business habits, accuracy, and fairness in statement are highly prized. Yet he could be very emphatic on due occasion. Take an instance: When the Irish Church Bill came back to the Commons, with the Lords' amendments, he said: "This bill I have supported, this bill I shall continue to support. For doing so let me be called again, as I have already been called, 'a stupenduos perjurer.' If that character and humane language be again applied to me, I cannot help it. I deny that I have deserved it. I trust in God I never shall deserve so infamous a character. I solemnly deny I ever was the enemy of the Protestant Church or of the Protestant clergy. Many of my dearest friends are members of that church. I feel in supporting this bill I do no injury to the cause of the Protestant religion. I feel that that man does more injury to the cause of that religion who, raised himself to eminence in the church, — be it by learning, by piety, by zeal, or by intrigue, — is not awed or deterred by a sense of the responsibility attached to his high station from assailing with calumny the conduct and character of the man who differs from him in religion; who, instead of promoting peace and goodwill among men, as the duty of a Christian pastor dictates, busies himself in fanning into flames the expiring embers of strife and contention; who desecrates the sacred functions of the sacerdotal office by mixing up religious discords with party prejudices; who evinces himself the slave of all the bad and bigoted passions that debase the human character, and who, a stranger to every feeling of Christian love and charity, wears the unenviable notoriety of being the diffuser of every calumny which either political malice or religious animosity can invent."

This indignant rebuke to the Right Rev. Prelate, who, in the House of Lords, so grossly called him "a stupendous perjurer," shows the Right Hon. Michael O'Loghlen was not the man to submit tamely to insult. But his Parliamentary career was about to close. The long tenure of the bench by Baron Sir William Cusac Smith closed in 1836, and, in the Michaelmas term of that year, the Right Hon. the Attorney-General became Baron O'Loghlen. He was the first Roman Catholic, since the time of James II., thus elevated; and never did any judge discharge his important duties more ably and im-

partially. While he sat in the Exchequer, the anti-tithe agitation was in progress, and many suits for tithes were pending. These the Catholc O'Loghlen disposed of with as munfreedom as the Protestants, Joy, Peac nefather, or Leslie Foster, who sat beside him. The business of the Exchequer was then exceedingly heavy; but an able hand was there; and, with O'Loghlen's help, the court rapidly disposed of the work. Motions, case of law or equity, — arguments, suits. — all were promptly disposed of; and the barons felt they gained a great acquisition in their new brother. He did not remain long with them. The death of Sir William McMahon, who filled the office of master of the rolls since 1814, left that important judgeship at the disposal of the Crown; and the unanimous voice of the legal profession proclaimed Baron O'Loghlen was the best man to fill it. Accordingly, on the 28th of January, 1837, he was transferred from the bench of the Exchequer to the Rolls, and created a baronet.

And here, to the time of his death, did this eminent judge discharge his arduous and laborious duties. His great resources, his knowledge of law and practice, his untiring attention and courtesy, soon won him universal approbation, and, while he was courteous to all, he was most kind and encouraging to the juniors. He cheered them with a smile, he encouraged them by his words, he overlooked any little deficiency, and helped them as far as he could.

I occasionally met him in Dublin society, and the same unobtrusive gentleness which he displayed when a boy remained with him when he held rank and station. His useful and valuable life terminated in 1842, amid very profound regret.

SIR COLMAN M. O'LOGHLEN, BART, Q. C., M. P., SERGEANT-AT-LAW.

Sir Michael O'Loghlen, master of the rolls, had no less than three sons called to the bar,— Colman, Bryan, and Michael. On his lamented death, in 1842, he was succeeded by his eldest son in the baronetcy, who thereon became Sir Colman O'Loghlen.

This worthy son of a worthy sire was born in 1819, and evinced great love of learning. Having been carefully educated at Stoneyhurst College, in Lancashire, he graduated in the Queen's University of London, and studied for the bar. He was called in 1840, having then barely attained his twenty-first year, and he and I soon became personal friends, — a friendship unruffled by a single cloud. He possessed great literary taste, and took a lively interest in my productions; but I could not discover any literary work proceeding ftom his pen. In Duffy's library for Ireland, these valuable shilling volumes, contributed chiefly by the Young Ireland party, Sir Colman O'Loghlen was advertised as the author of "Irish Lawyers of the Eighteenth Century"; but the book never appeared, nor could I find from him if he made any progress in its composition. When with us on the Munster Circuit he compiled "Circuit Notes," published in thin volumes, which Judge Torrens once sneeringly termed "Sir Colman's Pack of Cards." He showed, when called, rather more ingenuity and quickness in detecting flaws in his opponent's pleading than depth or profundity in grasping with legal principles; and this, I think, rather injured than served his reputation as a lawyer. He early became very intimate with the leading men of the Young Ireland party, especially Duffy, Davis, Mitchel, and Smith O'Brien. Although sensible of the danger of their teaching, and preferring the more sagacious, if tamer, policy of O'Connell, to whom he was greatly attached, Sir Colman did not fail to discern how much of love of country was in the hearts and desires of the Young Ireland party. He was junior counsel for O'Connell during the state trials in 1844, and his legal acumen helped to embarrass the Crown very

considerably. On the occasion of his causing one indictment to be quashed, I wrote some verses in the style of the great poem which asks the defiant question, "Who killed Cock Robin?" Of these lines, I only remember the first verse:

"Who killed the Indictment?
'T was I, said Sir Colman;
Through the Indictment a hole ran;
I killed the Indictment."

During these protracted trials he showed great skill and professional talent.

When the wild attempt at insurrection by a half-starved, wholly undisciplined and unarmed parcel of enthusiasts was made in 1848, of course it could have only one result, — the failure and arrest of those who were the instigators. A few escaped, others were taken. They were tried at Clonmel before Chief Justice Blackburne, Chief Justice Doherty, and Judge Moore; and defended by Whiteside, Q. C., whose address to the jury on behalf of Mr. Smith O'Brien and Mr. T. F. Meagher was singularly able and eloquent * Sir Colman O'Loghlen was made one of her Majesty's counsel in 1852, and shortly afterwards obtained the chairmanship of the Court of Quarter Sessions for the County of Mayo, which he subsequently resigned. The death of Mr. Calcutt having caused a vacancy in the representation of the county of Clare in 1863, Sir Colman O'Loghlen was selected to represent his native county; and his cheerful good temper, kindness of heart, and attention to his Parliamentary duties won him extreme popularity in the House of Commons. He was no idle legislator, and the volumes of Hansard, during his Parliamentary career, bear the fullest evidence of his untiring industry. Among these measures, which he either originated or promoted, was the opening the office of Lord Chancellor of Ireland to Roman Catholics, which was acted on in the case of Lord O'Hagan. This deserves to be remembered as his work.

On the 3d October, 1865, Sir Colman delivered the inaugural address on the unveiling of the statue of O'Connell at Ennis, and his speech on that occasion displayed great beauty of thought and propriety of language. He adverted to the penal laws, "not, I assure you," he said, "to revive animosities or rekindle passions which have so long slept in oblivion, and which, I hope, will sleep on forever, but in order to point out the great services O'Connell rendered us by showing the difficulties he had to contend against."

He had no sectarian feelings or party antipathies, but was equally dear to his Protestant as to his Catholic friends. The ministry of Mr. Gladstone, mindful of his high character, were desirous of having him in office, and the post of judge-advocate-general was conferred upon him. The emoluments were considerable, and he discharged the duties with ability and precision. Unfortunately proceedings in the Court of Bankruptcy were taken at the suit of a hostile creditor, and, by an erroneous decision, he was adjudicated a bankrupt. From this decision he appealed, and, without waiting the result of the appeal, he was so sensitive that he could not bear the idea that any member of Mr. Gladstone's government could be considered a bankrupt. Under this feeling he tendered his resignation of the office of judge-advocate-general, greatly to the regret of his many friends, for hardly were arrangements for his successor completed before the Court of Appeal reversed the decision below, and declared he was *not* a bankrupt.

In 1870 I published my "Bar Life of O Connell," which I dedicated to him. I had a copy handsomely bound for him, and record the following acknowledgment: —

* *Vide* my Memoir of Chief Justice Whiteside in the "Law Magazine" for May, 1877.

MONDAY, Feb. 7, 1870.

MY DEAR O'FLANAGAN:

Many thanks for the splendidly bound copy of your "Bar Life of O'Connell," which you have sent me, and for the honor you have done me by dedicating the work to me. I shall read it carefully, and I have no doubt I shall find it worthy of the author and worthy of the man whose career it describes.

I remain, my dear O'Flanagan,
Yours very sincerely,
COLMAN M. O'LOGHLEN.

Whenever we met, the same cordial, kindly feeling was displayed, and I never can forget how pleased he expressed himself at the reception my "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of Ireland" met with from the English and Scotch reviewers.

When I was preparing my "History of the Munster Circuit" for the "Dublin University Magazine," in which it appeared in 1876, I had a kind communication from him.

As one of the sergeants-at-law he was entitled to hold a brief in the cases prosecuted by the Crown on his circuit, and he was proceeding to discharge his accustomed duties on the 22d of July, 1877. Up to this period he had been, as usual, attending the House of Commons, and on the 20th of July he voted in the division for the release of the men detained in prison as Fenians. He also took part in the discussion of the Irish Judicature Bill, then passing through the House. He complained of an affection of his heart, and was ordered some medicine. On Saturday, 21st of July, he left London for Ireland, in order to join the Munster Circuit. While crossing in the mail packet from Holyhead to Kingstown, Sir Colman felt unwell, and asked the steward for a glass of water. Into this he poured some of the medicine he had been prescribed, but had no sooner swallowed it than he expired. I need scarcely say his sudden death was a deep and poignant grief to his family and friends, and they were all who had the happiness of knowing him. He never married, and his title and the family property devolved upon his next brother, now Sir Bryan O'Loghlen, Bart. This gentleman had been for some years in considerable practice in Melbourne, Victoria. He was instantly selected by the freeholders of the county of Clare as the fitting successor of his respected brother, and returned without opposition; but his appointment as attorney-general for Victoria, and prospects in Victoria, where he was also elected a member of the Colonial Parliament, caused him to remain still in that colony.

Michael O'Loghlen, third son of Sir Michael O'Loghlen, master of the rolls, is also a barrister, and for some time practised on the Munster Circuit. He possesses great natural talents, and is a sound and well-read lawyer. If his infirm health permitted his attention to his profession, I make no doubt he would still more raise the high reputation of his name and family in the legal annals of Ireland.

CHAPTER XXV.

RIGHT HON. JUDGE PERRIN.

Louis Perrin of French extraction.—His mother Irish.—Mr. Perrin left a legacy of £30,000.—Louis educated at Armagh.—Obtains a scholarship in Trinity College in 1799.—Parting with Robert Emmet in 1803.—A diligent law student.—Called to the bar in 1806.—Employed in Mercantile Cases.—Advanced by Robert Holmes.—Defends Watty Cox.—The Northeast Circuit.—"Honest Louis Perrin."—Elected for Dublin in 1831.—Sits for Monaghan.—Appointed a Sergeant.—Attorney-General and member for Cashel.—Anecdote of him.—A Judge of the King's Bench in 1835.—Judicial qualities.—Hospitalities.—Anecdotes.—My last visit.—Resignation in 1860 and death in 1864.

RIGHT HON. JUDGE BALL.

Nicholas, son of John Ball, born in 1791.—Educated at Stoneyhurst.—Graduate of Trinity College, Dublin.—Fellow-students and fellow-tourists.—Called to the bar in 1811.—Great Equity practice.—Sergeant in 1836.—Attorney-General in 1838.—Member for Clonmel.—Ball and supper.—Judge of the Common Pleas in 1839.—Ability at Nisi Prius.—Anecdote.—Death in 1865.—His nephew, Sergeant Sherlock, Q. C., M. P.

The career of this distinguised Irish laywer being associated with that of Sir Michael O'Loghlen, I propose to sketch him in the next chapter. The materials are not very abundant, but what I have collected will, I trust, be found accurate.

Louis Perrin, as the name imports, was of French extraction, the descendant of one of the refugees who found shelter in Ireland when exiled for conscience' sake from their native land. The mother of Louis Perrin was an Irish lady, of the very respectable family of Daly, and I have heard her spoken of as a lady of great amiability and cultivated mind. There were many children besides Louis; and the means of providing for these children was a difficult problem until the death of Mr. Perrin's brother, who amassed a fortune of about £30,000 in the East Indies, and left it to his brother.

To this period the family resided in the province of Ulster, and Louis Perrin was a pupil of the Diocesan School of Armagh. He seems to have been more a plodding than a brilliant student, but was successful in gaining a scholarship in Trinity College, Dublin, in 1799, a sure proof of great knowledge of classics and general learning.

I have been told that on the trial of the celebrated Robert Emmet, who was convicted of high treason in 1803, two of his fellow-students, who were in court when Lord Norbury, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, pronounced the dread sentence of the law, rushed to the dock, and in presence of, and undeterred by, the presence of the grave officials of justice, gave Emmet a parting embrace. One of them was Robert Griffin, afterwards D. D., Bishop of Limerick, the other Louis Perrin, one of the justices of the King's Bench. When he resolved to study for the bar, Mr. Perrin devoted himself with the determination, so strong in his character, to achieve a thorough knowledge of his future profession. Cold in disposition, and caring little for amusement, he shunned rather than courted society. He loved to meet with diligent students like himself, and discuss points of pleading or cases of doubtful law with them. Having kept the prescribed terms in Dublin and London, he was called to the Irish bar in Hilary Term, 1806. Few ever came to the bar more accomplished lawyers. He had great knowledge of the laws of pleading and evidence, and was especially versed in mercantile law, — a branch not very much studied by the general class of Irish law students. When Mr. Perrin began to be heard in the courts, his reputation as a mercantile lawyer was of great benefit to him. He was also much employed in cases where penalties for breaches of the revenue laws were sought to be enforced; and on all questions of Nisi Prius law he was perfectly familiar. One of the lawyers of that time, who was getting a great practice, was Robert Holmes, and he lost no opportunity of advancing the prospects of Mr. Perrin. I make no doubt the fearlessness with which Mr. Perrin bade adieu to Robert Emmet, who was Mr. Holmes's brother-in-law, conduced much to this. O'Connell also displayed his usual sagacity in judging mankind, and soon recognized the high character, personal and professional, of the young barrister. When Watty Cox, the proprietor and publisher of "Cox's Magaziné," was prosecuted by government for a libel in 1811, O'Connell, Burke, Bethel, and Mr. Perrin were employed for the defence. O'Connell, of course, was an admirable lawyer, but Bethel knew a great deal more about a case of claret than a case of law, and Perrin and O'Connell had the work; but O'Connell was often engaged elsewhere, and had to leave the case very much to his junior. He showed such marked ability as to gain the friendship of the solicitor-general who prosecuted on that occasion, — the accomplished Charles Kendal Bushe.

Mr. Perrin went the Northeast Circuit and had a very large practice for many years. He was a Whig in politics, supported Catholic emancipation, and was so respected for his character and conduct as to acquire the title of "Honest Louis Perrin." In 1831, in conjunction with Sir

Robert Harty, he was elected representative in Parliament for the Irish metropolis. Being unseated, he was returned for Monaghan. He also in that year was nominated by the Crown as sergeant-at-law, and in 1834, when the Whigs succeeded in holding the patronage of the Crown, Sergeant Perrin succeeded the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne as attorney-general. Having vacated the seat for Monaghan by accepting office, he was returned for the borough of Cashel. One of his Cashel constituents, a man of great natural talent, who belonged to the Young Ireland party, and died an exile from his native land, was Michael Doheny. He told me the following anecdote: —

"I was sitting one night in the speaker's gallery of the House of Commons, while the Irish Corporate Reform Bill was in progress, and Perrin was making, if not an eloquent, a very powerful and argumentative speech. A gentleman, very plainly dressed, inquired of me who was addressing the house.

"'Oh,' said I, thoughtlessly, 'he's our member.'

"'I have to trespass on you, sir,' he replied, 'and ask you to be a little more explicit.'

"'I beg your pardon,' I said, 'he is member for Cashel.'

"'But who is member for Cashel?'

"'Why, that gentleman, the attorney-general for Ireland.

"'I'm afraid you will think me extremely ignorant,' replied the stranger, 'but I really do not know who is attorney-general for Ireland at present.'

"I then said, 'Mr. Perrin.'

"'What, Honest Louis Perrin?'

"'Yes.'

"'The Catholic Emancipator?'

"'The same.'

"'Then I am very glad I have heard him,' he said, and he listened with unflagging attention while Perrin made a telling speech. He then said he would be glad if I went up with him to the refreshment-room, and take a glass of wine. Not wishing to leave the gallery during the debate, I thanked him and declined. He shook hands and bade me good night. When he had left, I asked some friend if he knew who my companion was? 'Well,' he said, 'he inherits the best blood of all the Howards, — the Duke of Norfolk.'"

Mr. Perrin effected great good for Ireland when in the House of Commons. He did much to prevent grand-jury jobbery. His speech introducing the Irish Municipal Reform Bill was a masterly speech. He was untiring in his efforts to check intemperance by closing public-houses at 11 P. M.

On the death of Judge Vandeleur, in the summer of 1835, the vacant seat in the King's Bench was accepted by the attorney-general, who thenceforward was one of the most constitutional judges who ever sat on the Irish bench.

As a judge, the great qualities of his mind shone forth. His strong sense of right, his stern denunciation of wrong, his great sagacity, were fully developed. He seemed to me to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of our great legal commentator, who said, "Law is the science which inculcates the difference between right and wrong; which enables us to assert the one and to prevent, punish, or redress the other; a science which employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul, and exerts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart; which is universal in its use and extent, accommodated to each individual, but adapted to the whole community." Thus from term to term and circuit after circuit, for nearly a quarter of a century, were the laws administered equably by this able and just judge. He was most diligent and painstaking in the discharge of his important functions. To any argument that bore upon the case before him, he displayed great attention; but if irrelevant topics were introduced, a very significant grunt

showed the advocate the court was not with him. He held the scales of justice with a firm and steady hand, and as between the Crown and the subject, there was no inclination of the scales to either side. He was very social and hospitable, and entertained his friends either at his town house in Granby Row, Rutland Square, or at his country villa. While writing to an eminent member of the English bench,* I mentioned that "I was preparing a sketch of the late Judge Perrin, with whose name I was sure he was familiar." The return post brought me a letter containing a passage which I venture to print: —

"Judge Perrin happens to be the member of the Irish bench with whom I had the most acquaintance. I think it was in the year 1846 that he entertained me most hospitably, for about ten days of the long vacation, at his house at Clontarf; and I never enjoyed a visit more thoroughly. Though it was long vacation, he introduced me to several most kind and hospitable members of the Irish bench and bar, in whose society I enjoyed many pleasant days. Brady, lord chancellor; Monahan, then attorney-general; Jackson, judge; Hatchel, the solicitor-general or law adviser, and others; and I had the gratification of hearing Mr. Holmes cross-examining a clever witness in a manner which beat any comedy I ever witnessed."

Judge Perrin possessed a fine physical constitution, and liked his court well ventilated. I remember when we went circuit without wearing our bar costume, and often suffered from having no protection for our heads, for the wind rushed through the windows opened by order of Judge Perrin, Mr. J. S. Townsend, sitting directly beneath the open skylight of the Cork court house, was so inconvenienced by the cold air that he tied his pocket-handkerchief round his head to shield it from the March blast. Thus arrayed, he rose to address Judge Perrin.

"I don't think it 's respectful to the court, sir, that you should wear that head-dress," said his lordship.

"If your lordship will order the window over my head to be shut, I 'll take it off," was my friend's sturdy reply.

The judge looked rather puzzled what to do before he said, "'T is better for me to consult my health than your appearance. Go on, Mr. Townsend." He was very intolerant of noise, and we sometimes played tricks to excite him. Once, when a haughty country squire, ignorant of the geography of the intricate Cork court house, was bewildered in the passages, and vainly essaying to enter Judge Perrin's court, we sent him to the door close to the bench, and bade him *knock* or *kick* very *loudly*, that he might be heard. This he readily performed, to the great indignation of Mr. Justice Perrin, who sent a policeman to take the offender into custody for contempt of court. But as he was personally acquainted with the offender, who made an ample apology, he was not sentenced.

In society the judge was hospitable and genial. He was always most friendly to me.

I had a message from him in 1859, brought by the then attorney-general, now Lord O'Hagan, that the judge wished me to call at his house in Granby Row. I found him lethargic and infirm. He told me he wanted a crier, and had been applied to by a very respectable young man, who had filled that capacity with a late intimate acquaintance of mine, and asked "if I could recommend him"; I replied that "he was a very excellent person, but, while in my friend's service, had the misfortune to become insane, so I could not say if he was quite recovered." I said, "Dr. Nugent, commissioner of lunacy," who I knew was well acquainted with the judge, and also knew the subject of inquiry, "would satisfy him upon this point."

My information, however, I think

* The Honorable Mr. Justice Denman.

was ample, and I do not believe the judge spoke to Dr. Nugent on the matter.

This was my last personal interview with the judge. He resigned his seat on the Queen's Bench in 1860, and was succeeded by an able and excellent lawyer, then attorney-general, Right Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald. The ex-judge went to reside at a villa near Rush, on the coast, and I understand his habits of dispensing justice were so strong that he used to attend at Petty Sessions, to the great pleasure of the county of Dublin magistrates, who felt quite proud of his attendance on their bench. He sustained a severe trial in the death of his eldest son John, who had obtained some distinction at the bar. He filled the lucrative office of counsel to the castle when the present Lord Justice Christian ceased to hold it.

The office was in the gift of the Irish government, who granted it at the request of the judge, and the wits said, "Johnny Perring ot his place by *paternal* solicitude and *Christian* resignation."

The venerable ex-judge died at his seat at Rush on the 7th December, 1864.

RIGHT HON. JUDGE BALL.

One of the most agreeable, accomplished, and pleasant members of the Irish bench with whom I had the pleas ure of being acquainted was the late Judge Ball. He had travelled much, was well read, and able to appreciate the writings of those who knew what they wrote about. Our acquaintance arose on the Munster Circuit, where he presided on the bench, and I was a frequent guest at the judge's table.

Nicholas Ball was a native of Dublin, the only son of John Ball, Esq., a citizen of credit and renown, who amassed a considerable fortune by mercantile pursuits. The judge was born in 1791, and when of an age to be placed at school, his pious Catholic parents put him to the renowned seminary of Stoneyhurst, in Lancashire. Here, under the careful culture of the oft-maligned sons of St. Ignatius of Loyola, the Jesuits, young Ball was well grounded in the education of a gentleman, and left Stoneyhurst well prepared for his university career. While graduating in Trinity College, Dublin, he had for his associates several who were afterwards his contemporaries at the bar and the senate, — Stephen Woulfe, Richard Shiel, and Michael O'Loghlen. Having taken his degree in the university, he became a law student, and, before settling down to the practice of his engrossing profession, made a tour of Europe in the society of very accomplished friends. When I name William Henry Carew, Thomas — afterwards Sir Thomas — Wyse, our minister at Athens, I have said enough to show in what delightful companionship the glorious productions of nature and art on the Continent were visited.

Though Mr. Ball was called to the bar in 1811, and went the Connaught Circuit, he did not at once get into practice. He had to wait and hope, but it was not that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. The only son of a wealthy merchant, he never experienced the hard lot of these who try to look pleasant when the hungry fox is gnawing beneath the robe. He could afford to wait until business sought him, and then his great capacity, his admirable tact, and graceful court address captivated the bench and pleased the solicitors. Mr. Ball was in great request, and his practice in the courts of equity, the master's offices, and notably the Rolls Court, caused him to give up circuits and confine himself almost exclusively to the four courts and to the equity side. He became a great favorite with Sir William McMahon, the master of the rolls, a judge not very prone to show favor. His practice was, I believe, superior to that of his brethren at the bar; and as Richards, Warren, Pennefather, and

O'Loghlen were then at the bar, this is saying much.

Though Mr. Ball did not appear on the platform when O'Connell was fighting the great battle of Catholic Emancipation, he did not fail to give the cause his hearty support by money and advice. When the Relief Act of 1829 opened the door to promotion to Catholics, the abilities and position of Mr. Ball were not overlooked. He succeeded his friend Woulfe as sergeant, when that eminent barrister became the solicitor general in 1836; and in 1838 Mr. Ball became attorney-general for Ireland, and represented the borough of Clonmel in the House of Commons, where he soon grew to be a great favorite. His agreeable manners and convivial disposition gained him the sobriquet of "Ball and supper." He had not long to encounter the perils of office. Early in 1839 Judge Moore, who had long enjoyed the *otium* of the Common Pleas bench, retired and the vacant judgeship was accepted by the attorney-general. The Common Pleas then had so little business it rarely sat above one hour or two, and as the new judge was said to be a late riser in the morning, a witty chief judge said: —

"It is the very court for Ball. It will be *up* before himself!"

He had for associate judges the very companionable Chief Justice Doherty and Judges Johnson and Torrens. A change in the distribution of business soon came and equalized, to a great extent, the working of the three law courts, and then the active mind and legal acumen of Mr. Justice Ball were apparent. It was admitted no judge on the bench ever presented a Nisi Prius case to the jury with more clearness; and this was the more remarkable, for, while the case was at hearing, no one could suspect the learned judge was so fully mastering the facts, sifting the evidence, and separating the chaff from the grains of wheat, so that when his especial duty was to be discharged, he could do so in a manner to present the really important points for the jury devoid of all legal technicality or entanglement.

I have often observed this circumstance with equal pleasure and surprise, for sometimes on circuit the learned judge would display — or assume — an ignorance of common affairs that amused us. As, for instance: —

Some men were indicted at the Cork Assizes for a riot and assault. They were charged with beating men employed in drawing away turf from a bog.

The witness said, "As they drove along, they saw the prisoners fencing along the road."

"Eh! what do you say the prisoners were doing?" asked Judge Ball.

"Fencing, my lord."

"With what?"

"Spades and shovels, my lord."

Judge Ball looked amazed.

"Mr. Bennet," he said, addressing the senior Crown prosecutor, "can this be true? Am I to understand that the peasants in this part of the country fence along the roads, using spades and shovels for foils?"

"I can explain it," said George Bennet: "they were making a ditch, which we call a fence here, my lord."

This explanation cleared up the enigma, and the case went on.

The respected judge had to mourn for his eldest son, whose death caused great grief. He had, however, much to solace him. One of his sons became a priest of the Oratory at Brompton, near London, and he had a daughter a nun. His sister was the Superioress of the convent of Loretto, at Rathfarnham, the parent house of every great educational convent of Loretto throughout Ireland. This much-respected member of the Irish bench died at his house in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, on the 15th of January, 1865, in his seventy-third year.

A nephew of this estimable gentleman bids fair to succeed him in the

achievement of forensic fame, Mr. Sergeant Sherlock, Q. C., M. P. In my sketch of our mutual friend, Mr. Commissioner Baldwin, the name of Mr. Sherlock often occurs. He has succeeded Sir Colman O'Loghlen as Crown prosecutor, on the Munster Circuit in right of his rank as sergeant-at-law. For several sessions the learned sergeant has represented the King County in the Imperial Parliament, where his great capacity for business, high character, and pleasing, agreeable manners make him deservedly respected.

To be continued.

MISSIONARIES TO THE BLACKS.

Four years ago there was a departure of missioners from St. Joseph's college, Mill Hill, England. Two were sent to America and one to India. Since then many other missioners have started on the same errand. But on Monday there was a departure which resembled the one of November, 1877, for again two young priests went forth to America, to strengthen the little band of missioners who are working hard among the poor children of the African race. The other started for Quetta, to be the assistant and companion to the priest who, at the request of the Holy See, continues to act as chaplain to the forces at Quetta, and who is several hundreds of miles away from any other priest. These three missioners separated to go into opposite directions, some 10,000 miles apart, in all probability never to meet each other again on this side of the grave. The two missioners to the negroes went to Manchester, to receive the blessing of their superior, the Bishop of Salford, and then to embark at Liverpool for New York. The other father will embark on the 15th inst. at Trieste for Bombay, on a steamer belonging to the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd's Steam Company.

Four of the sisters of St. Mary's Abbey, Mill Hill, are preparing to set out for Baltimore next December, to take charge of the colored children of St. Francis's congregation, with the hearty approbation of his Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore.

SACRILEGE IN A CHURCH.

An organized gang of sacrilegious burglars entered St. Patrick's Catholic Church at Brockton, Mass., between the hours of midnight and four o'clock Saturday morning, Oct. 1. The entrance was effected through the rear window on the south side, which was found open that morning. Rev. Father P. H. Clarke stated that all the valuable altar articles used in the service, even to the cross of the Paulist order worn by Father O'Gorman during his lecture there last week, were taken to the dark passage immediately behind the altar and there tested with acid. Every piece of solid ware was taken, and not a piece of plated ware disturbed. Among the articles taken were solid gold and silver chalices, and a solid gold ciborium containing the Blessed Sacrament, which was taken from the tabernacle. The poor-box, containing the contributions of the "Week of Retreat," which terminated on Sunday, was forced open and the contents, amounting probably to $200, were taken, while the gold and silver taken would amount to as much more. The pecuniary loss is not felt so much by the parish as the fact of the sacrilege. The selectmen will offer a liberal reward for the apprehension of the burglars. The St. Patrick's Temperance Society have already offered a reward of $100 for any information concerning the burglars. Rev. Father Carroll, of North Easton, states that his church was also entered the same night; but as he never leaves anything of great value there during the night, the only things missed by him were the slippers which he wears during service, and just three cents which he knows was the only contents of the poor-box, although every box, drawer, and closet was forced open.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND.

United Ireland.

If anything could make us contemplate without abhorrence the blowing to pieces of innocent people in the same boat with braggart ministers, it would be the conspiracy of English ministers and newspapers to confound the Irish cause with the eccentricities of a few Irishmen whom their treatment appears to have deprived of their reason. It is not enough that Harcourt should, in his assassin way in Parliament, insinuate that the revenues of the Land League come from the same hands that are charging infernal machines to blow up trans-Atlantic passenger ships. The London newspapers are spending thousands of pounds in cablegrams recording every grotesque figment of the interviewers and every idle word of every insignificant madman in America, with a view of showing that our magnificent Ireland beyond the seas dreams of nothing except dynamite, and believes in no other prophet than Mr. O'Donovan Rossa. As usual, the conspiracy had succeeded in leading European opinion blindfold into the ditch. The Vienna and Berlin newspapers quote the London newspapers with horror, and the London newspapers quote the horror of the Vienna and Berlin newspapers with a pious satisfaction, and Europe comes to regard Irishmen as a race of criminal lunatics, who are engaged in teaching Mr. Harcourt better manners by blowing Cunard liners into the air. As long as responsible Englishmen play this scurvy trick, they need expect no sympathy whatever from us in their panics. If Mr. O'Donovan Rossa does not mean what he says, he is a fool; and if he does mean what people say he says, he is a madman; but, if he is a madman, who has driven him mad? A free-souled, big-hearted, big-limbed, generous, lion-like young Irishman, what was it that turned his blood to gall and made him ready to pour it out to the last drop, if it could only poison England? He saw three thousand famine-corpses thrown into the one fosse before his eyes, and vowed that there should be famine-corpses no more, even if there should be instead the more presentable corpses made by rifle-bullets. That was in his youth. He struggled and failed; struggled again and failed again; and seven of the best years of his manhood were spent in a prison-hell, the chained comrade of English brutes, kicked, tortured, and insulted by the jailers of that liberal premier who wept over the sorrows of King Bomba's interesting victims; drinking in detestation of the cruelty and hypocrisy of England with every breath he drew.

"This makes the madman, who have made men mad
By their contagion."

And when the madmen come to reflect that Clerkenwell Prison had to be blown down in order to call Mr. Gladstone to his prayers, and that he never thought of coming to his prayers again (politically speaking) until there was a revolution in full blast around him, it is not so surprising they begin to think that "though this be madness there is method in it." We have just this much further to say, that the nation which, within the past few years, used dynamite to suffocate Hottentots in their caves, which hunted down a sovereign king, Cetewayo, with bloodhounds, and hanged up the chief priest and forty of the chiefs of Cabul for defending their country, does not figure well in the pulpit when mercy is the text. It is not that we dislike Mr. O'Donovan Rossa's doings less, but that we hate English cant and panic more.

Say "fewer friends," and not "less friends."

THE CHARM OF PLEASANT MANNERS.

PLEASANT manners! What a wonderful charm they possess! I mean, of course, pleasant in the true Christian sense, coming as they ought from the heart, showing the sweet look of forgiveness even to those to whom there has been most to forgive? How often have they softened and brought contrition to the heart of even the aggressor, — that is, to the one who very often finds it more difficult to forgive than the aggrieved! It is so sweet to see a bright, cheery smile; the sternest features melt and are softened at the sight of it. I remember an instance of a gentleman, a good man too (who has now gone to his rest), being won over to do an act of charity by the pleasant irony of the petitioner. "Don't you think," she had said, in answer to curt refusal, "that if you had infused a little more kindness in your manner of refusing, it would have sweetened the pill?" These words, accompanied with a smile, had their effect; for the man of whom I speak was completely won, and doubled the benefaction with, "Well, I cannot resist that." Notice, too, how a child is frightened and repelled by a stern look, while a smile encourages it. Who could ever forget the beaming face of Father Faber, or could help feeling that he was a man of God, and longing to be like him? Even grave rebukes may be administered kindly, without crushing or exasperating the heart it was intended to reform. No one is worse for kindliness; if it gleams but for a moment, a kind of gratitude is awakened in the hearts of the most callous. Again, most of us have had sorrows and trials, but why should they develop a stern or repulsive manner? One I know, who has had trials more than ordinarily fall to the common lot of mortals, but they have never robbed him of the sweetness and charm of manner which were his chief characteristics before he had learned to suffer; they seem, on the contrary, to have intensified and deepened his natural charm of manner, and he has in consequence brought many souls to God. I have often heard people say, "I cannot resist that man; his kind manner has completely won me." I know that very often good hearts exist under rough exteriors, but why should this goodness be marred by rudeness? It is quite as easy to prevent forwardness or impertinence by a courteous as by an uncouth manner, and the former is much more telling. How often does the gentle answer turn away wrath! Besides, we have no right to inflict a gloomy manner upon our friends because we ourselves have suffered or are suffering. This rarely excites sympathy; least of all, should it so happen that our grievances are mere trifles compared with those of our listeners. Some people are never happy unless they are miserable, and they bore their neighbors with their atrabilious discontent. Some are never happy if others suffer on their account; and these generous hearts keep their own troubles out of sight of their friends, or at most disclose them to some special intimate, whose heart is attuned to theirs. Finally, it is easy enough to be all gentleness and sweetness to those whom we love, and just the reverse to those whom we do not love; but this is selfishness, and not that true love of our neighbor which would render our manner kind and pleasant to all. Of course it is impossible to love all alike; still our manner can be kind, courteous, and affable to all with whom we are brought in contact, and this is very different from a certain "high-bred air" possessed by many very bad men, and which is only outside varnish. You have only to know these men in their intimate relations of life, and you discover at once that under this veneering the nature is coarse and brutal. There is genuine courtesy in the Irish

peasant's greeting, "God save you kindly!" and with pleasure we call to mind the saying of Cardinal Wiseman after his visit to Ireland, that he found the Irish peasants "ladies and gentlemen." And his appreciation of them was just: how unlike their courtesy is to our English stiffness! It were well for us Englishmen to imitate our Irish brothers, and cultivate a genial, kind, unaffected manner, never forgetting the little courtesies and attentions which sweeten the journey through life, and give a new charm to solid virtue and piety.

STATE NICKNAMES.

QUEER are the nicknames of the people of the different States. The inhabitants of Alabama are called "Lizards"; of Arkansas, "Toothpicks"; of California, "Gold Hunters"; of Colorado, "Rovers"; of Connecticut, "Wooden Nutmegs"; of Delaware, "Muskrats"; of Florida, "Fly-up-the-Creeks"; of Georgia, "Buzzards"; of Illinois, "Suckers"; of Indiana, "Hoosiers"; of Iowa, "Hawkeyes"; of Kansas, "Jayhawkers"; of Kentucky, "Corn Crackers"; of Louisiana, "Creoles"; of Maine, "Foxes"; of Maryland, "Craw Thumpers"; of Michigan, "Wolverines"; of Minnesota, "Gophers"; of Mississippi, "Tadpoles"; of Missouri, "Pukes"; of Nebraska, "Bug Eaters"; of Nevada, "Sage Hens"; of New Hampshire, "Granite Boys"; of New Jersey, "Blues," or "Clam Catchers"; of New York, "Knickerbockers"; of North Carolina, "Tar-Boilers" and "Tuckoes"; of Ohio, "Buckeyes"; of Oregon, "Webfeet" and "Hard Cases"; of Pennsylvania, "Penances" and "Leatherheads"; of Rhode Island, "Gun Flints"; of South Carolina, "Weasels"; of Tennessee, "Whelps"; of Texas, "Beef Heads"; of Vermont, "Green Mountain Boys"; of Virginia, "Beadles"; of Wisconsin, "Badgers."

IRELAND'S EXTREMITY.

New York Sun.

STRIKE down the men who dare
To call their souls their own,
Who voice the people's prayer
To rulers and to throne!
Although you make the voices dumb,
Not yet is Ireland overcome.

The dungeon and the chain
Are yours to use at will;
But what shall be the gain,
Though rulers starve and kill?
When freedom's seeds are broadly sown,
A glorious crop will yet be grown.

Fill up your many jails,
And crowd your ships and forts!
The royal mandate fails,
Though backed by troops and courts.
You only breed a deeper hate,
And hasten on the day of fate.

See! there are more behind
To suffer or to die;
One spirit and one mind
Possesses low and high.
In England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales,
Have you enough of empty jails?

They do not kneel and pray
For what you choose to give;
But they demand to-day
The sacred right to live;
No longer holy in their eyes
Are chartered wrongs and vested lies.

Justice they yet will have,
Spite of your strength and will,
Though many a jail and grave
Their heroes' forms may fill.
The light is shining from the West,
And none need tell them what is best.

"YOUNG man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I duz; and, what's more, I mean to enter it as soon as Betsey gets her things ready."

PROFESSOR—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Student—"The touch." Professor—"Prove it." Student—"When you sit on a tack, you can't hear it, you can't see it, you can't taste it, you can't smell it; but you can feel it 's there!"

DEACON WM. HAWKINS, a frisky bachelor or widower of Philadelphia, who has seen his threescore and twelve years, and accumulated $150,000, has been sued for breach of promise by a heart-broken maiden of thirty. He has oscillated between the "Stella" of Philadelphia and the "Vanessa" of Boston. Vanessa has not sued, but because she was sued in vain she may look upon Stella's as a test case. The poor dear deacon of seventy-two!

OUR GIRLS.

As a woman and a single one, I think I have a right to have my say — out of practical observation and experience. Looking round upon the young ladies of the middle classes I have often queried how they all employ their time. That Providenec ordained that men should work and women be idle is a doctrine few will assert openly. It cannot therefore be questioned, that both were created to labor in their own spheres. I also think the claim for "woman's rights" can never be more than "great cry and little wool"; one "right" only have we to assert with the opposite sex, the right of having and getting something to do.

I shall in this paper only refer to those young ladies who are not forced to earn their own bread. Well, then, in their early years, when girls have so much in their possession, — youth and health,—which gives them a temporary influence over the other sex, what is the invariable routine of their lives? They return from school "finished." Papa delights to have them with him, to give them all they desire, and very often an abundance of money with no calls for it. Mamma on her part takes particular care to leave no domestic anxieties upon them. They have pleasure without end, but not one definite object of interest or employment. They get flattery to their heart's content, but no solid food whatever for mind or heart. As to their energies, they are devoted to killing time in various ways: tatting, embroidery, strumming the piano (whether gifted with a talent for music or not), making morning calls, and very often ending the day in dancing till a most unnatural hour. How different with their brothers! They are taught, as a matter of course, to recognize the value of time, to do something, to be somebody. From school to college, or counting-house, or shop, a purpose in life is pointed out for their energies and aims. What is said of an idle man who dawdles and mopes, twisting his fingers as he sits over the fire? "The poor creature, how miserable he must be!" Then if it should happen that this "poor creature" should commit any act of folly or imprudence we say: "Oh! poor fellow! it is all through having nothing to do." Yet this is precisely the condition of most of our girls who belong to moderately comfortable families. They have literally nothing to do. Most of them, for the want of better employment, fall in love, or are deluded into the fancy that they have found one on whom to lavish all their earthly affection. Thus they dream on, until the mere delusion turns out not to be the real thing at all, very often the object unworthy or unattainable. Thoroughly disgusted, our young lady very often gradually turns her aim to matrimony only, and laughs at love as folly. To have her own house, to be somebody, now occupies her. Now, what is this but a very natural wish for some aim in life?

These are only slight facts, but they never seem to cross the feminine mind. Why? Because they have never been taught the value of time which they hear men speak of as being equal to money. Again I say it is not their fault. The fault is in the system, brought about, no doubt, through the social customs of the day. I shall not venture here to hint or suggest any alteration in this matter. That undertaking must be left to wiser and older heads than mine.

Some of my girl readers may say, "What am I to do? Or what can I do?" and herein lies the momentous question to which the young lady must minister herself.

No one can lay down a rule of life for any half-dozen young people, so diverse are their characters, dispositions, capabilities, and tastes. To few is the choice so easy and the field of duty so unlimited as to the girls of whom I now write.

Let each girl then look around; one who is fond of needlework will find ample opportunity for exercising this art among the poor little folks of the parish. *She* need puzzle no longer as to what she shall do to be useful. Let her and a few girl-friends take, for instance, under their care some little ones, and expend a little attention on their wardrobes. Let them be from the poor school of, say, a London Catholic Mission. Alas! we all know too well how many deserving cases there are in our metropolis at this moment. Now it came under my notice not very long ago that some boys belonging to a London Catholic Poor School, who knew how to sing very nicely in the chorus, begged to be allowed to enter the sanctuary choir of their church. The fathers permitted them, and procured cassocks and surplices, but it soon became perceptible that the little fellows, though scrupulously clean, were not presentable. They had no collars, perhaps no shirts, some had no boots, but all with hearts and sweet voices ready to sing praises to God. Need I point out an occupation for some of "our girls," and also a use for part of the money so liberally given by papa?

Now, I will go on to our musical girl. Why could she not get permission from the clergy of the parish to train those same little fellows in their *soprano* and *alto* parts? Can any one for a moment question the good which would be done thereby, not to mention the time being so well spent, and to herself, so advantageously, for in our sacred music there is always something to learn, however well trained the musician may have been previously. This would allow our young lady sufficient time after, for the pleasures provided for her at home.

To go further into the various wealths of usefulness possessed by our girls would be an absurdity. Every girl in her heart, if she wishes, can, as it were, find her path under her feet, and all can be useful and also enjoy life. No one will then be wanted to snatch her out of the dulness of life. The husband may come, or may not, just as God ordains. Now, my young lady friends from eighteen upwards, your time and the use of it is as essential to you as to your father and brother. If you waste it, you waste your life: married or unmarried, you will be held accountable for it.

A DISTURBED PRAYER. — The Rev. Mr. Wingtop received a visit from the Widow Peckles and her four children. "I have come to stay a month, Brother Wingtop, and you may consider it a compliment, for I never did like Little Rock. You and my husband were such fast friends that I can never forget you. Were you not fast friends, Brother Wingtop?" "Madam, myself and your husband were firm friends, but we were not fast. A minister and his deacon should not be fast." Mr. Wingtop had hoped that his remark would have a tendency to shorten the widow's visit into a day, but when she replied that he was a dear, sly, good man, the reverend gentleman realized that darkness brooded where the bright light of hope had burned. At night, when the family had been summoned into the sitting-room to hear a long prayer from the minister, the widow managed to "squash" three of the children. The other one, a boy, ran into the dining-room. "Let him alone," said the minister, "in good time the Lord will catch him," but at the same time he thought that if the Lord ever did catch the boy extraordinary time would have to be made. "Let us pray," said the minister, glancing slyly around to see if the widow had securely huddled her children. "Our Father," he began, "we thank thee for thy — " "Ma! oh, ma! George is taking off the shoe!" — "Thank thee for the great privilege of sacred communion. But for the — " "Ma, make him quit. He's trying to put his sock under my nose." — "I ain't, ma." — "But for thy love we would ere this have been cut down as cucumbers of the ground. We see around us — " Just here the boy that had escaped to the dining-room entered with a stick of stove wood and an old boot. Advancing he struck at one of his brothers with the boot, but unfortunately hit the minister. "Madam," said the reverend gentleman, rising, "throw those young beasts out of the room, out of the house, and in fact, out of the yard. Daniel was cast into the lion's den, where he enjoyed himself, but if he were penned up with these rhinoceroses he would lose his reputation in ten minutes."

TRUE TO HIS MEMORY.

Justin F. McCarthy.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! how full of briers is this working-day world.
SHAKESPEARE.

THE firm of Brew, Bradly Bros. & Co., brokers and agents, was, at one time, one of the largest, in one of the most influential, thickly populated and thriving Irish cities, in a southern county, bordering on the sea. For generations the company had borne the brunt of successive eras of great trade depression, of unprecedented failures, and unlucky ventures. Other houses of long standing and high repute had been enveloped and overcome; others had risen with fair promise for the future, flourished for a time, but eventually disappeared, leaving scarcely the memory of their name behind, save to those whose misfortune it had been to be within the vortex their wreck had produced.

Heavy losses had also come to Brew, Bradly Brothers & Co.; they were no exception to the almost general rule, and they, too, would have followed in the wake of many others, but almost on the eve of their intended and unavoidable suspension, almost on the very day before that which would bring sorrow and desolation into many a luxurious home, an almost forgotten relative of the Bradlys, who had years and years ago gone abroad, came home in declining health, bringing with him a colossal fortune. Thus the firm got a new start, and with skilful steering, the bark which had almost struck upon the rocks was again riding on fortune's tide, even more securely and more proudly than before.

Their fair name remained untarnished, and none knew that the stability of the firm had been jeopardized even for a moment. The relative who had thus so opportunely returned home, came alas! but to "sleep the sleep that knows no waking" in his native land. The entirety of his immense wealth he left to the Bradlys, and it was invested in the business.

At this time the firm consisted of Mr. Henry Bradly and his two sons. Any one of the name of Brew had not been connected with it within the memory of the present partners, still the old and well-established title remained unchanged.

To Mahon McMahon, their general manager, the Bradlys were deeply indebted, for to his business-like tact, energy, and perseverance could alone be attributed the present footing of the establishment; and only for his skill the firm could not have been kept floating up to the timely and fortunate return of their relative who had saved their reputation.

Mahon McMahon, though still a young man, saw affairs come to a crisis and took the helm of the ship in his own hands; and, as crash came after crash, still with unflinching vigor he did not lose heart, but battled bravely against every impending danger; when everything looked hopeless he still hoped on and continued his efforts to save the name and reputation of his employers; and even at the darkest hour — that which happily proved to be before a bright dawn — he did not despair nor relinquish his efforts.

Not far from the city, the Bradlys had built a beautiful residence; and here Mahon McMahon spent a great many evenings. The family consisted of two sons and one daughter. Kathleen Bradly was just eighteen, and a fairer or more beautiful specimen of a young Irish girl there was not in the land. If the fame of her beauty and goodness was merely provincial, that was because she preferred remaining in the enjoyment of her home amid the friends and relations she had

known and loved since childhood, to the gaudy glitter and painful pleasures of the gay cities she had heard and read so much about.

It was not strange that Mahon McMahon should experience unusual delight when first he beheld Kathleen Bradly on her return from a continental convent whither she had been sent to complete her education. Her fresh young beauty and natural grace charmed him, and her unaffected manners and gentle ways won his heart from the very outset. Nor was her delight on beholding him any the less. She had seldom seen a face she could gaze upon or conjure up in her memory with so much pleasure; for Mahon McMahon, with all his unassuming air and quiet demeanor, had something to boast of in personal appearance. Mentally and physically he was strong and active, tall and muscularly built; his dark raven hair and honest blue eyes contrasted strangely yet pleasingly; while the expression of calm dignity and self-possession which always marked his features won for him the admiration and respect of all. His kindly disposition and unobtrusive manner, but above that his manly courage and energy under dangerous and trying circumstances, caused him to be loved by every one, and treated more as an equal than a dependant by the Bradlys. Kind, generous, and outspoken to all in the daily affairs of life, he was reticent and singularly silent about himself, and to no one, save Mark Jermyn, his bosom companion, did he every confide his secret thoughts and wishes, and to him and him alone Mahon made known every desire of his heart. Mark Jermyn was a distant relative of the Bradlys and a visitor at Heather Hall,—the name by which they called their country residence.

In their early days Mahon McMahon had saved Mark Jermyn from drowning at the imminent risk of losing his own life. From that period they became close friends, and were constantly in each other's company, and their hearts were open to each other—they were all in all.

Before long the mutual admiration of Kathleen Bradly and Mahon McMahon became apparent to both, and this feeling was not long ripening into love under the influence of bright and happy hours and brilliant evenings spent in each other's society. Mahon had little doubt that Mr. Bradly would offer any opposition to his suit for Kathleen's hand. Earning a splendid salary and spending what barely sufficed for his wants, he had amassed a fair amount of money, which he calculated Mr. Bradly would allow him to invest in the firm, and thereby constitute himself a sort of partner. But before he could make known to Mr. Bradly—a plain, unostentatious old gentleman—the new relations between himself and Kathleen, her father was taken ill, and before many weeks his spirit had passed away.

This sad event caused a considerable change in the family relations. The two brothers, John and James, were left in sole possession of the business, and guardians of Kathleen. Naturally it prevented any explanation being made by Mahon, who now very much feared the issue of an interview on the subject with the brothers, who, although treating him as a brother, would, he feared, look upon a marriage between their sister and a man of dependent position in the light of a *mésalliance*.

The two brothers were sitting in their private office some months after the death of their father, when Mahon asked an audience with them.

He entered the spacious and costly arranged office of his employers, and, man as he was, a sickening sensation came over him. He thought of the many weary, lonesome hours he had sat in the very chair in which Mr. John Bradly was now seated, poring over unsatisfactory accounts, delving through perplexing papers and vainly trying to stave off the impending crisis of the firm. Many an hour, far into

the gray dawn, with aching eyes had he sat there, working unceasingly and untiringly for the men of whom he was now about to ask a favor, wasting his future life's happiness in their keeping, striving for the men who owed to him their present position. Would they think of all that now? Were all those weary hours of toil to meet a grand reward? Ah! if it were so, he would bless every effort, every hour he spent in that trying time. But, alas! his heart throbbed painfully, and a voice within him told him he had little to hope for; nevertheless, he would try; he would prefer the bitterest certainty to the racking suspense of the past few months; and, bracing himself for the encounter, he advanced towards them and seated himself. The light streaming through the window fell upon him, and marked more distinctly the stern, determined expression of his features. His lips were firmly set, his brow contracted and his hands tightly clasped, but naught else showed the workings of his heart. "Heaven support me!" he murmured, "for I need strength now."

"Well, Mahon," said the elder brother, who conjectured it was some matter connected with the business that brought him to them, and who generally took the initiative, "what now?"

"Not much to you, sir, and yet a great deal to me," answered Mahon; his heart, that had bravely and fearlessly met danger and difficulties unmoved, beating almost audibly. "I have come," he continued, "as in honor bound, and as I intended to do to your father, God rest his soul! only that his death prevented me, to tell you that for some time there has existed a mutual attachment between your sister Kathleen and myself—"

"Between Kathleen and yourself?" the younger brother James interrupted, starting from his chair.

"James," interposed his brother quietly, "let us first hear what Mr. McMahon has to say."

"He need say no more, John," said the other, his face flashing angrily; "I have noticed Kathleen and Mahon — Mr. McMahon — very frequently together of late, but I never imagined he would dare —"

"Dare, sir?" Mahon repeated, rising at the insult; but he again resumed his seat, seeing that coolness and steadiness would do more for him than fiery words and hasty actions.

"Yes, sir, I never imagined that you would dare to aspire to the hand of Miss Bradly."

"James," said the other and less impetuous of the two brothers, "let us speak calmly on this, to me, very painful subject. Mr. McMahon," turning towards him, "you have taken us completely by surprise, and I am exceedingly sorry that you have acted so — so — unwisely as to imagine for a moment that we could give our consent to such a union. We have other views for Miss Bradly" — he laid a slight stress on the Miss — "and while I impress upon you the utter impossibility of such a matter, I must thank you for, and respect, your sense of honor and — a — a duty in informing us before you let this — this — affair go any further. I am surprised that you —"

"I do not want your thanks, Mr. Bradly, for having done my duty —" Mahon commenced.

"Hear me out, Mr. McMahon," said the other sternly. "I must tell you that we will do everything in our power — I speak also for my brother — to prevent anything unpleasant occurring. You are open and straightforward with us; we will be the same with you; and I must inform you that any attempt to see Miss Bradly for the future will be futile. Of course we would be very sorry to coerce our sister, but it is a duty imposed upon us as her guardians, to do all in our power for her welfare and happiness —"

"Do not make a mockery of the words, Mr. Bradly," Mahon interrupted bitterly.

"Hear me," he continued. "I need scarcely tell you she can marry

whom she pleases, but if she does so without our consent, she will be penniless."

"Pray, Mr. McMahon," the younger brother asked tauntingly, "what position can you offer a wife? you, who have come into this office as a poor boy, and through the kindness of my father have been advanced to your present position, and here is your thanks."

Not one kind word after all his years of service, not one reference to his worth or merit, not one acknowledgment that he manfully worked his way by his own industry, not one reference to his former services in the time of their trial, but a mean boast of their own kindness, which years of unceasing care on his part had well deserved. It was this that galled the heart of Mahon McMahon as his thoughts turned to the time that his hands, his brain, his work, had saved them from ruin and disgrace; but as calmly as if he were speaking to Kathleen herself he replied to the other's taunt haughtily.

"Sir, I did not come here to be insulted, nor shall I listen to you." And addressing the elder brother, "I will confine my conversation to you, sir, for I can rely on being heard in a gentlemanly manner. I came here to-day to ask the hand of your sister, and to offer you a not inconsiderable sum if you would allow me to sink it in the firm, and thereby give me a little interest in my daily work, and with the income derived from that, and what I would receive as a portion with your sister, she could still maintain the position to which she is accustomed and entitled. Not that I covet what she possesses, for God knows I would take her willingly without a farthing, but that I would not wish her to have less of the luxuries and comforts of life as the wife of Mahon McMahon than as the sister of John and James Bradly."

He had risen during the latter portion; his eyes flashed with the vehemence of his words, and his whole body shook with suppressed excitement.

"Be seated, Mahon," said John Bradly courteously, as if in atonement for the harsh words of his brother, "and believe me that we are actuated solely by a desire for our sister's happiness."

"Ah! beware, sir," Mahon cried, "ere you sacrifice her welfare to your own selfish ambition; you could safely trust her future in my hands. You are rudely trampling under foot every bright aspiration of my life; and your sister's unhappiness and your own conscience will tell you that your decision is both mercenary and cruelly unjust."

Mr. John Bradly rose from his seat as if to intimate that the interview was at an end.

"Mahon," said he, "I really regret that the pleasant relations hitherto existing between us should be so unexpectedly interrupted; dismiss the subject from your mind, return to your business, and think no more of this unhappy matter."

"Do you imagine, Mr. Bradly, I can dismiss the thoughts of your sister Kathleen from my heart so easily or as readily as you would a disagreeable or unfortunate client from your office? Indeed, you pay your sister but a poor compliment when you think she could give her heart to a man who would wear it as lightly as you pretend to suppose I could. You are mistaken, sir, if you think so. I beg you to reconsider your decision; but at all events, whether you do or not, it will only have effect for a few years. I *can* wait, and I am more than confident your sister *will*."

With these words Mahon left the room, after thanking John Bradly for his courtesy in hearing him. From the first he knew, he felt, the interview to be hopeless, but, in his manly open-mindedness and generosity, he did not wish to do anything mean or underhand, but would rather brave the interference of the brothers than put Kathleen in a false position.

To be continued.

LETTER OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE following is an unpublished letter from Gen. Washington to Baron von Steuben:—

ANNAPOLIS, Dec. 23, 1783.

My Dear Baron, — Although I have taken frequent opportunities in public and private of acknowledging your great zeal, attention, and abilities in performing the duties of your office, yet I wish to make use of this last moment of my public life to signify in the strongest terms my entire approbation of your conduct, and to express my sense of the obligations the public is under to you for your faithful and meritorious services. I beg you will be convinced, my dear sir, that I should rejoice if it could ever be in my power to serve you more essentially than by expressions of regard and affection, but in the mean time I am persuaded you will not be displeased with this farewell token of my sincere friendship and esteem for you. This is the last letter which I shall write while I continue in the service of my country. The hour of my resignation is fixed at twelve o'clock to-day, after which I shall become a private citizen, on the banks of the Potomac, where I shall be glad to embrace you, and to testify the great esteem and consideration with which I am, my dear baron, etc.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WHICH WILL YOU DO?

A VERY suggestive hint is given in the Liverpool Catholic Times by a convert to the faith, concerning certain little economies which are quite possible to every one, and which, if made, would enable us to support abundantly our charities and to have an occasional dollar for a mass for the souls of Purgatory. "A 'convert' writes about saving 6*d.* per week to give to some Catholic institution. I wish Catholics would take the hint. I have always made it a rule to give to collections, and also made it a rule never to give less than 6*d.*, nearly the least silver coin of the realm. (I hate to present God with coppers.) I believe it to be the rule of too many to give as little as possible. I once became acquainted with a young lady who would give about a penny a week at collections; the same lady at the same time kept a cat and dog which cost her 7*d.* weekly; I, having become acquainted with the fact, asked her how she could spend 7*d.* per week on the inferior animals, and cast a penny at the feet of the priests? The reproof took effect; she now does without her dog and cat, and her religion costs her 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per week. I fear there are many, too many, who do as the above lady did, and hope this may attract their eyes."

THE ENGLISH BEGAN THE BOYCOTTING.

As I reminded you last night, it was for many a day until Irish pluck and Irish talent forced their way to the front. The motto of England was, "No Irish need apply." We have learned the lesson of English Boycotting, and now we reply to Forster and Company, "No English need apply." We are here working together on behalf of hearth and home and fatherland, and in that high and encouraging purpose and object we shall continue to draw an inspiration which will make us far more than a match for all the salaried minions of the government. Mr. Forster draws his £4,000 a year, — dirty money for dirty work; and we can inform his employers that, though they were to double his salary, he would be as great a failure as ever. In all history there is not an example of a more cowardly atrocity than that which was committed by the English Premier, who stole from Michael Davitt everything that is good in the Land Act, and then tried to hide the theft by throwing Michael Davitt into a felon's jail. Work together and you will win, and you will be able to say that you have won without owing one single ounce of gratitude to either Whig or Tory. If you stand unitedly together, in a few years the thunder of Irish volunteer artillery will welcome the hoisting of the standard of Ireland on the Parliament House in College Green.

MEN OF MUSCLE.

The famous Scanderberg, king of Albania, who was born in 1414, was a man of great stature, and his feats of sword exercise have never been equalled. On one occasion, with his cimeter, he struck his antagonist such a blow that its force cleaved him to the waist. He is said to have cloven in two men who were clad in armor from head to foot. On one occasion, the brother and nephew of a certain Ballaban, who had been convicted of cruelties towards the Albanians, were brought to him bound together. Transported with rage, he cut them in two with one stroke of his weapon. Maurice, Count of Saxony, the hero of Fontenoy, inherited the physical vigor of his father, and was especially noted for the surprising muscular power or "grip" of his hands. On one occasion, needing a corkscrew, he twisted a large iron nail round into the required shape with his fingers, and opened half a dozen bottles of wine with it. Another time, when stopping at a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod, he picked up a number of horseshoes, and with his hands snapped them in two as readily as if made of glass, much to the disgust of the smith.

SWEDEN COMING TO ITS SENSES.

London Universe.

But twenty years ago there was a law in Sweden that no one was allowed to sell even treacle who did not belong to the established Lutheran Church. Since then things have become very different. The new Swedish constitution has established social equality amongst the members of all creeds, and in all the large centres of population, such as Stockholm, Upsala, and Malmo, the Catholic congregations enjoy a great deal more liberty than anywhere in Prussia. In this respect some progress is to be reported in the shape of the recent consecration of a Catholic chapel at Gefle, a Swedish seaport which contains about 20,000 inhabitants. Of late the number of Catholics had greatly increased in the place referred to, and it is to be noted that they live in perfect peace and harmony with their Protestant neighbors. The new chapel seats about two hundred and fifty people, and its inauguration, a fortnight since, was attended not only by all the Catholics, but also by some of the leading Protestants of the town. Father C. Moro, of the Barnabite Order, will act as missionary priest, and the prospects of the new congregation are most cheering.

An observer has taken 1,000 notes of the conversation of passing young women. Out of that number 780 began with either, "And I said to him," or "He said to me," or "She told me that he said"; 120 referred to dresses or hats that were either "perfectly lovely," or "just splendid"; and the remainder were pretty evenly divided between comments on other girls, who were "horrid" or "stuck up and hateful," new novels, studies, the summer vacation, and the latest scientific discoveries.

The New York Times recently said that it is nonsense to attempt to change the doctrine of the Church. It says: "Neither Luther nor Dollinger nor any other reformer, whether Protestant or Catholic, can reform the Church of Rome from below. The church is so constituted that neither layman, priest, nor bishop can differ in the slightest degree from her formulas without thereby cutting himself loose from the Church. Any reforms must come from the pope and the college of cardinals, and even then the reformers must have sufficient influence with the bishops to control a general council. Luther may devise a new creed, and Dollinger may organize a new church, but Rome is ironclad against their influence."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE FESTIVAL OF CHRISTMAS.

Sister Mary Frances Clare.

What shall I say about Christmas, the most bright and joyous and beautiful of all the Church's feasts? Alas! that it is so often made a season of dissipation and sin, instead of a season of holy joy and gladness. But if we have prepared well during advent, we may hope that our Christmas will be a holy one and a blessed anticipation of that happy time when there will be no more sin or sorrow, where all our dear ones will be restored to us forever, where there will be no more separation, for all God's chosen ones will be with Him for a blessed eternity.

Let us try to remember while we are enjoying our Christmas Festival, why it is that we have this joy, and then even our natural and lawful pleasures may be sanctified to us. Our religion is not one of melancholy and gloom. It is true indeed that we must sorrow for the sorrows of Jesus, that if we love Him truly, and even in proportion as we love Him, we shall grieve for all the pain he endured for our love; but there are times when we must rejoice also, and Christmas is the great season of Christian joy. We must not be afraid of our happiness or of our pleasures, if they are only free from sin; but it would be indeed grievous if we indulged in amusement that would offend our good God just at the very time when we commemorate his coming to earth to save us from the consequences and the guilt of sin.

All those who can possibly do so, should try to hear mass on the vigil of Christmas, particularly if they cannot attend at midnight mass. You know that the eves, or the day before certain great feasts, are called vigils. The reason they obtained this name was, because in the old times, when people were more fervent than they are now, it was the custom to watch and pray in the churches all night in preparation for these festivals. This custom is partly kept up still by the observance of Christmas night, as in many places there is a mass at midnight, and many persons remain in the church the greater part of the night.

The custom is also kept up in many convents, for you know probably there are many monks and nuns who rise every night and spend many hours in prayer, and in saying that part of the divine office called matins. It is indeed a great privilege for those who are so happy as to be able to spend the greater part of the night in God's service; but those who are not called to such a life must remember that they too may find many similar ways of glorifying God. The poor girl who, after working all day long at some laborious employment, spends the whole or part of the night in watching by a sick neighbor, or one of her own family, will indeed have a great and bright crown for her reward if only she has done this act of charity for the love of God. My children, our intention is everything; and we should remember this, for it would be indeed a pity that we should lose the merit of our works for want of a little care. Always, therefore, try to offer your actions to God, and particularly every work, or any undertaking that causes you much labor or pain, or that is contrary to your natural inclinations. Say, "My God, I offer this to thee for thy honor and glory," or, "My God, I do this for love of thee."

Those, also, who have to take care of children and to mind them at night, may have great merit, and they should think a great deal about the Holy Child Jesus, and how our blessed Mother Mary minded her Infant Son all day and all night, and with what patience and love and care she nursed him. Every time you have to stay up with a sick child at night, you

might make a sort of Christmas eve for yourself, and think a little of the night on which Jesus was born, and all the beautiful and holy things that happened then.

Every priest can say three masses on Christmas day. It is the only day in all the year on which this can be done, and it is done to mark the great joy of the church in the birth of Christ, who is offered in each mass.

The first or midnight mass may be said at twelve o'clock, and at this hour in some places the most holy sacrament may be received, so that the little Infant Jesus may be born anew, as it were, in our hearts. We should prepare ourselves very carefully and devoutly, if we go to holy communion at this mass, and take care to keep ourselves from distractions. Some little time before it begins we should invite our dear Infant Jesus with all our hearts to come to us, and we should take care to have our hearts ready for his visit.

When we go to confession we must try to think what sins we commit that are most likely to offend our dear Lord, and we must resolve with our whole hearts, and promise him, with the help of his grace, that we will not commit them any more.

Even if we fall afterwards through human frailty, we must not be discouraged, for our dear Lord will be pleased with us if he sees we are really in earnest in promising to *try* and amend for the future.

You know, when we invite a friend to our house, of whom we think a great deal, we do all we can to make the house as nice as possible; we put up all the ornaments we can get, and we put anything old or unsightly out of the way. And this is what we must do with our hearts when we are getting them ready for the Infant Jesus. We must make a little crib for him, and beg of him to stay with us, and we must practise all the virtues that we know will please him.

Oh, my children, how he loves us! How he loves us! On Christmas night the beautiful little Child Jesus goes about looking for pure, loving hearts that he may rest in them, and give them his choicest blessing. Would it not be very sorrowful for us if he passed by our hearts, if he said, "I cannot go in there"? If he saw there sins of impurity, or anger, or pride, that filled up all our hearts and left no room for him? We should then be like the people who turned out Jesus and his blessed Mother, who had no room for them. Poor people! they had room for every one else, but they had no room for Jesus. And there are people now also, my children, who have room in their hearts for every one but Jesus. Let us not be of the number.

The gospel for the midnight mass tells us how the great Roman Emperor, Cæsar Augustus, made a decree that the whole world should be numbered. Though the decree was made by a heathen, and partly for his own pleasure and honor, it was obeyed by Mary and Joseph, and in obeying it they fulfilled one of the prophecies. We should consider this carefully. It is a great lesson to us of obedience and subjection. In the present day, when there is so much rebellion everywhere against authority, it is of special value to us.

We do not hear that Mary and Joseph hesitated for a moment; and yet we know how much our blessed Mother must have suffered from such a journey, and at such a time. Thus you see, my children, that Jesus was obedient even to the very heathen when they were lawfully placed in authority.

The prophecy was fulfilled by them, and this also shows us that in obeying even an unjust command, we may be doing something that will be greatly for God's glory. It was prophesied that Jesus should be born in Bethlehem, and so he was. If Joseph and Mary had been disobedient to the heathen emperor, this prophecy would not have been fulfilled.

In the lives of some of the saints we

meet most wonderful and beautiful revelations that were made to them of what happened to Our Blessed Lady during this journey. The Holy Scriptures tell us only that Jesus was wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in a manger.

Oh, my children, let us never complain of poverty when we think of this. Let us see our dear Lord the God of heaven, the second person of the blessed Trinity, laid in a manger on a little straw; see how great is his poverty; how great is his love! No one now should ever complain of being poor, or think it any disgrace, for Jesus chose poverty for himself on earth and for his blessed Mother.

We know that everything that Jesus did and suffered while on earth was for our salvation and for our instruction. We must, therefore, consider the circumstances of his birth very carefully, that we may learn from them all the lessons that he intends to teach us. And first we should consider the place wherein he was born. It was in a stable: no poorer or more humble place could have been chosen, and we know that every circumstance in our dear Lord's life has its own special meaning and its own special instruction. Some of these mysteries we may guess at here, but most of them will be only known fully hereafter.

There were many places in the world where Jesus might have been born, had he willed it so. There were many houses of the rich and great where he might have made his earthly home, but he chose a stable and a manger, and we must learn from his choice a great love of holy poverty; I have said of holy poverty, for, my children, there is a poverty which is not holy, as there are riches which are not sinful.

Those who are poor are often inclined to think that the rich must be wicked. Just as those who are rich look down upon and despise the poor. But there are no states free from temptation, no states free from danger, no states free from sin. Our salvation and our sanctification, or being holy, depend upon ourselves, and the use that we make of the grace of our good God, which he is ever ready to give us.

But, although God gives his grace to the rich as well as to the poor, there is no doubt that the poor have a better chance of heaven, if they are only faithful, for they are free from many most dangerous temptations which beset the rich, and poverty was the state which our dear Lord chose for himself on earth, so that those who are poor are so happy as to be more like him, because of their poverty, than the rich. But their poverty must be holy poverty. Holy poverty is a poverty in which the soul is content to be poor because it is the will of God. The holiest poverty is a state in which the soul prays to be poor, and rejoices in it, because it makes her more like her Lord. Oh, my children, if the poor only knew how rich they might be, if the poor only knew all their advantages, if the poor only knew all the blessedness of their state! The light of God's sun is beautiful, but it is of little use to a blind man. The light of God's grace is a thousand times more beautiful, but it is of no use to those who cannot discern it, who do not live by it.

If God has given you the beautiful grace of poverty, try to live by it and in it. Do not throw away what may be to you a mine of eternal wealth. Do not throw away what may make you rich for all eternity. It brings want and cold to you now. You cannot see its future blessedness; you feel all its present pain. But you must have faith; you must look at Jesus in the manger in the cold stable of Bethlehem, and you will, with God's grace, get to love your poverty, not for its own sake, but for his.

You know that the most beautiful pearls are found in dull, ugly looking oyster shells, and there are men who spend all their lives diving for them down in the bottom of the sea. You

may be sure they do not like the wild waves or the terrible rush of the waters all day long in their ears, or the great slimy creatures that crawl about their feet in the bed of the ocean; but, my children, *they like the pearls*, and they cannot get at these beautiful, fine, bright pearls without going through all this labor and toil, and doing all this disagreeable and dangerous work. And so it is with us: we do not like poverty and cold and hunger, — the want of necessaries and pleasures which rich people can have so easily. But we seek the pearl of God's great love, and the pearls that will be in our crowns in heaven, if we bear all the sufferings of this life patiently.

We must consider, too, the time at which our Lord was born. It was in the very depth of winter, in all the cold and frost and snow. He might have chosen the summer time if he had pleased, just as he might have chosen a respectable house or a fine palace for his home, but no. Oh, my children, he chose the stable, and the cold, and the winter, and the poor shepherds, all, all for our love, to teach us that if we suffer here we shall not suffer hereafter, and to show us by his sufferings the evil of sin, and how patiently we should bear all our sufferings who have done so much evil when we committed so many and such grievous sins.

And it was to poor shepherds that the angels came to tell of the birth of Jesus. You see the angels also love the poor, and love to sing around their lowly dwellings when they are peaceful and holy; and you see also the shepherds were just doing their duty in attending to their flocks when the angels came to them. So will the angels come to us, and minister to us, and care for us, when we are doing our duty well for God, no matter how humble it may be. This is what the angels said to the shepherds, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: for this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you: you shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes, and laid in a manger." Let us consider how simple this sign is. We might have expected that the sign of Christ's birth would have been something that would have attracted the attention of the whole world, but this sign is only a sign of poverty and of love. It is told only to poor men; and so, my children, we see that some of the most wonderful supernatural graces that God has granted to his Church have been given through or to the poor, while many of the saints have been of humble birth, and poor indeed in their worldly goods.

In the second mass, at break of day, we read how the good shepherds conversed with each other on the wonders they had seen, and how they went over with haste to the stable to see the Infant Jesus. Let us think of this when we are going to mass on the blessed Christmas night, and go in all haste to God's house where our dear Jesus is waiting for us.

"And they found Mary, and Joseph, and the infant lying in a manger." Wherever Jesus is, there we shall be sure to find Mary and Joseph, and we shall be safe and happy in their blessed company. With what love and devotion and holy awe the shepherds paid their visit. So, too, should we visit our Jesus in the most holy sacrament, believing that he is there as truly as he was in the manger at Bethlehem.

And then when they had paid their visit to the stable, they went back again to their work. This is also a lesson for us, and will teach us how we should go from the altar to our business, ever seeking to do God's holy will in the state of life to which he has called us more and more faithfully each day.

We may be very sure that the good shepherds never forgot the wonders they had seen on their visit to Bethlehem on that Christmas night; and so we, too, should ever remember these

holy lessons of peace, which God gives us to help us on our heavenly journey and to make us think more of heaven and less of earth. The shepherds, too, praised and glorified God for all his goodness, and we may learn from them the great duty of praise and thanksgiving.

At the third mass on Christmas day the holy gospel of St. John is read for us, in which we hear the wonderful and awful words which tell us so sublimely and so simply of this great mystery of our religion — "AND THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH." We say this often in our prayer when we repeat the Angelus, but we say it too carelessly, and with too little reverence. Let us begin now to say this with the respect and the devotion due to so great a mystery. It is the mystery of Christmas day; it is also the mystery of our salvation. On this day we commemorate the birth of Jesus, and his appearing in the world in flesh and blood like ourselves. On the great and most beautiful Feast of the Annunciation, the Incarnation of our Lord in the womb of Mary, we commemorate the moment when he took flesh in her most pure womb.

It is the custom in most Catholic churches to have a crib or representation of the nativity, so that the people may see, as it were before their eyes, the exact emblem of the mystery which they venerate. This custom was introduced by the great St. Francis of Assisi, many hundred years ago. I would advise all to do what they can to promote this pious practice. They should help their pastor to get up these representations, and to make them as beautiful as possible. They will not regret the time or labor they have spent in so holy a work.

In every place, however, it may not be possible to have a crib in the church, but every one can have a crib in her own house. For a very trifling expense you can get the figures of Mary and Joseph and the little Infant Jesus, and all you need then is a little straw to make your crib complete, and a few flowers or green leaves to put round it. Here you should make a little visit every day, and offer your heart to the Infant Jesus, begging of Him to bless you, and to make you one of the little children who shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

MANY persons desirous of giving their children the delight of a Christmas tree are hindered on account of the expense; but some of the most beautiful and satisfactory trees we have ever seen consisted entirely of home-made articles. One of the chief attractions of such a tree will be found in making a number of "surprise-flowers." To make these obtain a number of the neat little boxes used by druggists, also some tissue-paper of various colors and a package or two of paper rose leaves, sold for five cents. Insert a small ball button in the centre of the lid of each box, securing with a small pin or tiny bit of stick through the eye; then fringe a circular piece of paper (yellow or brown) and, putting a little mucilage round the bottom, cover with shreds of yellow zephyr; slip the paper over and press down on the lid, surrounding this heart with a number of petals made by cutting circular pieces of paper, folding several times, and cutting in long points, then unfolding and slightly curling with a knife blade. Paste them on the lid. Then take the box, insert in the bottom a short wire stem covered with green paper, and bend it over upon the inside; cut larger circles of paper as before, and cover the sides of the box, turning two rows of petals up over the edge and spreading some round the outside; also a calyx of green paper in like manner, but only folding twice and cutting into four long-pointed sepals; slip this on the stem and press the sepals up round the flower. The boxes may be lined, if desired, and may contain a ring, a pair of

sleeve-pins, or other small gift, and the lid when put on will fit down with the larger flower petals curling up round it. A leaf or two attached to the stem adds to the appearance, and a number of these flowers, of varied colors, imparts a brilliant appearance and gives much merriment to the affair.

A number of fancy bonbon boxes also make a gay tree. To make cornucopias, so universally used, obtain a quantity of colored and gold paper; decide upon the size, then cut a square of paper and fold in half from corner to corner; cut in the line; then gum the edges carefully together and trim off the upper part into a nicely shaped cornucopia; attach a strip of gay tarlatan to the top, having united the sides and run a casing for the string. Then embellish the paper with gay pictures, gold-paper stars or stripes, or ribbons pasted on spirally. If desired very gay the tarlatan may be spangled.

These may be made quite elegant by using long, square boxes, neatly covered and embellished with the beautiful embossed "scrap-pictures," putting bags of silk above and ruchings of lace or ribbon where joined to the box.

Little boys are greatly delighted with drums filled with sugar-plums; these are made of white card-board, with one circular end neatly fitted in and overcast with fine needle and thread, then covered with gold paper. A wide band of scarlet, blue and gold paper is pasted around the centre, and crossed bands of gold from one end to the other. Cut a second round, bending down the edge after cutting out several notched pieces.

These are pretty if made of fine Bristol board, with some dainty water-color or India-ink design painted on sides and ends, filling with a little raw cotton dusted with sachet powder. In this case bind the edges with narrow ribbon.

The muff is another very tasteful design. Cut a strip of card, after embellishing with painting or "enamelled scraps," uniting the edges to form a cylinder; then take two end pieces of silk or tarlatan, and sew to the card, covering the seams with narrow paper or quilled ribbon. Draw the ends, without making ruffles, below the casings and suspend by ribbons. These may be made of canton flannel spotted with black silk or worsted. The ends should be made of silk.

The "lucky shoe" is another pretty trifle that pleases the little folks. Cut a tiny slipper or boot, using scarlet or other bright merino; bind neatly and sew, or cut from card and bind with gold paper, putting some device on toe and sides. Make a silk case and sew into the open space, drawing with ribbon; fill with bonbons or other gifts. Besides such articles, lovely little baskets, cases, etc., may be made of egg-shells, and no more light and beautiful objects can be imagined, and as eggs are generally used more or less extensively at this season, there is no reason why the shells might not as well be preserved as crushed to pieces. Dip them for a moment in boiling water, and then, with a sharp penknife or small pointed scissors, cut a hole in end or side and allow the inside to run out.

A shell basket is made by cutting an oval section from one side of a round-shaped egg, then with thin gold paper or tin-foil bind the edges, and embellish with any pretty designs. Paste an oval satin or velvet lining, and cut a narrow strip of thin white card and fasten across from side to side with fine stitches hidden by tiny rosettes or bows or ribbon. Pure white baskets are made to appear like carved ivory by painting a monogram and some geometrical designs on the surface with melted tallow or wax, and immersing in strong vinegar, which will destroy the uncovered surface, leaving the shell raised after scraping off the tallow. By cutting one third of the small end from the shells a differently shaped basket is made, and a section

of the end removed, if turned with cut part down, will form a neat base, a touch of glue cementing it securely. In some cases we coat the shell with dammar varnish, and gild or bronze with crimson, green and violet powders, or cover withdiamond or the colored frosting; these make brilliant objects for the tree. Nuts gilded or frosted, raisins with the stems covered with gold paper, figs tied with strands of narrow ribbon, and little stockings of scarlet, green, blue, and pink tarlatan, filled with flavored sugar-drops, are also very attractive.

Popcorn forms a conspicuous element on our tree, quarts of the snow-white drops, strung on strong thread and twisted loosely, being festooned from every limb, while the delicious balls, made with a few drops only of clear candied lemon, rose, vanilla, or orange-flower syrup, suspended by strands of gay wool or ribbon, are most conspicuous among the green. Some of these we color with a little pink powdered sugar; others have caraway comfits of all colors dusted over them.

Two dozen paper flags cost but ten cents and are very gay in appearance. Equally gay are the numberless curls of tin, which any tinman will bestow. We prepare the larger portion of our confectionery, such as caramels, nut-candy, etc., for then we feel sure of its containing no deleterious flavor or coloring matter, and after all it is the beginning of Christmastide with our own young people.

By wrapping small packages of various kinds of candy in gold or colored papers tied with gay ribbons additional pleasure is given and the tree's beauty enhanced as well.

For a week previous to Christmas eve the children are busy during the long evenings in popping corn, cracking nuts, making paper chains, bags, etc. These chains consist of three-inch strips of gay-colored papers one quarter of an inch wide, the ends united by paste or a stitch, then another passed through it, and so on. They are light and graceful additions to the adornments.

Articles made of gold and silver perforated card are always beautiful and form acceptable gifts while aiding in the brilliant effect.

Cases of perfumery or small gifts are made of one long strip put together so that a hollow triangle is formed, which, suspended by one corner with gold ball-buttons or tassels attached to each of the other three corners, are among the most effective ornaments.

Thus with a little ease and the united industry and taste of the household, a Christmas tree may be evolved from homely materials, yet prove that it is the season for "peace on earth, good-will toward men."

FOR BOYS TO THINK OF. — Richard Burke, being found in a revery shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in the House of Commons by his brother Edmund, and questioned by Mr. Malone as to the cause: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family. But, then again, I remember, when we were at play he was always at work." The force of the anecdote was increased by the fact that Richard Burke was not considered inferior in natural talents to his more distinguished brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young men, if you would rise; but work! work! work!

THE REV. FATHER PATRICK, a Capuchin monk, who was expelled from his convent in Paris, has asked and obtained permission to serve as chaplain to the French armed expedition to Tunis. The Rev Father Honore, also a Capuchin, who was expelled from his convent at Angiers, obtained a like permission. This is the monk's revenge.

SAY "if I mistake not," and not "if I am not mistaken."

Useful Knowledge.

A RECIPE for lemon pie vaguely adds, "Then sit on a stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a stove without stirring constantly.

CURE FOR HICCOUGH — A medical journal gives the following safe and simple means of relieving this troublesome disorder: "Inflate the lungs as fully as possible, and thus press firmly on the agitated diaphragm. In a few seconds the spasmodic action of the muscles will cease." This may be true of ordinary hiccough; but this symptom occurring in advanced cases of disease accompanied with great prostration is almost invariably an indication that death is very near.

HOW TO TREAT A COLD. — When you get chilly all over and away into your bones, and begin to sniffle and almost struggle for your breath, just begin in time and your tribulations need not last very long. Get some powdered borax and snuff the dry powder up your nostrils. Get your camphor bottle and smell it frequently; pour some on your handkerchief, and wipe your nose with it whenever needed. Your nose will not get sore, and you will soon wonder what has become of your cold. Begin this treatment in the forenoon and keep on at intervals until you go to bed, and you will sleep as well as ever you did. I'm just telling you my experience.

ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS. — Avoid pork, fat meats, grease, gravies, pastries, spices, confectioneries, tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks, beer, malt liquors of all kinds. Let your food be plain, simple, wholsome, chiefly fruits and vegetables. Let your bread be made of unbolted wheat meal, Take your meals regularly; if three, let the supper be very sparing. Eat slowly, lightly, masticate thoroughly. Beware of hot food and drinks. Avoid luncheons by all means. Exercise freely in the open air; never sit moping, but turn your mind entirely from your disease and troubles. Keep regular hours; rise early, exercise half an hour gently before breakfast. Bathe frequently; keep the skin clean and the pores open. Keep the feet dry; let the soles of your shoes be thick, that no dampness may penetrate them. Wear loose fitting garments, especially about the region of the lungs. Banish the pipe, quid and snuff-box, as the plague forever. Of all the dypepsia breeders and promoters nothing exceeds the use of the "Indian weed." Finally, keep a conscience void of offence; pray God to forgive your past sins of gluttony and intemperance, for no one who lives temperately as he should live will ever be troubled with dyspepsia. The violation of the law cries out for vengeance — and vengeance it has sooner or later.

KEEPING POTATOES. — Where no suitable cellar is to be had, Irish potatoes may be kept very well in the garden covered with straw and protected against frost by earth. Put them on the surface of the ground in a heap, two and a half to three feet at the base and sloping as high as they will pile up. Make the heap as long as desired; cover with dry wheat or other straw, packed on to the depth of six inches. Then cover with earth taken from around the heap to the depth of eight inches in this latitude. Put in a ventilator at the top of the ridge and remove it in a week or ten days. Perhaps it would be safe to throw only half the earth on at first, but the covering should be completed before hard freezing weather. The excavation made for the covering material will generally drain the heap, and should not be nearer than eighteen inches to the edge of the potatoes. Potatoes should be sunned a day or two after digging before being put in the heaps.

DRINKING IMPURE WATER. — Set a pitcher of ice water in a room inhabited, and in a few hours it will have absorbed nearly all the perspired gases of the room, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly filthy. This depends on the fact that water has the faculty of condensing and thereby absorbing nearly all the gases, which it does without increasing its own bulk. The colder the water is the greater its capacity to contain these gases. At ordinary temperature a pint of water will contain a pint of carbonic-acid gas and several pints of ammonia. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperatue to that of ice. Hence, water kept in the room awhile is always unfit for use, and should be often removed, whether it has become warm or not. And for the same reason the water in a pump should all be pumped out in the morning before any is used. That which has stood in a pitcher over night is not fit for coffee water in the morning. Impure water is more injurious to the health than impure air, and every person should provide the means of obtaining fresh, pure water for all domestic uses.

The Humorist.

A POET is born, not paid.

ASK a woman how old she is if you want to see her show her rage.

A CHEERFUL bummer has a motto, "Smile whenever you can."

DID you ever hear a carpenter plane the piano?

WHAT will give a cold, cure a cold, and pay the doctor's bill when cured? A draft —(draught).

THE latest attempt to raise money that we hear of, is by a fellow who tried to pawn the "silent watches of the night."

WHO says it 's unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

WE suppose when a woman has all the pin money she wants, she has attained the pin nickle of her happiness.

WHAT riles a country postmistress is to have a postal-card come to the office written in French.

"YOU should have gnome home long ago," said one spirit to another. The other takes the hint, and ghost to bed.

"AH, Bill, good day. Been away"? "Yes, but did n't stay. Some future day, when I get more pay, then I may stay. Day-day."

THE difference between a cat and a comma is that the one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

A PRETTY young girl full of pique,
Got down in the mouth, so to spique;
And when people laughed
She thought she was chaughed,
And she stayed in the house for a wique.

IT is estimated that there are 2,400 disorders to which the human frame is liable. When a man is laid up with the rheumatism, he is apt to think that the entire number have struck him in concert.

YOUNG KEEPITUP says his mother-in-law is like a torpedo: she goes off when he is n't touching her. "Bless your soul," said his neighbor, Offuldri, "my mother-in-law is like a Quaker gun: she 's been with us since last May, and you can't make her go off."

SOME men are good because goodness pays them; some are good for nothing.

"WHAT Does Winter Bring?" is the title of a poem received yesterday. It brings cold feet and diphtheria.

EXPLODE gunpowder in your bedroom if you want to drive away flies and mosquitoes. A twenty-five pound keg will do.

FRUGAL landlady of boarding-house: Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown? Hearty boarder, Well, p'r'aps — if I don't feel hungry.

WATER poured down a dry pump often sets it to work to bring up water of its own; so suggestive reading sets the mind in motion on its own account.

SOME people, when they go to church, never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection plate is being passed round.

THEODORE MORE has married eight different women. So whenever he joined a party of villagers in a frolic they welcomed him with, "The More, the marrier."

SOME ONE wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred butter.

AN ingenious railway caterer, who had been in the restaurant business seventeen years, has invented a sandwich made of bread and meat. People who have eaten it say it is in all respects equal to the old-fashioned basswood and leather article, and is considered more palatable and wholesome.

PLAYING BARN-YARD. — One day Billy and Sammy were playing in a mud hole, and Billy said: "Now, Sammy, les play we was a barnyard: you be the pig and lie down and waller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everything." So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy, he went into the dirt and wallowed while Billy bellowed like distant thunder. By and by Sammy came up muddy (you never saw such a muddy little fellow), and said: "Now you be the pig, and let me beller." But Billy said, "I ain't a very good pig except for dinner, and it 'll be time enough for you to beller when yer mother sees yer close!"

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THERE is a painful evidence that a considerable portion of the younger generation of Ireland has been impressed with the utterly false notion that they must break company with their ecclesiastical leaders, in the present crisis of the Land League. It would be idle to deny that the No-Rent manifesto was received with far greater enthusiasm than its condemnation, even as issued by so tried and popular a patriot as Archbishop Croke. The specious argument for the manifesto, as put by one of the ablest and most eloquent of the Leaguers, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, is that it is akin to, if not identical with, the manifesto of the American Revolutionary patriots, "No taxation without representation." "The Irish," says Mr. O'Connor, "put the same idea thus, 'No constitutional liberty, no rent.' What right to rent have landlords who have been a hundred-fold overpaid? Why should a people pay rent in a land which is practically without law, without the *habeas corpus*, and without due protection of personal and political rights?"

The comparison, however, fails, if only in this, that Ireland cannot back up this manifesto with arms. Seven centuries, one would suppose, would have convinced Irishmen that England would sacrifice her last penny sooner than let Ireland go. It would be the dismemberment of the empire; at least, that is the tradition of every English statesman from Burleigh to Gladstone. For good or for evil, Ireland will continue a dependency of Great Britain, if only by the force of geographical position; for whether free or not, she must largely depend upon England.

Every element that could weaken and disorganize the people of Ireland has been employed; and who, at all familiar with her history, can deny that it has been employed successfully. Religious feuds are sedulously cultivated; and it may be broadly stated that Ireland is the only country to-day in which religious intolerance, in its most ignoble form, exists. The Methodist Bishop of Philadelphia, Simpson, in a recent address, stated that no good Irish Protestant would or could have anything to do with the Land League. He intimated that the very first act of a national government in Ireland would be the extermination of Protestants after the confiscation of their goods. He only echoed the more than general opinion of Protestants throughout Great Britain and the United States. If England needed a million of men for her armies, she could get them all in Ireland to-morrow.

But if a man ventures to proclaim these manifest truths, he is met with a howl from unthinking, and in point of fact, unsafe leaders of Irish opinion. There is not much more union in Ireland now, than at any time in the past fifty years. In spite of fervid orators, the people have no wish to rush to arms, no desire to keep up this interminable and useless cry of an Irish Republic. A nation that has gone through so terrible an experience as famine, followed by the prolonged exictement of the League, and now hurried and driven on to the commune, needs, of all things, rest. To lash Irishmen on with the scorpions of their wrongs, to bully them into measures which no earthly power can make successful, and, worst of all, to deprive them of the consolations of their faith by alienating them from their bishops and

priests, is to engage in a work from which not only a sensitive but a merely logical mind recoils.

Yet this is the work in which fully one half of the Irish-American press is engaged. The most injudicious counsel is given without a thought to ulterior consequences. Vain promises of immediate assistance from the United States government are recklessly made; a tone of wild and incoherent hatred, open defiance, not of law simply but of the plain distinctions of right and wrong, and frantic appeals to the worst passions of men, characterize a press which claims distinctly to mirror the hopes, thoughts, and intentions of the Irish people. In spite of British prohibition and vigilance, these firebands reach Ireland frequently in the shape of scraps in letters, and seem to the people to be oracular, prophetic of future freedom, and sanctioned by all America. It is cruel, it is unjust to the people of Ireland to treat them as the witches did Macbeth, in whispering the word of promise to their ear, with the certainty that it will be broken to their hope.

Were we only an indifferent spectator of the condition of Ireland, we should incline, simply on logical grounds, to pay deep heed to the views, injunctions, and prohibitions of the Irish bishops. These men, both by office and immemorial tradition, represent the true government of Ireland, a thousand times better founded than that of the League. Why should they *not* be the best friends of the people? If only on human and politic grounds, it is to their interest to keep the people with them; nor would they do anything in a reckless, off-hand way, which in any wise would lessen their influence. It is not at all probable that obscure writers, an ocean apart from them, know more about Ireland and her best chances than do her bishops, bound by the divine law as well as human interest to promote her welfare and secure her happiness.

It was a saying of Talleyrand, that his success in diplomacy resulted from his having been trained as a cleric. The greatest names in statesmanship are those of ecclesiastics.

Who would be the safer leader, a man whose very profession is a training in the elements of human government, or a number of impulsive, hot-headed men, whose very triumphs (which seem to have turned their heads) have probably resulted from the sagacity of unknown priests, or an apparently indifferent or hostile bishop. No greater misfortune could befall the League than to dissociate it from the clergy, not simply because they are clergy, but because they are the men whose advocacy is necessary for the success of any cause that is good and just.

All the diplomacy of the Vatican and all the speeches of Pius IX., able as they were, did not affect the German government so powerfully as the steadfastness with which the people stood by bishop and priest, and showed a power which brought to its knees a more unscrupulous tyranny than England's. Don't forsake, don't revile, don't force the retirement from the League of the clergy of Ireland, if only on politic grounds.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham appears to be on the point of condescending to acknowledge the existence of God. In an interview with a reporter, he announces his intention of withdrawing from the infidel pulpit. Mr. Frothingham has attracted much attention from the fact that, though an unbeliever in Deity, he externally at least was a good, upright man. The instincts of nature, which are certain, look upon an unbeliever in God as a dangerous man; for what reason has he to observe the moral law, which, to him, must be only a figment, a delusion, or an invention of priestcraft? Still, though Mr. Frothingham was a good man, it is amusing to note what a queer crowd he gathered around him. Bold, ribald women, long-haired "cranks," all sorts of crazy religious fanatics, and a most disgusting band of impecunious freethinkers, who wanted Frothingham to divide his cash on communistic grounds. "These people," says he, "were utterly devoid of moral principle, and advocated theories from which I could not but shrink."

A trip to Italy first gave him a shock. He saw priests working for the salvation of souls with an enthusiasm and a success which seemed to him marvellous. There was no cloud on the faith of these good men; he contrasts the vigorous life which religion has with his own seedy and morally worthless crowd, and now he is in doubt whether after all he has not been in the wrong. His mind cannot rest, etc.

How a man can persuade himself that there is no God, and yet retain a reputation for sanity, has been left for our miserable age to account for. Some years ago, Mr. Frothingham published a book entitled The Religion of Humanity, in which he made man, or mankind in general, the one only God. This was not a novel idea on Frothingham's part; but a presentation of A. Comte's positivism, or scientific religion, which has nothing to do with God, because it cannot see him, even with a telescope, or hear him, at least by telephone.

The only religion of humanity that ever effected its purpose is that of Christ. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," was a divine command, worth all the volumes of all the theorists. Society has not been benefited a whit by positivism, because it sets aside God, without whom there is no adequate reason for the existence of society. Men cannot be induced to work unselfishly for the good of their kind, through any motive less efficacious than the love of God. A few enthusiasts pretend to a divine passion for humanity; but when one gets close to them, he discovers them belonging to the type which caused Mr. Frothingham to leave his pulpit in sheer disgust.

He and Frederick Adler thought that they could convert men by social essays. You feel good when you sympathize with distress, — a pleasant, tingling sensation along the nerve-currents. Cultivate sympathy and you will be happy. Love man, not for anything so selfish and low as heaven, but for the grander heaven of the improvement of the race. These high-flown sentiments generally stopped there. You might have the warm sensation, but how about the other fellow?

Mr. Frothingham's doubts increased as his objectionable friends increased. He must have been alarmed every time the bell rang, and he caught a glimpse of some long-haired fellow with a rusty satchel. There is not the slightest sympathy between the high-toned and cultivated agnostics, and the poor devils who also don't believe in a "personal God." It is quite a different thing from fraternizing with a vulgar herd of ignorant scoundrels, to sit in a *salon* and sneer at religion, amid a circle of fascinating young ladies, literary lights, and "lah-de-dah" young men. Much credit is due Mr. Frothingham for holding out so long.

The report of the committee appointed to investigate the alleged misconduct of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, at Yorktown, is virtually a vindication from the rash and false charges made in the press at the time. The misbehavior was confined to a few noisy and unruly members, who found themselves in the streets of Richmond, obliged to hunt up their breakfasts, through some oversight of the committee of arrangements. Taking into account the character of the excursion, the natural hilarity that such occasions evoke, and the scenes which occur on far less joyful occasions among a far smaller number of men, and it seems to us that the Ninth behaved splendidly. If we could get at the truth in these matters we should probably find envy and malice at the bottom of the charge. There seems to be a remarkable unanimity of opinion, that the Ninth ranked in the very highest class for soldierly bearing, appearance, and drilling. The letters of the mayor of Richmond, the municipal authorities of Washington, hotel keepers, and, in fact, all with whom the Ninth came in contact, are vigorous and emphatic denials of the shamelessly fabricated reports of obscenity, drunkenness, and wanton destruction of property, which made simple folks think that the Ninth was a band of Indian braves on the war-path.

What the officers should do, if they are annoyed by these insults to their command, is to find out the source of these

reports, and we would take odds they will find that s urce. n ot the mayor or inhabitants of Richmond, but very probably people of their own State, or of rival regiments, jealous of the reputation of the Ninth, though the best course, after all, would be to let the matter pass, as the report amply vindicates the honor of the regiment. Until most people use their natural reason to see the injustice of fixing a stigma on an entire regiment, on account of the misbehavior of a few members, unfair conclusions, from a part to the whole, will continue to be drawn. It must be exasperating to soldiers to think that the crowd of old fogies who are making such a tempest in a teapot on account of a jovial time and a few "drinks," are the ones who would first rush for safety to these very men, the first to pat them on the shoulder and bid them "fight for their country," whilst they in safety could take hot foot-baths, and carefully air their flannels at home.

A FAR more grievous mistake at Yorktown than any which the Ninth made was the salute given to the British flag. Whence this asinine order originated we all know, and a pettier piece of business it would be hard to find. It was an insult to every man on the grounds. It made the whole celebration ridiculous. The very object of the pageant was to commemorate the men who trailed the British flag in the dust. What had the unfortunate assassination of Mr. Garfield to do with the meaning of the occasion? Yet the absurd reason given was the sympathy of Queen Victoria with Mrs. Garfield, — a circumstance of no more national importance than a cup of tea taken together by two old widows. It will be an evil day for the United States when the memory of British injustice fades; for, while individuals are bound to forget and to forgive, this law has no reference to nations, the very existence of which depends at times upon a vindictiveness, which in the individual would be criminal, but which in the nation is sanctified by the high interests which it protects.

THOSE sapient Irishmen who see a British plot in the visit of every Irish bishop to Rome, might recall Sydney Smith's whimsical reasons for such visits. The Land League is a very great organization, and no doubt the pope has nothing else to do than read the speeches and carefully examine the wording of the resolutions passed at every village meeting. Any one who supposes that the pope, and especially this one, does not know his own business, is a mule, upon whom words would be wasted. The highest insult that could be offered to the sovereign pontiff is to represent him as a puppet in English hands. This is an English lie, and it is pitiable to hear of Irishmen believing instead of railing it.

THE death of the Archbishop of Tuam has caused poignant grief in the heart of every man and woman of the Irish race at home and abroad. On last Christmas day, following a custom of over half a century, his Grace celebrated three masses, without leaving the altar, and he was then ninety years of age. His magnificent vitality seemed to be repelling the inroads of time. In truth, the great archbishop succumed to years and exhaustion of force. He was not afflicted with disease in any form; the sands of life ran out with even flow, and when the last grains fell he calmly closed his eyes forever. *Requiescat in pace!*

We devote large space to a biographical sketch of the deceased prelate, together with a eulogy pronounced upon the great archbishop in St. Louis some years ago by Father Burke.

THERE are four hundred and twenty-eight convents of the Sisters of Mercy in all parts of the world.

IF you owe for our Magazine for the past year, kindly call on our agent or send money by mail If by mail, register your letter.

LOOK at our list of prizes for getting new subscribers. Now is the time to canvass. The articles we offer are of the best quality. Read our terms carefully. Send for circulars.

Rev. Abram J. Ryan has leased a pretty place in Biloxi, Miss., where he will reside and follow literary pursuits. Rt. Rev. Bishop Quinlan, of Mobile, has given the reverend gentleman the following letter: —

To all whom it may concern:

Rev. Father Ryan has been in my diocese for eleven years and a half. He was six years a member of my cathedral household. During that time, at my request, he travelled, preached, lectured, and collected some thousands of dollars for my Cathedral; and he worked for every priest in my diocese by sermons and lectures, for which he never asked nor received any remuneration. After his appointment to St. Mary's, which was at his own urgent request, he went to Kentucky, Texas, and Arkansas, collecting still for the diocese. Now, after the hard and faithful work of more than eleven years, during which time he never fell under any ecclesiastical censure, he desires and asks as a favor to retire from all parochial duty in order to finish work which he is writing for the Church. His physician for eleven years, Dr. Gaines, decides that in order to prolong his life, he must live in this latitude somewhere on the coast. He desires to reside at or near Biloxi. While I accede to Father Ryan's request, I still claim him as a priest of my diocese in all things under my sole jurisdiction; and he will report to me personally every month. And I grant him this special favor on account of his faithful work in and for my diocese. Father Ryan still holds all the powers and rights of my diocese until, *of his own accord*, he attaches himself to another jurisdiction.

✠ John Quinlan, Bishop of Mobile.

Mobile, Oct. 19, 1881.

Father Ryan, as the Catholics of this country well know, is a gentleman of varied abilities. As a poet, his productions give evidence of great ability.

The elegantly gotten up collection of his poems, issued by Mr. Piet of Baltimore, has had a sale commensurate with the work. At the South, Father Ryan is known by the familiar title of the poet-priest.

We are pleased to announce to our readers that Father Ryan will be a regular contributor to our Magazine. Two of his productions appear in this issue.

His Grace the Archbishop of Oregon has invited the Benedictines of St. John's Abbey, Stearns County, Minn., to establish a house of their order in the diocese of Oregon. Rt. Rev. Abbot Edelbrock, accompanied by F. Edward, O. S. B., will visit that far west State, and if the prospects are such as promise the permanence and growth of a monastery, F. Edward will remain and commence work. Last summer the Benedictine Sisters went up to Oregon from St. Joseph, Minn., to take charge of some Indian schools; they have succeeded so well with the little papooses that other schools have been offered to the convent, if the Rev. Mother can supply the number of sisters required. — *Northwestern Chronicle.*

St. Paul lays down the principle that those who minister to the spiritual wants of the faithful should live by the altar. It is not thought to be edifying that the ministers of God should procure their livelihood by engaging in trade or launching into pecuniary speculations. . . . The Catholic Church forbids her ministers, under severe penalties, to undertake any species of traffic, even that which might be perfectly lawful in the case of a layman. To provide, therefore, for their maintenance, she has judged it well to empower every priest to receive a small sum of money from such as desire to have the holy mass offered for their private intention. This sum, which varies in different countries (as it is supposed to be enough to support the priest for the day), is fixed by the bishop, and no priest may demand anything in excess. It is in no wise offered as the price of the mass.

Arrest of Land League Asses. — The Kilmovee Land League were to hold their usual weekly meeting after mass at the rooms on Sunday, when they were informed that the police would prevent the meeting. The ladies met, as usual, in one apartment. In the mean time the boys of the neighborhood collected twelve asses, and put them in occupation of the League room. Shortly after, Sergeant Donehy and a sub, named Minnogue, visited the room. As the sergeant was about to enter, one of the ladies stabbed an ass with a pin placed on the end of a stick. The ass lashed, and hit the sergeant on the knees, whereon he turned out limping, with tears in his eyes, and in the greatest disgust, in the presence of a large crowd of people, who groaned vehemently, and cheered on the other hand that the battle was won, as the asses in Kilmovee had joined the League. The League transacted business as usual.

THE Holy Synod of the Russian Church have, on the advice of the directing senate, issued a decree forbidding priests to refuse the rites of religion in the cases of persons whose deaths have notoriously been caused by the excessive use of spirituous drinks. It is stated that from time immemorial the Russian clergy have been accustomed to class such deaths with suicides, and, as such, have declined to give the body Christian burial.

THE INDOMITABLE CELT, Gen. William Mahone, the recognized leader of the Readjusters of Virginia, is the son of an Irishman; Hon. A. M Keiley, the leader of the Bourbon Democracy in the same State, is also an Irishman's son; and Col. J. D. Brady, the leader of the Republicans, is another son of an Irishman. Mahone and Brady live in Petersburg, and work together in State elections, and they have carried the State. The fight was a hot one; it was Greek to Greek, but the combination led by the general and colonel was too strong for the major, and so victory perched on Mahone's banner. — *A. O. H. Journal.*

THE HEATHEN CHINEE. — Difficult as the Chinese-American field is for apostles, it is not wholly hopeless. In fact, to zealous men true to a high vocation, it might seem to be even hopeful. But of course, work in this direction will be very slow. Something, however, will be done. In conversation, not long since, with Mgr. Raimondi, the famous Vicar-Apostolic of Hong Kong, who knows more about China and the Chinese than do most of their own mandarins, or than any other European, we asked what possibility there was of Christianizing the American Chinese. He said that already in San Francisco there are some fifteen Catholic Chinese, whose confessions he heard while he was recently in that city. The venerable archbishop of San Francisco has already taken steps to establish a Chinese mission. He is about to erect an ecclesiastical seminary, which will be placed under the charge of a missionary order, whose special local work will be to evangelize the Chinese. To aid them in this great work, Mgr. Raimondi has promised to take two or three young priests and give them a few years' training in China. There, he tells us, there is a great field for the Catholic missionary, sustained by the prayers and alms of such associations as the Holy Childhood and the Propagation of the Faith. The harvest is great, but the laborers are very few and they need to be very apostolical.

MIRACULOUS CURE AT KNOCK. — The miracles at Knock appear about to be revived. Reports from Claremorris state that a most wonderful cure was effected at Knock. Miss Cusack, the nun of Kenmare, who had been an invalid for years, was carried, during mass, before the altar-rails and received communion. She got up and knelt, a thing she has not done for nine years Many priests and hundreds of people were present. For a long time past Sister Mary Francis Clare has been suffering from a complication of diseases. Latterly, she was unable to hold a pen and had to employ an amanuensis to conduct her correspondence. It was her ardent wish to pay a visit to the shrine of Knock, but was unable to accomplish the journey. She had used some of the cement from Knock Chapel and was partially benefited by its use. The good news contained in the above will cause a thrill of joy in the hearts of many of her friends in America.

ROBERT SHELTON MACKENZIE, M. D., D. C. L., the well-known writer and journalist, died in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 20th of November. He was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1809. He studied medicine in Cork and graduated at Dublin, but never practised. He devoted himself to literature from his eighteenth year, and edited several papers in England when still a young man. Meanwhile he contributed largely to leading periodicals and annuals in England and America. He was made LL. D. of Glasgow University in 1834, and D. C. L of Oxford in 1844. He published Lays of Palestine, in 1828, and since then has written Titian, a Venetian Art Novel, a Life of Guizot (prefixed to a translation of Democracy and Its Mission), Partnership, en Commanolte, a legal commercial work, and various other works, besides editing a large number of biographical and other works, with copious notes and biographies of the authors. He came to New York in 1852, and there continued his literary and journalistic work. During later years he has been engaged in the preparation of three new works, Men of Ninety-eight, and Actors, and Actresses. In 1857, Dr. MacKenzie removed to Philadelphia and assumed the foreign and literary editorship of the Press of that city. The pervading personality, lively spirit, and great accuracy of Dr. MacKenzie's notes as a book editor constituted their value. His life was passed in intimacy and correspondence with the leading literati and politicians of his time, and he had a remarkable memory for dates, events, and persons, which overflowed into expression when he put pen to paper.

THE LAND LEAGUE. — The third quarterly report of Thomas Flatley, secretary of the Irish National Land League of the United States, shows that, from the Buffalo Convention up to date, there has been sent from the organization, as reported at the central office to the home executive of the Land League, $127,835.74.

WHO STRUCK THE FIRST BLOW? — The first blow in the American Revolution was struck by an Irishman, Gen. John Sullivan, a lawyer, of Durham, N. H., four months before the battle of Lexington. As a recognition of his services, Chief Justice Peter Livius sent him the following note in 1777, which meant more in those days: "You were the first man in active rebellion, and drew with you the province you live in. You will be one of the first sacrifices to the justice and resentment of government. Your family will be ruined and you must die with ignominy."

SIX o'clock, A. M., Sunday. Scene, Fourteenth Street, St Louis. Protestant friend home from a party, meets a Catholic friend on the way to mass. "Halloa! where are you going at this hour?" Catholic friend, "Why, I'm going to church." "Well, thunder! have you got church at this time of day?" "Oh, yes; we have church every hour from this till noon." "Well now, that's curious; our preacher has n't got up yet, and he won't shave for three or four hours. You Catholics beat the devil anyhow." "That's our object, sir; good morning." — *The Homeless Boy, St. Louis.*

A YOUNG woman named Etta Smith died suddenly at St. Albans, in Vermont, under mysterious circumstances which point to suicide. When she was on her death-bed, she asked the physician who had been hastily called to attend her to have a priest summoned to her side, but no attention was paid to this her request and so she breathed her last without the ministrations of a clergyman. She was not a Catholic in life, yet she wanted to die in the church, and make her peace with God. This was denied her by the Protestant doctor, who, judging from this act, is less a Christian than were the Pharisees of old. How many poor souls could complain in the same way. Doctors are generally indifferent, we are sorry to say, of the soul. Their only desire is to take care of the body. But God will hold them responsible for the souls who are lost through their neglect in not complying with the requests of their patients.

BEGIN the New Year by paying up old scores. There are a few of our subscribers yet in arrears. Will they, after reading this, send what they owe?

ALL Saints' Day was celebrated this year at Paris with customary observances, the Bourse closing. The cemeteries were full of visitors. In Vienna the entire city, as by habit, went into mourning.

MR PARNELL has been unanimously elected President of the Cork Chamber of Commerce; and the Waterford Town Council by 23 votes to 4, has decided to confer the freedom of the city on Mr. John Dillon.

AT last, for the first time in two hundred years, a Catholic sits in the House of Commons, from an English constituency. His name is Mr. Jermingham; he represents Berwick-on-Tweed, and the despatches mention that "the Irish voted in his favor," — perhaps deciding the contest. Fifty-two years ago the Emancipation Act was passed, but this is the first use English Catholics have made of their privilege to enter the lower house of Parliament.

IT is said that the politest man in Boston has been discovered. He was hurrying along the street the other night when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of an alleyway and the two collided with great force. The second man looked mad, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said, "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it," and he tore away at redoubled speed.

THEY say that the descendants of Count de Grasse's family are now all Americans. The same insurrection that drove hither so many of the clergy of France drove also the descendants of this hero's family to our shores, and cast their future lot in this land. Two of the admiral's daughters rest in graves in the cemetery at Charleston, S. C.; and while the nation was doing honor to the admiral's name on Oct. 19, at Yorktown, the anniversary of his victory, the people of Charleston, S. C., were placing wreaths on the lonely graves of his exiled daughters. Other members of the family reside in Paterson, N. J., and one of them is a nun in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. — *Catholic Visitor.*

According to the tenth census, the population of the United States is 50,155,783, — showing an increase of thirty per cent since 1870.

For the Aged. — The Sisters of Mercy of San Francisco are just beginning the erection of a magnificent building two hundred and twenty-four feet long and one hundred and sixteen feet wide, to be used for a home for aged and infirm females. The building will cost, when finished, $60,000.

Gen. Rosecrans, who has been misrepresented and maligned ever since the war, by jealous individuals of high rank, will occupy a seat in the coming Congress. His traducers would do well to keep under cover, for "old Rosy" is the same old soldier yet, and his hundred thousand "boys" are mindful of the noble character of their General. — *Catholic Columbian.*

The Archbishop of Cashel spoke in reply to a deputation from Ballingarry, who visited him to present the illuminated copy of the address, the rough draft of which was presented to his Grace on the occasion of his visit to Ballingarry three months ago. The speech contains the following passages: "The trusted leaders of the people have been clutched by the salaried supporters of 'law and order,' and cast into prison. The boasted privileges of the British Constitution have been practically cancelled, so far at least as this country is concerned. Liberty of speech and meeting exists no longer, except for a favored few. Sick men seized upon in the very height of their malady and mercilessly flung into jail; a reign of terror, in fact, not less certain, though happily less sanguinary, than that which existed in France in the days of its national frenzy, exists in our midst, and no man if free to-day can be sure that he will not be in jail to-morrow. Such is the state of Ireland to-day. 'Give to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar,' but keep for yourselves what of right belongs to you. Tender a fair rent to them to whom it is due. If accepted, well and good; if not, you have in so far done your duty, and be the consequences of refusal on other heads than yours. Offer no resistance to the constituted authorities; discourage violence. Let the wide world see that we can put up with insults and even injuries for our country's sake without returning them. Put your trust in God and in the righteousness of your cause, and as the Lord liveth the hour of the people's legitimate triumph is at hand."

There was an Irish regiment on the right side at Yorktown in 1781. The officers were Count Arthur Dillon, Lt. Col. Bartholomew Dillon and James O'Moran. Count Rochambeau's chaplain was Father Whelan. — *Catholic Visitor, Richmond, Va.*

According to Chief Justice Prince, New Mexico has more gold than California, and more silver than Colorado. Humboldt predicted that the mineral wealth of the world would be found to lie in Arizona and New Mexico, and it is believed that the time for testing the truth of this opinion has about arrived.

Calvin Defeated. — It is a source of sincere gratification for us to be able to chronicle the overwhelming defeat of Calvin in New York for the Surrogate of that city. This Calvin is the man who so impudently interrogated Cardinal McClosky on the occasion of a late celebrated will case. He addressed him as "Mr. McClosky," and asked him if he recognized the weight and validity of an oath. In his decision he styled the Church the "Romish Communion." While the city went Democratic by thirty thousand majority, this Calvin, the Democratic nominee, was defeated by over ten thousand votes. It was a "Romish" victory, and "Mr." Calvin can now retire to the shades of private life. — *Western Watchman.*

Shipbuilding in Ireland. — We hear that Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co. (White Star Line), who have already spent two millions in building steamers in Belfast, have arranged with Messrs. Harland and Wolff for the construction of two more steamers, as well as for a sailing ship, which will be, when launched, the largest sailing vessel afloat. In August, Messrs. Harland and Wolff completed and delivered to the company a large and powerful steel steamer, the Arabic, and they anticipate delivering a sister ship, the Coptic, early next month. Both these vessels are excellent specimens of marine architecture, and wherever they go they will testify to the genius and skill of the builders and the enterprise of the owners. When the steamers now contracted for are delivered, Messrs. Harland and Wolff will have built for the firm of Messrs. Ismay, Imrie & Co. over 60,000 tons of shipping, and Belfast will have had the benefit of an expenditure of nearly two and a half millions. From a national point of view, we think these facts are gratifying, and worth noting by all interested in the prosperity of Ireland.

A FEW Sundays ago the pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, New York, asked his people for a collection for their schools. They paid on the plate, on one Sunday, six thousand dollars. Wherever the gospel of Catholic education is preached, this ought to be told in their honor.

MGR. DUQUESNEY, Archbishop of Cambrai, recently said, in the course of a short sermon: "I honor and respect the lay teacher as I do the congregational teacher, provided that he understands the sublimity of his duties, and joins example and practice to the imparting of the truths of our holy faith. But if God be driven from the school, I give France ten years to sink to the lowest place among civilized nations."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is still doing well, and maintaining its position as one of the leading Catholic periodicals of the day. It has now half-way entered on its sixth volume, and we hope it will live to see its hundredth. Indeed the Catholics of America would be insensible to their best interests if they did not see that its success is assured. We congratulate its veteran projector on his great success, and we trust that he may be spared many years yet to continue the great work he has so zealously and intelligently begun. Two dollars a year will secure two handsome volumes from Patrick Donahoe, Boston, Mass. — *Catholic Visitor, Richmond, Va.*

ALEXANDER III. — An extraordinary plot to seize Alexander III. and his family was lately discovered. The imperial family have, in consequence, decided upon removing at once from Gatchina. From a private source I have received confirmation of this report. The Russian police, without allowing the fact to become known, have made numerous arrests in St. Petersburg, Charkow, and Tchernigoff. Among the prisoners are a chief of police of an important provincial city, two daughters of a high state official and two Jewish merchants, besides a number of students and active members of the Nihilist party. The plot was an extraordinary one. It was decided to cause a balloon to ascend near Gatchina, carrying a quantity of dynamite and explosive fire-balls, together with appliances to cause the balloon to fall within the palace yard, when it would explode and set the palace on fire. In the confusion it was intended to seize the Czar and his family. The machinery seized shows that everything was in readiness for the execution of the plot.

THE death of the Rev. Patrick Kieran, P. P., Dromintee, has filled the people throughout the entire county Louth with regret. The cause of death resulted from a severe attack of bronchitis, contracted on the Sunday previous by exposure to cold during a thirty miles' drive. The remains of the deceased were removed to the Dundalk Cathedral.

LAY persons would do well to study the rubrics of mass in their prayer-books. In some churches it is the custom to sit after the elevation until the *Domine non sum dignus*. This should not be thought of unless one is sick. The posture in the presence of God is the bended knee. It is also wrong to stand up whilst the officiating priest says the *Credo* during private or low mass. — *The Homeless Boy, St. Louis.*

The custom down here is to *stand* at the Credo.

THE Foreign Missionary Seminary at Paris has received the following telegram, dated Hong Kong, China: "A terrible typhoon has ravaged Western Tonquin. 200 churches and 34 parsonages and colleges have been destroyed, with 2,000 houses inhabited by Christians. 6,000 Christians are ruined and without resources. The losses are immense, and the distress terrible."

OF the *thirty-two* assemblymen who voted in favor of church taxation at the last session of the Legislature, but *five* reappear in this session. These survivors retain their seats by virtue of their past services and abilities and through the fact that their districts are overwhelmingly one way. The five Milwaukee assemblymen who favored church taxation are staying at home this winter. — *Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

THE amount of Land League funds sent by Treasurer Fr. Walsh to Treasurer Egan, since the organization of the American branches into a national organization, up to Oct. 1, a period of nine months, was $127,836. This fact is learned from the third quarterly report of the executive of the American League. The whole amount transmitted by the Irish World up to date is $180,406. These two sums together make $291,230, and extend over about half the time of the Land League agitation, during the early part of which, as in some instances now, the American branches sent their contributions to Treasurer Egan direct.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Dr. J. F. Callaghan has retired from the Catholic Telegraph, of Cincinnati, after filling the editorial chair very acceptably for twelve years.

Mr. Sexton, M. P., has been released from Kilmainham jail on account of ill health He has gone to the South of France.

It is well known that Mr. Thomas Sexton, M.P., has been released, that he might not die in jail. It is said that he will edit the United Irishman. He was for a long time one of the most brilliant members of the staff of the Nation and Weekly News.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburgh, Pa., has gone to Rome. In his absence the Very Rev. Richard Phelan, rector of St. Peter's Church, Alleghany, will, as administrator, have charge of all things, spiritual and temporal, pertaining to the diocese.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was married recently in Paris, at the Church of the Madeleine, to Miss Louise Hall, of Cheshire, England. The lady is his third wife, and is quite young, while Sir Charles must now be verging on the allotted threescore and ten.

The English government has offered to the Rev. J. S. Perry, S. J., one of the professors at Stonyhurst College, the control of the arrangements of Madagascar, for observing the transit of Venus next year. Father Perry did good service on the last occasion of the same nature, his station at that time being Kerguelen's Land.

The O'Connor Don has been appointed and sworn in as a member of the Privy Council in Ireland. It will be remembered that he was a member of the Bessborough Commission of Inquiry into the steps necessary to be taken to improve the condition of the tenant farmers in Ireland, and that he made a separate report in which he advocated peasant proprietorship on a large scale.

Sister Melanie, who directs the Catholic female schools of Strasbourg, is a remarkable lady. She has been a religieuse for fifty-seven years, and has filled her present responsible post for thirty-five. In admiration at so long and useful a life, and in recognition of services of singular eminence, the Empress of Germany has conferred upon her a magnificent crucifix.

Will any friend having a copy of our Magazine of February, 1880, please send it to our office?

Mr. Dawson, Home Ruler, has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin by over 2,000 majority.

Mr. James Magnan, a suspect prisoner in Dundalk jail, under the Coercion Act, has been elected mayor of Drogheda.

The resignation by Mr. A. M. Sullivan of his seat for Meath was compelled by circumstances too imperious to be ignored. No one needs to be told that a shirking of duty, however unpleasant, is a thing Mr. Sullivan would scorn. However, he has bowed to the desire of bishop, priests, and people; and will continue in the representation till more auspicious times enable the electors to relieve him from the burden.

The ribbon of St. Patrick, unappropriated since the death of Lord Carew, has been conferred on a distinguished Irishman, Lord O'Hagan, who has just resigned the office of Lord Chancellor. Lord O'Hagan is the third Catholic on the roll of the Knights of St. Patrick, the two others being the Earls of Granard and Kenmare. The investiture will be held in St. Patrick's Hall, immediately after the court comes to Dublin Castle in January.

Great Meeting at the Boston Theatre. — The largest meeting that ever assembled in the Boston Theatre took place on Sunday evening, Nov. 27, to welcome Rev. Father Sheehey and the Hon. T. M. Healy, M. P. Mr. Denis B. Cashman opened the proceedings by some well-timed remarks, and afterwards introduced Gov. Long, who, after a brief but eloquent speech, introduced Mr. Healy, who addressed the vast audience for upwards of an hour. After Mr. Healy's splendid address, the governor introduced Rev. Father Sheehey, who addressed the meeting for nearly an hour. He was followed by his honor Mayor Prince. The meeting was of the most enthusiastic character, and the largest meeting yet held to encourage Ireland in her struggle for equal rights and independence.

Canvassers. — We are now offering whole States to canvassers for our Magazine. To active men and women not less than from one to two thousand dollars a year may be earned.

THE BEST WAY TO SLEEP. — Position affects sleep A constrained or uncomfortable position will often prevent repose. Lying flat on the back with the limbs relaxed would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system. This is the position assumed in the most exhausting diseases, and it is generally hailed as a token of revival when a patient voluntarily turns on the side; but there are several disadvantages in the supine posture, which impair or embarrass sleep. Thus, in weakly states of the heart and blood vessels, and in certain morbid conditions of the brain, the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head, and to produce troublesome dreams. In persons who habitually, in their gait or work, stoop, there is probably some distress consequent on straightening the spine. Those who have contracted chests, especially persons who have pleurisy and retain adhesions of the lungs, do not sleep well on the back. Nearly all who are inclined to snore, do when in that position, because the soft palate and uvula hang on the tongue, and that organ falls back so as to partially close the top of the windpipe. It is better, therefore, to lie on the side, and in the absence to lie on the weak side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand: it is well to choose the right side, because when the body is thus placed, the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach into the intestines. A glance at any plate of the visceral anatomy will show how this must be. Many persons are deaf in one ear, and prefer to lie on a particular side, but, if possible, the right side should be chosen, and the body rolled a little forward, so that any saliva which may be secreted shall run easily out of the mouth, if not unconsciously swallowed. Again, sleeping with the arm thrown over the head is to be deprecated; but this position is often assumed during sleep, because circulation is then free in the extremities, and the head and neck, and the muscles of the chest, are drawn up and fixed by the shoulders, and thus the expansion of the thorax is easy. The chief objections to this position are, that it creates a tendency to cramp, and cold in the arms, and sometimes seems to cause headaches during sleep, and dreams. These small matters often make or mar comfort in sleeping. — *Medical Journal.*

CHAPPED HANDS. — The raw winds of the autumn produce in the hands of those who are much exposed to them that roughness and cracking of the skin known as chapping If nothing is done to prevent, and the person is obliged to have his hands frequently wet and dried, the cracks will often get deep and painful. Corn husking is frequently accompanied by sore hands from this cause. As both a percaution and cure for chapped hands we have used the following with benefit: Wash the hands, and the face also, if inclined to chap, with borax-water and afterwards rub with an ointment made by melting mutton tallow (or suet), and then gradually adding an equal quantity of glycerine, stirring the two together until cool. For the hands this mixture can be applied at night, using it freely, and warming it by the fire. After which an old pair of gloves can be put on to keep the bedclothes from being soiled, and also make the skin of the hands softer. An excellent glycerine ointment for chapped hands is made by melting, with a gentle heat, two ounces of sweet oil of almonds, half an ounce of spermaceti, and one drachm of white wax. When melted, remove from the stove, and add gradually one ounce of glycerine, and stir until the mixture is cold. The ointment can be scented with any perfume to suit the fancy. Keep it in wide-necked bottles.

IS FAT INJURIOUS? — Fats are very important elements of our food; still, goose oil, lard, tallow, train oil, fish oil, and like varieties of diet, are wisely eschewed by all except lumbermen, and those whose physical labor is very great, and who are almost constantly exposed to cold. While, therefore, the student and civilized worker wisely eschews the coarser forms of fat, he should not ignore it in some more refined and delicate form; he should instead use such fats as are most suitable to his taste and needs. The brain is a great consumer of fat, combined with phosphorus. "No phosphorus — no thought," is a modern phrase, expressing the importance of phosphorus in mental action. As yet we are in the infancy of knowledge on this subject, but it may be predicted that when we know the whole truth, the phrase will be something like this: "No phosphorized fat, no thought." There is always some fat in most of our foods. The special forms best to make up any deficiency that may be in them are no doubt to be found in good butter and cream; there are, of course, instances in which they will not be tolerated, but these are exceptions. Fat is not digested in the stomach, but by the pancreatic juice in the intestines, nature having provided a special juice to form it into an emulsion so that it may be absorbed. In this state every atom of fat is so small that it requires a microscope to detect it, and in this state it may easily be passed

through the walls of the intestines and carried into the circulation. We require no better evidence of the need of fat than this careful provision for its digestion in the system. The symptoms which attend a non-use of fats in some form are coldness of the extremities, a tendency to indigestion, lack of nervous energy and power to think, emaciation, diminished muscular power, and a tendency to consumption. It may be true that many persons suffer from an inability to digest fats, and that sometimes they obstruct the liver and cause much trouble. In all cases it would be advisable to use them wisely and judiciously, but rarely to avoid them altogether, except perhaps in corpulency, where they are best used in great moderation. Lean people should use fats rather more freely than fat ones. The amount of fat necessary for a healthy working person is about three ounces daily; persons with extraordinary working power require more than this. The starch in our food is to a certain extent a substitute for fat, and may be converted into it.

A TRUE test for eggs is to drop them in water, and if the large end comes up they are not fresh.

To test nutmegs prick them with a pin, and if they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

BAR SOAP when first bought should be cut in square pieces and put in a dry place. It lasts better after shrinking.

NEW ORLEANS or other good brown sugar is best for raised fruit and wedding cakes. It should be coarse-grained and clean.

CURE FOR CORNS, ETC. — Cut a piece of soap-cerate plaster, spread on calico of the size required, and apply to the corn. One application is generally sufficient.

QUAKER OMELET. — Three eggs, one and one half tablespoonfuls corn starch, half cup milk, teaspoonful salt. Beat yolks of eggs and corn starch together, beat whites to a stiff froth, add to yolks, then salt and milk; stir well. Have a fry-pan and cover *very hot;* butter well, pour in the mixture, cover and set on a moderately hot part of the stove; let cook until set in the centre (from six to eight minutes), then fold and dish. If you wish to have it particularly nice make a cream sauce and pour around it when dished.

DOMINICANS IN MAINE. — The Dominican Fathers from France are now permanently established in the diocese of Portland by authority of Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy. They have taken charge of the large and flourishing French congregation of Lewiston, Me., formerly in charge of Rev. Peter Hevey, who built the church of St. Peter and established a hospital and school for Catholic children. Other valuable property connected with this church has recently been purchased for the purpose of building more Catholic schools. There is now a French Catholic population of upwards of 6,000 in Lewiston. Rev. Father Hevey, who did so much for the advancement of Catholicity in this city, is now travelling in Europe to recuperate his health. The Dominican Fathers, besides attending to their parochial duties, will also devote themselves to giving missions throughout the diocese.

THE O'CONNELL monument in Dublin is already making its appearance over the surrounding scaffolding, and it is expected that the masonry work of the basement will soon be completed. It seems, however, that a good deal remains to be done in the studio of the artist. The four bronze figures, emblematic of the Irish provinces, will be erected on a portion of the basement. The entire pedestal will be thirty-two feet high, and on this will rest a drum of bronze weighing five and a half tons. Around this will be displayed O'Connell's principal political companions. The statue of O'Connell, in bronze, will weigh three and a half tons. Some say that all will be ready for being unveiled on the 13th of April, 1882, the anniversary of Catholic Emancipation, while others do not expect to see that ceremony performed till the 6th of August, 1882, O'Connell's birthday. A great O'Connell festival on the 13th of April would clash with the centenary of Grattan's great triumph on the 16th of April, 1782, and thus both commemorations would be injured. A few months are not much in the history of a nation, and it would be a pity if both patriots were not properly honored by their grateful fellow-countrymen.

RELIGIOUS DEMONSTRATION IN LIMERICK.

A MAGNIFICENT religious demonstration took place in Limerick on the 11th of September, in celebration of the Papal Jubilee of Leo XIII. The grand display of Sunday was not less impressive and imposing. The celebration was not confined merely to the confraternity; there was not a Catholic in Limerick who did not wish to co-operate, in one way or another, toward rendering the demonstration the great success which it really was. Those who did not join in the procession decorated their houses, and neither time nor expense was spared in transforming the whole appearance of the city, and giving it a festive aspect, which indeed it was most pleasing to behold. Trees of great size were planted at either side of the streets, garlands spanned the thoroughfares, tasteful arches were erected, flags and banners bearing appropriate inscriptions were everywhere to be seen, and pretty altars were constructed at convenient places. The appearance of George Street was striking indeed. Flags floated from several houses; magnificent banners depended from the garlands which spanned the streets, and appropriate mottoes were inscribed on them. The Treaty Stone was the attraction of that part of the town. A statuette of the Virgin, under a hansome canopy, was placed on top of the historic relic, garlands of flowers and evergreens were entwined around the pedestal, and placed against the sides of the structure were portraits of his Holiness the Pope. Special trains were run from all the towns embraced within the Waterford and Limerick system, which includes Waterford, Galway, and Tralee. Each train was crowded, and the visitors could be numbered by thousands. The mayor and members of the corporation attended in their official costumes, and, travelling in open carriages, brought up the rear. The Rev. Father Graham addressed the vast congregation in the cathedral.

A CONVERT TO METHODISM.

THROUGHOUT Europe and America the anti-Catholic press has been making much of a recent apostasy in Rome, — that of Monsignor di Campello, a canon of St. Peter's, who, after writing an insolent letter to Cardinal Borromeo, repudiated his faith in one of the now numerous Methodistical conventicles in Rome. Most of the papers omitted to state that Canon Campello at the same time declared himself an ardent supporter of Revolutionary Italy, and promised that in future he would be found fighting in the front rank. It is remarkable how often renegade priests develop into revolutionary leaders in Italy. Count Paolo di Campello, son of the senator, who is the head of the family of that name, and cousin of the apostate, has written to the Osservatore Romano, expressing his sense of the shame that has fallen on a name so long respected. Since 1854, he adds, the family have for good reasons held little or no intercourse with the canon, who does not deserve to be called an apostate, but rather a renegade, as he has no religious convictions of any sort. It is reported in Rome that the unhappy man is about to marry a Russian lady, who sympathizes with the sect which he has nominally joined.

The Osservatore Romano says: —

"Count Campello renounced his canonry of St. Peter's because the laxity of his morals, not amended after repeated and formal admonitions, had determined his superiors to proceed to extremities against him, despite his patrician rank. His loose life incapacitated him for any ecclesiastical charge, and prevented him from being admitted into the Pontifical family So he has no right to the title of Monsignor. The morning of the day he abjured Catholicism he had formally assured the ecclesiastical authorities of his orthodoxy, repelling the charge of intended apostasy as a slander."

The Paris Univers remarks: —

"Assuredly, we deplore the fall of a brother; but we cannot think that the church has to regret a loss. He was a scabby sheep, and his leaving the flock makes it stronger and healthier."

Notices of Recent Publications.

Soule & Bugbee, Boston.

This is a new firm whose principal work will be the publication of law books. Among their first issues is Oddities of the Law, by Franklin Fisk Heard, a learned member of the Boston bar. This collection of wise, witty, and odd remarks and comments by the famous judges, the great lawyers, and the law reporters, will be found exceedingly amusing and instructive, not only to the legal profession, but to the general reader. No man was so well qualified to make a good book of this kind as Mr. Heard, who has an intimate and peculiar knowledge of English courts and court reporters.

Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

THE TWIT-TWATS: A Christmas Allegorical Story of Birds, connected with the Introduction of Sparrows into America. By the Rev. A. J. Thébaud, S. J. With thirteen beautiful illustrations. 1 vol. 4to, full gilt, $1.50. If sent by mail add postage, sixteen cents.

This is one of the most beautifully gotten up books ever issued by any publishing house. It may not be generally known that sparrows were introduced into the United States from Ireland. The book is extremely interesting. We know of no better book for a Christmas present. Mr. Kehoe, the manager of the society, has surpassed himself in the mechanical execution of the book. Twit-Twats is really the first handsome Christmas book got out by any Catholic house in this country for Catholics, and it is to be hoped it will meet with a ready sale. On its success will greatly depend the publication of other Christmas books for Catholics in the future.

LEAVES FROM THE ANNALS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY, in 3 vols. Vol. I. Ireland: Containing Sketches of the Convents established by the Foundress, and their earlier Developments. By the author of the Life of Mother McAuley, etc. 1 vol. 12mo, 520 pp., cloth extra, $1.50.

The first volume (now ready) relates to the Order in Ireland; the second, the Order in England and Scotland; and the third, in America. The Order has spread its branches all over this country. Except Boston, there are foundations in every principal city in the United States, Canada, etc. The book is gotten up in excellent style and the price moderate. The work is from the pen of the well-known and gifted authoress of The Life of Mother McAuley, Life of St. Liguori, Hofbauer, Meditations, etc.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

CHRIST IN HIS CHURCH: A Catholic Church History. From the original of Rev. S. C. Bousner, by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL. D. Together with a History of the Church in America, by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.

This history, observes the translator, is far more than a narrative of events. It is a bright, living picture of Christ; living, acting, suffering through the medium of his mystical body, which, in its turn, acts, lives and suffers through the lives of its members. The book is profusely illustrated and makes a splendid volume of four hundred and twenty-six pages. Just the book for a Christmas or New Year's present. Price $2.

IRISH FAITH IN AMERICA: Recollections of a Missionary. Translated from the French by Miss Ella McMahon.

The author dedicates his book to the Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans, who says, in a letter addressed to the author: "You show by incontestable facts this vocation of the Irish people, and the manner in which they fulfil their mission, in the United States, a country which particularly interests us; but history tells that in every missionary country, as in the United States, the Irish, with invincible energy and untiring perseverance, have proved themselves the firm supporters and propagators of the Catholic faith. The book makes a volume of two hundred and twenty-four pages, and is sold for the low price of seventy-five cents.

We direct attention to the advertisement of the Messrs. Benziger in our advertising pages.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Little Bird," song by W. A. Briggs. "When the Leaves begin to Fall," waltz song, by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "When the Leaves begin to Turn," simplified waltz, by C. D. Blake. "Little Beauty Schottische," and "Little Beauty Polka," both by Claud Haven. "Toujours Fidele," waltzes, by Edwin C. Cary. "My Charmer," waltz, by Emile Waldteufel.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. M. LAVALLEE, of Montreal, died on Nov. 6.

REV. AUGUST MEYER, died at St. Nazianz, Wis., on Oct. 26.

REV. N. KEROACK, of St Guillaume, Province of Quebec, is dead.

THE news of the death, in France, of Rev. Joseph Guillet, has reached New Orleans, to which diocese he belonged.

REV. W. P. MURRAY died at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Mendota, Minn., on the 5th November. He was born in Dublin, and spent fifteen years on the English mission.

THE Osservatore Cattolico of Milan announces the death of Monseigneur John Dominic Barbero, Bishop of Dulichium, and Vicar Apostolic of Hyderabad, in India. He was struck down by apoplexy whilst saying his office. Out of thirty-six years' priesthood he had passed twenty-six on the foreign missions, and had been bishop since 1870.

REV. FATHER BRADLEY, P. P., Loughbrickland, died very suddenly, Nov. 4 The deceased clergyman was a professor in Violet Hill College, Newry, for some years, and was distinguished for his zeal in the performance of his sacred duties. He was highly esteemed, and his sudden demise is greatly regretted.

REV. DANIEL RYAN, C. C., Mungret and Crecora, county Limerick, whose car upset while he was driving home, died at an early hour on Sunday morning, Nov. 6, from the effects of the injuries he received.

REV. GEORGE I. STRONG, of the Society of Jesus, died at the Carney Hospital, Boston, on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 23, after a lingering sickness. He was born in Philadelphia in 1837, and was, during most of his life, professor of mathemathics and natural science in the colleges of his society at Georgetown, D. C., Baltimore, and Worcester. For the last two years he has been attached to the board of missionaries residing at St. Mary's Church, Boston. The funeral took place at St. Mary's Church at 8.30 o'clock on Friday morning, the 25th ult., and mass was celebrated by the Jesuit Fathers connected with that church. After mass, the remains were taken to Worcester, Mass., and buried in the little cemetery attached to the College of the Holy Cross.

SISTERS.

SISTER DOMITILLA died at Mount St. Joseph's Convent, in Philadelphia, on Nov. 11.

SISTER ELIZABETH LANCASTER died at St. Philomena's Convent in St. Louis, Nov. 10.

LAY PEOPLE.

MRS. MARY BRADFORD, sister of Hon. Jefferson Davis, died an edifying Catholic death at Kentucky, on the 22d of November, and was interred in the Trappist Cemetery at Gethsemani. May she rest in peace! — *Richmond Visitor.*

DIED, at the residence of her daughter, in Manchester, N. H., Nov. 3, Mrs. Bridget Faulkner, wife of Robert Faulkner, aged eighty-six years, a member of the old Cathedral of the Holy Cross. She was a resident of Boston for the last fifty years. May she rest in peace!

ON Friday, Nov. 25, Mrs M. B. McCluskey, the beloved wife of Mr. John McCluskey, died at her residence on Third Street, South Boston. The funeral services took place on Monday the 28th ult., at 9 A. M., at the Church of the Gate of Heaven, South Boston, where a Mass of Requiem was offered up for the repose of the soul of the deceased lady, by Rev. Father Mulcahey. The remains were interred at Holyhood Cemetery.

EDWARD DANIEL HOLLAND, prominent among the parishioners of St. James's Church, Boston, an honorary member of the St. James Lyceum, its first president, retaining the honor for three consecutive terms, departed this life on Thursday, Nov. 17, after a long and severe illness culminating in hemorrhage of the lungs. Mr. Holland was born in Boston, on the thirtieth day of September, 1856, and consequently at the time of his death was in his twenty-sixth year. He was honored and beloved by all with whom he came in contact.

WE deeply regret to learn of the death of Mr. Owen McNamara, who departed this life at Lowell, Mass., on the 12th of October. He was a native of the county Leitrim, and was born on the 10th of March, 1829, and came to this country in 1846, and resided in Lowell to the time of his decease. He was the father of ten children, seven of whom survive him. He

was very much respected by the people of Lowell of all persuasions. He was a good husband and kind father. His death was peaceful, having been well prepared for that happy home which we trust he has reached. May his soul rest in peace! Amen.

DEATH OF TRESHAM GREGG. — Dr. Tresham Gregg died on the 27th of October, at his residence in Sandymount, Dublin, having reached the patriarchal age of eighty-two. O'Connell and he had many a lingual bout; but perhaps the argumentative encounter, which took place in the Rotunda forty years ago, with Dr. Gregg on one side and Father Tom Maguire on the other, is the one in deceased's career which lives most vividly in the public mind's eye. Of splendid physique, slashing and trenching of tongue, and ready and nimble of wit, Dr. Gregg was doubtless champion of his church and party. The heat and clamor of the topics of those days have subsided, and Dr. Gregg, having outlived nearly all of his adversaries, goes down to the grave without a word save of respect from one side or the other, and of regret at the exit of another type of years gone by. In his advancing years it is notorious that he conceived the idea, and, notwithstanding failing faculties, publicly maintained it, that human life was everlasting, and that he would continue to live always. But the universal enemy has relentlessly refuted him, and to death he has succumbed in the winter time of a fine old age."— *Dublin Freeman.*

THE growth of the Catholic Church in the State of Wisconsin is something remarkable. Wisconsin is one of the most remarkable of the United States, from a Catholic point of view. Its population is about 1,150,000, of whom 700,000 were born in the States, and 450,000 abroad. Of the foreign-born inhabitants, 180,000 hail from Germany and 100,000 from the United Kingdom; that is to say, mostly from Ireland. Among both the natives and the foreigners the Catholic element is exceedingly strong. When Archbishop Henni, who died lately, commenced missionary life there thirty years ago, there were only from 7,000 to 8,000 Catholics in the State, with only one priest and one church for every thousand. At this day there are 313,800 Catholics who have 471 churches, 26 chapels, and 65 mission stations, and their schools count as many as 21,330 children. About one half Catholics are of foreign birth. The fact is, that in of the most of the Western States Catholicity is making the same headway.

THERE are no Catholics on the Guiteau jury. The counsel for the defence peremptorily challenged every Catholic summoned. Probably he was afraid his client might get justice at their hands.

THE HARP, formerly of Montreal, has been sold to Cornelius Donovan of Hamilton, Ont., and will be published hereafter in the latter city. Our Magazine and the Harp, both for $2.25. Cheap enough!

THE Paris Monde is authority for the statement that whole masses of Greek schismatics have returned to the church in different parts of Turkey. The Universe has similar reports from Macedonia and Bulgaria.

CREAM SAUCE. — One large cup of cream, teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of butter; salt to taste. Let the cream come to a boil, then stir in the flour, which has been mixed smoothly with a little cold milk or cream; add butter and salt; let it boil up once and serve.

AT the present rate of German immigration Texas will soon become a German State. More Germans are pouring into that State than into any other in the Union. Fathers Brantner and Power, who have just returned from a tour in Germany, declare that the stations on all the lines of railroads in that country are thronged with immigrants.

THE first mass ever celebrated in Richmond, Va., was offered up in the hall of the House of Delegates, by the Rev. John D. Dubois. He landed in Norfolk in August, 1781, with letters from Lafayette to the first citizens in the Republic. He was for some time the guest of James Monroe, and Patrick Henry gave him his first lessons in English. — *Catholic Visitor.*

REV. W. H. PLATT, a Protestant clergyman, makes the following admissions in a recent number of the San Francisco Christian Advocate: "In 836 the Council of the Church of Rome established schools for the poor. The third Lateran Council, 1179, and that of Lyons, did the same. For many long centuries the schools of the church were the only schools, and its libraries the only libraries. The church opened the streams of intellectual life and power not only at Oxford, Cambridge, Pisa, Bologna, and Paris, but wherever books had a reader or science a student."

IRISH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

PURSUANT to a call signed by Patrick Ford, P. A. Collins, John Boyle O'Reilly, on behalf of the American Irish, and T. P. O'Connor, T. M. Healey, Rev. Eugene Sheehy, Represent atives from Ireland, some eight hundred representatives from the various Land Leagues and other societies assembled at Chicago, Ill., on the 30th of November.

The deliberations lasted two days. It was decidedly the most important gathering of the Irish people ever held in the United States. We briefly give a report of the proceedings.

The first day was devoted to the organization and other preliminary business. In his opening speech, as chairman of the committee of arrangements, Mr. John F. Finnerty struck the keynote of the convention amid the wildest enthusiasm. He said:

"This convention has met to make a definite policy for the Irish-American people to pursue; to tell the English government exactly what we mean to do and to tell the Irish people no more than we mean to do. In a word, to show England that 2,000,000 Irishmen in America are ready to go as far with the Irishmen in Ireland as they are ready to go, and as much further as they are prepared to go. We don't wish to dictate to them any policy. We do not meet as their dictators, because we spurn foreign government in every shape, even when it is kindred. This convention will say to England that she shall not strangle Ireland in the broad light of civilization of the nineteenth century. We want to say to the American people, that though we meet in behalf of Ireland, we are none the less true to America."

The impetuous sentences of Mr. Finnerty evoked the wildest enthusiasm. Men jumped to their feet and threw their hats to the ceiling. At the mention of the name of Parnell the convention rose *en masse* and gave three cheers for the imprisoned leader, followed by three more for Michael Davitt. In concluding, Mr. Finnerty expressed the hope that the God of liberty would look down upon them and give wisdom to their counsels, and that in the majestic presence of the cause of their native land they would forget everything but that which was for her honor and her glory. The same conservative tone was preserved in the remarks of Hon. William J. Hynes, who was elected temporary chairman of the convention. "It would be an affront," said he, "to the intelligent people of Ireland at home, it would be a confession of weakness in the attitude of the Irish race everywhere, to say that Ireland needed to be governed from America any more than she was to be governed by America." He concurred also in the sentiment that they must be prepared to sustain the Irish people as far as they have gone, and as far as, speaking through their organizations as a whole, they were prepared to go. The repeated bursts of applause showed the approval of the convention of these sentiments. After some further business, the convention adjourned to meet Dec. 1.

SECOND DAY.

UPON reassembling, the committee on permanent organization made a report nominating for permanent chairman, Rev. George C. Betts, of St. Louis. Mr. Betts is an Episcopal clergyman, and his nomination was hailed with enthusiasm. Escorted by two Catholic priests, Rev. Mr. Betts walked to the chair, amidst the cheers of the delegates, thus affording a significant and eloquent example of unity. Upon taking the chair he delivered a brief address, encouraging the cause for which the convention was assembled, and counselling calm deliberation in the proceedings. Dr. Betts read a telegram from Michael Dillon, at Hagerstown, Md., offering the services of his four sons and from $1,000 to $10,000 to the cause, and expressing the hope that Ireland would soon be free, with Charles Stewart Parnell

as her first president. Several letters were read and telegrams received from Mr. Egan in Paris, etc.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

Rev. Father Connaty, of Worcester, Mass., then presented the report of the committee on resolutions, which he stated were recommended by the committee unanimously, and were drafted largely by the representatives from Ireland, Father Sheehy and Messrs. O'Connor and Healy.

"*Resolved*, That as in the words of the American Declaration of Independence, 'The consent of the governed is the only power from which a government justly derives its authority'; and as, in the words of one of her British Majesty's present cabinet ministers, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, 'after one hundred years of English rule in Ireland, English rule there can only be maintained by fifty thousand bayonets,' this convention declares English rule in Ireland to be without either legal or moral sanction, and demands the establishment in Ireland of a national government based upon the will of the Irish people.

"*Resolved*, That, as the English government has avowed the resolve to subjugate the Irish nation by wholesale eviction, by the arrest of every friend of the popular cause, the suspension of every popular right, and the terrorism of military force; and as the Irish people have shown an equal determination to meet these, and by passive resistance defeat this attack on their liberties, this convention, representing the Irish-American race, pledges the people of Irish birth and Irish descent in this country to stand by the people at home, in this momentous struggle, to the full extent of their power and resources.

"*Resolved*, That this convention thoroughly indorses the policy of the Irish leaders at home in the present crisis; that we have entire confidence in their patriotism and statesmanship, and that we tender to them and to the Irish people at large the expression of our sympathy and the assurance that in every struggle against British rule they will be fully sustained by their kindred in America.

"*Resolved*, That we heartily indorse the 'no-rent' manifesto of the home executive of the Irish National Land League, at once as the best available weapon to strike their landlord jailers, and as a swift and smiting instrument to abolish utterly a bad and hateful system, and as the fitting answer of the Irish people to the attempt of the coercion minority to force the acceptance of defective legislation at the point of the bayonet.

"*Resolved*, That with the view of giving practical effect to the foregoing address and resolutions, the convention recommends that a special levy of ——— from the organizations here represented, and all other organizations friendly to the Irish cause, and from the friends of such organizations, be forwarded as an instalment before the first day of February, 1882, to the central treasurer of the Irish National Land League.

"Signed by Rev. Thomas J. Connaty, chairman, P. C. Hannan, J. J. Shiel, John Guerin, Timothy J. Fox, Michael J. Costello, Rev. J F. Nugent, A. J. Kelly, John F. Finnerty, Matt O'Doherty, W. H. Bourke, E. T. Joyce, D. M. Mannix, John C. McGuire, Lawrence Farrell Patrick McCarthy, J. B. Mannix, T. V. Powderly, Thos. Nestor, Rev. Thomas J. Wilson, J G. Donnelly, E. D. Wright. F. W. McGettrick, John D. Purcell, Col. F. L. O'Reilly, John T. Donahoe, Ellen E. Ford, Thomas Moffatt, Rev. W. J. Dalton, J. T. Tobin, Rev. F. M. Hayden, John Rush."

THE ADDRESS.

The resolutions were accompanied by an eloquent address, arraigning the policy of Gladstone and indorsing Parnell and the no-rent manifesto.

"*To the American People and all Friends of Liberty:* In the spirit of the call for this convention its main policy was foreshadowed, the policy of uniting all the forces at the disposal of the Irish-American people to give aid and comfort to the Irish people at home in their contest with an intolerable landlord system, supported by all the power and influence of the government established in Ireland by the London parliament.

"Notwithstanding the many fair promises made within eighty years by English statesmen, since the passage of the hateful act of union which destroyed the legislative independence and aimed to obliterate the nationality of Ireland, fifty coercive acts have been passed to chain the country to a compact forced upon her by corruption and the sword, and the condition of the island is at this day as unsettled and as hostile to English domination as it was when Grattan's voice in splendid protest was heard for the last time in an Irish house of commons.

"We may pass over the insurrection of 1803, the struggle for religious equality, the war against the titles, the agitation for repeal, the efforts of young Ireland, and the revolutionary attempt of the Fenian brotherhood, and come down to

the last few months, to show the evil effects of foreign rule in Ireland, combined with an agrarian system which is unique in point of establishment and unfavorable in point of atrocity. Within a few months the Irish people have been subjected to the old process of foreign coercion by military force; the recognized leaders of the Irish nation have been arbitrarily arrested and insolently imprisoned, and the alleged benefits of the recent Land Act have been forced upon the Irish tenantry by the rifles of a powerful army and a military constabulary. The Irish members of the British Parliament who resisted by parliamentary procedure the passage of a ferocious coercion act were forcibly expelled from the House of Commons, and such of them as ventured, in Ireland, to give voice to the wishes of the Irish people were, in common with hundreds of their less prominent countrymen, consigned to jail, under suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, there to remain, during the pleasure of the British government, without chance of appeal or hope of trial. The Irish prisons are even now filled with the men most beloved by the Irish nation, the enunciators of its sentiments and the champions of its liberty. The civil law is paralyzed, and martial law, in spirit if not in form, has been substituted by pouring into Ireland 40,000 foreign mercenaries, and by converting what in all other countries are the peace officers of the community into a hostile garrison to maintain the will of an alien government.

"The Irish people, during the whole course of the agitation incepted by Michael Davitt and carried forward by Charles Stewart Parnell and his colleagues, kept within what is called the constitutional law of Great Britain. There was no secret attempt at combination. Everything was open and, even according to English law in Ireland, legal. Nevertheless, the British government has dealt with constitutional agitation embodied in the Irish National Land League in the same spirit that she dealt with the secret revolutionary bodies that preceded it, thereby indicating that legality cuts no figure in her relations with Ireland, and that when any Irish organization, whether legal or illegal, threatens her supremacy in the subject island, she drops the mask of constitutional government and strikes her victim to the earth with the mailed hand of a relentless despotism. This is no mere rhetorical assertion. The American press, in its foreign despatches, has been filled with accounts of fresh arrests of 'suspects' day by day since the menial ministry reinaugurated the policy of brute force, until, at this hour, the prisons in Ireland are surcharged with the best citizens of the country, who have dared to remain faithful to the men whose patriotic ardor and splendid ability have made the Irish cause, both in its national and agrarian aspect, the leading question in the contemporaneous politics of the British empire, and opened the ear of the outside world to a statement of the fraud and oppression practised through many generations by the British government on the people of Ireland.

"Deprived of the last vestige of freedom of opinion, terrorized by a military occupation of their soil, outraged in their holiest feelings by the treacherous arrest of their tried and trusted friends, handed over, so far as the foreign government could hand them over, to the vengeance of an infuriated landocracy, the Irish people, faithful to the doctrine of passive resistance, have, as an overwhelming majority, stood by the manifesto of 'no rent,' issued by their imprisoned leaders, and in so doing they exposed themselves to all the penalties that the British government could impose upon them, and pledged themselves that we, as their kindred in a happier land, must see, for our own honor as well as for their salvation, that they do not make in vain.

"As we cannot in person share whatever danger the people in Ireland may be called upon to face, it would be ungenerous in us to urge them to acts beyond their power; but having assumed the attitude of passive resistance to landlord robbery, as embodied in the address of the Irish government of the people locked in Kilmainham jail, we cannot do less than sustain their action and render them that moral and material aid which they so urgently require.

"We have but one opinion in regard to the Irish landlord question, and that is that it is too infamous to have any existence in any country that pretends to be civilized. It has been established by the sword of conquest, maintained by foreign influence, and made infamous by the plunder and wholesale starvation of our people. It was and is the natural result of British rule in Ireland. The infamy planted by the freebooters of the long line of foreign invaders has been maintained and is now maintained by all the resources at the command of the British government. The Irish people had their birthright torn from them in the dark and brutal ages, and the spoils that are the result of unjust oppression are to-day (the stolen property of a whole nation) guarded for the robbers by the guns and the bayonets of a power hostile to Ireland and abhorred by her people.

"In whatever efforts the Irish people may now, or in the future, make to rid

of alien domination, and to regain the highest privilege that a people can enjoy — that of self-government — we pledge ourselves to be their faithful allies, subject to their calls upon us for aid, so far as our power and resources may permit; but dictating to them no policy, and demanding from them no conditions.

"We believe and declare that Ireland cannot be happy, prosperous, or contented under the rule of an alien parliament; and furthermore, we have no sympathy with any government, in any country, that has not its strongest foundations in the love of the people governed. It is patent to the whole world, outside of Great Britain, that the British government in Ireland is the child of injustice and the creature of coercion.

"We applaud, with most heartfelt pride the indomitable spirit of the Irish people at home, who have never acquiesced in the fraudulent destruction of their autonomy, and we hope with them to see Ireland restored to her rightful position among self-governed nations."

The resolutions and the address were adopted by acclamation, and the convention, for several moments, was transformed into a multitude of cheering and enthusiastic Irishmen. It was resolved to send the resolutions by cable to Ireland.

A NEW ORGANIZATION.

A lively and animated debate ensued over a proposition to form a new national organization for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the convention. It was opposed by Gen. Collins, Mr. Flately, and a great many others, on the ground that it was beyond the scope of the call, and would create confusion in the work already in the hands of different organizations. Fitzgerald, of New York, Dr. Wallace, Mr. Gannon, and others advocated it. The most remarkable scene of the convention followed when Mr. J. J. O'Connor of New York started the subscription called for by the resolution by giving $500. He was followed in quick succession by J. Finnerty with $500; J. Ahearn, $100; Alderman Thomas Kavanagh, $100; Patrick Ford, $500; and Edward Johnson, $500. Among the highest contributors were Michael Keely of Chicago, $1,000; Bernard Callahan of Chicago, $500; Andrew McClellan of Brooklyn, $500; F. J. Wilson of Pennsylvania, $500; M. C. McDonald of Chicago, $500; Wendell Phillips Land League of Massachusetts, $1,000, and the Illinois Land League, $4,935. Every contribution was received with enthusiasm. The spirit of emulation spread in all directions, and the men in the galleries insisted upon being counted, and many of them tossed their greenbacks to the delegates on the floor, and were by them sent up to the platform. Large numbers of the delegates handed up every dollar they had beyond what was needed for their expenses home. The grand total of the subscription amounted to $27,479. The thanks of the convention were returned to the chairman, Dr. Betts, the press, and the various committees. The chair announced as the executive committee called for by Judge Birdsell's resolution, the following gentlemen: Judge Birdsell of Connecticut, Michael Boland of Kentucky, Patrick Ford of New York, P. A. Collins of Massachusetts, W. B. Wallace of New York, Alexander Sullivan of Chicago, and Andrew Brown of Missouri. After brief addresses by Revs. Eugene Sheehy and Dr. Betts the convention adjourned.

INCIDENTS.

Dr. Wallace moved the appointment of a commitee of ways and means, and indicated the great necessity which at present existed for a thorough reorganization of the Land League in America. "I ask this," said the speaker, "in the interest of union and oneness of government."

Mr. Collins, President of the Boston Branch of the League, opposed a union of the various organizations, and a long debate ensued.

Mr. Devoy advocated a central government as the best means of accomplishing the object desired.

Father Walsh, Treasurer, delivered a long speech against instituting changes. "I am a Nationalist," he said. "I ask, Has Ireland any just cause for rebelling against the rule of England? I answer yes, and I swear it by the eternal God." Immense cheering drowned the voice of the speaker. The discussion was continued for some time, until finally a compromise, harmonizing all sections in the effort for combined action, was effected.

RAISING A QUARTER OF A MILLION.

When the question was finally settled, member after member arose and stated that they were ready to contribute towards the special levy. Several large sums were immediately contributed to the fund for Ireland, and other sums ranging from $5 to $1,000, were given.

The tone of the speeches was of a decidedly vigorous character. Judge Rooney of Brooklyn said: "I here subscribe $100 for the use of the Land League, and I will agree to pay further sums up to $1,000. With this, and the contributions which will flow into the treasury, we can put armed men in the field who will strike sturdy blows for the liberation of Ireland." (Immense cheers).

"I suscribe $50," said Father O'Leary, of Kansas City, "and will raise more; and I here offer my services as chaplin to the Irish army."

Loud and long-continued applause greeted the remarks of the speaker.

The subscriptions began to pour in immediately, and in a brief space of time $21,000 were subscribed, and the indications point to the collections of a very large amount.

During the afternoon session the convention appointed a committee consisting of Judge Birdsell of Connecticut, Michael Boland of Kentucky, Patrick Ford of New York, P. A. Collins of Massachusetts, Dr. W. B. Wallace of New York, Alexander Sullivan of Chicago, and Andrew Brown of St Louis, to call a future convention to further the interest of Irish rights in promoting the objects and in redeeming the pledges resolved and adopted by the convention.

A resolution was also adopted that the chairman appoint a committee of seven to solicit of Secretary of State Blaine some action of the United States government toward the liberation of American prisoners confined in British jails.

REV. JEREMIAH MCCARTY, the parish priest at Greenfield, Mass., was shot and seriously wounded on the 3d December, at the parochial residence there, by David McMellen, employed by the American Express Company at Boston. McMellen's wife left him several years ago because he treated her badly, and lately has been housekeeper in the pastoral residence. He visited her Monday week and urged her to live with him, but she refused. Sunday night, Dec. 4, he went to the house and was again refused. He returned three times, and rang the door-bell violently and kicked the door. When Father McCarty came to the door, McMellen shot him twice, and then ran away. One ball entered near the navel, and has been removed from the back. McMellen was arrested in Boston on Sunday night by Officer McCabe. He is now in jail at Greenfield awaiting his trial. Father McCarty was a priest deeply respected for his zeal and piety. Rev. Fr. McCarty died on Monday evening, Dec. 5.

HELP THE SOLDIERS' FAIR. — Mrs. Iasigi, with the co-operation of Catholic ladies of the city, has charge of the Catholic table in the Fair for the benefit of a Home for Massachusetts Soldiers in the War. His Grace Archbishop Williams commends her appeal for assistance to the cordial assistance of the clergy and laity of the diocese. The Fair opened at the Mechanics' Fair Building on Dec 7. Mrs. Iasigi requests us to state that the smallest contributions will be gratefully acknowledged.

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WHAT IS SAID OF OUR MAGAZINE:

APPROBATION.

I have perused with much delight several numbers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and I take pleasure in stating that it belongs to that class of elevating literature of which there is much need in this country. It is thoroughly Catholic, and its patriotism is sound and healthy, free from that wild enthusiasm and visionary madness which pervade some Irish-American periodicals. As long as it remains what it now is, Donahoe's Magazine has my unqualified approbation.

✝ CHAS. J. SEGHERS,
Archbishop of Oregon City.

PORTLAND, OREGON, March 28, 1881.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for May is out, and is a most interesting number. Mr. Donahoe has made his magazine one of the most popular monthlies published. Its pages are always fresh and readable. — *The Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for May is at hand. It is needless to say that it always receives a hearty welcome. The present number is as newsy and entertaining as any of its predecessors, and that is saying much. — *The Catholic Columbian, Columbus, O.*

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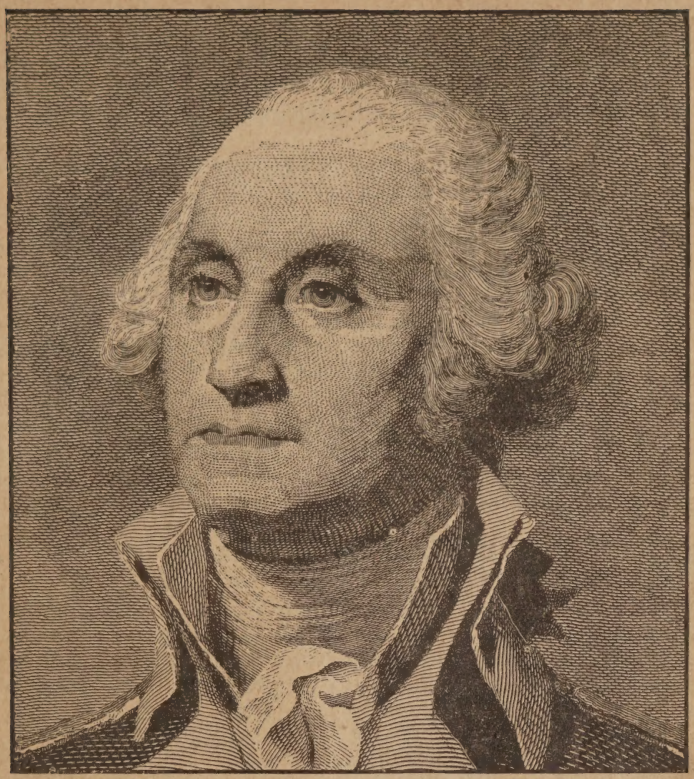


GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. BORN FEBRUARY 22, 1732. DIED DECEMBER 14, 1799.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN BOSTON.

WASHINGTON AND THE POPE-BURNERS.

Scattered Acadians, or French inhabitants of Nova Scotia, landed in Massachusetts. The law prevented any priest from entering the colonies. This was in 1756. A few Catholics may have gathered at Boston, or been scattered through the country; but, under the penal laws, deprived of all religious instruction, their children became Protestants. With the Revolution, however, a change came. Washington, the long-to-be-remembered Father of his country, unused to the bigotry of the North, had scarcely appeared in the camp at Boston, when he found preparations on foot for burning the Pope in effigy. His order shows at once his mode of viewing the matter:

"November 5. As the Commander-in-Chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture; at a time when we are soliciting, and have really obtained, the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause,— the defence of the liberty of America; at this juncture,

and under such circumstances, to be insulting their religion, is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these our brethren, as to them we are indebted for every late happy success over the common enemy in Canada."

Thus discouraged, the silly custom was suppressed in the camp, but still held undisputed sway in the towns and cities.

Washington wrote, about this time, to the Catholic Indian tribes in Maine, inviting the Penobscots, Passamaquoddies, and St. John's to join the cause of Freedom. Delegates of those tribes at once set out to confer with the Massachusetts Council, which met them at Watertown. Ambrose Var, the chief of the Indians from the St. John's, was the spokesman; he was a Catholic, — a man of deep religious feeling. "We are thankful to the Almighty to see the Council," is his salute.

Convinced by the arguments adduced by the delegates of Massachusetts to show the justice of their cause, these Indians promised to adhere to the Americans in the coming struggle, and aid them to the best of their power. They made but one request: "We want a black gown, or French priest. Jesus we pray to, and we will not hear any prayer that comes from old England."

The General Court of Massachusetts expressed its satisfaction at their respect for religion, and declared themselves ready to get a French priest; but truly added that they did not know where to find one. The Penobscots followed the example of the Passamaquoddies and other Eastern tribes; they, too, joined the Americans, but a priest should accompany them, was their request; and they, too, obtained the promise of one from the very body which had made the missionaries' life treason, and scarce fifty years before tracked one to death like a wild beast of the forest.

The Indians joined the American cause sincerely. How important their accession was, we may judge from the words of the historian Williamson.

Numbers of the Abenakis joined the American army, and Orono, the Penobscot chief, bore a commission, which he ennobled by his virtues and bravery. They had long been without a priest, but their church still remained, to maintain their faith. This, at length, fell a sacrifice to the English, who destroyed it during the war. But the Penobscots never wavered in their faith. In all his changes, from the forest and wigwam to the camp and the city, from the society of the Catholic children of the forest to that of the more polished Congregationalist of New England, Orono was ever faithful to his religion. When urged to frequent Protestant places of worship, as he had no longer any of his own, he exclaimed, "We know our religion, and love it; we know nothing of yours."

Soon, too, the alliance with France brought whole Catholic fleets and armies across the Atlantic. Count d'Estaing entered the harbor of Boston on the twenty-fifth of August, 1778, and remained till November. During this interval many of the Boston people witnessed divine service performed for the fleet, and were favorably impressed with the piety and respect of the officers and crew. When the fleet arrived at Newport, Rhode Island hastened to wipe off her statute book the clause excluding Catholics.

At Boston, too, either on the occasion of the festival of All-Souls, or on the death of some officer, a funeral procession traversed the streets with a crucifix at its head, and priests solemnly chanting, while the selectmen of Boston joined in the ceremony, giving this public mark of respect for the faith of their allies.

For the character of Washington, see page 161.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1882. No. 2.

"School-house first, and then the Church." — *Archbishop Hughes.*

"Burn everything that comes from England but the coal." — *Swift.*

"The union of England with Ireland is that of the shark with its prey." — *Byron.*

True friendship is like sound health; the value of it is seldom known until it be lost.

"It is an acknowledged principle that no man ever leaves the pale of the Catholic Church for any other, with the intention of leading a better life; and that on the contrary, the lives and sacrifices of converts to her fold show that they were animated by the noblest motives." — *Catholic Visitor.*

"In the Church of God there is no distinction of race, color or tongue — all are the dear children of that Church, which is Catholic not only in name but also in fact — all believe the same truths, receive the same sacraments, acknowledge the same supreme authority of the Pope, the Vicar, the representative of Jesus Christ on earth." — *Bishop Wigger.*

SOME OF OUR WEAK POINTS.

LET us go on with our discussion of our weaknesses. It is not pleasant, but it may be useful. Catholic self-glorification we place first; from pulpits and papers soundeth our praise. Better be humble. Do we not know, that while we are gaining ground in conversions, we are losing ground by many perversions? Catholic journals, in the main, are afraid to point out Catholic defects; afraid because their writers think it quite un-Catholic or even anti-Catholic to write a word of dispraise of anything in the Church of this country. It might offend their readers, forsooth, and then cometh loss of patronage.

Principle should be preferred to patronage. Sincerity is better, or ought to be better, than subscriptions. Better say "Confiteor," I confess my faults, as the priest does in the beginning of Mass. Faults, of course, we have. We do not speak of individuals, we mean faults in the Church in its collective capacity in this country.

We are united in faith; no doubt of it. But what about uniformity? we do not possess it. In the North there are nine Holy Days of Obligation. In the South only five. In Lent there are differences about fast days. We have different kinds of catechisms for our children. As for prayer-books, their name is legion. In them are to be found prayers abounding with the flowers of rhetoric, but lacking the fragrance of piety. In some of them are found examinations of conscience, the questions of which about sin are false, and many of them coarse. All this does harm; that is, it weakens the power of the Church. Let us touch education. No doubt the public-school system is gaining ground. Why? Because the move-

ment of attack against the system is not all along the line. Why? It is not for us to say, but, reader, you may think our answer.

Parochial schools we have, not in abundance, but we know of parochial schools which are libels on Catholic education. In the North more than in the South goes on the Catholic movement of Church education. But our teachers are not always teachers, save in name. Now go to our convents. Their terms are such as to be beyond the reach of Catholics in moderate circumstances. Hence their patrons are the rich, — Catholics and non-Catholics. It is hard to say it, but say it we must, in too many Catholic boarding-schools there is a marked distinction made between the rich and poor pupils. Now, because a sister or a nun wears a veil, it by no means follows that she is competent to teach. What is in the head, and not what is on the head, settles that question.

Besides, these teachers sometimes wander with uncertain feet on unknown ways into the sacred domains of theology, and indoctrinate their scholars with notions not altogether correct. Why, in the beginning of the Church, to teach catechism implied a special delegated power. Nowadays every one seems to enjoy the right. Once we ourselves happened in on a Sunday-school class, and lo! an old white-haired and uneducated man was expounding the Apocalypse to his astonished hearers.

In our Sunday-schools young lasses in their teens have the grave and responsible work of teaching the elements of religion. Of course the priest cannot be everywhere at the same time, much less do all this work personally. But he can be particular in his selection of his catechists.

Many, if not the most of our Sunday-schools, are pretty weak.

Let us come to the financial condition of the Church in this country. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." So Christ spake.

Now let us front some hard facts. Nearly every diocese in this country is in debt: many slightly, many not so slightly, some deeply, and one or two irretrievably. Why? ——

A black or a purple cassock may be worn (as often they are) by men wise with that wisdom which is God's best gift in spiritual matters, and in matters secular they are like children. A man may be prudent in spiritual things and in matters temporal he may be most imprudent.

These extremes meet, and nowhere as often as in the Church. Hence, everywhere, debts, mortgages on too much Catholic property. Now, a simple question: Has a Bishop a right to inflict on his diocesans a very large debt, which they of course must pay, without consulting them and obtaining their consent? And has a rector any right to inflict a large debt on his congregation, unknown to them and without their consent? The answer to each of the questions is simple and clear. We have immense Catholic properties in this country, and yet we are not financially strong.

The Cincinnati affair struck a blow at Catholic credit which still is felt. The old trustee system resulted disastrously in the North and South. The

one-man system has been generally a failure. Some other financial system must be adopted. Thus, briefly and plainly, we have pointed out some of our weak points in Church matters in this country. And yet, in spite of these weak points, still in the Church around us is the energy that may sometimes seem to flag, but can never be destroyed. A. I. R.

THE FLOWER OF FINÆ.

Thomas Davis.

Early in the eighteenth century the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Irish Brigade in the service of the King of France. These recruits were popularly known as "Wild Geese." Few returned.

BRIGHT red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin,
A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finæ.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like gray morning,
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finæ.

But who down the hill-side than red deer runs fleeter?
And who on the lake-side is hastening to greet her?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finæ.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness;
Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness?
He has told his hard fortune, nor more can he stay,
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finæ.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland;
He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,
But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finæ.

He fought at Cremona — she hears of his story;
He fought at Cassano — she's proud of his glory,
Yet sadly she sings "Shule Aroon" all the day,
"O, come, come, my darling, come home to Finæ."

Eight long years have passed, till she's nigh broken-hearted,
Her reel, and her rook, and her flax she has parted;
She sails with the "Wild Geese" to Flanders away,
And leaves her sad parents alone in Finæ.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramillies is charging,
Before him the Sassenach squadrons enlarging —
Behind him the Cravats their sections display —
Beside him rides Fergus and shouts for Finæ.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are flying,
Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,
Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array,
And bleeding rides Fergus, and thinks of Finæ.

. . . . . .

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying;
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramillies' fray,
This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of Finæ.

THE JESUITS AND THEIR PERSECUTORS.

II.

Venice.

On the evening of the tenth of May, 1606, a vast assemblage filled and surrounded the Church of the Jesuits in Venice, for the rulers of the great city had decreed the exile of the Fathers, and fixed that night for the execution of their behest. The old glories of the great Queen of the Adriatic were growing dim, the once scorned infidel had proved himself the equal of her mercenaries, and had wrung from her some of the fairest gems in her diadem. The banner of the great autocratic republic had been beaten down in the Marea, and the followers of Mahomet were undisputed masters of the islands of the Archipelago; their galleys swept the waters from Napoli to Cyprus.

The writing was on the wall, but Venice would not read the message rightly; her rulers, in their madness, had determined to war with the Church, and naturally, therefore, their first blow was aimed at those who were then, as before and since, in the van for Christianity. An unfortunate son of the republic, Pietro, or Fra Paolo, Sarpi, an ex-Servite monk, who had forsaken Catholicity, was the chiefest apparent means of bringing about the assault upon his once co-laborers. Born in 1552, Sarpi early displayed those talents of which he was in after years to make so bad a use. A clever mathematical scholar, as well as an apt gleaner from literature, he gained an ill-founded reputation for erudition, while his palpable heterodoxy won him a mischievous notoriety. Like many another before and since, he sought personal distinction in singularity, and apparently embracing Protestanism and rationalistic ideas, preferred his own feeble reason to belief in the omnipotent will of an Almighty God. Some years after the events which we are now about to sketch, Sarpi composed a work entitled *Storia del Concilio Tridentino*, or "History of the Council of Trent," an ingenious medley of false statements, perversions, sneers, and a grain or two of truth. Ranke, no innate friend of Catholicity, describes "his observations throughout the work" as being "steeped in gall and bitterness, one and all." In truth this history, while compiled after writers as little careful of accuracy as he was himself, is as shallow as it is scandalous, and as unreliable as it is ridiculous. Palpable, however, as were the errors and misrepresentations in Sarpi's work, it was not right that its fallacies should not be exposed or its misstatements corrected. An able Jesuit, Terentio Alciati, prefect of the studies in the Collegio Romano, undertook the task of compiling a veracious recital of the events leading up to as well as of the deliberations and decisions of the Council. Father Alciati, however, dying in 1651, the General, Father Goswin Nickel, selected another member of the Order, the future Cardinal Sforza Pallavicini, to complete the work. If further

testimony to the value of the labors of Father Pallavicini were needed than the mere fact that it went forth with the signature of a Jesuit, this testimony were found in the grudged words of Ranke, who, as fairly as his overpowering partiality will admit, holds the balance between the two historians.

Sarpi had become entirely imbued with that strange hatred of Rome which seems to be the first outcome of schism, and the first evil thing heresy teaches apostate children of the sacred mother. He set himself deliberately to foment a quarrel between the Pontiff and the Republic, for, as Ranke puts it, "it was not without labor that Sarpi first brought conviction to the minds of the Venetian Jurists;" that is, as regards the subjection of the Church to secular authority; but the ex-monk was a man of no mean ability, and he knew how to flatter the foibles of those in power, how to trim his sails to catch the treacherous winds which then swept over Europe. The government of Venice was then, as Ranke also tells us, in "the hands of men with whom opposition to the dominion of Rome had grown up with all their convictions, and had become a personal feeling; by this they had risen to power, and they upheld the principle with all the more energy, because it served them at the same time as a means of repression and defence against their opponents within the republic." These men had at their head, as Doge, Leonardo Donato, a bitter opponent of the Papacy, and one who, as soon as he was elected to power, filled every office with creatures of — to adopt Ranke's words — his own "convictions." The bright days of Venetian history were gone forever; the olden liberties of her people had been extinguished, and the sovereign power was vested "partly in a body of impoverished nobles, partly in an overruling despotism," in the hands of those who had established "a practical system of government that made vice the ally of tyranny, and sought impunity for its own assassinations by encouraging dissoluteness of private life."* The republic had entered upon, or had been drawn into, the course and system which was to bring it to disgrace and degradation; its future statesmen, in after years, were to be "exhibited to contempt; too blind to avert danger, too cowardly to withstand it, the most ancient government of Europe made not an instant's resistance; the peasants of Underwald died upon their mountains; the nobles of Venice clung only to their lives."† In the earlier part of the fifteenth century, the wealth and power and prestige of Venice were all immense. Her merchants dealt in the products of the extremes of the earth, her flag floated on every ocean, her ducats were told in huts on the Baltic coasts, and in marvellous temples on the banks of the Ganges. Three thousand merchant-vessels scarcely sufficed to carry on her trade; forty-three galleys and three hundred smaller vessels, manned by nineteen thousand veteran seamen, could hardly guard it. Her mint sent forth in one year one million ducats; the tributes of her subject territories came annually to the coffers of the republic; the profits made by her merchants in every land flowed back in a golden and ceaseless stream;

* Hallam's "State of Europe during the Middle Ages," Vol. I., p. 463. † Hallam, Vol, I., p. 463.

the wealth of the world seemed gathering in Venice; she seemed at once at the summit of earthly power, and yet but at the beginning of a lengthened and glorious career.

It was not so, however; unjust and unnecessary wars, waged at an enormous cost, and carried on by means of those hordes of mercenary intinerant soldiers who had become the alternate trust and terror of all the great governing cities of Italy, impoverished, while conquests which cost more to retain than they gave back in tribute daily weakened her. In the midst of splendor, while the spoils of every land were stored in her warehouses, and the arms of every nation rusted in her arsenals, while the talents and genius of the greatest children of Italy, the nursery of art, were lavished on and beautified her temples and her palaces, the polity of her government was little, if at all, removed from barbaric, and inevitably tended to the exhaustion and extinction of her power.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the question of the maintenance or otherwise of the olden power and place of Venice may be said to have rested in the balance; but this was to be the very period when the machinations of Sarpi and his colleagues were to bear fruit, and when he was to be permitted to aim a blow at the Church he had deserted. It was not, however, for sake of any mere abstraction that the governors of the republic intended to quarrel with Rome; it was not merely in order to assert a vain pretension to legislative and executive supremacy over the ecclesiastical power that the Doge and Senate sought pretext for a rupture with the Papacy; in truth their motives were neither sentimental or vainglorious; they were more vulgar; they lay in the empty coffers of the republic, in the records of the ducats wasted on quixotic expeditions, and in the exaggerated reports of the wealth of the Church. These were their incitements to bring matters to a climax, and they now caused the terrible tribunals of the city to order the arrest and imprisonment of two priests, who were accused before them of various crimes. According to the well-founded and never previously contested law of the period, these priests should have been sent before the ecclesiastical courts. Their trial by a lay tribunal was unprecedented, and could only have been intended as a deliberate infringement of the ancient privileges of their Order; privileges which had been ratified by the consent of generations and sanctioned by the experience of centuries. Seeing, too, the spirit which animated their judges, there could be no doubt whatever but that the sending of these priests before the ordinary tribunals was tantamount to their condemnation. Luckily, however, for them and the Church, the reigning Pontiff, Paul the Fifth, Camillo Borghese, was not one disposed to yield aught that he deemed unjustly demanded, or to willingly permit any wrong done his children to pass unnoticed. He was determined to maintain inflexibly the rights of the Church, and to resist to the utmost the designs of its enemies. By his firmness and decision the priests were saved from their impending fate, and the threatened invasions of the liberties of the Church averted.

These results were not, however, obtained at once, nor indeed until the Jesuits of Venice had fallen before the anger of the Senate, and the Catholics of the republic had suffered grievously.

The extent of the demands and aggressions of the governors of the great city, may be gathered from the following short summary of their actions and requirements: They refused to the clergy a further continuance of their immemorial exemption from taxation; enacted a mortmain law prohibiting the devising of property to clerical institutions, as well as one forbidding the future erection of new churches until permission from the civil authorities had been first obtained. They insisted that the Pope should bind himself to appoint none but natives of Venice to ecclesiastical benefices within the states; that every Bull or other Papal document should be submitted to governmental inspection before delivery to or publication by the local clergy; that all ecclesiastical assemblies should be presided over by laymen, and that the sending of Peter's Pence to Rome by the faithful Catholics of Venice should be in future discontinued. That the Soverign Pontiff could even listen to such proposals, or by silence seem to acquiesce in them, was, of course, impossible; nevertheless he exhausted every normal means of bringing about an amicable accommodation before. At length he, on the seventeenth of April, 1606, pronounced sentence of excommunication on the Doge, Senate, and Government of Venice, and further, in the event of their continuance in the attempt to subvert the ancient laws and usages, laid an interdict upon all churches within their realms. The clergy, regular and secular, were ordered to read the Bull to their congregations and to have it affixed to the doors of their churches.

When the arrival of this Bull and its purport came to the knowledge of the Senate, they issued stern prohibitions against its publication, and proclaimed severe punishments against those who should set their prohibition at defiance. Throughout the agitation leading up to these events, the Jesuits of Venice had been the earnest maintainers of the rights of the Church; the voices of the sons of St. Ignatius had been heard with no uncertain ring on behalf of justice, and therefore, when the Papal Brief reached them, in defiance of senatorial pains and penalties, they obeyed the commands of the Vicar of Christ, published his words in their portals, and reiterated them from their pulpits. The rulers of Venice, guided in this, as in most other of their evil acts, by the specious sophistry of Sarpi, determined to punish with exile and proscription the dauntless soldiers of the Church. They pretended to believe that the people and secular clergy were not indisposed to forsake the cause of the Pope, and would do so were the Jesuits compelled by the logic of force to desist from their propaganda of truth. They may have really believed this; if they ever did, they were soon undeceived, for the thesis maintained and sanctioned by men like Bellarmine, Mafei, and Aquaviva were not likely to have their truth extinguished by the exile of their local upholders; what was true in them, and in them was naught that was false, was apparent to the world, and defied the efforts of the wrong-doers. The

Doge and Senate had, however, embarked upon a course in which they were determined to persevere, and therefore their edict was issued banishing the Jesuits from the Venetian territories.

Thus it was that on the evening of the tenth of May, 1606, while the last rays of the setting sun were gilding campanile and column, that the people had congregated in and about the church of the Order. Men of every race and creed jostled one another in the crowded space before the building, for the government of the republic bade welcome to all who came to the city of St. Mark, save Roman priests. The Jew and Moor might come; Calvinist, Protestant, or Lutheran might come; the Jesuit only was to be barred. The soldiers of Venice were there, some of her nobles were there, armed and armored as for contest with the infidel; for, if the republic could not match the foreign foe, it could at least muster courage to aim a blow at God.

The Fathers said the Litanies together, and then came forth from the portals of their church carrying nought of their scanty common property but their breviaries and crucifixes, which latter they wore around their necks, "to show that Christ was with them." While the surging crowd pressed close upon them, and many of their flock, weeping, knelt for blessings and adieus, the Jesuits were hurried by the soldiers to the waiting gondolas, and borne away alike from faithful friends and tyrant enemies.

Sarpi spared no pains to prove justification for the governmental measure. Calumnies of the vilest kind against the persecuted Order were circulated and published, and heavy mulct and sentence of banishment was enacted against any dweller within the territories of Venice who should even correspond with one of them.

Within a year the Doge and Senate were glad to avail themselves of the mediation of Henri IV. of France, to make their peace with the Sovereign Pontiff, to abate their demands and repeal their anti-Catholic laws; but still stiff-necked and obdurate, they yet refused admission to their dominions to the sons of St. Ignatius. Pope Paul would have refused to withdraw the Interdict until the Jesuits were restored had not their then General, Father Claudius Aquaviva, induced him not to allow this question to prevent his concluding the peace which was of such paramount importance to the suffering Catholics of the Adriatic city.

Fifty years later the government of Venice recalled the Jesuits, but then the crown of the great Queen of the Ocean was broken; the strength was fled from her sword-arm; the ruin which the Marquis of Bedmar, the Spanish ambassador, had foretold for her so many years before, had come. The nobles of Venice were repentant when their doom had been pronounced. Now, Doge and Senate, and Council of Ten, are all past away and gone. Venice is but the shadow of its ancient self; its power and fame alike withered and lost; but the Society of Jesus, still militant, still suffers, and glorified by past and present sorrows, seems blessed with eternal strength.

Part III. next month.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

The Irish Monthly, Dublin.

THE twelfth day of December was the fifthieth anniversary of an important event which took place in Dublin, on December 12, 1831. On the morning of that day, Catherine McAuley made her religious profession and took the holy vows in the chapel of the Presentation Convent, George's Hill; and then, after an affectionate parting from the daughters of Nano Nagle, who had found her a docile and humble novice, she drove to the other side of the Liffey, to Baggot Street, where her Institute of Mercy had been working already since 1827, and where her own spiritual daughters were eagerly waiting to welcome home their young Mother. She had separated from them for a time, in order to be first schooled herself in the religious life, by the holy nuns of the Presentation. And now Nano Nagle's first ideal was realized, which was also the first ideal of St. Francis de Sales for the daughters of St. Jane Frances de Chantal, although he, too, had been obliged reluctantly to abandon it in deference to the prejudices of an age which could revere a cloistered Visitation Nun, but was not yet prepared for such a vocation as that of our Sisters of Mercy.

The celebration was not so much the feast of the Foundress as of the Order she founded; and we are, therefore, not called upon to tell here, even briefly, the personal story of Catherine McAuley. That is already a more than "twice-told tale." Mother Vincent Hartnett, of the Roscommon Convent of Mercy, wrote the first life, to which the Very Rev. R. B. O'Brien, Dean of Limerick, prefixed an eloquent introduction. A much fuller Life was published at New York, in 1866, of which the author is, we believe, Mother Austin Carroll, of the New Orleans Convent of Mercy. We should be greatly surprised to hear that there is no later edition than the original one which lies before us; for it is so lively in its style, and full of such graphic and interesting details, as to be one of the most entertaining pieces of biography we are acquainted with. Our readers will not be the less disposed to become its readers if we add that there are sundry expressions and sundry particulars in this American Life which would hardly pass a revising committee of Irish nuns sitting in solemn conclave. An excellent summary of Mrs. McAuley's life-work was given by Father Coleridge, S. J., in the *Month*, of February, 1866, under the title of "The First Sister of Mercy," which was afterwards published separately. Dean Gaffney, of Maynooth (who died a member of the Society of Jesus), also wrote in the *Dublin Review*, of January, 1847, a feeling and graceful memoir of his friend and spiritual daughter, the Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy.

Ten years only of personal service, and then forty years more of her share, a mother's share, in all the good done by her children, have brought us to this Golden Jubilee of her Order. Only fifty years! What immense labors have been gone through, what incalculable good has been done for souls, through that pious organization, which dates, as it were, its official and authorized existence from the twelfth of December just fifty years ago! "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay," says the poet; but the prose-writer takes the liberty of suggesting that this depends greatly on the particular Europeans of whom there may be question. Would that Europe's history contained many pages as really glorious as the record of Catherine McAuley's Sisterhood of Mercy during the first half-century of its existence just now completed! "To me," writes one of her daughters, "to me it seems almost miraculous that the Order will not be fifty years in existence till December 12, 1881; though, when I entered,

thirty-three years ago, it seemed an ancient Order, and I felt all the old sisters were saints. And here I am so long, and yet so far from sanctity."

The vocation of the Sister of Mercy commends itself even to those who estimate her functions by merely natural principles, and who have little faith in grace or prayer. She must, indeed, draw her strength from prayer and the hidden life; but, though she has chosen the better part, like Mary, she is allowed to be, like Martha, "solicitous about many things," or rather, like the divine Guest of those favored sisters, she is bound to "go about, doing good to all." A candid observer outside the Church has written that "it would be difficult to realize a sight more richly endowed with all the attributes of moral beauty than the labors and watchings of the Roman Catholic sisterhoods devoted to the regeneration of Ireland." Among these sisterhoods the most prominent place must be assigned to the Sisters of Mercy, in their rapid increase and their various efficiency.

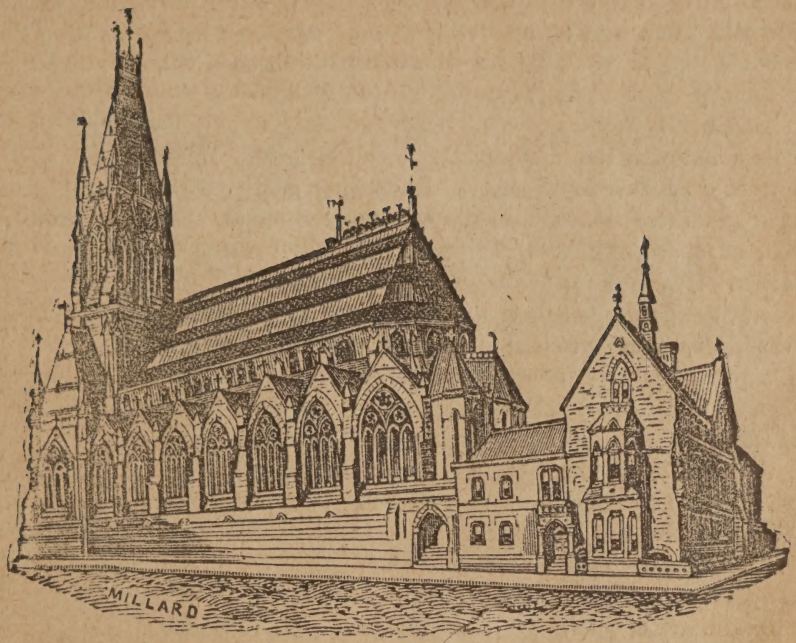
We all know with what marvellous increase God has blessed this Order, especially in the country which gave it birth. It flourishes also on English and Scottish soil, and in the Australian colonies, and wherever the Irish race is scattered. But naturally — for grace often works according to nature, as God is the Author of grace — naturally the Institute of Mercy has taken deepest root in its native Ireland, or rather in the *two* Irelands. In this dear old Ireland at home the sisters are doing their work in almost every town large enough to afford scope for their various ministries of mercy; while in the new Ireland beyond the Atlantic there are Convents of Mercy innumerable, springing up all across the vast Atlantic continent, from the Empire City to the Golden Gate.

Now every one of these hundreds of convents is a centre of good influences, affecting thousands and thousands of souls even beyond the circles with which only they seem to come in contact. In every one of these holy spots God's work is going on. They are instructing the children of the poor, visiting the bedside of the sick, doing good to the immortal soul while relieving the wants of the perishable body — giving a shelter to the servant out of place — where circumstances permit, establishing orphanages and hospitals, and, while aiming chiefly at keeping the innocent in their innocence, striving also to raise the fallen.

This is the blessed work that has been going on, year by year, for full fifty years already, each year extending its operations over a wider surface of this sinful world, ever since that twelfth morning of December, 1831, when the three first professed Sisters of Mercy, after their fervent thanksgiving in the little oratory of George's Hill Convent, which has lately given way to a more worthy and beautiful convent chapel, tore themselves away from the hospitable entreaties of the Presentation Nuns and hurried home to their own convent-home, which only on that day began to deserve that name. Into what a wide-spreading tree the mustard-seed has grown! In 1866, there were 212 Convents of Mercy. Have the fifteen years since then brought the number up to or beyond the three hundred? Which would 10 or 15 be the fairest average to allot to each community? But we shall not attempt this "religious census," and still less shall we presume to calculate the results which are known to God and His angels.

With God's blessing, which has been poured out so copiously on Catherine McAuley's humble enterprise, His glorious work will go on for hundreds and hundreds of years after future generations of the Sisters of Mercy shall have celebrated the centenary and tercentenary of this pious and beneficent institute, of which, on the twelfth of December, 1881, was celebrated the golden jubilee.

Laus Deo, Virginique Matri!



NEW CHURCH

OF

SS. AUGUSTINE AND JOHN,

JOHN STREET, DUBLIN.

THE AUGUSTINIANS OF DUBLIN AND THEIR NEW CHURCH.

Before native perf[illegible] or alien avarice prompted the desecration of the independence of Irelan[illegible]ere yet the foot of Norman invader polluted the soil of the Isle of [illegible]nts, Dublin possessed many celebrated and magnificent ecclesiastical [illegible]tions, many justly famous monastic institutions; but as foreign invasi[illegible] foreign rule in those earlier days at least did not mean all those t[illegible] which they were to symbolize and to work in later ones, as England[illegible]reland, however otherwise divided, were at all events one in faith, it f[illegible]d that in the beginning of English or Norman domination the Religi[illegible]louses of Dublin were rather fostered and protected; fostered and pro[illegible], it is true, in a narrow and jealous spirit which was scarcely Catholic, [illegible]nevertheless carefully guarded, honored, and increased in numbers.

Almost the first of the Religious foundations made in Dublin under her new masters was that of the Friars Hermit of the Order of St. Augustine. It owed its origin to the munificence and piety of one of the Talbot family. This monastery stood on the site of the present Crow Street, and its grounds extended to the borders of the Liffey. It was justly famous as a seat of learning, and was the general college and novitiate of the Irish branch of the great Augustinian Order. Here, during many years, zealous priests prayed and preached and taught; hence flowed all those manifold blessings which, ever as from fertilizing fountains, came forth in beneficent and ceaseless streams from the monastic institutions of Catholicity. At last, however, things were to be changed. Tudor greed and lust availing itself of the excuses of tyranny, permitted and proclaimed the plundering of God's priests and poor. The community by the banks of the Liffey was broken up and dispersed. No more within the ancient walls of their convent was to be heard the sanctifying cadence of litany or hymn. No more was their belfry to sound the call to Mass or Angelus; nay, the very faith they had lived for they were now to die for, or, if in the inscrutable ways of God their lot was life, it was only that they might suffer the more terrible martyrdom of seeing profanation and pollution in holy places; of beholding the faith they loved despised and hated. Every student of Irish history knows the story of Ireland and Ireland's faith during the years of persecution; how Stuart followed Tudor, and Puritan after Stuart; how, yet again, Stuart was succeeded by Orange and by Guelph, with never a change in the dread monotony of tyranny and bigotry; how

> They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
> To sell the priest and rob the sire;
> Their dogs were taught alike to run
> Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
> Among the poor,
> Or on the moor,
> Were hid the pious and the true—
> While traitor knave,
> And recreant slave,
> Had riches, rank, and retinue.

Such was the fiery ordeal which amalgamated in dissoluble union Ireland and Catholicity, which made the possession their olden faith the best and proudest boast of Irishmen; for assured, t which gives most hope of a glorious future for their motherland is Sai llection of the centuries' long adherence to the twin loves of fait erec tionality of their olden race; of that fidelity, at home and in exil n or as made the Irish race the very Hebrews of Christianity, and earn ings eternal and glorious renown. and

That Ireland was never without her Augus ollowe in the darkest and most terrible hours of persecution, goes, o ous H out the saying; but it is not generally known that even at such tected same Augustinians possessed, in the very heart of the city of L but nvent and church which they could call their own. Strange a lential though it

may seem, it is nevertheless strictly true that, when the penal laws were being most rigidly enforced, when a price was set on the head of every Catholic priest, when they were being hunted down like veritable wild beasts, when the safest homes of those who bore holy tonsure were the mossy bogs of Connaught, or the heather-clad sides of the Galtees, then the Augustinians of Dublin, protected, beyond doubt, by some special and marvellous interposition, held possession of the very site whereon, at the present day, stands their new convent. It would seem as if they settled in this place during the reign of James the Second, in that period when the seeming promise of tranquillity and toleration induced the Jesuits and other religious orders to found colleges and houses in Dublin. Be this as it may, it is certain, at all events, that here they were settled when Ware was composing his "Antiquities of Ireland," during the Commonwealth; and here they remained under the bloody sway of Cromwell, through the reign of the dangerously feeble-hearted Catholic Charles the Second, the scarcely less dangerously foolish James the Second, and on through that terrible later period when the Protestant oligarchy, the English garrison of the day, made laws and persecuted at their own bad will.

If ever an Order amongst all those to whom Ireland owes so much had a deep and lasting claim upon the hearts of the Irish people at home and abroad, assuredly it is that of St. Augustine; for when one remembers all that we have hurriedly tried to recall, and, further, thinks of the little "Mass house" hidden away at the end of St. John's Street, in St. John's Lane, of the early Mass stolen to, in fear and trembling, by a faithful congregation, and calls up, in the mind's eye, the scene within the poor stable-like chapel, or again pictures that most sad and touching of all the pictures of those woful days, the "sick call" of the penal times, can they doubt it? Think of it, think of it, and who will deny the gratitude of the Irish people to the Fathers of the Order of St. Augustine? It is therefore only necessary, we know full well, to point to the drawing which heads this brief article, and to remind our readers that these good priests need funds to finish the noble edifice to whose grand proportions our poor woodcut does scant justice.

This magnificent building, with the adjoining convent, will, when finished, be one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. Its erection and partial completion is due to the untiring zeal and ceaseless efforts of the justly honored and esteemed Prior, the Very Rev. William Walshe, D.D., O. S. A., its design and architectural beauty to his suggestions and the great genius of him who stands first amongst the masters of ecclesiastical architecture, — George Ashlin, of Dublin. Much, however, remains necessary before the temple can be held completed; a pressing debt lies heavy on the work accomplished; much more remains to be erected before it will be fully worthy of the faith from which it has sprung, of the God in whose honor it is reared.

The Irish people, sea-divided and scattered, have many claims upon them

now, claims which they are meeting in a fitting and proper manner; but they have never forgotten, they never will forget, that, stripped of its association with Catholicity, their history were but a poor and barren one; they will ever remember, as they have ever remembered, that fidelity to faith which has illumined the darkest pages of their olden records, that Church which has ever blessed them in their triumphs and consoled them in their defeats. Surely, then, it is needless, as we say, to do more than point to the picture which heads these words, to recall the facts we have hurriedly recounted, to induce all of Irish race and birth or blood to contribute freely towards the noble work in whose aid we write. We feel so certain of this, that we hardly deem it requisite to add the following paragraph, taken from a circular which has reached our hands: —

"The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered up once a week for all subscribers and collectors, and a *Memento* made in all the other Masses throughout the year for the same pious intention. Prayers, suffrages, and Masses will be offered up forever by the Augustinian Fathers for all benefactors, both living and dead."

Think of that: "Prayers, suffrages, and Masses will be offered up forever by the Augustinian Fathers for all benefactors, both living and dead;" and think you, of Irish birth or blood, now far distant from the green shores of Erin, that these will be offered up for you in Ireland; in that Ireland, the persecuted and the loved; in Ireland, the fair and devastated; in that Ireland which you love and hope for; that fair motherland whose brows you will yet crown with the diadem of freedom.

We have written without their knowledge, but we know we are at liberty to say that contributions may be forwarded to the Very Rev. Peter Crane, O. S. A., St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, to the Very Rev. Doctor Staunton, O. S. A., of St. Augustine's, Philadelphia, or to the Very Rev. Joseph Coleman, O. S. A., Villa Nova College, Pa.

A GOOD EDITOR.

A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet, — born, not made. On the London daily papers all the historians, novelists, poets, essayists, have been employed, and nearly all have failed. We might say all, for after a display of brilliancy brief, but grand, they died out literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said a late editor of the *Times* to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for us, but very seldom one of common sense." The "thunderers" on the *Times*, therefore, have, so far as we know, been men of common sense. Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Bulwer and Disraeli failed; Barnes, Sterling and Phillips succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper. He reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters and combines; and to do all this well he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing, to edit a paper is another.

MOLLY VAUGHAN: SEQUEL OF AN EVICTION IN IRELAND.

The time and scene have changed. It was a sultry day, about twelve months after the disappearance of Molly Vaughan; the very air seemed in a fever; its breath was burning.

In the drawing-room of a small house, situated in a fashionable street of London, sat Mrs. Blindley. She was the daughter of an Irish magistrate, who, though in no wise distinguished in the crowds of London society, was a county magnate in Clare. He had married into an old but impoverished family; and then, like a spoiled child of good fortune, thought himself bound to forget that his grandfather once dealt very humbly in tallow. He affected a patronizing air towards his brother magistrates; many of them resented this openly, but others, of superior judgment and sense, were merely amused at the vulgar ambition of Mr. O'Byrne. Death soon visited his house. His wife died, leaving him an only child, in whose growing features could be discerned the refined and striking beauty of her mother.

Many years after the death of his first wife, Mr. O'Byrne contracted another aristocratic alliance, which was followed by the birth of one child, also a daughter. The elder girl, Charlotte, was about fifteen years older than her step-sister Julia.

Mr. O'Byrne's views with regard to his daughters' future were very aspiring indeed. So determined was he on giving them to rich and well-born husbands, that he did not hesitate to live up to, nay, beyond, the limit of his income. In view of their future position, it was essential, in his opinion, that his daughters should understand that they were destined for wealth and dignity; and that their chief aim should be to win, not necessarily the love, but the favor and homage of rich and aristocratic suitors.

Mr. O'Byrne's elder daughter took very kindly to her father's arrangements; and nature, to a certain extent, was a consenting party. Charlotte was striking in appearance; she was tall, and of a stately figure. Her dark eyes were of unusual brilliancy; and, with natural grace, she had a swan-like manner of poising her head. In short, it was easy to fancy her a countess, difficult to think of her as a mere wife. Mentally, too, Charlotte was eminently qualified for an exalted station as a worldling. Whilst she was not much burdened with vulgar or commonplace ability, she had a most decided talent for self-adornment, and an enviable aptitude for acquiring every grace and accomplishment that could shine on the surface of her character. Few are safe from the venom of envious tongues, and Miss O'Byrne was no exception to the rule. When undergoing, as she often did, a little vivisection at the hands of the county Clare ladies, they certainly cut below the surface, and discovered, or pretended to discover, things that were carefully concealed from society and the world. Her costumes, which, in truth, were models of taste and elegance, were pronounced totally out of place. Her gracefully easy attitudes were condemned as theatrical; and a few of the old school of matrons affirmed that she lacked the truest attribute of a lady,—the power of making all with whom she came in contact perfectly at ease with her and with themselves.

When eighteen years of age, Charlotte commenced to go into society, but her father frequently stated he would not allow his daughter to marry until she had completed her twentieth year. Perhaps this fiat deterred many an admirer. Certain it is that, at the end of the stipulated time, no one asked Mr. O'Byrne to

change his mind, or approached Charlotte as a suitor. Years passed away, and though she reigned the acknowledged beauty of the county, her position threatened to become one of permanent celibacy.

It was sarcastically said that Miss O'Byrne was too cultivated for her countrymen. Her studied grace of manner, her beautifully modulated voice, and her clever combinations in dress were disregarded; while girls with untrained and ruffled hair, with ringing laugh, and even dowdy costumes, made brilliant matches, and said good-by to the homes of girlhood.

When in her twenty-sixth year an event occurred which marked an epoch in Charlotte's life. Her stepmother died. After a short period Mr. O'Byrne, having heavily mortgaged his property, brought his favorite daughter to London, and had her presented at court. For two seasons her mother's cousin, Lady Damerton, took pleasure in acting as her chaperon. The speculation on which so much was staked ended in failure, and in a return to Clare. A few months afterwards, Charlotte O'Byrne was quietly married to Mr. Blindley, a gentleman of considerable property, and agent to Lord Emervale, an Irish absentee landlord. There was some whispered talk of an attachment formed in London, and of angry scenes between the father and daughter; but those who knew Charlotte best were incredulous as to it. They could not believe that she would have accepted Mr. Blindley if she could have made a better match, or that she would have refused him for a poorer man. In her estimation, marriage was not a matter of the affections.

For seven or eight years Mr. and Mrs. Blindley lived quietly at their residence in the country. The ambition of Charlotte had been broken by disappointment, or at least for a while subdued. The agent thought himself most fortunate in having won an eligible wife, whereas, in fact, he had had no rival in the struggle for her hand. Charlotte neither liked nor disliked her husband, but she prudently managed him and made him sufficiently happy. The men who are managed with discretion often fare better in some ways than those who are most loved.

Years passed away, and Mr. O'Byrne died much in debt, and without leaving any provision for his younger daughter. She was adopted by some of her mother's relatives who lived in Dublin, but every year she spent some months with her sister in the county of Limerick.

The sisters were unlike in mind, manner, and appearance. Julia O'Byrne was a middle sized, tiny-limbed, fair-haired girl. Her hair twined and twisted itself into a thousand little rings, around a piquant, pretty, faulty face, not handsome, but certainly lovely in its fascinating power.

Julia had enjoyed few of her sister's advantages. At her mother's death she was left very much without restraint, and, in obedience to her nature, she developed into a kind of sunbeam, with radiating influence much too bright for the conventionalities of civilized society. Under these circumstances grew up what, according to Mrs. Blindley, was her sister's most fatal defect, namely, an extreme attachment for the peasantry, and an unfailing sympathy with their wants and grievances.

Julia grew, as Charlotte expressed it, hardened in her iniquity; and, gayly laughing at her foster mother's assurance that "she could coax the birds off the bushes with her wheedling ways," she did not seek her sister's approbation by toning down her exuberance of manner. After the death of her father, circumstances continued unfavorable to her progress in that artificial refinement which the world of fashion looks for in women. The aunts with whom she then went to reside held some

good, old-fashioned notions with regard to the duties of the gentry towards the people. They often said that "every landlord should give good example as well as sound precept to his tenantry, and that neither of these would be disregarded if properly put before the Irish peasantry." Julia had now completed her twentieth year, and she was, to use her own words, a confirmed radical upon the question of Irish land tenure.

There was not much exchange of confidence between the sisters on any subject, and though Charlotte strongly suspected that Julia's sympathies were altogether with the people, the subject was one that they mutually and tacitly refrained from discussing.

Mr. Blindley was rapidly becoming unpopular in Limerick. The people began to talk with warmth about some evictions he had directed Gilligan to carry out. His wife became alarmed; and therefore, leaving the bailiff to perform these unpleasant duties, he thought a sojourn in London advisable, as it would combine pleasure with safety.

There was yet another reason for the change: Lord Emervale was very young; he had only recently come of age. The agent felt that his management of the property had not been judicious, and he feared the consequences if Lord Emervale were to meet with truthful and experienced advisers. Rumors had already reached him of a threatened petition from the tenantry to their landlord, inviting him to visit his property, and make a personal inquiry into their grievances. Mr. Blindley positively shuddered at the idea of the young nobleman falling into the hands of "the clever scoundrels," as he declared the agitators to be. It behooved him, therefore, to be in London at the critical moment, to offer plausible and apparently valuable advice to his inexperienced master.

Charlotte warmly approved of her husband's plan. It ran parallel with her own plots and reviving ambition. She had read many of Lord Emervale's letters. They impressed her as having been written by an impulsive, generous, soft-hearted man, just the one to fall in love with any young and sparkling girl into whose society he should be much thrown. Experience had convinced Mrs. Blindley that her sister's beautiful waywardness was most attractive. Men like mortal wives; few ambition an amour with Diana. She determined to bring Julia to London, where she would have ample opportunities of meeting Lord Emervale. It was here the scheme threatened to break down. Charlotte dared not be frank with her sister. She knew there would be very little chance of her plot being successful, if Julia were aware of it; so she wisely kept her plans to herself.

Her hopes were speedily realized; for, soon after their arrival in London, Lord Emervale called on them, and seemed fascinated by the natural gracefulness of Julia. His visits were frequently repeated, and began to be part of the business of his life. At their first meeting, Julia charmed him; at each succeeding interview the feeling grew stronger, and after a short time he became Romeo to Juliet.

The Blindleys were very fond of the theatre, and so was Lord Emervale. Many a night he sat by Julia's side, and their hearts were stirred by the love scene acted before them. The box they occupied was their stage, and they ere long became hero and heroine to each other.

At times, they stood by the open window in the gathering dusk, she telling him, over and over again, stories of her life in Ireland. The great theme between the lovers was their common country. The girl never tired when speaking of the peasantry, their good-nature and hospitality; their poverty and cheerful-

ness, their gentleness, till despair drove them to deeds that man should, in a measure, excuse, though he could not approve. Drawing herself up to the full height of her tiny stature, with gleaming eyes, and flushed cheeks, she railed against the cruelty of many landlords, and the tyranny often exercised by Government through a Parliament where landlords legislate for their own interests. As she thus declaimed, she looked the most captivating little demagogue imaginable.

Lord Emervale did not try to answer her arguments. He was sometimes amused, sometimes thoughtful, and always tender and loving to her. The versatile girl was a capital mimic, and could assume as broad a brogue as any heard in Clare. By means of this talent she artlessly emphasized a thousand droll sayings and touching episodes of peasant life in Munster.

Was it to be wondered at that the young man's love for his country grew with his love for his charming compatriot, or that, when he obtained the desire of his heart, in response to his earnest suit to her to become his wife, she asked him to live in Ireland, and study for himself the wants and the characters of the tenantry, to whom he was even still a personal stranger? He promised to do this, and whilst he made her happy by the promise, he felt a glow of satisfaction at the thought that in thus pleasing his affianced wife he would be also fulfilling a heaven-given duty.

All this was gall and wormwood to Charlotte. She had many things to make her anxious and uncomfortable. Mr. Blindley had been delighted to hear of Lord Emervale's engagement to his sister-in-law. His wife now wondered would he be as pleased when he found in what direction Julia's influence would be likely, nay, certain, to be used.

On this sultry July forenoon, when the lovers had gone for a drive, she sat in her drawing-room, trying to hope that she would be able to modify her sister's ideas; and, failing to assure herself of success, she waxed warm, and paced the room in evident ill-humor. Whilst thus occupied, Mr. Blindley broke in on her solitude.

"All alone, Charlotte? Turtle doves billing and cooing, eh?"

He was favored with a hurried gesture of assent.

"I am glad you are alone, my dear. I have been dreadfully worried this morning, and I want to talk things over with you. The fact is, I had a chat with that young cub, Emervale, about business, and I had enough to do to keep my temper."

"Why?" coolly, but with a certain amount of restrained interest that made the monosyllable flattering.

"Well, I had to consult him, or rather he asked me, about an ejectment process that I had ordered Gilligan to proceed with. You know Bourke's farm adjoining the back shrubbery; it would have been a capital addition to our grounds. My lord actually treated me to an oration on the duties of landlords, the peoples' poverty, the badness of the times, and a lot in the same strain. I told him I know the people better than he does; that they are a discontented lot, who would idle and grumble, even if they had the land for nothing; and that if he was unwise enough to be caught by their soft stories, they would simply laugh in their sleeves at him afterwards."

"And what did he say to that?" inquired Charlotte.

"Oh! he mounted the high horse; became dramatic; said he preferred to be ridiculed for being too merciful, rather than be accountable for harshness. The interview ended by my telling him that if he had determined to lose a third of his income, it was no concern of mine. I tell you what, Charlotte, if I cannot get some of the farms that are out of lease, I will never be able to keep my head above

water. I am not reproaching you; but those diamonds and sables of yours crippled me more than ever this year. You must speak to your sister. I blame her a good deal for this nonsense on the part of Emervale. Make her understand that his income cannot possibly keep up an establishment in London, if he gives himself to these quixotic notions. This will bring her to her senses very quickly. We must keep Emervale in good humor until I manage to secure the farms I want. The tenants offered fines for renewals of the leases, but I told them they must give up possession at once."

Charlotte doubted that Julia could be persuaded to think and act as Mr. Blindley would wish her to do; but she dared not give expression to her thoughts. She felt relieved when her husband saw the lovers at the street-door. Mr. Blindley left the room hurriedly, in order to avoid a meeting, which he knew could not tend in any way to further his plans.

In a few minutes Lord Emervale and Julia entered the room; and, at the first glance, Charlotte saw that something unusual had occurred. Lord Emervale hastened to explain. They had met with a slight accident, but Charlotte need not be alarmed about Julia; she was not in the least hurt, though very much frightened. When driving through Regent Street, the ponies were startled by a barrel-organ. They became unmanageable, and, though in the end he succeeded in controlling them, he unfortunately had not been able to do so before they had thrown, and seriously injured, a woman who happened to be crossing the street at the time.

Mrs. Blindley seemed relieved, as if the event were a trifling one compared with what she had anticipated.

Julia noticed and replied to her look. "If your heart were of stone you would have been saddened if you had been in my place, Charlotte, listening to her screams and curses, and hearing the ponies' hoofs beating against her head. Oh! it was horrible," said the girl, shuddering at the memory, and covering her face with her hands.

"And how did it end?" asked Mrs. Blindley of Lord Emervale.

"Sadly enough," he replied. "When the ponies were at last checked, I got out. The woman lay on the ground perfectly insensible, and I fear she has been much injured. Her head was dreadfully bruised and cut. I made some inquiries, but no person could tell me anything about her. As she was being carried to the hospital, I gave my card to the cabman, with directions to have her placed in a private ward, and to say that I would be responsible for any expenses incurred on her behalf. The poor creature must have every possible care."

"You will go at once, and see how she is, Edward," said Julia, rising. "I shall be very anxious until I hear that there is hope of her recovery. Fancy! she may be dead now!" and the girl's face paled at the thought of what she feared.

When Lord Emervale left the room, Mrs. Blindley's assumed calmness vanished. It seemed as if the small ill-humors which she was generally careful to repress, were now let loose, to add to the fury of her first passion. Her usual discretion seemed to have deserted her. In no measured terms, she accused her sister of wilful unkindness in working against her husband's interests as agent. She warned her to prevent Lord Emervale from lowering his rents; adding, that if he gave a reduction, the money that of right belonged to him would be spent in public-houses by the farmers, or on ribbons and feathers by their wives.

Julia listened quietly to her sister's angry tirade. When she saw that Mrs. Blindley had ended, she crossed the room, and, pausing at the door, simply said:

"To the many unkind things you have said of myself, I shall make no

reply, Charlotte. I know you will regret them when you shall have ceased to be angry. But I must defend my poor friends, whom you have grievously misrepresented. I fail to see why we, who so often exceed our incomes by wasteful expenditure on diamonds and entertainments, should be so hard upon them for spending a little on feathers and ribbons. With their lights, can they be blamed if some among them follow the example we set them in extravagance?" Without waiting for a reply, she left the room.

Late in the evening Lord Emervale came back with his report from the hospital. The injured girl had remained several hours insensible from concussion, but she was now quite conscious. There was a deep cut on her head, with fracture of the bone, which made it necessary to have her kept perfectly quiet, lest inflammation of the brain or of its membranes should set in. Finally the house surgeon promised to let him know the earliest date on which visitors would be allowed to see the patient.

Several days passed, and favorable progress was made by the sufferer. At last a day was fixed for their visit, and as Lord Emervale included Mrs. Blindley in the arrangement, she thought it would be unwise to dissent.

On arriving at the hospital, the nurse showed them to the private ward where the sick girl lay. She was lying on her back, her head slightly propped up with pillows. One hand, which was flung outside the clothes, was nervously playing with a crease in the coverlet. Her face was a little flushed, and was so thin that the bones were harshly prominent, while the large dark eyes seemed unnaturally brilliant and somewhat fierce.

As the visitors came towards the bed, the patient started, and quickly fixed her eyes on Mrs. Blindley; and there was something in their questioning stare that made her feel as if they were the eyes of a serpent, fascinating before striking its victim. Mrs. Blindley would have fled from the ward, had she dared to do so.

Julia stood at the side of the bed, and gently taking the wasted hand in hers, she asked the suffering girl if she were better, and told her how sorry she was to have been the indirect cause of her accident. The girl swiftly removed her eyes from one sister, to fix them on the other; and though at first their expression had been insolent as well as fierce, the face that now looked into hers was so full of love and pity, that her eyes quailed, and softened a little.

"Who are you?" she asked, sharply, and with an accent that caused Julia to start, and draw nearer to her, with increased interest; "who are you?" the girl again said, with terrible earnestness. "Oh! don't tell me you're anythin' to *her*," pointing to Charlotte.

Julia turned to her sister, but, seeing that Mrs. Blindley seemed even more shocked than herself, she bent over the girl and gently explained that she was the lady who had been in the phaeton on the day of the accident, and that she must be mistaken in thinking she knew her sister.

The girl started up, and would have continued in a sitting posture, but the nurse gently forced her back on the pillow. Her face lit up with recognition and the wildest hatred; she glared at Mrs. Blindley, and hissed:

"I knows her, an' she ought to know me. I'm Molly Vaughan, granddaughter of the ould man that her husband, the agint, murdered. Do ye know me *now?*" she screamed, bursting into a peal of savage laughter, as she noticed a look of horror creeping over Charlotte's face.

Yes! Mrs. Blindley knew the name but two well; and her breathing quickened with terror of the revelations which she knew were coming.

Appealing to Lord Emervale, with blanched face, she begged of him to take her away, and to save her from the ravings of a madwoman.

The young man had not time to reply. The instant Charlotte ceased speaking, the girl answered her:

"You lie. I'm no more mad nor you are, but you know 'twould be little wondher if I wor. An' so this is the young landlord. I'm glad of it. I'll have me rivenge here, as well as in the other world, afther all. Will you listen to me, sir? I know you will; you look good and kind, loike the purty lady at your side. I'm sure you won't have the heart to refuse to hear a poor dyin' girl's story."

Not waiting for a reply, and waving off the nurse who tried to prevent her from speaking, she continued:

"Me grandfather had a farm from your honor's father. Before the ould lord died the lase ran out, an' the agint rose the rint. We worked as hard as we could, late an' early, to make inds meet; but the times got bad, an', in spite of us, we owed a couple of gales. The bailiff was loike the agint, a hard, grindin' man; he set his eye on our bit of land, an' he sthrove to get it by foul manes, when I refused to give it an' meself to him in marriage. The long an' the short of it was, he got us served with an ejectment. Oh, lady!" (looking at Julia, who was sobbing loudly,) "if you knew how we struggled to keep the bit of ground! We sould our last cow, an' I parted with me little pet pig, that I bought out of what me flock of turkeys brought me. Hard enough it was to rear thim same turkeys. I used to get up at the break of day, to have nettles cut for them, before me work would begin; an' shure, in spite of all, half the clutch died on me. I took the rest up to the big house, an' the agint's cook tould me they were too dear entoirely, an' she only gave me half what I axed for thim. Well I bought me little pig with what I got; an' sure wasn't I the happy girl whin I saw it thrivin'. Many a day I stood up hungry from me dinner for its sake; I used to cut nearly all the praties away, rather than lave the crathur without a plintiful mess. The pig was me own, sir, an' shure I was for six months plannin' a new gown an' hat, that the pig would buy me, but I sold her whin we were served with the notice; an' 'twas no use afther all. I couldn't keep the money for the rint; we had nothin' to ate; an' how could I let the ould man starve? Nothin' could save us; we were turned out by the ordhers of the agint, an' me grandfather died with his arms around the door-post.

"No wondher she'd say I was mad," said the girl, after a pause, with a menacing gesture at Charlotte, "I was nearly out of me mind thin. I ran away from the priest, who tould me to pray an' bear me throuble; an' I swore I'd murder Blindley. I lay for a day an' a night hidin'. On the second evenin' I thried to keep me oath. I saw the agint walk over to another farm of his; I knew 'twould be near dark when he'd be comin' back. There was a bit of the road cut through a hill, an' there was a kind of bank on each side; I got up on the top of one, with some big stones I meant to fling on his head; so, crouchin' down, I lay in wait for him. Peepin' over the bush, I saw he was just below me; I raised the stone in me two hands, an', God help me, me heart got faint, an' I couldn't do it. If ye knew how I hated an' despised meself as soon as he passed. I called meself a mane coward for sparin' him, who had no mercy on me grandfather. Well, I left the townland in hot haste, an', pledgin' a few little things I had in a bundle, I made me way to London."

While Molly had been speaking, her eyes were fixed on Lord Emervale, as if to him was addressed the story of her wrongs. He had felt very uneasy while listening to the

girl, as he feared so much talking would injure her. The nurse and Julia now joined him in advising her to allow them to leave her. They promised to come again the next day, and hear all she had to say; but, when Molly saw them move towards the door, her excitement became so awful, that the nurse begged of the visitors to stay. They did so, and she hastened to search for the surgeon.

Then, turning to Mrs. Blindley, the sick girl continued, in low and husky tones: "I want to tell you what your husband's cruelty made me. I'm a fallen woman!"

Charlotte drew a step farther away from the bed; Julia stroked the poor wounded head.

"Yes, a fallen woman," shrieked Molly; "I'm that; an' I want to tell you why. Maybe you think 'twas hunger? Sorra bit of it. Whin I came to London, I faced a servant's office, an' put in a notice with me last half-crown; but nobody would hire me. One said I'd spile the children's way of spakin'; another tould me she wouldn't have a Paptist; an' the last I wint to, said she'd have nothin' to do with the dirty Irish. I won't shock the sweet young lady" (here she glanced at Julia) "by spakin' of the timptations for poor, hungry girls, in this big city; but, though they wor many, I held out bravely, and I got a few shillings from one lady for doin' the work of her sick servant. I used to look in at the bakers' windows, feelin' as if there was a wolf inside of me; yet 'twasn't want that dhrove me to me ruin. One could day I was passin' a chapel; I wint in, as I knew it was the only place I wouldn't be turned out of. The priest was prachin' on good example, an', said he, 'on the last day, anyone through whom a human soul is lost will meet a dreadful judgment.' The devil timpted me at that moment, an' I felt a kind of wild joy in me heart. If I had no justice to get in this world, I saw a way of havin' it in the next. I ran from the chapel. I tried to pray, but me hatred was stronger than the prayer. That night I became what I am."

The unfortunate girl sank back exhausted from the wild excitement that shook her.

Very different emotions thrilled her three listeners. "God pity and forgive her, Edward," sobbed the young girl; to which her lover answered, "We will do our best to undo the wrong that has been done, my darling."

Mrs. Blindley moved towards the door, and sternly asked Lord Emervale if he "thought it right to let his future wife listen to the history of an abandoned woman."

Molly caught the words of the last speaker; and if the girl's face was passionate before, it became demoniac in its expression now. A fearful curse broke from her lips, and she sat upright, glaring at Mrs. Brindley. "What!" she said, not loudly, as before, but in a tone of suppressed hatred, that was horrible to listen to, "do ye mane to jibe me? I'm abandoned, am I? If I am, so are you. We both sould ourselves to get a livin'. You did it in could blood, but I refused till driven to it by despair. 'Twas no crime in you, the agint's wife, to waste money coined out of our hearts' blood; though I heard you blamed us for wearin' a dasent gown on a Sunday, earned with many a drop of sweat. One law for the rich an' another for the poor. How are the poor to live an' save their souls, whin you an' the loike of you lave thim only sin an' the workhouse to live by? May you, an' him that owns you, never have a happy hour, livin' or dead! May ye have no more comfort than I have whin ye come to be dyin' as I am; an' tell the agint that though I let him escape me whin I waited for him in this world, there's no fear I'll let him go when he's in my power in the next."

While Molly was hissing out her

wild curse Mrs. Blindley fled from the room. Julia knelt beside the bed, looking up into the girl's face, with streaming eyes. She implored of her to forgive, and to pray to heaven for forgiveness. She got chilled with fear, at a change which she saw creeping over the now pallid face of Molly, who still spoke and gesticulated wildly, but it was with the wildness of delirium.

Julia rose and hid her face on her lover's shoulder. The nurse now returned with the doctor; Lord Emervale tried to give him a hurried explanation, but the doctor saw at a glance what had happened. He busied himself with the suffering girl, and Lord Emervale gently drew his bethrothed from the ward.

Silence was not broken during the drive to Mrs. Blindley's house. Lord Emervale stayed for some time, trying to soothe Julia, whose nerves were totally unstrung by the horrible scene she had witnessed. Paling and flushing alternately, struggling to keep back the tears, which would not be repressed, she, now and then, broke into fits of hysterical sobbing. When she had become a little calm, Lord Emervale left the house, expressing a hope that he would be able to bring good news from the hospital in the morning.

But the morning brought news that he feared would fasten the awful scene for ever in Julia's memory. Molly was dead. The frightful curse, still ringing in his ears, were the last sane words the girl had uttered. For some hours after they had left the hospital she had raved of her early life, fancying herself back at the spot of ground she had loved so well. She struggled to get up, saying she should get her grandfather's dinner ready; and, by many a pitiful womanly saying, she proved how pure must have been her mind before injustice, and, let us hope, madness, drove her to sin. Towards midnight, effusion, the result of inflammation, set in. Before morning poor Molly was gone from the world she had found so harsh, and the strong man's heart was filled with awe and remorse, as he remembered that, notwithstanding her sufferings, the last hours and the death of Molly Vaughan made up a fearful chapter in her short life.

As soon as Julia recovered from the shock which she had received, Lord Emervale prevailed on her to fix an early date for their marriage. She did so, gladly, as she shared her lover's wish to go amongst his tenantry, and his anxiety to repair the injustice which absenteeism had rendered possible, and had caused. When Lord and Lady Emervale arrived at their home in the county Limerick, they received a warm welcome from their tenantry, many of these having already had experience of the young landlord's goodness. For a little while after his marriage Lord Emervale was made uncomfortable by his relations with Mr. Blindley. He was unwilling to quarrel with his wife's friends, but more unwilling to allow his brother-in-law to retain the agency. His suspense did not last long. Charlotte informed her sister that she did not care to return to Ireland, and that as she found the air of London was injurious to her health, she and her husband had decided to live on the Continent. Mr. Blindley wrote a letter of similar import to Lord Emervale, and tendered his resignation of the agency.

When Father O'Donnell called at the castle, Lady Emervale told him of poor Molly's fate. The good priest's grief was intense, when he heard of the wild way in which she had perverted her faith, and made it an instrument of her revenge.

'Tearfully and prayerfully the venerable priest confided the erring one to Him who refused to cast the first stone; and he prayed the God of mercy to remember the suffering and injustice that had wrecked the virtue and dethroned the reason of Molly Vaughan

The End.

THE HISTORY OF A PLANET.

Richard A. Proctor, F. R. A. S.

The lecturer commenced by briefly enunciating the theory of Laplace, according to which the entire solar system was originally a gaseous mass at a high temperature, from which each of the planets was in process of time developed by a contraction of the gaseous mass. The smaller the mass of the planets thus formed the quicker the power of evolving went on, so that in our system the moon was the first to reach an advanced stage of development, such that the sun has not yet attained; and so with the other planets,—the smaller their mass the higher the stage of development. To the supporting and explanation of this theory the lecturer devoted himself, and was aided in his exposition by a number of exceedingly well-painted lantern views thrown on a screen. In the first place, in order to give his hearers some conception of the manner in which this system had been formed, a number of pictures representing nebulæ, or more properly, star cloudlets, were shown. He would not say that these views represented really what had happened in the case of the solar system, but they represented something very like it, and gave clearly the effect of a great system in process of formation. Having reviewed the stages preceding the formation of a planet, the lecturer went on to the more particular history of each, beginning with the sun, to which he should give the name of a "baby world," as, notwithstanding its vastness, it was merely such as far as development went. The larger the planet is the greater the length of time it will take to cool. This would be easily shown by the experiment of heating a large and small iron ball to the same temperature; the smaller will cool much more rapidly, so that regarding the planets in this light Jupiter would require more time to cool than the earth, and the sun more time than Jupiter, and in this sense it is the youngest of the family, and will yet pass through the same stage and assume the same conditions as the earth, and we shall pass into a condition similar to that of the moon. Mr. Proctor then showed a number of pictures of sun spots, copies of those made by Secchi, Huggins, and others, and which go to show that the surface of the sun is a gaseous mass in a great state of commotion. This was further proved by the appearance of the sun when in a state of total eclipse, when we see masses of flame leaping out from the sun to a vast height. In addition to this is the solar corona, a gaseous mass extending round it, probably even to the limits of our system. The lecturer then proceeded to briefly explain the manner in which, by the aid of spectrum analysis, it has been ascertained beyond doubt that there is a oneness of structure in the entire solar system, and that the materials composing our earth are precisely the same as those which go to form all the other planets. A picture of our system was then shown, and Mr. Proctor showed that we can divide it into two great families—one of members of small dimensions, the Earth, Venus, Mars, Mercury, and the moon; the other of gigantic structure, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. If it were true that the larger the planet the slower the process of evolving and consequent development, then in Jupiter and Saturn we should see what our earth has come from, and in Mars and the moon what it will come to. The lecturer then considered the condition of Jupiter, and showed why it was to be concluded that it had an enormous gaseous envelope, which was subject to constant change and

contraction. The principal proof was to be found in the following fact: Some years ago Admiral Smythe desired to ascertain the exact moment at which one of Jupiter's moons, which was about to cross its face, would touch it. He saw the satellite approaching, and for a short time ceased observations. When he again looked at the planet he found that, to his surprise, the moon had apparently moved away from it; a similar observation was made by two other independent observers. Now the only probable explanation of this was to be found in the fact that the envelope of Jupiter had suddenly contracted. Mr. Proctor then spoke of Saturn, the conditions of which are much similar, and observed that at one period our earth, like these, was in a state of intense heat, and of much larger mass than at present. He then passed on to the planets, which are more nearly allied to the earth in the point of size. The first of these was Venus. It was about the same size and density as the earth, and, according to the theory, it might be expected to present similar conditions, and such is found upon examination to be the case. It has an atmosphere of about the same extent, has as large a water area, and in every respect appears similar to the earth. Mars is somewhat smaller, and we should expect that it would present a somewhat similar appearance to the earth. Such is the case, but we find that the extent of the land, when compared to that of water, is considerably greater than with us; the area of each is, in fact, the same in Mars. It would seem, indeed, that the older the planet is the more the water gets sucked up as it were into it. On the moon there is no water, but there are evident traces of its previous existence. The lecturer then proceeded to point out by means of pictures the resemblance between the earth and moon, and the evidence that the former had passed through a condition like our present; it now represents the last stage of a planet's history, absolute death. The lecturer then proceeded to the short discussion of some other theories, and he objected to its being said that the fact of so few of the solar planets being fit for the support of life should necessarily prove that there were not other worlds similar to ours inhabited, and considered that in the millions of other systems that exist there must be numberless bodies that have reached the same stage of development as the earth. If each planet, then, had its stages of preparation, life, and death, a time would come when the last would have died off. Can we conceive that this universe can escape death? We may, by supposing that it is simply a secondary universe. There is another lower than this, the æther, which pervades all space, and into which all our waste energies were passing. So we may renew our energies, and so on without end.

THE King of Abyssinia cuts off the noses of his subjects who take snuff, and the lips of those who smoke. The king is hated more than Theodore was. Cruel to a degree, he does not, however, take life. He cuts off the hands and feet of those who offend him. He puts out their eyes by pouring hot tallow into their ears. You can buy nothing without the king's order; and no one will shelter you without his order,—in fact no more complete despotism could exist.

HISTORICAL FACTS.—The first ship built in this country was *La Gavarra*, built in South Carolina by Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, in 1526, and blessed by a Catholic priest.

THE first who discovered the salt springs of Salina, N. Y., was the Jesuit Father le Moyne, in 1654.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

A Lecture delivered in the Town Hall, Malden, by Rev. Thomas Scully, of Cambridgeport, Wednesday Evening, September 14, 1881.

THE subject to which I have the honor to call your attention this evening is one of the very greatest importance, not only to the family, but also to the Church and State. If parental rights be made sacred by religion, and be protected by the civil power, then the school question would be properly regulated, and this great trinity of power—the home, the altar, and the State—would go hand in hand in the great work of Christianity, civilization and material progress. Unfortunately the very best part of our life seems to be ever spent in denying other men their rights, and in envying their merited success. And here comes the school difficulty. The State has gone outside of its legitimate functions, and by its might usurped the parent's right over the child, and disputed the mission of the church to teach. This school difficulty that is now happily being agitated, will, I trust, be kept before the public until all parties and all denominations are satisfied that their just claims are respected, and all the injustices that minorities now suffer are completely removed. The immense political power that now directs the education of the young, cannot be forced from its false position, without a patient and persistent stand by the people for the rights of every individual American citizen. Selfish partisans and bigots must be made to respect the natural, civil and religious rights of the humblest in the land. The machine politicians know full well how to cry "Mad Dog," "Liberty," "Independence," "Our American Institutions," etc., etc., when this gigantic source of political spoils is threatened, but whoever says that there is either liberty or independence in the present public school system, or that it is an American institution, simply declares what is absolutely untrue; for there is no liberty or independence in being compulsorily taxed for what you cannot in conscience use, and any American institution that is "Godless," is in direct opposition to the spirit of the Constitution of the United States, and is therefore most un-American. The people are taxed eighty millions of dollars annually for a "Godless system of education," and about one-quarter of the national assessments go to offer incense to this party idol. Each year more demands are made upon the public purse for schools. What are the results? Is the public satisfied? Is all this immense sum of eighty millions paid back to the people in the superior knowledge, industry and honesty of our boys, and the superior intelligence, modesty and retirement of our girls? Are the young now more obedient to their parents? Do they surpass the former generation in the knowledge of truth and in the practice of virtue? They are away behind in industry and economy. Every store-keeper will tell you so. In the battle of life, the boys from humble stations, from country farms and from the rural district log schoolhouse, lead them in every department of professional, mechanical and commercial enterprise. For the superior intelligence, modesty, retirement and virtue of the American female graduates of our public schools, the dying out of the New England element is a practical explanation. Parental authority is scouted as unworthy a free-born American. The minister of religion has no more his former influence over the young; and churches, Protestant as well as Catholic, are being every day more deserted. To add to the plunder, new

State reformatories for still greater depravity are called for every year. To supply the juvenile intellectual appetite, ton loads of immoral literature are daily sharpening the appetites of the young of both sexes for villany and crime. In the name of "literature," numerous club-rooms have lately been opened by boys, to which girls, too, are invited, for the study of the "Clipper," "Police Gazette," etc., and the mutual culture of the sexes. Every wholesome taste for good reading is nigh gone. The very filthiest sheets are sold to the very youngest child. The shelves of our city and town libraries are loaded down with novels and periodicals that are so poisoned that they cannot possibly be read without corrupting the young minds and hearts. The daily papers that have the largest circulation pander to the false taste and passions of the public, and become the willing accomplices of criminal professions. Their treacherous and inhuman advertisements allure many an unfortunate school graduate to a life that is full of shame, and to a murder and suicide that is full of torture. The most indecent disclosures that absolute truth even forbids, and in no way demanded by justice for the punishment of crime, are the intellectual spice demanded by a nation of public school graduates. These are facts, that if opened out must rival the culture of pagan Rome in immorality and inhumanity.

Unfortunately the present condition of our public schools affords no hope of improvement, and M. W. Hazen, (a Protestant American,) writes in very plain English in the *Journal of Education* of March 17, 1881, published in Boston:

"In their moral aspect, however, the schools are more vulnerable. Here are evils that are undermining their very foundations. It is not a question of Bible or no Bible, of Catholic or of Protestant influence, but rather of such positively immoral tendencies as make the public schools dangerous to the family, the State and the nation. This is not stating the case too strongly. In the constant association of all classes on the school playground, our boys and girls are exposed at the most susceptible age to the worst possible influences. When the low and vile mingle with the better class of children, it is the universal result that the worst influences prevail. In passing by the school-grounds in almost any city, one is shocked at the vile, obscene, and profane expressions that are heard on every side. The better class of people are rapidly withdrawing their children from some of the schools on this very account. Even the members of the school boards in some instances have done this. Nor is this evil confined to the cities. In a town of less than two thousand inhabitants, not far from Boston, the superintendent has been notified that several parents would be obliged to withdraw their children from the school for this very reason. It is impossible for parents to counteract this evil influence. Weeds always grow faster than wheat. Besides, in many cases, parents do not know of anything like the extent of the evil until it is too late. The better class of parents, rich and poor, are rapidly awakening to a sense of the wrong they are doing their own children in thus allowing them to be exposed to such pernicious influences.

"This is the great fault with our schools to-day. This, unless remedied, will destroy either the schools or the nation. Parents will not long suffer their children to be hopelessly defiled for any real or apparent benefit arising from the literary work of the school. 'What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' and what will it avail for a boy to be able to read and write and use figures with ease, if his moral nature is so polluted that he is a curse to himself and to his associates?

"This evil has gone further than most of us are aware. A grammar master in one of our largest cities found his pupils in possession of the most obscene things printed on cards, which they were passing around among themselves. A high school master, within sight of Boston, lately found that a paper edited by students, and containing the most filthy language, was in the hands of a large part of the pupils, and that this had been going on for a long time."

The editor of the *New York Methodist* calls the public schools "hotbeds of infidelity," declaring further, that science, falsely so called, usurps the place of the Bible. Doubt is engendered, and finally unbelief, full-blown, with all its arid negations, comes to be the fixed and settled habit of the soul.

The *Philadelphia Record*, referring to the remarks from the pulpit of Rev. Dr. Batterson, quotes the preacher as follows: "He was constantly hearing reports concerning the condition of a high-school teacher who is in the habit of telling his scholars that there are a great many things in the Bible which are not true, and especially of throwing doubt upon the Mosaic account of the creation. 'The tendency of such speaking,' said the speaker in energetic tones, 'is to sow doubts in the minds of boys as to the truth of the Bible, and consequently to shake their faith in religion. The mother of one of these boys also tells me that this same teacher warns them against going home and telling their parents that he (the teacher) does not believe in a God. Such teachings cannot fail in the end to produce infidelity.' In conversation subsequent to the service, Dr. Batterson said that these reports had come direct to him from the parents of children whom he had visited in relation to a class that he is preparing for confirmation. One mother in particular had considerable difficulty in rooting out the infidel ideas which had been inculcated in her boy, while another parent had suffered considerable mental anxiety from the same cause. From inquiries he had made, the reverend gentleman was of opinion that this insidious mode of spreading unbelief had been going on for years. 'It is wrong; it is wicked,' he said with fervor, 'that our lads should be exposed to such traps as these, and the board of education should lose no time in taking the question and prohibiting the practice. As it is now, the boys are leaving school with weakened faith in the Bible, in Christian teaching, and in everything else.' It ends by declaring it an outrage upon the religious people of any city, whether Jews or Christians, Protestants or Catholics, that the public school system, supported as it is by revenues from public taxation, should be made a vehicle for assaults upon the theological faith of any section of the community."

In an article in the *North American Review*, number of December, 1880, the eminent writer, Richard Grant White, draws a lamentable picture of the results obtained by the public school system, which he loudly condemns:

"Our large cities," he declares, "are swarming with idle and vicious boys and young men, having no visible means of existence; our rural districts are infested with vagabonds. . . . The corruption of our legislative bodies is so profound and so well known that great corporations and business men of large fortunes are sure of obtaining the laws they need, be they good or evil. Bribery at elections is openly practised by all political parties. . . . Politics, instead of being purified and elevated, have become a mere traffic, in which success is annually more and more certain to be in favor of men of humble birth, who have plenty of low cunning."

The most honored and wisest minds of the past, from Professor Agassiz down along a line of men eminent in every department of the various professions of life, all unhesitatingly declare the present system of pure secular State education as tending to the spread of immorality and infidelity. It is with feelings of very great regret, rather than pride, that I make use of these Protestant authorities to support the stand that I have taken.

Certain causes produce certain effects, and a false system of education must necessarily be the very greatest curse to any nation; because when you ruin the child you ruin the home, and with the fall of home comes, sooner or later, the ruin of the country. State secular education to the exclusion of all religion has now been on trial for more than a generation, and it has failed miserably, and why? Simply because it is not the business of the State to teach. States have no more right to open compulsory schools than they have to run compulsory churches. The State has its own mission. It is the guardian of life and of property,

and it can punish crime committed against the general statutes formed for its social and material welfare. To the parent absolutely belongs the education of the child. Dr. Wayland, (a Protestant authority,) in his Moral Philosophy, writes:

"The right of the parent is to command, the duty of the child is to obey. . . . The relation is established by our Creator. . . . The duty of the parents is to educate their children in such a manner as they believe will be most for their future happines, both temporal and eternal. With his duty in this respect, no one has a right to interfere." In the case of the 'Commonwealth *v.* Armstrong in Penn.,' Judge Lewis in his decision says: 'The authority of the father results from his duties. He is charged with the duty of maintenance and education. . . . The term education is not limited to the ordinary instruction of the child in the pursuits of literature; it comprehends a proper attention to the moral and religious sentiments of the child. In the discharge of this duty, it is the undoubted right of the father to designate such teachers either in morals, religion, or literature, as he shall deem best calculated to give correct instruction to his child.'"

Thus the State holds a position inferior to that of the parent, and its duties are of a secondary order to that of the family. Before civil governments were dreamed of parents educated their children, and, as the human family multiplied, fathers joined together for mutual protection, and formed the State, not for the purpose of educating their children, but for the protection of their personal rights and property. God made parents for the sake of the family, and parents made the State for the sake of social order. Now when the civil power goes beyond its own limits of defined duty, and usurps the position sacredly inherited by the individual as a natural right, then liberty is no more. The usurpation of the parental domain by the State is a gross attack upon the child's natural rights. The duty of children is to love and obey their parents, and this they must do in order to fill up their proper place on earth. How does the child suffer by the State's usurpation of parental rights? In a thousand ways. Gradually the child's mind loses that all-important idea that makes the home its paradise on earth, where all its wants of soul and body will be supplied, and where all its happiness will be secured. The harmony of feelings in the child's heart finds no sympathy in an unnatural alliance that has no affinity whatever with the joys and sorrows of the home. In fact, the very afflictions of the family on which natural love and religion rely for the better welding of the hearts of child and parent, are the sacred factors that the State makes use of to cruelly sever the heart of the child from that of its father. One of the most powerful causes of the general demoralization of our American society is the want of the child's influence in the life of the home. The mind of the parent grows only to perfection as it studies out the spiritual and temporal wants of the child. The void in the paternal heart can only be filled up by those natural fountains of joy and sorrow that spring from the child's intimate connection with every thought and act of the parent. The father and mother themselves are taught wisdom by the child's daily and increasing wants. Every pain that the child suffers will find in the heart of the true parent a most tender chord, that, touched, calls out a new growth of nature's charms; every joy that the child feels adds happiness to the home that gold cannot purchase; every doubt removed from the child's mind gives strength to its "faith," and every prayer that rises from the young heart to its God brings down a blessing on the parental roof.

The State, then, in undertaking a duty beyond its capacity and foreign to its functions, has thus necessarily failed in the great work of education, and is doing, consequently, an injustice to child and parent, as well as a wrong to the Christian church, that alone possesses the means to harmon-

ize all their mutual duties, and to co-operate faithfully with both by her divine institution in guarding the integrity of the family by her altars that are consecrated, and by her schools that are religious. At the cost of everything most dear to them on earth, are parents gradually opening their eyes to the everyday fact that book learning, without the light of religion and influence of morality, is well adapted to graduate thieves, loafers, bank robbers, gamblers, and better suited to make the young scoff and sneer at the divine emblem of salvation before which their parents devoutly kneel to pray. When the Christian parent finds, then, the pagan system of education effectually poisoning the very principle of parental authority, and making hideous the "faith" of his fathers, he begins to mourn in tears so cruel that they refuse to dry up until they have drowned the broken heart in an ocean of bitterness, and transformed the very idol of his life into the monster of his death.

All the child's natural instincts and religious sentiments should be in accord with the "home," whether it be poor or rich, and with the faith of the parents, whether they be Protestant or Catholic. Precisely in this the "Godless State schools" force the child of the family from its position of honor and virtue, by changing its love into hate, its obedience into rebellion, and its happiness into discontent. There are not wanting some minds of acknowledged ability of the various Protestant communions who dare to dispute the encroachments of the political power. The late Gerrit Smith writes, Nov. 5, 1873, to Charles Stebbins:

"The meddling of the State with the school is an impertinence." Herbert Spencer writes, "Our definition of State duty forbids the State to administer education." In the *Popular Science Monthly* of March, 1881, there is an able article, "The State as an Educator," by H. H. Wilson, and he says, "Of all the offspring of American liberty our system of public education is the pet, and, as usual, it is the spoiled child. I believe," he says, "that the only way in which we can hope to carry forward our civilization, or even keep it from retrograding, is jealously to guard the integrity of the individual. It is therefore high time to cry a halt in this rapid encroachment of the State upon the domain of the individual. It now becomes the imperative duty of every friend of America to strive to limit the State to its true function, and thus avert, if possible, those evils which have buried historic nations beneath their classic ruins. For the conclusion, however unpalatable it may be, is forced upon us, that the perfection of our system of State education implies the destruction of individuality, and that the destruction of individuality means social, political, intellectual stagnation, the last symptom of that fatal disease to which China long ago fell a victim, which is even now gnawing at the vitals of France and Germany, and of whose insidious approach America may well beware."

While it is generally supposed that the State public schools are founded especially in the interest of the poor man's child, I do not hesitate to say that the father who surrenders to the State the education of his child, commits by that one act a crime revolting to the first law of nature, debasing to his own noble position of parent, and degrading to the birthright of the child. My language may appear to many of you rash in attacking an institution so popular, not only to many Protestants, but especially so to Irish-American Catholics. Whatever is founded on justice and truth dreads no inquiries, but courts them. And justice, truth and real liberty must be its true and only defence. Institutions that live only by being intrenched inside breastworks, mounted by the artillery of a political party, supported by the sharpshooters of a venal press, and guarded by the sentinels of "infidelity," and "free thought," must sooner or later be discovered in their fraud and condemned for their injustice. The Hon. Auberon Herbert writes, in the *Fortnightly Review*, an article, "State Education; a Help or Hindrance," where he says:

"The workman is selling his birthright for the mess of pottage. . . . The course

that will restore to the workman a father's duties and responsibilities, between which and themselves the State has now stepped, is for them to reject all forced contributions from others, and to do their own work through their own voluntary combinations. Until that is done no workman has more, or has a claim to have more, than half rights over his own children. He is stripped of one-half of the thought, care, anxiety, affection, responsibility and need of judgment which belong to other parents. . . . The effort to provide for the education of children is a great moral and mental stimulus. It is the great natural opportunity of forethought and self-denial; it is the one daily lesson of unselfishness which men will learn when they will pay heed to none other. There is no factor that has played so large a part in the civilization of men as the slow formation in parents of these qualities which lead them to provide for their children."

If it is the duty, then, of parents to educate their children, it is then their right and duty likewise to call to their assistance in this all-important work every means that will faithfully conform to the development of the happiness of the home and the spiritual and temporal interests of the family. This duty and right was well understood by the founders of this Republic, and acknowledged by them and their descendants for at least two generations, by recognizing the individual rights of Christian parents in demanding virtue, morality and religion as essentials in education. The American constitution is founded on the belief of a Supreme Being, and every State charter guarantees protection to a Christian people. How comes it, then, that our public schools are to-day "Godless," and hence dangerous to the very life of the nation? They are "Godless," and are dangerous to the very life of the nation, because of State patronage to the principles of "infidelity" and "free thought." To serve the pagan interests of this new infidel party, the teaching of all religion and morality has been banished from the nation's schools by order of the State.

But the real strength of the "infidel" system that is paganizing our youth, comes from the selfishness of nearly all the various denominations of Protestant churches, and from the indifference of a large number of Irish Catholics, both clergy and laity. This Protestant selfishness that hates "Rome" more and loves its own child less, pays homage to an irreligious and immoral system of education at the sacrifice of its own most sacred obligations. With many of them nothing is too bad or too good to pitch at the Pope.

The indifference of the Irish Catholics in America in regard to the establishment of schools suited to the education of their children, and their general acceptance of the right of the State to educate, is still more criminal, and has done more than anything else to encourage the civil power to make still greater usurpations upon the home, and to enact penal laws that hamper and thwart the church in the establishment of parochial schools, and to deprive the parent of the help of his child in time of need. The ground held by the infidel party gives them supreme control of the schools; the stand taken by a large number of Protestants supports the communistic system for the ruin it causes to Catholic faith, and this is simply selfish; while the indifference of the Irish Catholics has brought them to surrender the dearest interests of their homes and altars to the enemy of both, and this is downright cowardice. "Whoever," says Auberon Herbert, "fairly faces the question, must admit that the same set of arguments which condemns a national religion also condemns a national system of education." "It may be said that secular education," he says, "will prevent antagonism. But secular education," he continues, "is a miserable expedient. It is as if everybody agreed by common contract to tie up his right hand in doing a special piece of work in which he was most interested. Far healthier would it be for each section in the nation,

from the Catholic to the Materialist, to regain perfect freedom, and to do his best to place before children the scheme of life as he himself sees and feels it."

Ground that has been lost by cowardice can only be recovered by a manly and persistent fight. All honor to the large number of Protestant private schools and academies that are growing up in every city of the country, winning the confidence of parents and submitting to the people the injustice of the teacher's noble profession being monopolized by the State in the interest of men that have axes to grind. How strange that a people whose Irish ancestors endured centuries of suffering and death for the "faith," the "one thing necessary," should be captivated with a conquest more degrading than that of Cromwell and charmed with a reformation(?) more insidious than that of Henry the Eighth. The Irish of Erin indignantly spurned every unholy compromise, and the nation to a man said defiantly to the invaders of their homes and altars, "You can take our lands, but our faith never." Like the Christians of the Catacombs, they reckon the growth of Catholicity in gathering in the caves of the rocks around the cross, and in being hunted, plundered and tortured to death for their loyalty to it. The materialistic training of the Godless public schools has so changed in less than fifty years the American descendants of these Irish confessors and martyrs of the "faith," that here in Massachusetts, with some few honorable exceptions amongst the clergy and laity, they have ignominiously laid down the arms of spiritual warfare and have practically ceased to belong to the Church Militant. Unlike their forefathers, they say to the pagan State, "You can take our 'faith,' but we want the dollar." In the stillness of the dark night, the young students of Ireland stole through the lines of the English soldiers, and crossing the mountains in disguise reached the brave fisherman's bark that carried them safely to the shores of Catholic France, Spain and Italy, to learn science and Christian doctrine in the schools of their own church. The course completed, some returned to be the faithful shepherds of Christ's flock, and others to infuse fresh Catholic spirit and more Irish blood into new homes, and to lead their countrymen to greater sacrifices, to death or victory in defence of their consecrated altars and valiant kindred. The doors of proselytizing schools stood open, inviting them in vain. How changed is all this to-day! The sons of these champions of Catholic faith glory in schools less Christian and more pagan than England ever tempted them with. They reckon the growth of Boston Catholicity by the numerous public schools that surround every parish church, and that, like so many immense ice-houses, chill every spring of religion in the young heart, and freeze below zero the Catholic blood that once flowed with vigor through the veins of their fathers, and flushed with indignation the manly brow stamped with the sign of the cross. Some of the Boston Catholic clergy, it is said, are proud of being graduates of the State schools, and are amongst their most loyal patrons. I know it well. It is almost impossible for them to be otherwise. "As the twig is bent so will it grow." Some cures demand a miracle, and it would be a very miraculous seminary that could succeed in moulding self-sacrificing priests of the cross out of Godless school chips.

To the eminent Protestant authorities that I have so far quoted to prove the injustice and the incapacity of the State as a teacher, many more could be added. The ranks of these noble minds in defence of true liberty for the family is daily increasing. Let, then, Catholics do their duty also. Better late than never. What is possible to-day may be im-

possible tomorrow. Every sacrifice has its reward in greater energy for more persistent efforts. Do you ask me where is the money to build and support parochial schools? I answer, it is everywhere, where the "faith" is alive; it is nowhere, where the "faith" is dead. There is too much Catholic money for sensuality, dissipation and politics, but there is no money for the parents' very first duty,—the Catholic education of the child of the home and of the Church. Go and ask the Irish rum lords of Boston where they get their money! Ask them where the money comes from that pays tribute to the meanest class of men on God's earth. Ask them where their power comes from that to-day degrades the Irish Catholic element. Ask the Fenian and Land League chiefs where their weekly thousands come from! But don't ask them where it goes! If you do, you are no Irishman! We squander our wealth, we waste our energy, we throw down our arms, we surrender our homes, and we glory in our shame. When every father stands up like a man for parental rights; when every city and town parish has its parochial school; when every diocese is in perfect accord with Rome; when every bishop in the United States says, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not," then will the school question be decided; either by the State regarding Catholics as worthy of civil and religious liberty, or worthier still, of persecution for conscience' sake; both honorable, the one in accord with the spirit of the American Republic, the other the noblest charter of Christian independence.

THE CUPIDITY OF MICE.

An old gentleman in Vienna, who was afraid of leaving his money in a bank, two years ago concealed his savings, in the shape of twenty 1,000 florin notes, in a cupboard in his cellar. It occurred to him to go and see how his treasure was going on; but on doing this he discovered, to his horror, that the mice had been making free with it, and that only a small heap of fluffy dust remained of all his wealth. The grief caused by this discovery was so great that the poor old man threw himself out of his bedroom window, and broke his neck. Another story is told of a lady who hid her property, consisting of a number of United States greenbacks, in a satchel in her cupboard. She also, after a time, found that a mouse had devoured part of the notes, and had used the rest to line its nest; but in this case the meal had evidently disagreed with the enterprising mouse, for it was lying dead in its nest, the fact being that the arsenic which had been used to give the green color to the notes had caused its death.

IRISH AGRICULTURAL STATISTICS.

We have before us the Parliamentary Blue Book of Irish Agricultural Statistics for 1880, which contains much information, valuable alike to our farming friends and our public orators, which clearly demonstrates that our agricultural wealth is fast fleeting away. In 1880 we find 557,229 horses, being 15,091 fewer than in 1879; asses, 186,327, showing a decrease of 2,512; in 1880 we find cattle to number 3,921,517 head, which shows a decrease of 146,261 from the returns of 1879. The tables for sheep present a gloomy aspect. The numbers equal 3,562,463, which shows a decrease of 455,440 from returns of 1879. Pigs, 850,269, showing a decline from the returns of 1879 of 221,916. Goats, 265,789, being a decrease from 1879 of 13,054. Poultry, 13,430,182, thus showing a falling off from the previous year of 352,653 head. In glancing still further over the returns we find that flax mills have fallen away to the extent of 317 within the last decade. We find an increase in the crops over that of 1879.

TRUE TO HIS MEMORY.

Justin F. McCarthy.

CHAPTER II.

For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender and so true.
WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

SOME weeks after, by a previous arrangement anticipating the result of the interview, Mahon McMahon met Kathleen Bradly in a quiet little avenue not far from Heather Hall.

On one side, through the laurels, she could just catch a glimpse of her home peeping through "a brotherhood of venerable trees," as the setting sun gleamed and glistened on the windows; while on the other side, the gentle murmur of the waves, as they dashed upon the sandy beach not far distant, was, save the chirp of the birds and their own footfalls on the crisp fallen leaves, the only sounds to disturb the solemn stillness that brooded over all. The silence seemed to press heavily on their hearts, and it was a relief to both when Mahon found words to tell Kathleen of his interview with her brothers.

"Kathleen," said he sorrowfully, "I have told them all, and my worst fears have been but too well realized."

"Dear Mahon, I have suspected that for the past few weeks, on account of your not calling, and from my brothers' manner towards me, though they have said nothing to me about it. I know I am watched for fear I should meet you," Kathleen said. The tears started to her eyes, and the deadly pallor of her cheeks attested the depth of her feelings. "Did you not tell them," she continued, "how fondly I loved you! How cruel it would be to separate us! Did you not remind them that their sister's, their only sister's, happiness was at stake?"

"Ah! Kathleen dearest," sighed her lover, mournfully, "they said themselves your happiness was intrusted to them, and they deemed themselves the best judges of what would be for your welfare."

"Ah! little they know, or they would not have spoken thus," she said.

"Kathleen," Mahon continued more manfully, "do not unnerve me, but, like the brave girl that you are, listen to me, until you have fully heard what I have to say; the day is not far distant when we must part."

"Oh! Mahon, Mahon!" sobbed poor Kathleen, piteously, hiding her face in her hands, as utterly overcome she leaned against a tree for support.

"Hush, darling, hush! we must not be overheard," he said; "listen, try to listen calmly to what must be said sooner or later; the time is not far distant when we must part; our meetings—we must meet a few times yet before I go—must ere long become known to your brothers; before that occurs I must resign my position in their office, and I do not doubt but that ere this I would have been spared even the necessity of that if my place could be easily supplied. I must leave the city, Kathleen, for your brothers' influence would be against me everywhere. Kathleen," his voice sunk to a whisper as he clasped her hands, "promise me when that times comes—it may be a month or a day—promise me you will be true."

"True! Mahon, if you were dead I would be true to your memory; while you live, dearest, every hope of my heart, every thought of mine will be yours."

Many and many a time after, in the silence and solitude of the night, when tears drove sleep from her eyes, those words found an echo in her desolate heart. "If you were dead

I would be true to your memory," she would murmur. Again and again they came back to her with a vividness and force that almost seemed a reality, and brought her comfort and strength in her misery.

"I know it, darling," he answered tenderly, "and with heaven's help your brothers' narrow-minded views will not part us."

"Never, Mahon, never!"

"They will do all in their power, I believe, to carry out their unjust decision," said Mahon.

"Could I not speak to them?" asked Kathleen, a ray of hope penetrating the dark cloud of despair that encircled her heart; "I would go upon my knees to them, beseech, implore them——"

"To no purpose, Kathleen, to no purpose," Mahon sorrowfully interrupted; "but all may yet be well, if we are true to each other."

"Mahon! do you doubt me?" she asked, reproachfully, through her tears.

"Not for a moment, my love," he answered quickly, "but I fear your brothers' power, and the effect of their influence over you."

"Have no fear on that point," Kathleen said bravely; "while you live, you shall live in my heart."

"My own darling!" exclaimed Mahon.

It was beginning to grow dusk, the trees cast dark shadows across their path, the distance was black and gloomy, for the light was shut out from them, and the laurels left scarce a ray of the sinking sun, always brighter and more glorious ere he disappears, to penetrate or illume the narrow way before them.

What a picture was here for an artist's eye. On the foreground the tall commanding figure, in gray, of Mahon McMahon as he gazed wistfully on Kathleen's upturned face, and her hands clasping his. Kathleen's face was a study in itself. Her large hazel eyes looked pleadingly and sorrowfully upwards, as if in mute supplication — the tear-drops on her silken lashes giving the light in them a greater lustre — her mouth — a very rival to a rose-bud — set firmly and determinedly, her cheeks pale with suppressed emotion, and the entire framed in a rich mass of falling golden hair that fell over her shoulders like rippling wavelets. The outlines of her perfect-moulded form, draped in pure white muslin falling in graceful folds about her, stood out defined, and in bold relief against the dark background; all around, the autumn-browned avenue of trees deepening and narrowing into the dim distance. Here and there a few faint beams of the sun came through the leaves and boughs to steal a glance at the lovers; and the general air of solitude and repose which hung over all, added to the picture, and made it a scene well worthy of the painter's canvas.

The look of anguish and consecrated sorrow that clouded the fair face of Kathleen was but a shadow of the awful expression of deep and heartfelt despairing agony, mingled with a look of reverence and love, on Mahon McMahon's face. He could not conceal his feelings, he could not suppress the terrible gnawing at his heart as he thought that he should relinquish, perhaps forever, at no very distant date, all hopes of ever again seeing his beloved Kathleen. He strove to conceal from her his thoughts, but in vain; she read in his eyes the anguish of his soul, she saw there the depth of despair in which his heart had sunk, and with a wild despairing sob she gave way to her pent-up feelings, and wept bitterly.

It was some time before his loving and endearing words could sooth or calm her, and even through her tears she sobbed aloud: "Oh! Mahon, Mahon, do not leave me, I cannot live without you; you are the life of my heart, the light of my soul. Oh! Mahon, do not leave me."

His gentle words and soothing

voice seemed to be lost upon her, and it took all his powerful eloquence to calm her ere they came to the gate at the end of the avenue, A few more words, a sad, tender, long-deferred farewell, and they parted with sad forebodings for the future, but with a strong confidence in the truth and constancy of each other.

Kathleen stood long at the gate gazing on the retreating form of Mahon McMahon, Her heart was heavy indeed. "If you were dead I would be true to your memory," she repeated almost mechanically. Long and earnestly she pierced the gathering gloom as her eyes followed her lover. She tried to rise above the burden that was oppressing her, but still again and again her words came back to her as if it were the refrain of an old, almost forgotten song that had risen to her memory. Was it the outcome of a heavily laden heart, that loves to dwell on and hold communion with things and subjects sorrowful, or was it the forerunner of the terrible news so soon to break upon her heart, and tell her that all earth in future was desolate, that no hope, no ray of joy could ever illuminate the darkness of her soul again? She tried to fathom the future, in vain she tried to picture to herself the events of years to come; she might as well have sought to pierce the darkness that had gathered round her. She felt weary and sick at heart, and returned home downcast and disconsolate.

It was with a slow and uncertain step and a heavy heart that Mahon left her. The golden lustre of the setting sun was around him as he faced the city. Evening had settled down upon the earth, the time of rest was at hand for all mankind, save himself. Quiet and repose reigned around him, but within the terrible battle of his feelings was raging fiercely. The silent solitude of the autumn evening made him feel more acutely the tempest of thought that had arisen in his heart, and he almost cried aloud in his sorrowful anguish.

Slowly and with downcast air he walked along the country road. The sighing of the evening breeze seemed to accord fully with his own feelings. The open country was before him, the stars glimmered faintly in the sky above, and the rosy west was resplendent with the glow of evening.

"Hollo! Mahon," cried a cheery voice behind him, "you look as if you were chief mourner at your own funeral, your step is so solemn and slow; shall I whistle the 'Dead March'?"

Mahon McMahon had turned before the speaker had finished, and found himself face to face with Mark Jermyn.

The new-comer was a young man of about twenty-eight summers, not quite so tall nor so muscularly built as Mahon, with fair hair and a pair of dark gray, piercing eyes, and a rather pleasing expression of countenance. His dress was of the newest shade and style, and on the whole he betrayed, even to the casual observer, that he was a "ladies' man"; his hands were encased in a faultless pair of kid gloves, and he carried his silver-mounted cane in the most approved fashion.

Two companions so strangely different it would be difficult to meet. While Mahon McMahon was manly and determined looking, Mark Jermyn's appearance was somewhat effeminate, and an expression about his mouth made one believe that strength of purpose was not an inherent characteristic in his nature.

"It is no wonder, Mark," was Mahon's answer, "that my step is solemn and slow, for I have buried all my happiness on earth, and my heart seems dead within me. Better, ah! far better for poor Kathleen that we never met."

"You have just cause to complain," said Mark Jermyn sympathetically, as they turned towards the city, "for the Bradlys have treated

you badly, after all you have done for them. What would be their position to-day but for you?"

"Do not speak of that, Mark, I have but done my duty."

"But where is the other man that would have worked for them as you have done?" Mark Jermyn asked.

"Ah! if they are not generous enough to remember what I have done for them, I will never be so mean as to bring it to their recollection," Mahon answered proudly.

Mark Jermyn was the only son of Doctor Jermyn, the leading medical practitioner in the city, and reputed to be one of the wealthiest in his profession, in that part of the country. But private speculations and virtually reckless ventures had deprived Doctor Jermyn of his accumulated wealth; and while public opinion pointed at him, if public opiniou could be so rude, as one of the most successful men of the day, his resources were strained, and even his princely residence taxed to meet the urgent demands of clamorous creditors. A wealthy and speedy marriage for his son was the only means he saw available to recoup his diminished coffers, and in Kathleen Bradly he beheld all that he could desire as a daughter-in-law,—grace, birth, beauty, and above all, wealth.

"Mark," said Mahon, after a long pause, during which they had reached the residence of Doctor Jermyn, "I must shortly leave this city, and to your care and attention I trust Kathleen Bradly. I know you will cherish her as a sister; she is pledged to me, and, despite her brothers' will, happiness shall crown us yet; but, Mark, I will ask you to let me know immediately if anything unusual should occur."

"With all my heart, my dear Mahon," said Mark, vehemently grasping the other by the hand. "I will take care of her as if she were my sister; you can trust me."

"I know that, Mark," Mahon answered. "You are now the only friend I have on earth;" and after each grasped the other's hand, they parted, to meet after many months in such relations as neither, in their wildest dreams, ever anticipated.

. . . .

Once more Mahon met Kathleen in the avenue. It was to be their last meeting before Mahon left the city, and long they lingered over the final "good-by."

"Heaven preserve you, darling, while I am away, and guard you till my return!" he said tenderly.

Kathleen heard him not; her face was hidden in her hands, and blinding tears welled from her aching eyes.

"Oh, God! that it should have come to this," she cried despairingly; "Mahon, Mahon, is there no refuge from all this misery? What is to become of me when you are gome?"

"Courage, Kathleen, courage! a few years will bring us happiness; and we shall then look back to the time of our trial, and bless the strength and constancy of the love that bore us up through all."

He did not feel what he said, but he thought it wiser to open up a bright vista before her than let her mind brood over the present misery; he put his arm around her to give her support, for she looked weak and weary, and as he gazed wistfully into her tear-dimmed eyes, though shining with the light of love, he added earnestly, "Kathleen, darling, I fear when I am gone that busy tongues will try to shake your faith in me, but believe me, no matter what you may hear from others, my life is yours, and if I were to die it would be with your name, the last human, upon my lips."

"Mahon," she sobbed, "if a thousand tongues, if every bell in yonder city proclaimed your inconstancy, still I would not believe you false."

"Thank you, Kathleen," Mahon answered. "Those words shall bring me joy in many a lonely future hour. This must be our last meeting; this very day I have handed my resignation to your brothers."

A footstep on the fallen leaves surprised them, and Mahon turned to confront his late employer.

"Good evening, Mr. Bradly," said Mahon, coolly."

"Oh! James," exclaimed Kathleen in surprise.

"You here, Kathleen?" said he, as if he could scarcely believe it was his sister he addressed. "You astonish me; you have acted utterly and entirely in opposition to our wishes; come, take my arm and I will see you home."

As he finished he advanced towards her, and neither by look nor word did he seem aware of Mahon's presence; he entirely ignored him.

"Hold!" cried Mahon, sternly, for he recognized the insult of his late employer as he interposed between him and Kathleen. "Miss Bradly is in my company and under my protection, and until she dismisses me no man shall arrogate to himself the right of escorting her home. Beware, Mr. Bradly, ere you go too far, and cause me to act in a manner I should regret toward the brother of my affianced wife."

He put Kathleen's arm within his own, and stood confronting her brother.

"This is neither the time nor the place for heroics, sir," sneered Mr. Bradly; "and moreover, I command you to leave this place immediately, or I shall treat you as a common trespasser."

"I leave that to your discretion; you are at perfect liberty to do so if you like, Mr. Bradly," said Mahon. "Come, Kathleen, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you home. Good evening, Mr. Bradly."

Mahon saw that the situation was a very awkward and unpleasant one for Kathleen, so he endeavored to bring matters to a termination as speedily and quietly as possible, but Mr. Bradly, whose temper was already aroused, caught him by the arm.

"Your insolence, sir," said he, "is only equalled by your presumption. Kathleen, I command you to come with me."

But Kathleen still clung to Mahon and seemed loath to leave him; though she feared that anger would urge her brother to violence, yet she had great confidence in the coolness and forbearance of her lover. Mahon saw she had no desire to leave him, and determined under any cost not to surrender her to her brother, except at her expressed desire.

"Kathleen will go with me, Mr. Bradly," he said, shaking off the detaining grasp upon his arm. "You had better leave us. I shall see your sister safe."

His manner was calm and dispassionate, while he spoke with a dignity and a grace that aroused all the fiery nature of Mr. Bradly's temper.

"By Heavens!" cried the latter, trembling with excitement, and his face flushed with anger, "you shall not stir from this place with my sister by your side."

He rushed to pull Kathleen away, but Mahon interposed. "Take that, then," he yelled, aiming a blow at Mahon's face, but succeeding only in knocking his hat off.

"Oh, James," Kathleen cried, "what are you doing?"

"Mr. Bradly," said Mahon, calmly, "you are Kathleen's brother; you know I cannot return you the blow, and I think your attack upon me is both mean and cowardly."

At this juncture Mr. Bradly lost all control over his actions; he was now livid and pale with passion; hastily transferring to his right hand a heavy stick he had hitherto held in his left, he struck Mahon on the bare forehead, and knocked him bleeding and senseless to the ground.

It was fortunate that Kathleen had divined the base intent of her brother, for had she not sprung forward and caught his upraised arm, and thereby lightened the force of the blow, Mahon would assuredly have been killed.

"Oh! Mahon, Mahon, speak to

me!" cried Kathleen, in terrified accents, as she threw herself on her knees by his side and tried to stanch the wound. "James, James, you have killed him. Oh! now indeed my cup of misery is full."

To be Continued.

MEN OF MUSCLE.

THE famous Seandenberg, King of Albania, who was born in 1414, was a man of great stature, and his feats of sword exercise have never been equalled. On one occasion, with his cimeter, he struck his antagonist such a blow that its force cleaved him to the waist. He is said to have cloven in two men who were clad in armor from head to foot. On one occasion, the brother and nephew of a certain Ballaban, who had been convicted of cruelties towards the Albanians, were brought to him bound together. Transported with rage, he cut them in two with one stroke of his weapon. Maurice, Count of Saxony, the hero of Fontenoy, inherited the physical vigor of his father, and was especially noted for the surprising muscular power or "grip" of his hands. On one occasion, needing a corkscrew, he twisted a large iron nail round into the required shape with his fingers, and opened half a dozen bottles of wine with it. Another time, when stopping at a blacksmith's shop to have his horse shod, he picked up a number of horseshoes, and with his hands snapped them in two as readily as if made of glass, much to the disgust of the smith.

THE SIZE OF ICEBERGS.—The size attained by icebergs is sometimes prodigious. From measurements made on one, Dr. Hayes estimated it to contain about 27,000,000,000 feet, while its weight must have been not less than 1,000,000,000 tons. It was grounded into water nearly half a mile in depth. What, then, must have been the thickness and the size of the glacier from which this mass had been detached?

GRANDPA.

THE grandpa iz a individual, aged sumwhare between 50 and 100 years, of a promiskious temperament, and iz a common occurrence in all well-regulated familys. Next to a helthy mother-in-law, they have more aktive bizness on hand than enny other party in the household. They are the stand of authority on all leading topicks, and what they don't kno about things that took place sixty-five years ago, or will take place for the next sixty-five years to cum, iz a damage for enny one to kno. Grandpas are not entirely useless, they are handy to hold babys, and feed pigs, and are very smart at mending a broken broom handle, and sifting coal ashes, and are good at putting up the clothes line on washing days. I have seen grandpas that could churn good, but i konsider it a mighty mean trick to set an old fellow of 80 years to churning butter. I am a grandpa miself, but I won't churn butter for no concern, not if i understand miself. I am az solid on this konklusion az a graven image. I am willing to rok baby all the time while the wimmin folks are biling sope, I am willing to kut rags, to work up into rag karpets; they can keep me hunting hens' eggs wet days, or picking green currants, or i will even dip candles, or kore apples for sass, or turn a grind stun, but, by thunder, I won't churn. I have examined miself on this subject, and i will bet a jak knife, so long as he remains in his right mind, Josh Billings won't churn. Az a general thing grandpas are a set of konsaited old phools who don't seem to realize that what they kno themselfs iz the result of experience, and that younger people have got to git their knowledge in the same way. Grandpas are poor help at bringing up children, but they hav got precept, and katekism enuff, but the young ones all seem to understand that grandpa minds them a heap more than they mind grandpa.—*Josh Billings.*

FROM ELIZABETH TO VICTORIA.

John O'Kane Murray, M. A. M. D.

English misrule in Ireland has long been a subject "ever ancient and ever new." It has come to be called the Irish Question, — a knotty, unsolved problem, which just now puzzles the befogged mind of John Bull and excites his wrath and stupid indignation much in the same way that a red rag arouses the boiling ire of his four-legged pugnacious namesake. I shall glance at the past, and give a moment's attention to the present. The one may help to throw some light on the other:

The last three hundred years embrace — according to many pretentious, bookish authorities, English and American — the golden period of England's greatness, prosperity and Christian holiness. Grant that it is so. During all this time England has claimed to be in charge of Ireland. Let us for five minutes, and in the fewest words possible, recount with what kindness, justice and Christian charity the said England, acting through her successive rulers and governments, has performed her self-imposed duty as care-taker of the Irish people.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES EMBITTERING NATIONAL ANTAGONISM.

In 1581, the twenty-third year of the reign of Elizabeth, and just three hundred years ago, we find the work of sacrilege, robbery, murder and spoliation proceeding with merciless vigor and rapidity. Then, as now, the Irish people claimed nothing but the rights of Christian free men. These were refused. English carpet-baggers goaded this high-spirited nation into rebellion. The southern portion of the island was first reduced to a wilderness. Fire and sword left nothing untouched or undestroyed. Thousands and thousands of acres were confiscated and given to English robbers and adventurers. The brutal soldiers of Elizabeth spared no human being. "Many women," says Lombard, "were found hanging on trees with their children at their breasts, strangled by their mother's hair." This murderous work went on during the whole long reign. It is true that the princes of the North —O'Neill, O'Donnell, and others— fought with the heroism of fearless patriots; and the royal hag, the last of the odious Tudors, passed from earth appalled by the terrors of coming judgment, and vexed to the soul that an Irish prince still defied her power. But let us pass on.

James I. enforced the penal laws against Catholics. He governed Ireland like a Turk; and like a true Turk he attempted to ram the new religion down the throats of the Irish people at the point of the sword. He laid his robber hand on the soil. He confiscated six counties of Ulster. The land was thus stolen from the original Irish proprietors and handed over to a horde of hungry thieves, Scotch and English, who were "well affected in religion." One of the king's chief agents in this gigantic piece of iniquity, was the villain Chichester, who wrote: "It is famine that must consume the Irish, as our swords and other endeavors work not that *speedy* effect which is expected."

Charles I. continued the work of robbery and persecution. The Catholics were hunted down like wolves, and new-comers were planted in their homes. Cromwell passed over Ireland like an infernal demon of destruction. After butchering over 3,000 persons at Drogheda, this merciless fanatic writes to England that it was done by "the Spirit of God." The work of uprooting the native inhabitants was continued with ferocious energy. Seven millions of acres, or over one-third of the isl-

and, were confiscated. Charles II., though under countless obligations to the people of Ireland, did little or nothing to arrest the progress of plunder and persecution. It is well known how the weak-minded James II. added to the woes of Ireland. Then came William III. of Boyne celebrity, the broken treaty of Limerick and the cruel re-enforcement of the penal laws. But it remained for Queen Anne and her law-makers to bring this barbarous code to what Edmund Burke calls a "vicious perfection." "This horrid code," says the famous Montesquieu, "was conceived by devils, written in human gore and registered in hell."

THE PENAL LAWS.

Let us glance at some of those savage enactments: A Catholic could not sit in Parliament; could not hold any office under the crown; could not vote at an election; could not be a lawyer, physician, sheriff or even gamekeeper. If his son became a Protestant, he was withdrawn from the paternal custody and intrusted to Protestant relatives, with a suitable provision by the father for his maintenance. A Catholic was not permitted to own a horse of greater value than $25. If he used a good horse, he was bound to sell it for that sum to any Protestant who was disposed to buy. If a younger brother turned Protestant, he supplanted the elder in his birthright. A Protestant lawyer who married a Catholic lady was disqualified to continue the practice of his profession. Marriages of Protestants and Catholics. if performed by a priest, were annulled, and the priest was liable to be hanged. A Catholic could educate his children neither at home nor abroad. Catholic schools were closed, and all Catholics forbidden to teach. A reward of $50 was offered for the discovery of each Catholic school-master. Catholics who went abroad to be educated did so at much risk. If a Catholic entertained a priest or bishop he was fined; for a third offence he forfeited his whole fortune. The exercise of the Catholic religion was forbidden; its churches were closed; its priests were banished, and hanged if they returned home. Rewards, varying according to the rank of the victim, were offered for the discovery of Catholic clergymen. At one period, the same price was offered for the head of a priest and that of a wolf. Even Jews came from Portugal to hunt down the Catholic priest in the Emerald Isle of the sea, and found it a paying business.

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest, and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar."

The fierce Mohawk, ranging the ancient forests of New York, was not more eager and skilful on the trail of an enemy than was the fanatical and barbarous government in its search after Catholic priests. In the early part of the last century a Catholic who was so daring as to enter the gallery of the House of Commons was liable to arrest. But enough. Such a recital is sickening. How true are the words of a great writer: "The Irish," says Edmund Burke, "have been more harassed for religion than any people under the sun." "I have read," declares the celebrated Dr. Doyle, "of the persecutions by Nero, Domitian, Genseric and Attila, with all the barbarities of the sixteenth century; I have compared them with those inflicted on my own country, and I protest to God that the latter, in my opinion, have exceeded in duration, extent and intensity all that has ever been endured by mankind for justice' sake."

IRELAND UNDER THE GEORGES.

From a dull, gross man like George I., Ireland had nothing to expect, and she got nothing except the liberty of groaning under the burden of countless miseries. The Catholic Irish were still spoken of as the "common enemy." Though George II. was a

tyrannical blockhead, he learned to respect Irishmen after the battle of Fontenoy. But it was Irishmen with guns in their hands. George III., to whom the Almighty, in His inscrutable wisdom, had denied the brains necessary for a plantation negro, came to what is called the British throne in 1760. History has long since recorded the blunders of this royal lunatic. Less than a year after Cornwallis had laid down his blood-stained sword at Yorktown, Ireland — or more strictly the non-Catholics of Ireland — obtained the boon of legislative independence. But this privilege was granted only after England had been beaten to her knees in America. When, in 1798, the Irish people were again goaded into rebellion, a swarm of English, German and Scotch ruffians, called soldiers, were let loose on the country, and crimes the most horrible were committed. The pitch cap, whipping, half hanging, burning off the hair and other indescribable barbarities were sanctioned by the English authorities,— just as to-day they wickedly sanction the throwing of brave, innocent and patriotic Irishmen into the most loathsome dungeons. When the eighteenth century closed, it left the Irish Catholic almost as it found him,—a white slave, an unhappy object of persecution to whom a few crumbs from the table of justice had been thrown.

DOWN TO THE PRESENT TIME.

The Nineteenth Century dawned, and British gold and political corruption reduced Ireland to a province. Such soulless wretches as Castlereagh cut their country's throat before cutting their own. The only pity is that the order of cutting was not reversed. The crazy George III. died in 1820, and was succeeded by his dissolute son, George IV. After long waiting and desperate efforts, the Catholics of Ireland obtained in 1829 what is called "emancipation." The unhappy people were told they were no longer slaves, and that England had mercifully wiped out the penal laws from her statute books. But what positive good did this boasted emancipation confer on the Irish people? Very little, — simply the right to live, move, say their prayers and learn to read and write, without being hunted like wild beasts. The millions of acres of land robbed from the faithful people, the ruined abbeys, the stolen and desecrated churches, the family greatness that had departed to return no more, the high places of the land, — all these, and much more, the Irish Catholic must not claim. The thieves and fanatics were still in power, and a brutal government stood at their backs.

Ireland is under no obligation to the boorish seaman styled in books William IV. When Queen Victoria came to the throne, thoughtless and enthusiastic Irishmen entertained great expectations, which were never to be fulfilled. During her long reign of forty-four years, Ireland has been twice in the agonies of starvation. Twice has that beautiful isle been haunted by the awful spectre of famine; and while ruffianly landlords feasted in distant countries, thousands and thousands of brave Irish — the unhappy descendants of the original owners of the soil — perished with hunger in ditches and by the waysides. Never can it be forgotten that, during the present reign, Ireland has been partially depopulated. In 1841, the population of Ireland, according to the British census of that year, was 8,174,000; in 1881, the population, according to the same authority, is only 5,160,000. Thus, within the last forty years, the population has diminished over three millions. Even the savage reign of Elizabeth witnessed not the exile and destruction of more than one-third of the Irish nation. Great heaven! how sadly suggestive of wrong and suffering and tyranny are those tell-tale numbers; and sadder still is it to

think that at this very moment Ireland is the most afflicted and misgoverned Christian country in all Europe, or indeed in the whole world.

This is a truthful bird's-eye view of English misrule in Ireland during the last 300 years, under fourteen consecutive rulers. Such a tearful, blood-stained picture may well make the just and the kind-hearted look up to heaven and exclaim: "How long, O Lord, how long!" As I have already remarked in my "History of the Catholic Church in the United States of America," "It is truly one of the wonders of history how the Irish race, through ages, have preserved their grand faith, moral purity, mental brightness and physical superiority, despite the iron rule, appalling persecution and matchless tyranny of the most hateful and ferocious government that ever cursed a portion of God's earth."

Has England, as yet, made any ample restitution to the long suffering and outraged people of Ireland? As we have seen, the Irish nation was literally robbed of all that is dear to man in this world, — homes, lands, liberty, education, churches, colleges and religious institutions. What adequate return has been made for this robbery of a nation, — this stripping of a people to the bone? Is it such cheap, windy, pen-and-ink favors on parchment — manufactured in the British Parliament — as "Emancipation," "Church Disestablishment," badly tinkered "Land Bills," etc., etc.? What huge nonsense! Why, all these together would not save one destitute Irish family from starvation and the silent tomb! This noble, much-enduring people ask for bread and are handed a stone; and for expressing dissatisfaction with the stone they are clubbed and stoned to death!

THE PRESENT SITUATION.

The total area of Ireland is a little over twenty millions of acres. At this very moment 744 persons, called landlords, hold nearly ten millions of acres, or one-half of the island; and two-thirds of all Ireland is held by 1,942 persons. Thus a few intruding monopolists claim all — or nearly all — the soil, while the nation at large, five millions of people, remain disinherited — ever reminded of their degradation, ever standing on the ragged edge of misery and pauperism. Is it any wonder, then, that the indignant Irishman to-day pauses, thinks, and raises his voice in manly tones for a just share in the lands which his forefathers tilled and possessed for over 2,000 years before any Cromwellian ruffian desecrated the sacred soil of Ireland? The voice of this plundered and suffering nation appeals to heaven and earth. Five millions of Christian people have God-given rights which must be respected, even though a change in their favor be very unpleasant to some hundreds of pampered, tyrannical landlords, who spend their precious time in chasing hares and foxes! Neither must the English pet wishes of such a prejudiced madman as Gladstone or such a political scoundrel as Forster stand in the way. When the worms shall have disposed of all these, and their very names are forgotten, the Irish nation will exist more powerful than ever.

An injured people have a long memory; and it can never be forgotten that every concession which has been made to Ireland has had to be wrung from the fears of England. The political rascality and unmatched hypocrisy of the English government in its treatment of all Irish questions are well summed up by the prince of dramatists:

"I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen from Holy Writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil."

But the time has come for a sweeping change. This "playing the devil," must stop. Justice demands it. The spirit of the age demands it.

Twenty millions of Irish people demand it, and their demand is backed up by faith, intelligence, and gigantic resources.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE — THE IRISH ABROAD.

The Irish land question calls for a speedy, radical, and permanent settlement. But it does not fall within the scope of this brief article to discuss *how* that can be accomplished. Next in importance comes the problem of higher Catholic education.

Is it not a burning shame that in Ireland, the ancient home of letters and learning, there is not a single Catholic college to-day that can confer on its graduates any degree in arts, science, law or medicine? And why? Because the unjust and fanatical government of England refuses to grant any such privileges to Catholic institutions in Ireland. Nor are these the only much-needed changes. The wild and wicked policy of famine, fire, and sword, must cease forever. The history of over 700 years of misrule proves that the Irish people can neither be won by bribery nor conquered by brutality.

Things have, indeed, greatly changed since Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and John Bull trotted home a badly beaten man. Since that time a new Ireland, young, vigorous, wealthy, patriotic, educated, bounding with life, has grown up in the New World. All its sympathies are with old Ireland, while it holds the English government in horror and detestation. Every American who believes in the Declaration of Independence sympathizes in his heart of hearts with the land of Barry and Montgomery.

The Emerald Isle of the ocean is no longer friendless, nor is her future doubtful. "I look," says Cardinal Newman, "towards a land both old and young, — old in its Christianity, young in its promise of the future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it; a church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and of York, which Augustine and Paulinus founded and Pole and Fisher left. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes toward a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the island I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm."

FRENCH ESTIMATE OF PARNELL.

THE chief of the Irish cause is, in fact, one of those men born to command. Tall in stature, proudly erect of head, well proportioned in the *ensemble* of his body, Mr. Parnell can be ranked among that privileged class in which strength is combined with slenderness of frame. Under the voluntary slowness of his movements, and the impassable calm which he knows how to spread as a mask over his countenance, one can discern a temperament essentially organized for action. These natures, cold in appearance, should not be mistaken. Once the hour of danger arrives these men of the ice-surface are transformed into extraordinary tilters. . . Energy is the characteristic of this figure. Mr. Parnell is a wrestler—he has already proved himself to be one; but fight assumes a special form in his person. He is less a man of attack than a man of resistance. Parliamentary storms, interruptions and interpellations must pass over his head without bringing the color to the pale cheek, without taking from those eyes their fixity of expression. One cannot conceive a being better appropriated for the direction of the crisis which Ireland is traversing—a crisis in which an excited nation has, above all, a want of *sang froid*, of tenacity, of that quality called by our neighbors endurance—the power of holding out for a length of time.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP MacHALE.

THE TITHE WAR.

PREVIOUSLY he had played his part in the "tithe-war." Sometimes people of the current generation wonder why Dr. MacHale wrote and spoke with so much passionate power. But the explanation is to be found in his maddening experiences. Let us take a single scene of many: The parson and proctor appear at the half-starved farmer's door for their pound of flesh. It is not forthcoming, because the crops have failed. Then, put the law in motion. "Spare us, for God's sake, spare us, sir," moans the farmer. "The wife within has just been confined; the children are naked; the old grandmother is blind and dying; we have nothing. Spare us, for God's sake, spare us!" Hapless peasant, his moan is made in vain. He and his helpless family pass that night under the hedge, the snow their only covering. And the morning light shines down upon the cold, still faces of wife and babe. Their souls are flown up amongst the stars. Lion hearts were wanted in that cruel emergency, and one swelled beyond all others. Letter after letter sped from the West to Lord John Russell, and from one of them we shall quote briefly: —

"I shall freely declare my own resolve. I have leased a small farm, just sufficient to qualify me for the exercise of the franchise, in order to assist my countrymen in returning those, and those alone, who will be their friends, instead of being what the representatives usually are, their bitterest enemies. I must, therefore, confess that after paying the landlord his rent neither to parson, nor to agent, nor to any other individual, shall I consent to pay, in the shape of tithe or any other tax, one penny which shall go to the support of the greatest nuisance in this or any other country."

The "greatest nuisance" disappeared in the course of years; but while it offended the sense of justice, and inflicted torture upon the people, there was no use in assailing it with foils. The faithful shepherd preferred a barbed weapon, which left a deep impression where it fell.

THE FAMINE.

THE tragedy of 1847 descended upon Ireland in the midst of a political excitement which Dr. MacHale largely shared. It spread a winding-sheet over the country. Disease, springing from its most fecund mother, Hunger, created a vast charnel-house. Fields grew corpses; road-sides yielded labor for the undertaker; cabins hid the bones of families. Parents and children taking farewell of the sun, imprisoned themselves at their own unlighted hearths, and were skeletons by the time the smiting sword had gone back to its scabbard. There was the Angel of Death ravaging a hapless population, and John of Tuam helpless to save. Here was a foe upon whom logic would be wasted. The shepherd appreciated the situation, and abandoned dialectics for more exigent work. While the famine lasted he stood amongst his own, amongst those who were dearer to him than his own existence; and God alone holds the record of the souls he comforted in their parting from mortality. Borrowing from memory a beautiful idea of Mr. Sullivan's, may we not believe that at the moment when his own soul went to judgment, it found written in light those benisons of famine-slain victims whose last grateful prayers for their pastor floated in through "the crystal bars of Eden"?

AS A LINGUIST.

The learned author of "The Aryan Origin of the Gaelic Race and Language," the Very Rev. Ulick J. Bourke, narrates the following interesting anecdote of the illustrious deceased in that interesting work: — "When travelling to Rome on one occasion, in the year 1854, he (Dr.

MacHale) presented himself at Calais before the French official, whose duty it was to see the passports of the various passengers from England. The Frenchman looked at the Archbishop, and said quietly, 'Vous etes Anglais?' His Grace, unwilling to pass for what he was not, and to represent a nationality with which he disclaimed all connection, at least of race or kindred, replied, 'Non.' 'Well, then,' said the official in French, 'you are a German?' 'Non,' was the reply. 'An Austrian?' 'No.' 'A Dane?' 'No.' 'A Spaniard?' 'No.' 'You must be an Italian, then, or a Greek?' His Grace answered 'Je ne le suis pas' (I am not). 'Perhaps,' said the polite Frenchman 'you are a native of Poland or of Hungary?' 'I am not a native of either,' was the reply of his Grace. The politeness of the Frenchman could hold out no longer, and in a fit of puzzled indignation he cried out, 'Qu'est ce que le diable que vous etes?' The Archbishop, quite amused at the bewilderment of the fiery Frenchman, and satisfied at having maintained that he did not belong to any of these nationalities, calmly said, 'Je suis Irlandais.' (I am an Irishman.) 'Oh,' said our Gallic cousin, with a half polite smile, wishing to insinuate that there was no such distinct nation as Ireland, 'Ceest la meme chose.' (It is the same thing.) In the mind and the view of his Grace the Archbishop, it was not the same thing. But the anecdote illustrates the opinion entertained by foreigners respecting Irishmen from home. On another occasion, his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, in company with the Most Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, and the Very Rev. Thomas MacHale, D.D., Professor in the Irish College, Paris, travelled together through France, Germany, and Italy. They had agreed, for their own social satisfaction, in order to be, while in a foreign clime, as much at home as possible, to speak in no other tongue than in the language dear to the hearts of the three, — the language of the learned and saintly ecclesiastics of Ireland in the past. It happened that a certain English gentleman, a man of learning and position, staying at Paris for a day or two, selected the same hotel that the three ecclesiastical dignitaries had made choice of for the evening. He heard them converse at dinner; he listened, looked at them wistfully, and seemed anxious to know what kind of language these strange gentlemen were speaking. It was not French nor German, for he understood them both; neither was it Latin or Greek, for he could, from his university training at Cambridge, distinguish a very few words, even though the pronunciation were new to him. There were Russians at the hotel, and Polish exiles, too; he understood from them that the language spoken by the unknown three was not Russian or Polish, nor any of the Sclavonic dialects. Neither was it Hebrew or Syrian, for the style of features of these strangers was manifestly of European type. At length the good man resolved to remain no longer in doubt about the matter which he thought could be easily set at rest, and which, insignificant as it seemed, gave himself no slight uneasiness. Accordingly he addressed himself, in the English tongue, to the youngest of the three strangers, wishing to know the nationality they represented and what language was that in which he heard them converse. The younger (Dr. MacHale) courteously replied, but still in a tongue which the English gentleman could not understand. They seemed like two of the leading architects at the tower of Babel, — the one wishing to give all the information in his power to the other, but in utterances which to the latter were quite untelligible. During the evening the Archbishop and his nephew, with the Bishop of Clonfert, felt amused at the episode, and seemed

quite pleased with the robe of complete *incognito* which their mother tongue had thrown around them, and at the advantage gained on that occasion from its possession. Next day all four travelled by the same train and in the same railway carriage. The three strangers continued, as often as required, to converse in their native tongue. The English gentleman did not forget to look and to listen. Still he felt anxious to know to what country they belonged, and what language they were speaking. His Grace the Archbishop, without advertence, soon gave him the wished-for opportunity of prosecuting his desire to gain some satisfactory information on the point. His Grace took up Murray's or Bradshaw's "Continental Guide to Tourists." He read the book for some time. This was an opportunity not to be lost. 'Sir,' said the English gentleman to the Archbishop, although you are not a native of England, I perceive from your reading Murray's Guide that you understand English?' 'It is true that I am not an Englishman; yet I have prosecuted my studies in the English tongue to such a degree that I read and even speak that language.' The Archbishop and his English acquaintance conversed for some time. They spoke on the subject of the different mother-tongues known throughout Europe — the Romance languages, the Sclavonic dialects, the different branches of the Semitic speech. After a time the astonished Cambridge scholar could not help exclaiming, 'I declare to you I never heard in all my life any foreigner speak the English tongue, sir, so well as you do.' He added that the people were led astray for a long time by O'Connell; that the peasantry were, as he styled them, Roman Catholics; that they were foolishly devoted to their priests, and that the most remarkable firebrand amongst the Irish Hierarchy was the Archbishop of Tuam, the Most Rev. Dr. McHale! The great Archbishop laughed, and spent the evening in the company of his Cambridge reviler."

During his academic studies he displayed an unusual power of mastering languages, and several of the ancient and modern tongues became as familiar to him as his own. The one he prized most was the Irish, which he cultivated with tender affection. He was never so eloquent as when clothing his thoughts from the overflowing resources of imagery and rhythm preserved in the speech of the Gael. It was always his aim to keep that speech alive, and in order to enrich its literature with class-books he translated six books of the *Iliad* into heroic Irish verse with a corresponding translation in English. He did the same for the *Pentateuch*. Perhaps his most consummate literary feat, however, was the rendering of the Irish Melodies into the Gælic, because he had a practical purpose in view, and consequently had to produce precisely the same metre and emphasis as Moore gave us in English. Those who would prefer to sing those beautiful lyrics in the more musical Irish, may thank Dr. MacHale for the opportunity of doing so. We have already stated that his sermons in Rome were published in Italian. His letters and speeches would fill many bulky volumes, and it is hoped they yet may be collected, edited, and preserved for posterity. We believe the latest years of his life were partially devoted to the arranging of materials for a memoir, and we do not know any labor that would be more lovingly undertaken by such a skilled biographer as Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick than their preparation for the press.

THE difference between a cat and a comma is that the one has the claws at the end of the paws, while the other has the pause at the end of the clause.

THE IRISH SOLDIER IN THE REBELLION.

Jefferson Davis.

THE pages of ancient and modern history are replete with deeds of martial valor performed by Irish soldiers in the armies of the European powers, and their prowess on the battle-field has been admitted by even their most ancient and inveterate enemies. But it is not in Europe alone that the valor of Irish troops has won for them the admiration of the world, as the records of the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, our several Indian wars, and the recent Civil War all attest that the Irish soldiery of the present day have lost none of the prestige which marked the courage of the Celts of the past. The latest development of heroism which history reveals is found in the pages of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," written by Jefferson Davis, in which he gives a graphic description of Irish gallantry which he truthfully describes as "without parallel in ancient or modern war," and which we transcribe for our readers.

Speaking of the battle of Sabine Pass, the author we have quoted says:

"The capture of the enemy's fleet in Galveston harbor, by means so novel as to excite surprise as well as grateful admiration, was followed by another victory on the coast of Texas, under circumstances so remarkable as properly to be considered marvellous.

"The strategic importance to the enemy of the possession of Sabine River caused the organization of a large expedition of land and naval forces to enter and ascend the river. If successful, it gave the enemy short lines for operation against the interior of Texas, and relieved them of the discomfiture resulting from their expulsion from Galveston harbor.

"The fleet of the enemy numbered twenty-three vessels. The forces were estimated to be ten thousand. No adequate provision had been made to resist such a force, and, under the circumstances, none might have been promptly made on which reliance could have been reasonably placed. A few miles above the entrance into the Sabine River, a small earthwork had been constructed, garrisoned at the time of the action by forty-two men and two lieutenants, with an armament of six guns. The officers and men were all Irishmen, and the company was called the Davis Guards. The captain, F. H. Oldum, was temporarily absent, so that the command devolved upon Lieutenant R. W. Dowling. Wishing to perpetuate the history of an affair in which I believe the brave garrison did more than an equal force had ever elsewhere performed, I asked General Magruder, when I met him after the war, to write a full account of the event; he agreed to do so, but died not long after I saw him, and before complying with my request. From the publications of the day, I have obtained the main facts, as they were then printed in the Texas newspapers, and, being unwilling to summarize the reports, give them at length:

"'*Commodore Leon Smith. Official Report. Captain E. P. Turner, Assistant Adjutant-General.*

"'SIR — After telegraphing the Major-General before leaving Beaumont, I took a horse and proceeded with all haste to Sabine Pass, from which direction I could distinctly hear a heavy firing. Arriving at the Pass at 3 P. M., I found the enemy off and inside the bar, with nineteen gunboats and steamships and other ships of war, carrying, as well as I could judge, fifteen thousand men. I proceeded with Captain Oldum to the fort, and found Lieutenant Dowling and Lieutenant N. H. Smith, of the engineer corps, with forty-two men defending the fort. Until 3 P. M. our men did not open on the enemy as the range was too distant. The officers of the fort coolly held their fire

until the enemy had approached near enough to reach them. But when the enemy arrived within good range our batteries were opened and gallantly replied to a galling and most terrific fire from the enemy. As I entered the fort, the gunboats *Clifton*, *Arizona*, *Sachem* and *Granite State*, with several others, came boldly up to within one thousand yards and opened their batteries, which were gallantly and effectively replied to by the Davis Guards. For one hour and thirty minutes a most terrific bombardment of grape, canister and shell was directed against our heroic and devoted little band within the fort. The shot struck in every direction, but, thanks be to God, not one of the noble Davis Guards was hurt. Too much credit cannot be awarded Lieutenant Dowling, who displayed the utmost heroism in the discharge of the duty assigned him, and the defenders of the fort. God bless the Davis Guards, one and all! The honor of the country was in their hands, and nobly they sustained it. Every man stood at his post regardless of the murderous fire that was poured upon them from every direction. The result of the battle, which lasted from 3.30 to 5 P. M., was the capturing of the *Clifton* and *Sachem*, eighteen heavy guns, one hundred and fifty prisoners, and the killing and wounding of fifty men, and driving outside the bar the enemy's fleet, comprising twenty-three vessels in all. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

"'LEON SMITH,

"'*Commanding Marine Department of Texas.*'

"A few days after the battle, each man that participated in the fight was presented with a silver medal inscribed as follows: On one side 'D. G.' for the Davis Guards, and on the reverse side, 'Sabine Pass, September 8, 1863.' Captain Oldum and Lieutenant R. W. Dowling have gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns, and but few members of the heroic band are in the land of the living, and those few reside in the city of Houston, and often meet together and talk about the battle in which they participated on the memorable 8th of September, 1863. The following are the names of the company who manned the guns in Fort Grisby, and to whom the credit is due for the glorious victory: Lieuts. R. W. Dowling and N. H. Smith; Privates Timothy McDonough, Thomas Dougherty, David Fitzgerald, Michael Monahan, John Hassett, John McKeefer, Jack W. White, Patrick McDonnell, William Gleason, Michael Carr, Thomas Hagerty, Timothy Hurley, John McGrath, Matthew Walshe, Patrick Sullivan, Michael Sullivan, Thomas Sullivan, Patrick Clare, John Henessey, Hugh Legan, Maurice Powers, Abner Carter, Daniel McMurry, Patrick Malone, James Corcoran, Patrick Abbott, John McNealis, Michael Eagan, Daniel Donovan, John Wesley, John Anderson, John Flood, Peter O'Hare, Michael Delaney, Terence Mulhern.

"The inquiry may naturally arise how this small number of men could take charge of so large a body of prisoners. This required that to their valor they should add stratagem. A few men were placed on the parapet as sentinels and the rest were marched out as a guard to receive the prisoners and their arms; thus was concealed the fact that the fort was empty. The report of the guns bombarding the fort had been heard, and soon after the close of the battle reinforcements arrived, which relieved the little garrison from its embarrassment. The success of the single company which garrisoned the earthwork is without parallel in ancient or modern war. The names of the forty-four must go down to posterity unshorn of the honor which their contemporaries admiringly accord."

THE largest army ever led was under Xerxes, King of Persia, when he marched against Athens. This army was composed of many nations, tributary to the Persian Empire, and, according to Herodotus, amounted to 2,317,610 men, besides slaves and non-combatants. The number of slaves and other camp followers was equal to that of the soldiers. Xerxes is said to have wept when he reflected that in a century, or less, none of these myriads of men would survive.

THE LEOS.

Cardinal Manning.

A FESTIVAL of the Society for the relief of the Aged and Infirm Poor, was lately held in London, at which the great Cardinal presided.

After the tables were cleared, and the hymn, "God bless the Pope," sung by the choir, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop rose amidst cheers to enter upon the toast list. He said his hearers could easily anticipate the first words that he had to speak; they were to propose the health of our Holy Father Leo XIII. (cheers). Although his Pontificate had only extended for some three years, it had been marked already by a character which would render it historical (hear, hear). The long Pontificate of the Holy Father Pius IX., of blessed memory, was marked by a supernatural virtue and inflexibility, by which he bore and repelled the shock of a revolution. It broke upon him, and it passed him by. It occupied the city of Rome, but the spiritual power of the Church remained firm in its place, vindicating its own rights, though they were violated by the superior force of arms. Such was the Pontificate of Pius IX.,—an inflexible resistance. And it was necessary at that day; the slightest indication of a willingness to make terms would have been misconstrued as fear and as a readiness to compromise. There was no duty before him but the duty of remaining immutable until the full violence of the rebellion should have spent itself in vain (cheers). But the duty and the office of Leo XIII. is altogether unlike that of his predecessor. He took that great name, not only out of special devotion to Leo XII., whom he had loved, and with whom he had stood in special relations, but out of a much higher devotion, to those who bore the name of Leo of old—Leo the Great and St. Leo III., who may be said to be the founder and creator of the Christendom of which we are part (cheers). It was St. Leo III. who, by consecrating the Emperor Charlemagne, laid the foundations of the great empire of the West, out of which the whole European civilization has sprung, and to which the unity of Christendom for 1000 years may be ascribed (cheers). Leo III. knew that the two great powers—the spiritual and the civil—were, by the will of God, founded to be in amity and in closest relations, and the Christendom that sprang from that act was maintained for 1000 years—mutilated here and there, indeed, but, as a whole, retaining its integrity—the union of these two powers which governed the world, of which the temporal power of the Sovereign Pontiff was the key-stone (cheers). He made these remarks in order that he might say that the revolution in the time of Pius IX. wrecked that great fabric of Christian civilization, disintegrated the unity of Christian Europe, and the civil powers of the world withdrew themselves one by one, and stood in an attitude of hostility to the supreme power of the Holy See. It was a time of scattering and disorder and chaos. The Pontificate of Leo XIII. already has been marked by the reconstruction of that which St. Leo III. began, and which the revolution had shattered. He has begun by entering into relations with all the civil powers of the world, be they what they may—be they Catholic or non-Catholic, be they Christian or not Christian—even with the Sublime Porte—knowing that the civilized powers of the world, be they what they may, are ordained by God as the great instruments for the government and the civilization of mankind (cheers). He need not dwell upon the subject any longer,

and it would not be in time if he were to do so; but in proposing the health of Leo XIII. he would only say, May his precious life be prolonged till he has seen re-constituted that old order of the Christian world in which the Supreme Powers that govern nations are united once more in amity (cheers). May he live to knit once more the bonds which ought always to exist between the Supreme pastor of the whole flock and all the nations that were created by the Holy See (cheers).

PARODY ON "BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS."

I.

PARNELL.

Believe me, if even that genius sublime
Which so fondly we hope in to-day
Were to perish and fade in its glorious prime,
Extinguished by tyranny's sway,
Thou would'st still be adored as this moment thou art;
Still the magical name would be thine,
Which, cheering and bracing each true Irish heart,
Would guide us to Liberty's shrine.

It is not that we know each new moment of life
Is sacred to further our cause,
That each word that falls from thy lips in the strife
Is a blow to Oppression's vile laws:
Oh, no! of the future we doubt not—our hope
In the bark of thy fortunes is cast;
But our warmest affection, our thanks, and our love
Are due to thy deeds of the past.

Miss BESSIE O'BRIEN,
Radolina, Stzralkowo, Prussia.

II.

THE IRISH PATRIOT TO HIS MISTRESS.

Believe me if all those momentous alarms
Which assail thy fair bosom to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and national arms
Had released thee from foreigner's sway,
Thou would'st still be adored, but, ah, not as thou art,
Let thy change come whenever it will,
For thy bondage and sorrow awoke in my heart,
But its purest and tenderest thrill.

It is not when power and wealth are thine own,
And the emerald graces thy brow,
That the worship and love of a heart can be known
Which adores thee in agony now:
Ah no, for the true lover ever must thrill
O'er the hours that he soothed thy woes,
That he whispered thee "Hope," and felt hatred distill
Through his veins for the merciless foes.

P. J. OLAHAN, Salford.

III.

As late, when the morning was flushing the East,
And in dreamland I wandered afar,
I stood on the shore of some isle in the West,
And I watched the decline of a star.
It was bright, but brighter, and braver appeared,
As I turned to the Westward my gaze,
And I marvelled to mark, as the zenith it neared,
The refulgence and reach of its rays.

Then the Genius of Destiny stood by my side—
"Dost thou read what the planets presage?
Say has heaven to-day for oppression and pride
Less of hate than in Babylon's age?
No; 'the last shall be first, and the first shall be last,'
And the Queen of Coercion shall see
That the Red Sea of Erin full soon shall be past,
And her passion consummated be."

D. L. MINAHAN, Limerick.

—*Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

YOUNG KEEPITUP says his mother-in-law is like a torpedo; she goes off when he isn't touching her. "Bless your soul," said his neighbor, Offuldri, "my mother-in-law is like a Quaker gun; she's been with us since last May, and you can't make her go off."

AN ingenious railway caterer, who had been in the restaurant business seventeen years, has invented a sandwich made of bread and meat. People who have eaten it say it is in all respects equal to the old-fashioned bass-wood and leather article, and is considered more palatable and wholesome.

A SMALL-POX REMEDY.

A GREAT deal of excitement has been occasioned in Catholic circles during the past few weeks, by a report that a Sister of Charity, connected with St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, at Seventh and Spruce Streets, Philadelphia, had discovered a specific for the prevention and cure of small-pox. Crowds of people of all classes of society have been flocking to the asylum daily with jugs, bottles, cups, and every species of vessel that would hold water, in quest of the remedy. The lady to whom credit for the discovery has been commonly ascribed, is known in religion as Sister Gonzaga, and is the Superior of that branch of the Sisters attached to the asylum, and is the head of the institution. A visit to the lady was made yesterday by a reporter of the *Times*, after a talk with the Rev. Father Jordan, of St. Joseph's Church, who is a firm believer in the efficacy of the specific.

At the time of the reporter's visit, Mother Gonzaga was leaning over an immense tin tub, in the improvised laboratory of the house, engaged in the manufacture of the specific, for which the demand is enormous and constantly growing. Mother Gonzaga, disclaimed all credit for the discovery of the remedy. She received the recipe some ten years ago from Father Kenrick, of Germantown, who had it from a French physician, who had discovered it during the prevalence of the small-pox epidemic in Paris. The remedy was, however, altogether unknown to physicians in this country, none of whom showed any disposition to interest themselves in it, even when spoken to upon the subject. When the prescription came into the hands of Mother Gonzaga, she immediately set to work to give the public the benefit of the discovery. Small-pox was then epidemic, and as the news of the remedy which Mother Gonzaga had prepared and was distributing became known, thousands of applications were made for the specific, barrels of which, it is said, were given away, In the course of time, as the disease died out, the matter was forgotten. But a few weeks ago, as small-pox was again raging, and in many parts of the city almost creating a panic, Mother Gonzaga deemed it advisable to resort to the remedy which had proved so efficacious before. Many of the clergy who were apprised of the fact, and had heard of the working of the specific, advised their parishioners to obtain the medicine, and in one or two churches the matter was spoken of from the altar.

The principal ingredients of the remedy are digitalis, or extract of foxglove, and sulphate of zinc. Each is dissolved separately and mixed together, and sugar in solution added. The mixture is translucent, slightly fragrant, and of a greenish hue. It is sweet and pleasant to the taste. In using, a teaspoonful is taken every hour for twelve consecutive hours. Mother Gonzaga and her assistants have been kept constantly at work during the past four or five weeks to supply the demand. The vessel employed for mixing holds eight gallons, and is frequently emptied three times a day. Almost every day during the past week from sixteen to twenty gallons of the medicine have been distributed. The specific, as soon as made, is placed in demijohns and sent down stairs, where a sister is employed to pour it into the bottles and other vessels, and a little girl to paste on the directions for using. During the reporter's stay the door-bell was scarcely a moment silent. A constant stream of applicants of all ages and conditions of life poured in. At times the two benches in the passage-way were

crowded, and numbers, unable to find seating room, leaned against the walls, waiting silently to be supplied. They came from all parts of the city,—some from the parish of St. Bonifacius, holding little packages of sugar, which they had been informed might be acceptable to the sisters, as much of it is used in the manufacture of the specific.

As each received his vessel from the attendant Sister, full of the wonderful liquid, he bowed his gratitude and went happily away, firm in the belief that he was safe from the dangers of the dread disease. No price is put on the remedy, but many make a little offering in return for it. But of all that the reporter saw, few gave anything more than thanks, though all were equally welcome, the rich and the poor alike. It is usual to send out with each bottle of the medicine, a little scapular of the Sacred Heart, and a printed prayer that no Christian would object to utter, but no religious distinctions are observed.

Father Jordan, of St. Joseph's, Father Barry, of the Church of the Visitation, and Father Kieran, of St. Ann's Church, are especially strong in their advocacy of the medicine.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

DOES THE WORLD MISS ANY ONE?—Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard, will pass away from the remembrance of man in a few months, or at farthest a few years, after the grave has closed upon their remains. We are shedding tears above a new-made grave, and wildly crying out in our grief that our loss is irreparable; yet, in a short time, the tendrils of love have entwined around other supports, and we no longer miss the one who has gone. So passes the world. But there are those to whom a loss is beyond repair. There are men from whose memories no woman's smile can chase recollections of the sweet face that has given up all its beauty at death's icy touch. There are women whose plighted faith extends beyond the grave, and drives, as profane, those who would entice them from a worship of their buried love. Such loyalty, however, is hidden away from the public gaze. The world sweeps on beside and around them and cares not to look in upon this unobtruding grief. It carves a line and rears a stone over the dead and hastens away to offer homage to the living.

A VALUABLE SECRET.—It is related of Franklin that, from the window of his office in Philadelphia, he noticed a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house which was being erected close by, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, the happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one day, Franklin requested to know the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits.

"It's no secret, doctor," the man replied. "I've got one of the best wives, and when I go to work she always gives me a kind word of encouragement and a blessing with her parting kiss; and when I go home she is sure to meet me with a smile and a kiss of welcome; and then tea is sure to be ready; and, as we chat in the evening, I find she has been doing so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word or give an unkind look to anybody,"

And Franklin adds:

"What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful."

THE EXECUTION OF ROBERT EMMET.

Of the army of patriots enrolled in the ranks of the United Irishmen in the county of Down, none were more respected than Harry Munroe and Bartholomew Teeling. Munroe was an Episcopalian, fondly attached to his church, and Teeling was a Catholic. Both were shopkeepers in the town of Lisburn, and both had been members of the Volunteers. When that body had been ignominiously put down by a tyrannical government both felt a full share of the general indignation at imperial ingratitude. In several points of character these gentlemen were much alike, but Munroe was less mercurial than his younger friend Teeling, and had strenuously opposed many of the propositions introduced by the more excitable members of the fraternity. At no period of the insurrection had he contemplated taking the field against the royal troops, and until a few days before the fight at Ballynahinch he attended to his business as usual; but at the last moment he was unexpectedly called on to take the command of the Irish army, and, looking upon the call as a matter of honor, he accepted it, without for a moment waiting to consider the magnitude of the responsibility he was about to undertake.

The battle of Ballynahinch was fought on the 13th of June, and Munroe's followers were scattered like sheep; but, though sadly broken down by fatigue and dispirited by defeat, the unfortunate general was among the last to leave the field. For several days he roamed about the country, and, though well known by many of the farmers, the large rewards offered for his apprehension failed to induce any of them to betray the secret of his hiding place. Finally, he ventured into a small farmstead belonging to a man named Holmes, whom he had often served in business matters. Munroe gave Holmes all the money he had, £5, and a parcel of shirts, to conceal him for some days until the opinion of the Government should be known as to the prospects of pardon. To this proposal the fellow not only agreed, but he expressed the utmost sympathy for the misfortunes of the fugitive. Making sure of the cash and the shirts, he gave Munroe food, and placed him, as the fugitive had been led to hope, in a secure retreat. But Holmes had never intended to keep faith with his captive; his only thought was how to make the most of the secret. With this view he at once set off and gave information at the next military station, and four men of the Black Troop of yeomanry were dispatched to make the arrest, and soon after marched their prisoner into Lisburn. Munroe was immediately tried by court-martial and sentenced to death, which was carried out the same day. A temporary gallows was erected in front of the shop of which Munroe was proprietor, and here he was hanged and decapitated. A dragoon seized the bleeding head aud flung it into the air, shouting, "There goes the head of a traitor!" Monroe's head was afterwards stuck on a pike and placed in front of the market-house, the military authorities carrying out a custom as barbarous as any ever practised by the most savage tribe of New-Zealanders. Some weeks afterwards, a Scotch nobleman passing through the town, feeling shocked at the disgraceful spectacle, had the head taken down and interred in the same grave that contained the other portion of the mutilated body.

Believers in the doctrine of retributive justice will find much material to strengthen their faith in the after-history of the men who captured Monroe and received a handsome re-

ward for their "loyalty." It is a remarkable fact that, although each of the four yeomen who made the arrest had some property at that time, they afterwards became miserably poor, and the longest-lived of the four was a mere pauper at the time of his death. Holmes, the betrayer of Munroe, was held in contempt and scorn by people of every class and creed of his own neighborhood. From the day he violated his pledge of honor to the last hour of his life he was despised for his deceit and denounced for his treachery, and, after dragging out a miserable existence, he died as he had lived,—a wretched outcast.

How different from Holmes was the man Armstrong, who was arrested on suspicion only! Several letters were found sewed up in the lining of his vest which proved he had been engaged in the proceedings of the insurgents. A court-martial was at once held; he was found guilty, and sentenced to die. In the hope of exacting information from the condemned man, he was told that, if he gave information regarding the insurgent leaders, his life would be spared, and a large reward bestowed on him. To strengthen this proposal his wife and his two children were sent to him, and the poor woman, on her knees, implored him to accept the terms. Terrible was the struggle of the poor fellow under this trying ordeal; but after a moment his firmness returned with renewed strength, and no inducement could prevail to exact information to inculpate his comrades. "My life," said he, "is only one, and God will watch over my widow and children. Were I to become informer, torrents of blood would be shed, numbers of wives would be made widows, and hundreds of children be left fatherless. In after-days many persons may brand me as a rebel, but no one will dare say I was a traitor." In a few hours Armstrong was in his grave. His death was that of a hero.

No execution in Ireland at that period excited more sympathy than that of Henry Joy McCracken, who commanded the insurgent army at the battle of Antrim, on the 7th of June. Shortly after the event, and when the remnant of his forces had all disappeared, McCracken found shelter in Island Magee; but, tiring of the life of an outlaw, he surrendered to the commander of the garrison. He was at once tried by court-martial and condemned to die. The local government organ of that date said: "He was found guilty, and at five o'clock he was brought from the artillery barracks to the place of execution. Having been attended in his cell by a clergyman, it was only a few minutes from the time he came out till he was launched into eternity." The author of *Ireland and her Staple Manufactures* thus describes the scene at the execution: "McCracken surrendered himself on the morning of the 17th of July. A court-martial was at once held, and he was condemned to die that afternoon. His sister, Mary McCracken, had been persuaded by a sanguine friend that if she gave a certain sum to the executioner that functionary could so discharge his terrible duty as to save the life of the condemned. With a woman's devotedness, and more than a woman's faith, she caught at the idea, had the money conveyed to the executioner, and at the fatal moment when her brother mounted the scaffold she stood beside him, resolute in her hopefulness, and with a spirit strong and heroic as his own. As McCracken was on his way up the ladder that led to the rudely-constructed gallows he saw Mr. Boyd among the crowd, and, beckoning to that gentleman, said in a low tone: 'Take poor Mary home.' His friend had almost to drag the fond sister from the terrible scene, and on reaching her own house she learned that all was over. In a short time afterwards the body was conveyed home, where

medical friends were in waiting to try and resuscitate life; but the hangman, who had pocketed the secret service money, had so effectually done his work of death that all their efforts were in vain. Such was the end of a man who had been one of the most effective builders of the great fabric of manufacturing industry in Ireland,* and who, under other circumstances, might have been one of the most useful and brightest ornaments of society. Teeling, who some time previous shared the same cell with him, and who was also executed, speaks of McCracken with the greatest admiration. Lively, generous, sincere, he bore privations with firmness and cheerfulness.

It was the writer's privilege to be on terms of friendship with Miss McCracken, sister of the patriot, Henry Joy McCracken; and well he remembers the interest taken by that lady in the "troubles" of '48, and how eagerly she watched for news regarding the movement which terminated in Smith O'Brien's unfortunate failure; but no mention was ever made, during several years' acquaintance, of her own sad experiences of '98. Miss McCracken lived to a ripe old age, spending her time and money in works of charity in her native town. Her death was the cause of mourning in hundreds of families which she had befriended, and in many benevolent institutions in which she was an active and zealous worker for many years,

Among those implicated in the "treasonable" proceedings of '98 were several ministers of the Presbyterian denomination in the North. The Rev. James Porter, of Grey Abbey, was condemned, by sentence of a court-martial at Newtownards, and executed in front of his own house, on his meeting-house green, on the 2d of July. Two of Mr. Porter's sons emigrated to America after their father's execution, and one of them, the Hon. Alexander Porter, was the only Irishman in the Senate of the United States — where he represented the State of Louisiana — for many years. The other son occupied the honorable position of attorney-general for the same State. Rev. Archibald Warwick was executed at Kirkcubbin in October. Rev. Daniel English was convicted in Ballymena of complicity in the outbreak, and was immediately conducted from the guard-house in that town to his own place, a distance of four miles, dressed in his grave-clothes and accompanied by a large concourse, who joined together in singing the 119th Psalm. He was executed on the bridge of Connor. Many other members of the ministry were kept a considerable time in confinement, and ultimately "permitted" to emigrate.

For sixty-two years the secret of the name of the recipient of the blood-money, the man who "sold" Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was preserved, and all the efforts of journalists and sympathizers of the betrayed nobleman in Ireland, failed, till Dr. Madden, after much research, unearthed the secret, which he makes known in the last edition of his excellent work on the United Irishmen. The following is the recommendation of Lord Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to the Secretary of State for the remuneration and pension to the informer: "Francis Higgins, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, was the person who procured for me all the intelligence respecting Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and got —— to set him, and has given me much information."† The Secretary of State was thereupon authorized to pay the scoundrel Higgins £1,000 reward, prompt payment, and £300 a year pension for life. The memorandum of the betrayal and payment of the blood-money is still preserved in Dub-

* The father of Henry Joy McCracken was the first to introduce the cotton-spinning trade into Ireland.

† Cornwallis's "Memoirs," vol. iii. p. 319,

lin Castle. But while Dr. Madden succeeded in discovering without a doubt that Higgins was the person who gave the information to the Government which led to the arrest and murder of Lord Edward, the name of the villain who "set" and betrayed the young nobleman and gave Higgins the information in the first place, still remains a secret, and in all probability never will be known. Madden, in his *Irish Periodical Literature*, closes his notice of the Editor of the *Freeman* as follows: "Close to the tomb, pompously inscribed, in Kilbarack church-yard, of a man of infamous notoriety for his vices and his crimes, — Francis Higgins, the editor and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*, the sham squire, the trafficker in blood, the recipient of the thousand pounds secret-service money for the betrayal of Lord Edward Fitzgerald — the remains are deposited of a faithful servant of God, a venerated priest of the diocese of Dublin, the Rev. Dr. John Sweetman, whose name, calling, and time of decease are simply recorded on a plain headstone over his humble grave."

And after three-quarters of a century the mystery surrounding the name of the executioner of Robert Emmet has at last been unveiled. On August 5, 1878, an extremely old man (99 years) died in the workhouse at Ballina, Mayo County, and was consigned to a pauper's grave. His name was Barney Moran. He was a native of Dublin, and so long as he was able to tramp about he made a livelihood as a professional itinerant ballad-singer, On his death bed he made a singular revelation to the doctor, master, and chaplain of the workhouse. Moran's statement was to the effect that he was on duty at Portobello barracks on the evening of September 19, 1803, when an emissary from Major Sirr came and offered him a considerable sum if next morning he would officiate as hangman for Emmet. On the morning of September 20, 1803, Barney Moran stood on the platform in Thomas Street, directly opposite St. Catherine's Church, with Emmet beside him, pinioned and standing beneath the gallows. The story runs that Emmet expected a rescue, and gazed about him long and wistfully, as if trying to read hope in the upturned faces of the crowd. He protracted his preparations as long as possible. Even with the halter around his neck, in answer to the executioner's question whether he was ready, he several times exclaimed: "Not yet, not yet!" At length the executioner, weary of waiting, turned him off with the words "not yet" coming from his lips, He quitted the army, and after a wandering life of hardship and privation for half a century, exactly seventy-five years after Emmet's execution, his executioner found a pauper's death and a nameless grave. Truly another instance of retributive justice!

CURE OF AN EPILEPTIC. — When Bishop Dubuis, of Galveston, Texas, was journeying to Rome in 1874, a young Frenchman of his acquaintance who was suffering from epilepsy, besought him to secure the prayers of Pio Nono, for his cure from that dreadful disease. Mgr. Dubuis consented and brought his compatriot with him to Rome. In the railway cars the poor boy had several most distressing attacks. When they visited the Pope the Bishop said to him: "Most Holy Father, this poor boy is very sick. He hopes to be cured if you touch him." The Pope replied, smiling, "Very well, I shall do as you wish." From that moment the boy was cured. He has not had a return of his malady, and he attributes his recovery to Pope Pius IX., who, as it is well known, owed his own recovery to a similar interposition on the part of one of his predecessors.

THE HOLY SEE—COMING LIBERTY.

The long-delayed negotiations between the Holy See and the Prussian government, as well as the protracted hesitation of Bismarck, have at length produced at least some happy results. Baron Schloezer, who was sent to Rome to confer directly with the Pontifical authorities, had several interviews with the Cardinals, and more than one lengthy audience with the Holy Father. On his return to Berlin, he was received by the Emperor, consulted with the ministry, and visited Bismarck at Varzin. On the 27th of September, he returned to Washington to take his official leave of the President of the Uuited States and his Cabinet. His return as ambsssador to the Holy See seems now to be looked upon as certain. So far as can be known, no question involving principles has thus far been discussed, only some agreement has been made concerning formalities and persons, especially the nomination of Bishops. One of the results of these conferences was the election of Mgr. Korum, to the See of Treves, of which he has already taken possession with extraordinary demonstrations of joy on the part of the Catholic population, and also that of Mgr. Kopp, Vicar General of Hildesheim, to the Episcopal See of Fulda. Others are expected to follow, and it is hoped that in a short time all the vacant sees of Prussia will be provided with pastors.

The mere fact of the re-establishment of the Prussian Embassy to the Holy See has sufficed to alarm the liberals of Italy, who, from the time that such a move began to be rumored, sought to discredit it in their journals, declaring it to be an injurious and impolitic act to which the high and enlightened policy of Bismarck would never descend. But when it became known that the question was no longer a mere possibility, but a fact already determined upon, they became so exasperated that, with a fickleness truly extraordinary, they began to deride it and to threaten the very Bismarck who had been hitherto their idol and the object of their extravagant admiration. Catholics on the contrary, in their rejoicings, did not allow themselves to indulge in expressions of puerile exultation; their wishes for a happy termination of the negotiations with the new Prussian representative in Rome exceeded their hopes; although, at the same time, persuaded that the change in Bismarck was the effect more of urgent political necessity than of good will. He needs the support of the Catholics to carry out his plans of government, but he will not be willing to disgust the conservative Protestants of the Empire by yielding too much to the former; hence the problem for him may be reduced to finding the minimum of concessions by which the maximum of advantages may be attained. All this is well understood by Prussian Catholics, who do not allow themselves to be carried away by vain illusions, but look straight to their end, which is to obtain, by legal means, full liberty for the exercise of their religion. This was made evident at the General Assembly of the Catholic associations of Germany which met at Bonn, Sept. 5th to 7th, under the presidency of Baron von Wambolt. Six thousand members were present, from various cities, of all classes and conditions, and most energetic resolutions were adopted, of which it will suffice to cite the second to show what is demanded of the government to satisfy the people: "The General Assembly hopes for and claims the prompt repeal of all laws and decrees which for a series of years have oppressed the consciences of German Catholics, infringed the necessary rights and guar-

antees of the Church as well as the true interests of both Church and State." The enthusiasm of the Assembly was great and reached its culminating point in the speech of M. Windhorst, the celebrated leader of the Catholic party in parliament known as the *Centre*, who, in his discourse, declared that the union and energy of Catholics were capable of resisting all attacks, and would vindicate the fulness of their rights. M. Windhorst passed in review the work of the Missions in the East and in Palestine; illustrated and explained the resolutions adopted; proclaimed the necessity of personal exertion to manifest everywhere the union existing between the sixteen millions of Catholics contained in the Empire. This union will give moral strength, which always triumphs over physical; the votes of sixteen millions of honest and faithful citizens are not to be despised by any government.

Whilst relations between the Holy See and Prussia were being renewed, something of a similar nature seemed to be in progress with regard to Russia. This nation had not before been officially represented, although negotiations for that purpose had been opened some twenty years ago. But just as everything seemed about to be definitely arranged, so many difficulties supervened on the part of Russia, that matters were suspended; and have remained so ever since. Now it would appear that the new Emperor is willing to give some satisfaction to the Catholics of his Empire, who, while they have always been the worst treated by the government on account of schismatic hatred, have nevertheless avoided *Nihilism*, the great social evil of the country. We are assured that to this end a Russian ambassador will be sent to the Holy Father, to offer conciliatory proposals. This last news has capped the climax for the revolutionary rabble of Italy. They cannot endure that others should recognize in the Pontiff that sovereignty which they deny him, or that they should honor him with representatives and embassadors. They fear it as threatening their State, the revolutionary conquests, and the unity of Italy. The most violent express themselves in impotent wrath; the more moderate suggest means and measures to escape the danger. The *Opinione*, which represents the moderate liberals, pathetically exhorts the government, showing the necessity of proceeding cautiously, and not putting itself in the wrong by its imprudence; it also discusses the point whether it would not be better to withdraw from Rome and leave it to the Pope and thus put an end to a source of so much disturbance for the Italian government. An evident echo of this revolutionary retrocession is to be found in the correspondence of the *London Times*, from which we give the following extract:

"There has reached me a verbatim report of a statement made on this subject a few days ago by an eminent Italian, who has rendered United Italy immense service, who has made himself famous in divers ways, whose patriotism or authority cannot be suspected, and whose discourse contains, perhaps, the future solution of a problem of which the gravity grows each day. I give his words, without note or comment, as they were transmitted to me, convinced as I am that they will be found worthy of meditation by all thoughtful men:

"'For the last ten years,' said this illustrious patriot, 'we have been camping in Rome, which we entered, driven forward by absolute necessity; but we have not been able to fix ourselves there as a regular government. We are not at home there. Rome, which was then an imperious political necessity, is the most detestable capital we could have chosen. We are as under a tent, armed and watching over a prisoner who will not submit. Rome is not a centre, nor is it a dwelling-place. It is too sombre for the sojourn of a worldly government. We are there a prey to the twofold fever sent to us by the Campagna on the one hand and the Vatican on the other; nor is it the malaria of the Roman marshes which is the most pernicious. We live in the presence of a power which disputes our right, which we can neither combat nor uphold with parallel embassies. Every struggle between the Vatican and the Quirinal ends to the profit of the revolution, and between those two combatants the Republic is every day gaining solid ground. I admit

that I should not fear the Republic if it threatened only the dynasty, in spite of my love for the latter; but the Republic menaces Italian unity itself, and no sooner will it have been established among us than the disaggregation will commence. With us a Republican army would be Sicilian, Neapolitan, Tuscan, Venetian, or Milanese; it would not be Italian. The House of Savoy will be for a long time to come the only genius of national unity, and it will fatally fall with the flight of the Papacy before the victorious Republic. The present Pope has made peace with all those with whom Pius IX. had broken it. He has become or will become reconciled with Germany, Russia, Turkey, and Austria. He allows France to have her own way with marvellous patience, and one of these days we shall hear that England, no longer disinterested in the grave questions that concern the Vatican, has accredited a representative to the Holy See. It is only Italy for whom the Papacy has ceased to be a menace, for whom it is a resource, and whose powerful ally it might become; it is only with Italy that the Papacy is not and cannot be reconciled; and all that is due to the fact that we are at Rome, where both of us, in spite of ourselves, are working for the triumph of the revolution and that of the Republic, which menaces us both. Rome has given all she could give us. She is now only a burden to us; an impediment, a geographical, diplomatic and political absurdity. When we have recovered a more natural, a more logical, more central, more approachable, a less sombre, and a less unhealthy capital, all that now impedes and threatens us will disappear at once, in spite of the interested clamor that will be raised by the cosmopolitan Revolutionists who are now laying seige to our royalty and our unity. Then the Papacy will only become the greater for it. Italian unity will be cemented by the tacit and satisfied adhesion even of the Papacy, and the latter, knowing that any revolution would destroy that work of conciliation which is thoroughly Italian, would be the most powerful ally of the kingdom in which she would have reconquered her independent seat. I hope not to die before having seen my country show itself to the world as a great, enlightened and political nation."

In all countries of Europe, during the past summer, pious pilgrimages have been frequented with greater fervor than ever; we intend however to mention but two of them. On the 18th of August, in Friburg more than twenty thousand pilgrims, part French and part Germans, visited the tomb of B. Canisius, who first arrived in that city in 1580, and founded there a college of the Society of Jesus, a congregation, and a printing establishment, to the combined labors of which the Friburgians are indebted for having preserved the strength and integrity of their faith.

At Lourdes, pilgrims, prayers and wonders during the month of September of this year were more numerous and more remarkable than ever before; miraculous cures happened every week in the midst of numerous pilgrimages from Carcasonne, Tulle, Tours, Nogaro, Quercy, Belgium, Wilham, Rennes, Poitiers, etc.

The pilgrimage from Marseilles went away rejoicing in four instantaneous cures, and almost all the other pilgrimages had the same. Some, like that of Coutances, numbered three thousand pilgrims with the Bishop at their head; the Bishop also led a large number of pilgrims from Avignon, Angers, Angouleme, Mans, Rodez, Toulouse. It is calculated that over two hundred thousand persons went to Lourdes during the month of September to prostrate themselves at the feet of the Immaculate Virgin, and invoke her powerful intercession for their own souls, their families, the Church and France; the surrounding hills resounded with the fervent canticles of those faithful people, whilst the populations through which they passed were highly edified by their piety.

Not less numerous have been the pilgrimages this year from all parts of the world to Rome, to venerate the tomb of St. Peter as well as the person of his successor, Leo XIII. We have already noticed them and will not enter into further particulars, but content ourselves with referring to figures, which show the number of pilgrims received in Rome by the Holy Father since 1871.

In 1871, the Pope received 13,893 pilgrims from all parts of the world; in 1872, 17,477; in 1873, they diminished to 8,115; in 1874, 9,129; in 1875 they increased to 15,673; in 1876, still more, 19,780; in 1877 they

amounted to 34,508; in 1878, 13,-625; in 1879, 10,171; in 1880, 10,-827.

In 1875, Pius IX. received in solemn and particular audience, 30,357 persons; in 1876, 51,243 were admitted; and in 1877 as many as 68,-221.

In 1878, Leo XIII. received 33,-065 persons; in 1879, only 25,284; in 1880, 25,953.

These figures suffice to show the veneration of the faithful towards the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and how vain are the efforts of his persecutors to prevent his communication with his flock.

In Belgium there have been for some time unfortunate divisions among the Catholics; one party, and the most numerous, took part in all the acts of civil life without any difficulty, whilst another portion declared it unlawful to do so, believing that they could not take an oath to observe laws which were not all just and favorable to the rights of the Church. With the former were the Bishops, almost all the clergy and Catholic journals; with the latter, some pious and zealous seculars, a very few ecclesiastics, and two journals. This division had been more than once injurious to the country because in the elections the abstaining of some Catholics and the dissensions of others left the way clear for the liberals hostile to the Church. To put an end to such divisions Pope Leo XIII. addressed to His Eminence, Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Mechlin, and to the Bishops of Belgium a letter of comfort and direction which we are certain will obtain its full effect, since both parties, although disagreeing on a particular point, nourish the most sincere veneration for the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

FRUGAL landlady: Coming home to dinner, Mr. Brown? Hearty boarder: Well, p'r'aps, if I don't feel hungry.

THE NUN OF KENMARE AT KNOCK.

EDITOR of Donahoe's Magazine:

SIR.—As a paragraph has got into many papers with an incorrect account of my visit to Knock, I beg your kind insertion of the following. Such reports, from whatever source they emanate, do incalculable harm, as they throw discredit on real miracles.

The facts are simply as follows: I obtained permission to visit Knock, as Archdeacon Cavanagh was anxious that I should found a convent there, if possible. I went there, accompanied by the chaplain of the Kenmare, nor expected a miraculous cure; in fact, I may say truly, the idea never even crossed my mind. For the last four years I have been unable to kneel down for one instant, even to receive the Holy Communion, from acute rheumatism. On approaching the place where the Blessed Mother of God is said to have appeared, I knelt instinctively, and on rising in a few moments I found I was perfectly cured of this long-standing malady. Both Archdéacon Cavanagh and my confessor—the Rev. M. Neligan, C. C., of Kenmare—were present. How far this may be termed a miraculous cure I leave it to ecclesiastical authority to decide. Probably, however, it is only one of these cures for which the recipient may indeed thank God, but which could not be accepted by ecclesiastical authority for the confirmation of a devotion.

I am very ignorant of theology; but I believe a number of such cures would carry weight if several perfect miracles are proved. Archdeacon Cavanagh has already several medical certificates testifying to miraculous cures; but we must wait the wise and patient ways of the Church. I can only say that, so far from expecting a cure for myself, when I found myself on my knees, and knew that I should rise in a few minutes, I thought first how was I to get up

without assistance, and was amazed, on making the effort to do so, to find myself perfectly able. My confessor, the Rev. M. Neligan, C. C., can testify to the years during which he has given me Holy Communion sitting, though I tried again and again — and even lately was quite unable — to kneel.

It was incorrectly stated that I was carried into the church. This was not true; but I believe the marvellous restoration of my health — which has been granted to me through the infinite mercy of God — is quite as remarkable, if not far more so, than the grant of this favor of being able to kneel.

I have been for nine years entirely unable for the least physical exertion, except for a few hours in the day; but since my visit to Knock I seem scarcely to feel fatigue of any kind.

The Church has not yet spoken in the matter. Till it speaks we may not do more than hope and pray; but, since the devotion has not been forbidden, we may both hope and pray, and surely there can scarcely be a subject more worthy of our prayers. In the meantime, I would beg of those who report supposed miraculous favors to be most careful, for nothing but harm can come of exaggeration. At the same time, it is a supreme duty to have any cures which appear miraculous fully and truthfully reported.— Yours, etc.,

SISTER M. FRANCIS CLARE.

Presentation Convent, Tuam.

DREAMS. — Dreams are caused by many things. Whispering in the sleeper's ear will often produce a dream. In changing our position, as we constantly do in sleep, we touch the bed clothes, etc., perhaps the nose gets tickled, or the sole of the foot, and dreams, painful or pleasant, are the consequence. These may seem slight causes, but it must be remembered that the mind is ready to fly into the realm of fancy at the slightest intimation. People have often dreamed of spending the severest winters in Siberia, and of joining the expedition to the North Pole, because the clothes have been thrown off during sleep, It is said that a moderate heat applied to the soles of the feet will generate dreams of volcanoes, burning coals, etc. A light, if held before the sleeper's eyes, is sure to cause him to dream of fire. To some the sound of a flute fills the air with music, or they dream of a delightful concert. A loud noise will produce terriffic thunder, at the same time awakening the sleeper.

CARE OF THE HOUSE. — A friend who has several small and careless children who continually scatter articles about her sitting-room, keeps her house in order by "picking up" all the time. After several days spent in her home I saw that she really did this, but so deftly and easily that I did not at first observe it. The table-cover was straightened as she passed it for her thimble, and baby's toys were put in order as she stooped to pat him, and the disarranged ornaments of the mantle found their proper place by a move or two of her hand. I find that this constant care is the foundation of good housekeeping. George Eliot, whose views on some points were a good deal unsettled, yet struck a vein of good sense when she said, "it is better to know how to make home happy to your husband than to read Greek to him; and even music and singing, though very attractive to family visitors, cease to be a substitute for the commoner virtues after a time. Good cookery is a most valuable accomplishment in a wife's education after the first delusion of the honeymoon is over.

EXPLODE gunpowder in your bedroom if you want to drive away flies and mosquitoes. A twenty-five pound keg will do.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

The following sketch of the character of Washington appeared in the *London Courier* of January 24, 1800. It will be read with interest, not merely as a discriminating and well-written production, but as a tribute to the excellence of that illustrious man, from a contemporary, a foreigner, and one of a people against whom he had conducted a successful revolution — a tribute as honorable to the candor of the writer as it is gratifying to our national pride. It is not often that contemporary opinions so perfectly anticipate the judgment of posterity.

THE melancholy account of the death of General Washington was brought by a vessel from Baltimore, which arrived off Dover. General Washington was, we believe, in his sixty-eighth year. The height of his person was about six feet two; his chest full, and his limbs, though rather slender, well shaped and muscular. His eye was of a light gray color, and, in proportion to the length of his face, his nose was long. Mr. Stuart, the eminent portrait painter, used to say that there were features in his face totally different from what he had observed in that of any other person; the sockets of the eyes, for instance, were larger than any he had ever met with before, and the upper part of his nose broader.

All his features, he observed, were indicative of the strongest passions; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command have always made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world. He always spoke with great diffidence, and sometimes hesitated for a word, but always to find one particularly well adapted to his meaning. His language was manly and expressive. At levees, his discourse with strangers turned principally upon the subject of America; and if they had been through remarkable places, his conversation was free and peculiarly interesting; for he was intimately acquainted with every part of the country. He was much more open and unreserved in his behavior at levees than in private, and in the company of ladies still more so, than solely with men.

Few persons ever found themselves for the first time in the presence of General Washington without being impressed with a certain degree of veneration and awe; nor did these emotions subside on a closer acquaintance; on the contrary, his person and deportment were such as tended to augment them. The hard service he had seen, and the important and laborious offices he had filled, gave a kind of austerity to his countenance, and reserve to his manners; yet he was the kindest husband, the most humane master, and the steadiest friend. The whole range of history does not present to our view a character upon which we can dwell with such entire and unmixed admiration.

The long life of General Washington is unstained by a single blot. He was a man of rare endowments, and such fortunate temperament that every action he performed was equally exempted from the charge of vice or weakness. Whatever he said, or did, or wrote, was stamped with a striking and peculiar propriety. His qualities were so happily blended and so nicely harmonized, that the result was a great and perfect whole. The powers of his mind and the dispositions of his heart were admirably suited to each other. It was the union of the most consummate prudence with the most perfect moderation.

His views, though large and liberal, were never extravagant. His virtues, though comprehensive and beneficent, were discriminating, judicious, and practical. Yet his character, though regular and uniform, possessed none of the littleness which sometimes belongs to men of that description. It formed a majestic pile, the effect of which was not impaired, but improved, by order and symmetry. There was nothing in it

to dazzle by wildness and surprise by eccentricity. It was of a higher species of moral beauty. It contained everything great or elevated, but it had no false and tinsel ornament. It was not the model cried up by fashion and circumstance; its excellence was adapted to a true and just moral taste, incapable of change from the varying accidents of manners, opinions and times.

General Washington is not the idol of a day, but the hero of ages. Placed in circumstances of the most trying difficulty at the commencement of the American contest, he accepted that situation which was preeminent in danger and responsibility. His perseverance overcame every obstacle; his moderation conciliated every opposition; his genius supplied every resource; his enlarged view could plan, devise, and improve every branch of civil and military operation. He had the superior courage which can act or forbear to act as true policy dictates, careless of the reproaches of ignorance either in power or out of power. He knew how to conquer, by waiting, in spite of obloquy, for the moment of victory; and he merited true praise by despising undeserved censure. In the most arduous moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of the cause which he supported.

His conduct was, on all occasions, guided by the most pure disinterestedness. Far superior to low and grovelling motives, he seemed ever to be influenced by that ambition which has justly been called the instinct of great souls. He acted ever as if his country's welfare, and that alone, was the moving spirit. His excellent mind needed not even the stimulus of ambition, or the prospect of fame. Glory was a secondary consideration. He performed great actions; he persevered in a course of laborious utility, with an equanimity that neither sought distinction nor was flattered by it. His reward was in the consciousness of his own rectitude, and the success of his patriotic efforts.

As his elevation to the chief power was the unbiased choice of his countrymen, his exercise of it was agreeable to the purity of its origin. As he had neither solicited nor usurped dominion, he had neither to contend with the opposition of rivals nor the revenge of enemies. As his authority was undisputed, so it required no jealous precautions, no rigorous severity. His government was mild and gentle; it was beneficent and liberal; it was wise and just. His prudent administration consolidated and enlarged the dominion of an infant republic.

In voluntarily resigning the magistracy which he had filled with such distinguished honor, he enjoyed the unequalled satisfaction of leaving to the State he had contributed to establish the fruits of his wisdom and the example of his virtues. It is some consolation amidst the violence of ambition and criminal thirst of power, of which so many instances occur around us, to find a character whom it is honorable to admire and virtuous to imitate. A conqueror for the freedom of his country! a legislator for its security! a magistrate for its happiness! His glories were never sullied by those excesses into which the highest qualities are apt to degenerate. With the greatest virtues, he was exempt from the corresponding vices. He was a man in whom the elements were so mixed, that "Nature might have stood up to all the world and owned him as her work." His fame, bounded by no country, will be confined to no age. The character of General Washington, which his contemporaries reverence and admire, will be transmitted to posterity; and the memory of his virtues, while patriotism and virtue are held sacred among men, will remain undiminished.

THE DEWY-WINGED BREEZES WERE SOARING.

D. J. Donahoe.

THE dewy-winged breezes were soaring
Over the moonlit lea,
And the stars had already arisen
Out of the azure sea;
When a child, who had strayed from her playmates,
Was lost on a lonesome lea,
And sobbing for fear, she murmured,
"Will nobody come to me?"

And dashing the tears from her eyelids
She called on her father dear,
But bitterly, bitterly wept she,
When nobody seemed to hear.
O, the moon and the stars shone brightly
Over river and rock and tree,
But weeping, the maid still murmured,
"Will nobody come to me?"

At length, all weary of weeping,
She lay on the dewy green,
And slumber came soothingly o'er her,
Under the moonbeams' sheen.
Yet still from her closed eyes welling,
Two glistening tears you might see,
And her dreaming lips still repeated,
"Will nobody come to me?"

And now her father has found her,
Her golden hair over her arm,
And his own pet spaniel beside her,
Guarding the child from harm.
Her face, like the smile of the morning,
Is lovely and calm to see,
But her lips still move to the murmur,
"Will nobody come to me?"

A child is the human spirit,
Lost in a lonesome night,
Trembling and weeping lest no one
Shall set her steps aright:
But ever the kind All-father
Holds out His guiding arm,
And sendeth His angel before Him,
To guard her safe from harm.

THE SWIFTEST BIRD.—The swiftest bird, probably, is the eagle of the sea, or frigate bird, often measuring sixteen feet from tip to tip. It hovers at an elevation of 10,000 feet when a storm breaks over the ocean. If it wishes to travel, says a French naturalist, it can almost annihilate space. It can breakfast in Africa and dine in America. This bird reposes on its great motionless wings, literally "sleeping on the bosom of the air."

BLASPHEMY PUNISHED.—At Mount Dore, in Auvergne, a woman and her daughter kept a book and newspaper shop. As is usual in French watering-places, the building was of wood. Amongst other papers sold was a blasphemous and immoral pamphlet full of calumny and outrage against Pius IX. Not many days ago the shop was struck by lightning, the daughter was killed on the spot, and the mother is only just out of danger. Strangely enough, the shop which was joined to some others was burnt to the ground; but the others were untouched. The people of the place have been much impressed by what appears to be an evidence of the anger of God. At Neuville Sous Corbie, in the diocese of Amiens, two municipal councillors impudently interfered when the Catholics were about to raise a cross in their cemetery. One of them expressed a hope that the figure of our Lord might fall and break its neck. A few days afterwards our blaspheming friend fell under a cart-wheel, which literally passed over his neck and broke it. The man Wouttèrs, the Lille locksmith, who broke open the doors of the Redemptorists, has at length committed suicide. He went to Leforest, near Douay, where he attempted to shoot a woman named Pontancier. Thinking she was dead, he turned the revolver upon himself and blew his brains out. The victims injured by his infernal machines are doing well. The crowd was so enraged, that the police had to take the dead body into a neighboring house, or they would have torn it to pieces.

A LADY, who had long been recognized as an uncompromising opponent of the use of tobacco in any form, did actually account for early rising the other morning by saying that she was "up to snuff" the early breeze.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE LITTLE FARMERS.

Rosa Mulholland.

CHAPTER I.

AT HOME IN LONDON.

One morning Cyril Hawthorne was lying awake in his bed, kicking his feet about under the counterpane, and gazing up at the ceiling The sun was dancing on the wall, and the window was open, for this was in merry June. Cyril was very fond of making up rhymes about every kind of nonsense that came into his head; and just now, as he tossed his yellow pate about the pillows, he shouted at the top of his voice, —

"Oh, me! oh, me!
How nice it would be
To live at the top
Of a very high tree!
Singing and chirping —
Pee-weep, pee-weep,
And pecking the cherries ——"

Here Cyril paused to think of a rhyme for "weep," and was just running over in his mind all the double "e" words he could remember, when he suddenly heard little chirping sounds as of answering his own cry. "Pee-weep-weep, weep!" piped the little voices; and Cyril sprang up in astonishment, almost afraid that he had really turned into a bird and was lying in a nest.

"Good gracious!" he cried, finding he had no feathers and no tail, but was just as usual; "where can the birds be?"

"Pee-wee-wee-weep!" chirped the birds.

Cyril now began a voyage of discovery all round his room, and at last traced the sounds to a lumber closet which opened off it.

"It must be up in that corner," he said, and began piling trunks and chairs on top of one another, and mounting upon them, to the great risk of all the bones in his body.

"Master Cyril, Master Cyril! breakfast is ready!" cried Nannie, the nurserymaid, knocking at his door.

"Oh, I say, I'm not ready, you know!" shouted Cyril; and then the door burst open, and in rushed his brother Frank, who uttered such a shriek at seeing where he was that Eily and Sylvia and tiny May ran out of the nursery, followed by Nannie, and little Kate the kitchen-maid, who had just brought up the breakfast, and all stood still in amazement at the door to see where Cyril had perched himself, — a curious figure indeed, in his night-gown, with all his hair on end.

"A nest, a nest!" shrieked Cyril, too triumphant to care about his appearance. "A bird has built her nest here in the room — she has, I say — and brought her five little baby birds to live in it! Just come here and listen — do!"

"Peep, peep, peep, peep, peep!" said the birds.

A chorus of delighted exclamations burst from the children. Even baby May got up on her tiptoes and cried,

"Polly-doodle, doodle, doodle-*doo*!" which was one of her choicest expressions of rapture.

"Well, I never!" cried Nannie. "Master Cyril, you were born to set all creation topsy-turvy! Get down directly, and be ready for breakfast in five minutes, or you sha'nt have any to-day!"

"I'll have John up with a ladder, I will!" cried Cyril, as he dressed rapidly. And no sooner had he appeared at the nursery breakfast-table, than he was obliged to relate the whole story of the finding of the birds.

"Oh, dear, how I wish I lived in the

country!" cried Cyril, "where I could climb trees all day, and look into all the birds' nests in the parish."

"Well," said Eily, "we go to the country every year, don't we?"

"Oh yes, to the sea-side for a while," said Cyril; "and just when a fellow is awfully happy, he is hauled home again to this beastly London!"

"Master Cyril, I shall complain of you if you use such dreadful words," cried Nannie.

"I'd like to be a farmer," said Cyril.

"Perhaps papa will allow you to be one, then," said Eily; "for I heard mamma say the other day that it was very hard to know what to make of so many boys."

"I'd like to be a huntsman," said Frank. "It would be so jolly riding about with the dogs."

"I'd like to be a big lady," said Sylvia, "and have long dresses, and drive in the park. What would you like, Eily?"

"I think, if I had a wish, I'd like to be a good fairy," said Eily; "the sort of one, you know, in stories, that flies about and gives happy surprises to people."

"What would you do first?" asked Frank.

"I know I should fly off with Mademoiselle under my arm the very first thing," said Eily — "off to Paris to see her friends; and such a lot of lovely presents as we'd have in our pockets!"

"I think you might do something for our music-mistress, too," said Cyril.

"That I should," said Eily. "I'd give her a pair of wings of her own, so that she could fly about from one set of children to the other, and get home in time for dinner in the evenings. Then her feet wouldn't be so sore with walking, and she wouldn't have to fast from early morning till night."

"Wasn't it awfully good of her to adopt a little girl altogether, when she has to work so hard?" said Cyril.

"Yes," said Frank. "And there is that fat old lady over the way, who has heaps of everything nice, and never adopted anybody."

"But, I say, what will baby be?" asked Cyril.

"Baby will always be a darling little May queen!" cried Eily. "Won't you, duck?"

"Toodle-oodle-oo!" replied May, wagging her little head above her basin of bread and milk.

"I hope we shall see the Wiltons to-day," said Sylvia.

"I shan't cry if we don't," said Cyril. "I don't care for stuck-up misses. Hullo! it's never time to go out walking, is it? Well, I must whisper to John as we go down stairs to have the ladder ready after dinner. I mean to be a father to those little pee-weeps!"

"Oh, I say," said Frank, "Cyril's turning into a canary. I thought I saw feathers coming out on the top of his head; but I didn't like to say anything about it."

"You silly!" said Cyril. "Shows all you know about it. Those birds are sparrows — not canaries."

"Come along, then. Tally-ho! Yoicks, yoicks!" roared Frank, flying along the passage to the nursery stairs.

"Softly, softly," said their English governess, who had just joined them, with her bonnet on, ready for the walk.

"Day, day!" said tiny May, dropping them all a comical little courtesy as they left the nursery.

In the park they found Mademoiselle with her morning pupils, the little Wiltons. Mademoiselle was a bright young Parisian girl, who had been obliged to leave home through troubles in her family, so that she might make some money to help those she loved. She was very lonely in London, and a little kindness was of great consequence to her. Half her day she spent with the Wiltons,

and the other half with the Hawthornes; and, indeed, to judge by her smiles, I think she liked much better to be among our own little friends. The Hawthornes were very kind to her, loved her, and paid attention to her. They liked her to tell them about her dear sister at home, and her widowed mother, and they shared all her joys and anxieties. The Wiltons, on the contrary, were often rude to her, and could not take an interest in anything that did not concern themselves.

"Oh!" said Florence Wilton, "our mamma had such a beautiful ball last night!"

"And our mamma had one last week!" said Sylvia, who was her partner at croquet.

"But our mamma's rooms were decorated so splendidly!" said Florence.

"So were our mamma's," said Sylvia.

"Oh! they couldn't have been so nice as ours," said Florence, scornfully. "Had you the Princess of Wales at your ball?"

"I don't know," said Sylvia, abashed. "I did not hear anything about that. I shall ask my mamma."

"I should think you haven't got anything so nice as we have," said Florence. "You never wear anything smarter than those brown hollands and white piques."

"Mamma likes children to be simple," said Eily, who had heard part of the conversation.

"Our mamma likes us to have pretty things," said Sophy. "We had such pretty new dresses home yesterday."

"You never talk about anything but clothes!" said Cyril, indignantly.

"And, pray, what should you like to talk about?" asked Sophy.

"Oh! games and fun," said Cyril. "Do run a race with me, Sophy, just for a novelty."

"I shall do no such thing, sir," said Sophy.

"Running races is very unladylike," said Florence.

"But you are not a lady!" said Cyril. "You are only a little girl. I shouldn't ask your mamma to run races with me, you know."

"You are very rude to interrupt my conversation with your sister," said Sophy; and, taking Sylvia's arm, she walked away with her.

"How many servants have you?" asked Sophy of Sylvia, as they rambled among the trees together.

"I am not sure! I never counted them," said Sylvia. "We have a good many."

"And do you have dinner-parties?"

"Yes; my mamma has one to-night."

"Well, then, be sure to tell me to-morrow what the ladies' dresses were like. I know all the new fashions, and I shall be able to tell whether they were proper or not."

"But I shall not be at the dinner-party."

"What, not even in the drawing-room before dinner!"

"Not at a large party," said Sylvia. "Oh, but I shall be able to see for you. Sometimes, when we are not too sleepy, we come and sit out at the railing of the nursery gallery, and we can see away down the middle of the stairs to the drawing-room landing. We can see the colors of the dresses, and if the ladies are pretty; but I am afraid I shan't be able to describe how the dresses are made."

"You must try," said Sophy, "for I am very particular about that."

"Mademoiselle," said Eily, that evening, when they were all sitting together in the nursery, and Mademoiselle had been telling a story, "I am afraid Sophy Wilton is making Sylvia miserable with all her talk about finery. There she is sitting out at the railings, and would not come in to hear your story lest she should miss seeing the ladies go down to dinner. And she was longing for

the story, and she never used to care so much about dresses. I am sure she is in dread of Sophy's sneering."

CHAPTER II.

BOASTING CHILDREN.

Mrs. Hawthorne was rather delicate, and often, after the children's early dinner, they gathered round her sofa in her bed-room, where she rested a little before driving out. They brought her their latest drawings, their Berlin work or embroidery, and sometimes they read aloud a few pages from some new story-book which they liked; while tiny May trotted about the room on her tip-toes, pulling open the drawers of her mamma's dressing-table, and scattering ribbons, laces, and gloves all round her on the floor. No one but baby May could have been allowed to do such a thing; but she was only a year and a half old, and the darling of the house.

"Mamma," said Sylvia, "do yon ever have the Princess of Wales at your balls?"

"No, Sylvia, certainly not," said Mrs. Hawthorne, smiling. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, mamma, please invite her!" cried Sylvia, piteously, "and then the Wiltons need not think so badly of us."

"I am afraid the Wiltons are not the best playfellows for my little Sylvia," said Mrs. Hawthorne. "Last week she was in tears because her mother did not choose her to have a silk dress like Sophy's, and now nothing will satisfy her but a visit from the Princess of Wales. Shall I write an invitation in your name, Sylvia? Miss Sylvia Hawthorne requests the pleasure, etc.; afternoon tea in the nursery with the dolls."

"Oh, mamma, you are laughing at me!"

"Of course I am, Sylvia. Don't you think you deserve it?"

"Why, mamma?"

"Don't you see, my love, that you are showing a very silly pride? Not alone silly, but mean?"

"Oh, mamma!"

"Yes; you are too young to know what a terrible evil this is that is just beginning to take root in your heart."

Sylvia stared.

"Should you like to swallow a reptile that would keep stinging you all your life till you died?"

"No."

"Well, then, envious pride would be a greater misery to you if you were to let it take up its dwelling in your heart. You know already that it is a sin. You are too young to know the bitter pain that it causes in the mind."

Tears began to trickle down Sylvia's cheeks.

"Oh, mamma, I *have* felt the pain; indeed I have. Do let me speak and tell you about it."

Here Frank had to turn his head aside suddenly, for, seeing Sylvia in tears, he at once felt his own eyes very wet and hot; and manly boys do not like to be seen crying, even when their tears do them credit.

Mrs. Hawthorne put her arm round the afflicted little girl, and said, "Now tell me all about it."

"Well, you know, mamma, Florence and Sophy always want me to walk with them. They say they don't care for Eily so much, because she likes to talk about stupid things, — poor people, and books, and things like that.

"And don't you like those stupid things too?"

"Yes, mamma, when I'm with Eily and Mademoiselle; but when I'm with the Wiltons, they keep telling me so much about what they have, that everything else goes out of my head. And then they ask me such questions, and whenever there is anything that we don't have, they look so disgusted, and I feel so ashamed, and my heart begins to

burn, burn, so that it is dreadful. And then all the time that I am away from them, I keep thinking of what I could say that we had and they hadn't; but I never can think of anything, because they have everything. It is not so bad in the park, because I can sometimes run away, or play games with the boys; but at the dancing-lesson it's horrible. They sit beside me while the others are dancing and we are waiting for our turn, and then it's indoors, and everybody's frock has to be talked about; and it's just one buzz of talk the whole time about dresses, and ornaments, and — and — and — everything like that!"

"They're awful cads, those Wiltons. That's what they are, I know!" cried Cyril.

"Cads are boys," sobbed Sylvia. "The Wiltons are girls."

"I should rather think they are girls," said Cyril. "If they were boys, wouldn't I just walk into them and polish them off, rather!"

"Cad is not a nice word for any one," said Mrs. Hawthorne; "but I know Cyril means no harm. I think they must be very ill-bred children, and I should be glad that mine were kept away from them. However, as you must not be rude to any person, I advise you for the future to try and change the conversation when they begin upon the unpleasant subject, and you can find an opportunity of saying, quietly, that God has given you everything you want, and you are contented."

"Yes, mamma."

"And *are* you contented?"

"Oh yes, yes, indeed, mamma," cried Sylvia, flinging her arms round her mother's neck. "I hope I shall never be so silly again."

"Well then, dry up your tears, love, and let us see if anybody can find a happier subject for our chat."

"*I* can, mamma," said Eily, looking up brightly from her embroidery.

"Speak, then," said Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Why, mamma, Mademoiselle has been telling me about such a nice place she has been to see,— a children's hospital. And she would like to take us there, if you will allow her."

"I think I have heard of it before," said Mrs. Hawthorne, "and I should like to see it myself; only I must be sure there is nothing infectious in the place before I can allow you to go."

"Oh, mamma, there is nothing but broken bones, and bad chests, and things like that. Mademoiselle says hardship, and starvation, and ill-treatment are the cause of most of the diseases you will find there," cried Eily.

"Then there can be no objection to your going," said Mrs. Hawthorne. "You may pay a visit there this afternoon."

Oh, what pleasant words were these! The children flew to get ready for their expedition, and about an hour afterwards were ascending the staircase of a large house, which was the dwelling of the sick children they had come to visit. Their hearts were beating with wonder and expectation, for they were very healthy children themselves, and did not know much about sickness. The thought of giving pleasure to other little children who were in sorrow and pain filled them with joyful excitement; and they were quite sure they were going to give pleasure, for they had paid a visit to the German Fair on their way, and each was laden with a parcel of toys. At last the door was thrown open, and they saw a great many little beds ranged round the walls of a very large room.

Well, it was a very pleasant surprise, for the place did not look dismal at all, as they had quite expected it would. The sun was shining in pleasantly through the chinks of cool blinds, and a number of little heads were popped up from the pillows to gaze at the visitors. Some of the children did not look very sick at all,

although under the blankets of their little beds were very sore knees and feet and backs, which the doctors knew about and were trying to cure. The little Hawthornes were soon quite at home among them, and were hearing how Tommie had fallen down stairs, and Annie had tumbled into the fire while her mother was out; how Bill had been run over in the street where he always lived when his father was at work (his mother being dead), and how Susie had hurt her back when she was very little by carrying a fat baby brother nearly as big as herself.

"I say, Eily," said Cyril, "don't we have better times at home than these poor little things?" Look at this little chap here, who was born with his foot all twisted to one side! But they are getting it straight, you know. Isn't it well that it can be done?"

Frank and Cyril sat down beside this little man, and explained to him an ingenious game which they had brought with them; while Eily found out a very delicate boy who could not lift his head from the pillow, and sitting down beside him, she opened a pretty new story book and showed him the colored pictures. Sylvia, in the meantime, made her way into another room, where some little girls, who were getting well and were able to be up, were playing together in a corner at the window.

They hung their heads and looked very shy when Sylvia drew near.

"What are you playing?" asked Sylvia.

They all hung their heads very much indeed at this question, and tittered and glanced at each other out of the corners of their eyes.

"Do tell me," said Sylvia; "I want to play too."

They brightened up at hearing this, and one girl, taking courage, explained to the little lady that they were playing "Hospital." They had a number of tiny wooden dolls in a box, all laid up on little heaps of rags, and tucked round, and supposed to be in bed. One had a broken leg, another had a sore foot, a third had a crooked back. Some of the little girls who made the play were nurses, others were the doctors who had come to visit the patients; and the great amusement was to try and remember and repeat the words and directions of the real doctors, whom the little girls saw every day. Sylvia was soon busily engaged in this play, having added a pretty doll, who made so large a patient that she had to get a separate box of her own for a bed.

"Oh, but her cheeks is too rosy!" lisped a pale-faced little sprite, who was gazing rapturously at the waxen beauty. "She isn't sick at all, but lovely and well, I'm sure."

"That is the high fever," explained Sylvia. "I know when people have fever their cheeks get red."

"But hers is not hot like mine was," murmured the little convalescent, laying her hand lightly on dolly's cool face. "I'd rather have her well, miss, please. Do let her be well."

"What do the rest say?" said Sylvia, looking round. "Shall she be sick, or well?"

"Well, well!" was voted by all the voices.

"Let us set her up here in this chair, then," said Sylvia, "and she shall look on at the play."

"Oh yes, and be a beautiful lady come to see the patients!" cried a little girl.

A nurse now came to bring the convalescents out to the garden, and all prepared to go except one, who looked on wistfully while the others departed.

"Why do not you go?" said Sylvia, who was thinking of asking Mademoiselle if she might also go to the garden.

The little one thrust out her feet, on which were a pair of great slippers in which it was impossible she could walk.

"I have no shoes," she said. "There are none to fit me in the house. We don't have any shoes to go out in unless kind ladies send some old ones to us. I am hoping every day that some one will send in a pair that will fit me. Then I shall be able to go out to the garden."

"I am sure mine would fit you," cried Sylvia. "I shall ask my mamma to allow me to send you a pair."

The little girl's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Oh, thank you!" she cried. "And won't you come again and see how I can jump about the garden?"

Sylvia gave up the idea of going to the garden now, and sat down to amuse the poor little girl who was longing to go out and could not; and when Mademoiselle was ready to go home, Sylvia could hardly tear herself away.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" she cried, "how delightful it was! I hope mamma will send us there often. Isn't it much better than talking about finery with the Wiltons?"

"I think the Wiltons could spare some of their fal-lals to those children," said Cyril.

"What are fal-lals, Cyril?" asked Sylvia.

"Oh, gimcrack things — sashes and ribbons and such nonsense. How many sashes have they each, Sylvia?"

"I forget; an awful lot, I know."

"Well, they might do with one or two, and give something to the little patients."

"Their old plain frocks would do to send," said Eily, "and so would ours. I am going to ask mamma if we mayn't give all the clothes we have left off."

"I have my eye on a certain pair of shoes," said Sylvia. "Somebody shall have a run in the garden in them to-morrow."

"Well, I am very glad I brought you there," said Mademoiselle. "It was good for you, and likely to be good for the little patients also, I see."

CHAPTER III.

STRANGE NEWS.

"My dear Eily," said Mademoiselle, in her pretty French, one day soon after the visit to the hospital, "what is the matter with you? Your eyes are heavy, and you look so sad. Does your head ache?"

Elily put her head down on the table and burst into tears.

"O, Mademoiselle! I am so unhappy about mamma and papa. I am afraid there is something wrong, for they both look so sad and so grave, and yesterday mamma's eyes were red, as if she had been crying. Papa looked at us all dreadfully last evening when we came down to dessert, and he sighed and turned away his head, and then mamma looked at him, and I was afraid to ask anything about it."

Mademoiselle took the little girl in her arms and comforted her.

"Do not grieve like this," she said, "or you will make your papa and mamma more unhappy. Perhaps you are mistaken, after all, and there is nothing the matter."

"Oh, there *is* something," said Eily. "Do you know that this very moment mamma is lying on her bed alone, with the blinds down, looking so sad and ill; and I am longing to go to her, only I am afraid it might not be right."

"I don't think there can be any harm in your going to her," said Mademoiselle. "If she does not want you, she can send you away."

So Eily went down to her mamma's room, and stole in so softly, that Mrs. Hawthorne hardly knew any one was there, till she found a little head laid beside her on the pillow.

"Mamma, dear, I am afraid you are ill."

"Not very ill, my love; only a little unwell."

"But, mother, I think you are in trouble about something. Have any of us grieved you very much?"

"My dear, I am in trouble, but the grief is not caused by any of my children. I believe I must tell you about it now, Eily, since you have asked me. I intended to tell you all soon; but you may as well know at once."

"You know I am the eldest, mamma, and I ought to be able to help you."

"God bless you, my darling! you are a great comfort to me. Well, then, papa has lost nearly all his money, and he is obliged to go away to the other side of the world to try if anything can be saved. I am afraid people have cheated him; but he must go and see about it. It is a long journey, and he must set off at once. Then I must sell all our pretty things, and give up this house; and we must all live upon as little as we can in some quiet corner till papa comes back."

Eily drew a long breath, and was silent, trying to realize it all. She stole a glance round her mother's beautiful room, with its luxurious appointments. It had always seemed to belong so completely to her mother. She could not imagine that pretty mother turned out of it, and going to some poor little place.

"Oh, mamma, you won't sell everything!"

"Yes, dear, for we shall want all the money we can get. You see, Eily, God only lends us things in this world, and when He wants them back we must give them without grumbling."

"I know that, mother; and He loves the poor best, doesn't He? I suppose we are going to be part of the poor now; aren't we?"

"Yes, love, and we must try and behave so as to gain all the blessings promised to the poor."

"Mamma, what about the big boys? Must they come away from school?"

"No, your uncle John insists upon keeping them at school until things come right, as he says; and I have gratefully accepted this kindness from him, as it would be indeed a terrible thing to cut short the education of my boys, who must depend on their own exertions so early in life."

"But the rest of us, mamma! You can't go on keeping all our teachers?"

"No; and that is the bitterest part of it. My little ones will have no better instructress now than their mother."

"Oh, mamma, but that will be delightful! We will try to give you so little trouble. And I could help you with the younger ones; really I think I could. And, you know, when May is big, I shall be quite old enough to be her governess."

"My darling child, you are indeed a great comfort to me," said Mrs. Hawthorne, kissing Eily's eager face. "When papa knows what a wise little girl he leaves beside me, he will go away with much more peace of mind."

Eily felt so happy at hearing these words from her mother, that when she returned to the nursery Mademoiselle thought nothing of much consequence could be wrong, the little girl looked so bright. But by-and-by a shade of deep thought came over her face and remained there, and all that evening Eily sat very quiet, holding Mademoiselle's hand, and begging not to be asked to join in the merry romps of the other children. Yet, in general, Eily enjoyed a game as well as any child.

One evening, soon after, Eily had leave from her mother to tell the other children of the coming change in their life. Mrs. Hawthorne thought it was right that they should know, but she was so much occupied, and felt so sad, that she was glad when her helpful little daughter asked to be allowed to take this painful task off her hands. So Eily brought her sister and brothers into her own room, saying she had a very great secret to tell them.

"And shall not May come too?"

said Sylvia. "May can keep a secret as well as any one."

"Oh yes," said Eily; "the little darling must hear the news also. It belongs to her as much as to the rest of us."

So Baby May, aged one year and a half, was allowed to toddle in. The children all sat in a row on chairs, because this was to be a solemn council, and May was seated on a stool in the midst of them.

"Well, children," began Eily, "this news is about a great deal of trouble that has come to papa and mamma. Before I tell you any more, you must promise not to look very sad when you hear it, because that would vex them greatly."

The three pairs of eyes opposite Eily opened very wide at this.

"Oh, no, we won't be sad," said the children.

"Ki! Ki!" said May, clinking her tiny heels against the floor.

"Papa has lost nearly all his money," said Eily, "and he has to go away across the world to try and find some of it; and this house is to be given up, and we are to go and live in some very small place. And poor mamma will have a great deal of trouble, and hardly any servants, and she intends to teach us herself; and we must be very careful of our clothes, and cost her as little as ever we can."

"Hullo!" cried Cyril.

"Good gracious!" cried Frank.

"Is it really true?" said Sylvia.

"Toodle-oodle-clo-clo!" remarked May.

"It is quite true," said Eily. "This evening we shall all be brought down stairs to take leave of dear papa, who is to sail very early to-morrow morning. We must all then begin to pray very much that God will take care of him and bring him back soon."

"Oh yes!" cried all the children.

"And after he is gone," continued Eily, "mamma will have a great, great deal to do. She will have to sell off everything there is in the house."

"Everything!" echoed Sylvia, in dismay.

"Everything except a few things for the tiny place where we are going to live till papa comes back."

"Where will it be?" cried all the children, breathlessly.

"I am not sure. Perhaps it will be a cottage in the country."

Cyril gave a wild shriek of rapture at these words, and began to whistle violently; while Frank slipped off his chair, where he had been sitting so primly listening, with a long face, and immediately stood on his head, flourishing his heels in the air. When Baby May saw these performances she began to crow with delight, and clapped her hands at the "bow-wows," as she called her brothers, being quite sure that their sudden fantastic behavior was all for her particular amusement. Sylvia was obliged to dance her about; and Eily, who had been sitting in the centre of the group, grave and serious like a little mother among them all, could not keep from bursting out laughing, so that any one entering the room at this moment must have thought she had been telling the merriest news in the world.

After the storm of fun had passed over a little, Eily said, —

"Really we are funny children, to be so gay over papa's troubles."

"Oh, but you know it will all come right again," said Cyril. "And it will be so awfully jolly to live in the country!"

"Goloptious!" exclaimed Frank, rolling up his eyes.

"I hope it will be a pretty country," said Sylvia.

"Oh, who cares about pretty?" cried Cyril. "There will be trees, and hedges, and horses, and cows, and birds."

"And a fellow will be able to run about without women after his heels, and all his hairs brushed the same way!" cried Frank.

"Oh, you untidy boy!" said Sylvia.

"Hullo!" cried Frank; "Sylvia would rather be a fine lady in town. No more fine dresses to please the Wiltons, eh!"

"You are very unkind," said Sylvia, with tears in her eyes. "As if I could care about clothes when mamma and papa are in trouble!"

"Well, don't blub, old silly-puss! I didn't mean to hurt. One good thing, the Wiltons won't be near to torment you any more."

"We shall only be able to have one servant," continued Eily, as they all begged her to tell more about the new life that was before them.

"Jolly!" said Cyril. "A fellow can get leave to be his own master!"

"Now, Cyril," said Eily, "if you begin like that, you will be sure to grieve mamma. What will she do if you turn out wild?"

"Oh, bother!" said Cyril; "Eily has turned into an old woman of a hundred, — so fearfully sensible all at once."

"Well," said Eily, "I'm trying my very best to be wise. I know I can't manage it very well, as I am only a little girl. But you know, boys, I am the eldest, and if I had been grown-up now, I should have been a great help to mamma. I heard papa saying so to mamma. He said: 'If only Eily had been a young woman now instead of a child, I should not feel so much at leaving you.' And then, you know, I thought that I would try very hard to make up for the years that aren't come yet, and to do the sort of things that a grown-up girl would do. Wouldn't any of you have done just the same if you had been the eldest?"

"Yes," cried the children.

"And, dear boys," said Eily, "I don't find it at all easy, I can tell you, and so I hope you won't tease me too much till I get into the way of it. Of course you may tease a good deal. I don't mean that you are never to do it at all, for that would be stupid, I suppose; but only don't tease so much as to make me angry. When you see me getting angry, leave off, won't you?"

"We will, we will!" cried the boys.

"Thank you," said Eily; "that will be such a help, because you know it would be dreadful to mamma if we were to have quarrels now."

"Oh, but, you know," said Cyril, "when Frank and I want to have a row, and can't possibly help it, we can go away into the fields and have it out, and mamma needn't be annoyed with it at all. Not like here, where, if you square up for a minute, only for a lark, you hear 'Master Cyril, Master Cyril!' yelled all through the rooms as if the house was on fire."

"Well, I hope you won't fight much," said Eily, — "not more than you can help. It isn't right, you know."

"Well, we wont!" said Cyril; "only just a little to keep our hands in. And, you know, we are always good friends the whole time; aren't we, Frank? Only that's a thing that nobody will understand," added Cyril, in rather an aggrieved tone.

"I will try and not grumble any more," said Sylvia, getting very red with the effort it cost her to make this announcement. For Sylvia had always found great difficulty in acknowledging her faults.

"That will be so nice, said Eily. "Now we are all going to try together!"

"I say, Eily," said Cyril, after looking at her attentively in silence for a few moments, "there is one thing I hope — that you are not going to turn into a regular goody mope!"

"I hope not," said Eily, a little doubtfully, for she had been feeling rather in fear of the severely virtuous part she was undertaking. For a little girl of ten to assume the sensible ways of a woman was a heavy responsibility, and Eily, in spite of

her good-will, did not quite know herself under the burden.

"Never fear, old girl! I sha'nt let you!" cried Cyril, who, though a year younger, liked to patronize her. "If you keep me in order, I'll take care that you don't go about with a long face."

In spite of all their merry chatter, the children had very sad, pale faces when, late in the evening, they were sent for to the dining-room to say farewell to their papa. Mr. Hawthorne took them in his arms in turn, and kissed and blessed them again and again. Even Cyril's sauciness completely vanished, and his tears came down in floods as he promised his kind father to be good in his absence.

"I leave your dear mamma to the care of her loving children," said Mr. Hawthorne, "and I am sure that none of them will disappoint me by paining her while I am far away and not able to comfort her."

When Mr. Hawthorne was gone, old nurse came and laid poor Mrs. Hawthorne on the sofa, where the children gathered round her, all creeping into her arms and giving her their sympathy; even tiny May nestling a little curly head into her neck, and patting her cheeks, as if she knew quite well that something was wrong.

To be Continued.

Draws the Line at Snoring.—The Rev. Arthur Hall, an English clergyman, being annoyed by snoring during his preaching the other day, stopped in his sermon and said: "I do not object to a quiet nod on a hot day, and am flattered at being able to contribute to anybody's repose. But, while proud at being able to give the beloved sleep, I wish it to be distinctly understood that I draw the line at snores. There is a man snoring in the congregation, and I shall be obliged if somebody will waken him."

THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

A new marble tomb, covering the old and dilapidated one in which repose the remains of Commodore Barry, in the graveyard directly in the rear of St. Mary's Catholic Church, Philadelphia, was dedicated a few years ago. The tomb is very plain, about four feet high and eight long, and on the slab is inscribed the following epitaph:—

"Sacred to the memory of Commodore Barry, Father of the American Navy.

"Let the Christian patriot and soldier who visits these mansions of the dead view this monument with respect and veneration. Beneath it rest the remains of John Barry, who was born in the county Wexford, Ireland, in the year 1745. America was the object of his patriotism and the aim of his usefulness and ambition. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War he held the commission of captain in the then limited navy of the Colonies. His achievements in battle and his renowned naval tactics merited for him the position of Commodore, and to be justly regarded as the father of the American Navy. He fought often and bled in the cause of freedom; but the deeds of valor did not diminish in him the virtues which adorned his private life. He was eminently kind, just, and charitable, and no less beloved by his family and friends than by his grateful country. Firm in the faithful practice of the Roman Catholic Church, he departed this life on the thirteenth day of September, 1803, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. In grateful remembrance, a few of his countrymen, members of St. Mary's Church, and others, have contributed toward the erection of this second monument, erected July 1, 1876. *Requiescat in pace!*"

The first who introduced sugar-cane into Louisiana were the Jesuit Fathers.

Useful Knowledge.

HICCOUGH. — Inflate the lungs as fully as possible, and thus press firmly on the agitated diaphragm. In a few seconds the spasmodic action of the muscles will cease. This may be true of ordinary hiccough; but this symptom occurring in advanced cases of disease, accompanied with great prostration, is almost invariably an indication that death is near.

COFFEE-GROUNDS. — Vick's Magazine recommends coffee-grounds as manure. A lady of San Francisco lately received some plants from Mexico, and with the plants came the advice to fertilize them with waste coffee-grounds. This was done, and the results were so satisfactory that the same treatment was tried on roses, and the effect was a healthy and vigorous growth, and more and better flowers, and of richer colors.

STEWED VEAL. — Cut your meat in pieces, wash them clean, put them into the dinner-pot, add three pints of water, put in one onion, some pepper and salt, let it stew one hour; then add potatoes sliced, and make a crust of sour milk or cream-tartar, and put in and stew till the potatoes are done, about half and hour; the crust may be made into biscuits.

HOW TO DO UP SHIRTS NICELY. — For one bosom, take a large teaspoonful of good starch and dissolve it in cold water enough to wet the bosom thoroughly (use cold starch always); it would probably take a cupful of water. When it is well dissolved, starch the bosom, being careful to get it all wet through; have ready a bowl of clear water nearly boiling, and dip the bosom into it, wring it out quickly and shake, pull the bosom into shape and fold it up smoothly and put by for half an hour or about that, and iron with a moderately hot iron, and rub hard; that is what gives the gloss. There is no need of using a cloth over the bosom if you only put it by for a little while. I think one reason so many have trouble in doing up shirts nicely is because they use too hot irons.

PRESERVING CABBAGE. — Our mode in saving cabbage during the winter is to stand them in rows upright as they grew, buried up to the lower leaves. After an oblong bed of them is prepared, cover with leaves or straw, and place over it an improvised roof formed of bean poles laid across a rough frame, covered with corn stalks, and to lean enough to carry off water. We have often kept our cabbages to the first of May in this way. Some people put them heads down and bury up to the stalk; but we don't think they keep as well, and it entails more labor.

PLAIN WAFFLES. — One pint of sour milk, two eggs, whites beaten separately, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar, one pint of flour, and two-thirds teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of boiling water, put in just before baking.

HOW TO MANAGE A COUGH. — A distinguished English physician, in a work on colds and coughs, says if we would know how to manage a cough we must learn how not to cough. The inclination to cough should at any rate be suppressed until the secretion, the existence of which sets up the cough, is within your reach; a full inspiration should now be taken, and the accumulated phlegm is then removed at a single effort. Thus the mucous surfaces are not causelessly irritated, and a severe bronchial attack passes easily through it stages, whereas, if the membrane is irritated by violent and useless fits of coughing, it gets sore and relaxed. Again, by inhaling steam or sucking an ipecacuanha lozenge on first awaking, the dried secretion may be loosened or easily expelled, and the usual fit of morning cough partly prevented.

HOW SMALL ITEMS COUNT.—Five cents each morning, a mere trifle. Thirty-five cents per week — not much; yet it would buy coffee and sugar for a whole family, $16.25 a year — and this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of a year, and the interest thereon at six per cent annually, would in twelve years amount to more than $689 — enough to buy a good farm in the West. Five cents before each breakfast, dinner and supper — you'd hardly miss it; yet it is fifteen cents a day, $1.05 a week — enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you have over five thousand dollars. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot. Ten cents each morning — hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or a spool of thread. Several cents a week — it would buy several yards of muslin — $36.50 in one year. Deposit this money as before, and you will have $2,140 in twenty years — quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before breakfast, dinner and supper — thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children; $2.10 each week — more than enough to pay a year's subscription to a good newspaper — $104.50 a year. With it you could buy a good melodeon, from which you could produce good music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount invested as before would in forty years produce the desirable amount of $15,000.

The Humorist.

An unfortunate Indianapolis man, who lost several toes by a car-wheel, was consoled by a man near by with—"There, you're making more noise than many a man I've seen with his head off."

Professor—"Which is the most delicate of the senses?" Student—"The touch." Professor—"Prove it." Student—"When you sit on a tack, you can't hear it, you can't see it, you can't taste it, you can't smell it; but you can feel it's there!"

He happened to press the foot of a young lady who was sitting next the door in getting out of a street-car. The damsel, compressing her brow into an awe-inspiring frown, ejaculated—"You clumsy wretch!" Many men would have looked foolish, and apologized, but our hero was equal to the occasion. "My dear young lady," he exclaimed, "you should have feet large enough to be seen, and then they wouldn't be trodden upon." Her brow relaxed, her eyes sparkled, her lips smiled, and the injury was forgotten.

"This isn't a menagerie," sharply observed an irascible woman to a man who was trying to force his way through the crowd at the door of a concert-room. "No, I suppose not," returned the man, "or they wouldn't leave any of the animals to block up the entrance."

A mason in a country town had, by industrious practices, progressed sufficiently as to commence business on his own account. One morning, when in his small office with a customer, he felt his dignity as a master-mason somewhat compromised by his daughter coming in and informing him that his parritch was ready. When his visitor had gone, he explained to his daughter that in his new position it was not befitting that such a fact should be communicated to him in the presence of gentlemen calling on business, and that in future, when sent on such an errand, if she found him so engaged, she should rather say, "A gentleman wishes to speak to you," or something to that effect, and he would understand. His daughter promised obedience, and it was not long till she fulfilled her promise to the letter. Appearing before him when engaged with another customer, she informed him that a gentleman desired to see him. Her father informed her he would come directly, but being detained longer than he anticipated, his daughter, after waiting a considerable time, again walked into the office, and said, "Father, ye maun try an' come, for the gentleman's getting cauld."

"Young man, do you believe in a future state?" "In course I duz; and, what's more, I mean to enter it as soon as Betsey gets her things ready."

After Supper at a Ball.—He: without joking, Elsie, I do adore you. When I look at you there is such a commotion in my breast! She: And in mine, too, Henri; it must be the lobster salad.

"Madam," said a medium, "your husband's spirit wishes to communicate with you." "No matter," said the widow; "if he's got no more spirit in the other world than he had in this, it's not worth bothering about."

During the tithe agitation in Ireland, a barber was summoned to pay two shillings and sixpence for ministers' money. "But I never enter your church," he said. "No matter," was the reply, "the church is open for all." He paid the bill grudgingly. Twelve months after the minister got a bill for two shillings and sixpence from the barber. "What's this for?" asked the minister. "For shaving you, to be sure." "But, sir, I shave myself, you never have shaved me." "That may be, but my place is open to you all the year round,"

A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," replied Crispin, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

"I do believe, Mr. Heffelspin," said his wife, "that you mean to kill me with your everlasting conundrums. Why is a feline sitting up straight like Niagara? You knew I couldn't guess it." "Well, I will tell you," rejoined Heffelspin, "because it is a cat erect."

A minister and a magistrate were once returning home along a country road after an ordination dinner. They were arm in arm, and taking up pretty well the full breadth of the road. Pausing under the moonlight, the cleric thus addressed his boon companion: "You're a decent fellow, Bailie, but I've yae wee bit fault to find wi' you." "I'm sorry to hear that. What is it you mean?" "Weel, you see, Bailie, you don't attend the church so regular as you might." "Well, maybe no, but I never grudge my seat rent or tithes." "No, indeed, I cannot say you do, Bailie. Weel, weel, then, let's say nae mair about it, for after o' that's the principal part o' the business."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1882.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE demise of the great Archbishop of Tuam awakens some of the noblest recollections of the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. That land, always fruitful in holy and learned prelates, owes to them, in a large measure, the presevation of her proverbial faith; for they have observed the apostolic injunction of watching, as men who were to render an account of their flocks. The Council of Trent, in its reformatory canons, intimates that the progress of heresy was made possible by the indifference and worldliness of many of the bishops in the lands in which the Reformation succeeded. The bishop is the pattern of the flock, priests as well as laity; and had England a few more such men as Fisher, the faith might not have been lost.

What a noble line of great Irish bishops has Dr. Lanigan described for us, in his Ecclesiatical History of Ireland! They seem to have imbibed the very spirit of St. Patrick. Priest and patriot, doctor and father, lord and yet servant of all, mingle their traits together in their grand characters. Of such men John of Tuam was a worthy successor.

If there ever was the slightest ground for holding the opinion that an Irish prelate rejoices in the ignorance of his people, as giving him a more despotic sway over benighted minds, this man's labors in the cause of Catholic education would refute it. From 1825 till the day when his counsel overthrew the Gladstone programme for infidel education in Ireland, Archbishop MacHale was the foremost champion of the religious and secular training of his people. Although he built or repaired more than one hundred churches in his diocese, it was the spiritual temple of sacred learning that called forth his most strenuous efforts, and the Franciscan monk and teacher might be found side by side with the parish priest in every part of the province.

He was too great an observer to trust the faith to the traditional instincts of the people, or let it rest upon so foolish a support as the antagonism of the Celt to the Saxon. He wished his people to know thoroughly the reasons of the faith that was in them. It is a pitiful delusion of many Protestants that the Catholicity of Ireland results from her hatred of England. There is the old joke that if England wanted Irishmen to turn Protestant, all she had to do was to oblige them to remain Catholics, and make it a penal offence for them to become "reformed." However, John of Tuam was bound to see that all his children should have a Catholic education, and heaven help the priest who did not second his efforts!

Instead of either quailing before the "souper," or treating him roughly, the Catholic was trained to reply to his arguments, and it is wonderful how readily the nimble Irish wit appreciated the relative strength of arguments, and the helplessness of Protestantism before the attacks of sound controversy. The eminently rational side of the Catholic faith, which Archbishop MacHale drew out in his Evidences of the Doctrines of the Catholic Faith, was presented in his schools with all its fascination, to the young minds that had been told that the faith of their fathers was only an ignorant and brutalizing superstition.

Scholarly himself, with that rare and

ripe scholarship which marked the training of the olden times, when men were not expected to learn a little about everything, without a mastery of any study, he insisted upon the attainment of learning, in a thorough and systematic way. As a professor, it is said, that he gave short lessons, but he required their complete and accurate understanding. The only relaxation he permitted himself during his earthly pilgrimage, was his old-time fondness for Greek, which led him to translate the immortal verse of the Iliad into the Celtic tongue, and his love of the music of his native land. Homer and the Harp!

He believed that Ireland would eventually regain her independence, and this hope, which was never dimmed, was an auxiliary motive to educate the nation in the principles of sound morality and learning. Liberty, to an uneducated and untrained people, is a curse. Thus his educational work was the highest evidence of his patriotism, which was never questioned except by those who always fear enlightened public opinion, as it cannot be hoodwinked by spurious patriotism, or cajoled by absurd promises and predictions.

THE trouble about the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment is over for the present. The Boston *Daily Globe*, commenting upon the action of the Governor in summarily discharging twenty men who were named in Colonel Strachan's report, pertinently inquires: "If the Governor believes that the Colonel did his duty in the investigation of the charges against his command, why did he censure him and the whole regiment? If he does not believe it, why don't he say so, and ask for the Colonel's resignation? Colonel Strachan's report was exhaustive and just, and we should think it would elicit a better recognition of the performance of an unpleasant duty than the placing of the whole command practically under arrest."

It would amuse our readers to note some of the trifling causes for which the men were discharged. One was dismissed for walking through the street with a broom over his shoulder, and a goodly proportion for jumping on mule carts in a frolic. It is to be feared that Gov. Long knows very little about the way to treat soldiers, and would soon disband an army by his martinet style.

The whole investigation appears to have been conducted in a blundering manner. First irresponsible newspapers began to circulate dreadful stories, and on the strength of these, a board of investigation was sent to Richmond. All the evidence was taken there, and, says Colonel Strachan in his report, "No testimony was taken in rebuttal; the report was made in New York and forwarded to Boston, without any hearing on the part of the regiment." The graver charges of theft and obscenity are utterly without foundation. After a searching investigation, all that can be alleged against the regiment is that some ten got intoxicated and the other nine jumped on mule carts, whilst one unfortunate carried a broom through the streets.

There is not a governor or a military officer in the country who will not condemn the action of Governor Long as not only unnecessarily severe, but unjust and unjustifiable. We regret the stigma which this action seeks to fix upon the Ninth, but let them not mind it. All who have examined the subject with unprejudiced eyes, have seen a petty spirit of envy and jealousy in the pompous condemnation of the admittedly finest regiment upon the field of Yorktown.

We further regret to see that the names of some of the dismissed men indicate their Irish origin. Of course, poor Pat has to take most of the knocks in this hard world. We are loth to think that any spirit so meanly contemptible as anti-Irishism had anything to do with Gov. Long's procedure, or started this howl against the Ninth. Those who are "in the ring" are better informed. If the charges are just, they should set us all on renewed efforts to maintain a high stand of sobriety and decent behavior. The Irish are so thoroughly a united people in faith and patriotism, that the misdeeds of any of our number injure the whole people. An Irishman in a strange land should feel that he is always upon his good behavior, and that trifles are only too readily magnified into crimes by the enemies of our land and creed.

It has been always remarked that a jubilee results either in the fall of some great persecutor of the Church, or in his change to a better mind. The present jubilee appears to have brought Bismarck around to almost an open advocacy of the rights of the Church in Germany. Not only are diplomatic relations opened with the Vatican, but these relations are of the friendliest description. After a jubilee proclaimed by Pius IX., that miserable renegade, Espartero, disappeared into obscurity, from Spain, which he had sworn to bring into atheism. The united prayers of the Church are irresistible, and we hope that none of our readers, through criminal negligence, failed to make the jubilee, which is sure to bring a happy release to the Sovereign Pontiff from out his difficulties, though, to mortal eyes, these seem many and perilous. If we only reflected upon this mighty weapon of prayer in our hands, we should not lose hope so quickly, or offend God by too positive a reliance upon the arm of flesh.

Very sweet and gracious were the Christmas greetings of our Holy Father to all his children, even if a cloud lowers for a season over that Star which shines perennially in the firmament of the Church of the Babe of Bethlehem. He reminded the Cardinals of his present straitened position, and it is shocking to an American to think that the Head of the Church on earth enjoys less liberty than any one of us who may have passed the holidays with friends far from our own residence. The Vatican is a vast, gloomy pile, with all the solitude of a palace, and it seems and is hard that the Pope cannot take a walk or a drive through Rome, or to any of the charming villas around it, without being pursued with hoots and stones. It is true that the best portion of the Roman people deplore and deprecate this; but what could *you* do, if you were insulted and stoned in the streets of Boston, and the policemen would not only not interfere, but probably aid your mobbers with their clubs, knowing that the mayor would uphold and applaud the assault? This is the exact position of the Pope, and he is without redress.

Terrified by his remonstrances to foreign governments regarding the disgraceful scenes at the sepulture of Pius IX., the Italian government declares that it intends to take all necessary measures to preserve the independence and security of the Pope. This move is diplomatic, as, if the position of the Pope became an international question, there is not a statesman in Europe, down to the envoy of the Porte, who would not cry shame upon this treatment of the venerable head of all Christendom. The Pope, who is of a keenly sensitive nature, and who has loaded the ungrateful Roman populace with favors upon favors, would have left Rome long ago, if he had not been implored to remain, for the sake of the Universal Church, the needs of which might have suffered by his withdrawal to another place. May the year 1882 prove happier to him than this last of his pontificate, which, even under such difficulties, has proved itself the fulfilment of St. Malachi's prophecy, in being a "light from heaven."

We have received many expressions of pleasure at our announcement that Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, is upon our staff of contributors. In these days of false æsthetics, it is refreshing to hear the glad notes of a true poet, — one whose verses do not consist of a jingle of alliteratives, or depend for effect upon a metrical trick, but well up from the true poesy in the man himself. Father Ryan's laurel crown has been long and worthily worn, and, in genuine poetic power, he has no equal in this country, and we can think of only one in England whom he would himself acknowledge his superior (De Vere), although De Vere is an old man; and what may we not expect of our poet-priest before his years tend to the sunset of life? We sincerely hope that the bracing atmosphere of Biloxi will restore his health; and he is too great a poet not to know that there is inspiration in the storm and keen air which frequently visit our rugged coasts.

An excellent suggestion in the reading line to the reverend clergy who have a library connected with the church, is to

have the Sunday-School, St. Vincent's Conference, or Total Abstinence Society, subscribe for our MAGAZINE. We have been assured by priests that a fresh monthly, up to time in many interesting subjects and discussions, is eagerly sought for by the members who cannot devote much time to the perusal of graver and longer works. Priests need not be told that the reading of a good Catholic magazine by their people is a great aid to themselves in the work of the salvation of souls; and we throw out this hint to many a pastor, who, while combating the evil of bad papers, does not supply the antidote. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, we can fairly say, is better adapted to meet this want than our more elaborate and ponderous magazines, which may be excellent reading for the clergy and highly educated laity, but naturally fail to command the attention of our good lay people, and especially the young. Think of it, dear and reverend fathers!

THE CATHOLIC SHIELD.—A Monthly Chronicle and General Review is published at Ottawa, Canada. T. O'Hagan, Esq., is the editor, and he makes a most interesting monthly visitor. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and the *Shield*, $2.25 a year.

MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.—The issue of Dec. 17th, contains a likeness of Hon. W. E. Robinson, M. C. for Brooklyn, N. Y. It is a very good representation of one of the ablest representative men of our race in America. The picture before us bears strong resemblance to the late Hon. Charles Sumner; an abler man, in our opinion, than the late Senator. *McGee's Weekly* and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE $4.00 a year.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—The papers are making a great fuss about the "honors" paid to the American flag, at the Lord Mayor's "show" in London, the other day. "Honors," indeed! It was a great honor to have the "Stars and Stripes" escorted by a paltry fife and drum, in front of a Cockney fishmonger or drysalter! President Arthur went out of his way to order a "national salute" to the "Union Jack," at Yorktown, forgetting how the mob of Liverpool tore down and trampled on our flag in 1862. It was a disgrace to America that will yet have to be atoned for.—*Irish-American.*

THE IRISH BAR.—The continuation of the very interesting sketches of the Irish Bar will be continued in our next issue. They are resumed out by the press of other matter.

WE bespeak a careful reading of Rev. Father Scully's address in this issue. Father Scully has a different way of placing his thoughts in print than many other advocates of Catholic education, but no one can deny his power in placing before the public the true inwardness of this all-important subject. His motto seems to be, "be just and fear not."

THE ORDER of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is the most ancient in the Church. Besides observing the common duties of religious life, its members take an active part in works of religion and education. The Order, too, is specially identified with England, according to a well-authenticated tradition, as it was Saint Simon Stock, an English Carmelite, that received the great privilege of the scapular from the Most Holy Virgin herself in a vision at the convent of the Order in the town of Cambridge, in the year 1251.

HOW THE GREAT CARDINAL MANNING IS WORKING.—The *Liverpool Times* of a recent date says: "On Saturday the Cardinal presided at the annual exhibition at Hammersmith Training College. On Sunday night he visited the Church of the Holy Trinity opposite, having preached in the morning at the Pro-Cathedral. On Tuesday night he presided over the annual Father Mathew celebration of the League of the Cross, whilst yesterday afternoon he took part in the celebration by the Jesuits of Farm Street of the patronal feast of their church, and last night opened Father Meyer's new church at Tottenham."

POLICE BUTCHERIES IN IRELAND.—A coroner's jury has returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against Sub-Inspectors O'Brien and Bouchier, who commanded the police on the occasion of the killing of Mansfield, at Ballyragget, county Kilkenny, on the ninth of October. We did not think that there was in the police force a being so lost to the rudimentary instincts of our common humanity as to do as the unknown slayer of poor Ellen Macdonagh did — rush at the prostrate form of a woman, fleeing from pursuit, and thrust his bayonet into her bosom up to the hilt. Such a being as this ought to have been suckled by a she-wolf, like the founder of the Roman Empire, and not a woman.

THE *London Truth*, radical newspaper, says that the "letter of Mr. Wendell Phillips to Mr. Egan, written, as it is, by a man who proved the sincerity of his opinions by denouncing slavery, when to do so in America involved almost social ostracism, is in the main much what the verdict of history will be on our government of Ireland."

THE liberal candidate has won in Derry; Mr. Porter, Q C., polling 2,701 as against 2,054 recorded for Sir Samuel Wilson, and 56 for Mr. Dempsey. Mr. Dempsey retired on the day before the polling, and gave all his influence to the Conservative candidate, so that the farmers of the county have practically accepted the Land Act and expressed their confidence in Mr. Gladstone.

WHAT A CENTURY MAY ACCOMPLISH FOR NEW ENGLAND.—At the New England dinner lately held in New York, the toast, "Home of our early days and the friends of our youth," was responded to by James C. Carter, ex-president of the New England Society, who said that the Irishman was usurping to-day the place that the New Englander's ancestors had occupied. He was proving that he could live where the New Englander would starve. What was to be the result of that? The Irishman had shown his ability to populate that region to any extent [laughter], and it was just possible that in the next one hundred years the celebration of that night might be given on that spot by a company of Irishmen. [Laughter and applause.]

To kill a man by thrusting a white-hot poker into him is a fiendish act. It was done in Devizes Workhouse by an old pauper of nearly seventy years of age to another old pauper beyond that age. Devizes, it may be incidentally mentioned, is not in Ireland, where everything exceptionally barbarous is supposed to be concentrated now. It is not not more than a few months since a woman was killed in the same most horrible way by a brutalized human being who was not an Irishman. To add to the demoniacal character of the crime of last week, we learn that it was not perpetrated in a sudden fit of passion, but with full deliberation. The murderer had taken the poker up while it was cold, and heated it carefully in the fire for the purpose of carrying out his dreadful object. We fear the resources of civilization will have to be largely drawn upon in England before we can recommend our country to look across the water for their model. — *Dublin Freeman.*

CHRISTMAS, as usual, was celebrated throughout the Catholic world. But it is remarkable that the observance of the great festival is being observed by all denominations. It is but a few years ago that the Church and the Episcopal sect, were the only ones who celebrated. Now all denominations observe the day. Even the Jews, many of them, at least, celebrate Christmas. Is it not a harbinger of the blessed day when all will belong to the one fold, one faith, and one baptism?

THE collection for the Holy Father, in response to the Cardinal Archbishop's appeal, reached the splendid sum of $18,219. This sum, large in itself, will seem greatly magnified when it is remembered what urgent local needs oppress the Church of New York, and that, besides, every charity and necessity that is pressing in any part of the world sends to New York to drain a portion of the imaginary wealth we are supposed to possess. By being noisy and demonstrative, some of the least worthy of these draw more than their share. Making every allowance, this collection shows that New York is loyally devoted to Leo XIII. — *Catholic Review.*

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION. — The *Boston Daily Advertiser* says, in relation to the convention recently assembled at Chicago: "The purpose of the convention is to promote the wealth, the political independence, and the fortunes of Ireland. Whatever may be the tenor of these resolutions, the unanimity of the Irish-Americans, their passionate love for their native island, and the liberality with which they pay for their preferences, are entitled to great respect. In these matters the Irish are the reverse of the American-Germans. The latter cling to many home traditions, and preserve a sentimental remembrance of their native country. But practically they are Americans, and unwilling to view the progress of the German Empire otherwise than critically, and at times harshly. The Irish of America are virtually one set, — Democrats, Catholics, haters of England, lovers of Ireland, and loyal Americans; the Germans of America are as completely divided as imagination can expect, — they abhor party business; they vote with Democrats or Republicans at pleasure; they represent all phases of religious belief, from extreme Catholicism or Lutheranism to communism or atheism; they repudiate ideal enterprises beyond the sea, and they are passionately loyal Americans. The Germans are a social acquisition; the Irish are a power in American politics."

THE professional conductors of *United Ireland* have at last grown apprehensive, from the frequent raids upon them, to recruit the prison list; and they have surrendered their work to a staff of ladies. Accordingly, Miss Lynch has taken her seat in the editor's chair.

CATHOLICITY IN CHINA.—According to recent statistics, there are in China 41 Catholic Bishops, 664 European and 552 native priests, 34 colleges, 34 convents, and a Catholic population of 1,092,818. The total number of Protestants is one-fifth of the Catholic population, and the number of Protestant missionaries is only one-half of that of the European priests.

FROM ELIZABETH to VICTORIA.—We give a very able article in our issue of this month from Mr. O'Kane Murray, a gentleman of varied abilities. Of course we are not a "judge in Israel," but we may be allowed to say, that few Catholic young men in this country surpass him in intelligence and in all the qualities which distinguish a man of genius. We refer to the many works from his pen already published by the Messrs. Sadlier & Co.

THE LAND AGITATION IN SCOTLAND.—Following the example of the farmers in Aberdeenshire and elsewhere, the border farmers of Roxburghshire and Berwickshire held a meeting at Kelso recently, more than 400 influential and representative members of the tenantry being present. The resolutions passed, while "acknowledging the generosity with which some proprietors have shared to a certain extent their tenants' losses," declare that "an immediate readjustment of rents and conditions is the only remedy to meet the altered circumstances of the time;" that "any Land Bill, to be acceptable to the tenantry of Scotland, must secure to the tenant the right to assign his lease under special circumstances;" that "there should be provision for unexhausted improvement;" and that "antiquated laws such as those of primogeniture and entail should be repealed." Some of the landlords are already meeting their tenants half way in the reduction of rent. The Duke of Buccleuch, for example, has just made reductions varying from 10 to 30 per cent. on his Dalkeith estate; and if these examples are generally followed the agitation may be deprived of half its force. But, if not, we shall probably witness a vigorous and well-sustained attempt to force on the attention of the Government this question of land reform for Scotland.

THE *Osservatore Romano* announces that the Holy Father, with characteristic generosity, has given £400 to the poor of Rome, one-half of the amount being from his own private purse.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Notwithstanding the numerous calls upon the Irish girls in Boston and vicinity, they have some money left to send to their relatives in Ireland. During the year just closed, Mr. Patrick Donahoe sent 14,615 drafts to Ireland, amounting to $190,500. None of the drafts exceeded £10, and very few of this denomination. On one day, December 8, Mr. Donahoe and clerks drew 482 drafts. He sold during the year 1,311 passage tickets, the gross amount of which was $35,000. Nine-tenths of the money was sent by girls, principally domestics. — *Boston Daily Globe.*

THE fact that Mr. Gladstone's organs are urging the English government to proclaim martial law in Ireland leads *Truth* to say: "The only lawlessness in Ireland is that of which Gladstone is guilty. Kilmainham jail is full of prisoners, not one of whom could be convicted of any crime known to the laws of England before an impartial jury. And no impartial court would permit the case to go to the jury. No pretence of any intention is made to try them for any crime known to the laws of England. And the only object of urging a declaration of martial law is that they may be convicted and punished for acts which are not crimes."

THE IRISH CONVENTION AT CHICAGO. It would be a mistake to ignore the proceedings of the Irish Convention which has just been held in Chicago. In electing Mr. Betts, a Protestant Episcopalian clergyman from St. Louis, as chairman, the eight hundred delegates prepared the ground for the subsequent nomination of an Executive Committee, on which appear the names of Mr. P. A. Collins, president of the American Land League, and of Mr. P. Ford, the leader of the more advanced party, which is represented by the *Irish World*. If these two sections can in future work in harmony, they will undoubtedly be able to dispose of vast financial resources, and will have it in their power to materially strengthen the hands of those who advise the non-payment of rent until the suspects be released. Whether this spirit of union will continue time will show, but there is no doubt that the Chicago Convention has represented the opinions of the Irish in America in a way that no previous gathering of the sort has done; and that, for good or for evil, the enthusiasm it has evoked is widespread.—*London Tablet.*

A BOG outside Garrycastle, county Westmeath, has, owing to the recent floods, moved a considerable distance. A railway gate-keeper's house, which formerly fronted the railway, has, owing to the shifting of the soil, been turned half way round.

IN 1858 the number of Scotchmen and Englishmen agriculturally settled as farmers in Ireland appeared to be 756, of whom 660 were natives of Scotland, and 96 natives of England; in other words, there were nearly seven Scotchmen engaged in agricultural pursuits in Ireland to one Englishman so employed.

ON the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, our Holy Father added some new and illustrious names to the Calendar of the Saints; Benedict Joseph Labre, a pilgrim, a beggar, perhaps even worse in the judgment of the world, but in the eyes of heaven, that could discern beneath his rags, a mortified Saint; Lawrence of Brindisi, an humble Capuchin, employed by the Holy See, in most confidential missions; Clare, of Montefalco, a holy virgin, whose sanctified body is even to this day a treasure and protection to the Church.

THE NUN OF KENMARE. — One of the last ecclesiastical acts of the late Archbishop MacHale was to write a letter to Mother Mary Francis Clare, granting conditional permission to build a convent at Knock. The condition connected with this permission is that "before the foundation stone of the projected convent is laid, ample funds be provided for bringing the building to a successful conclusion, and security given for ample pre-existing funds for the permanent support of the Sisters who may be located there to do the work of God."

With reference to the alleged apparitions and miracles at Knock, Archbishop MacHale, in the same letter, says: "We would, moreover, have it distinctly understood that in thus acceding to your pious request, it is by no means to be inferred that we sanction or approve of the alleged apparitions or miracles said to have occurred at Knock. As at present disposed, we neither approve nor disapprove of such. We reserve our judgment till the time comes, if ever, for canonically and judiciously investigating the whole matter. But at present we neither admit nor reject the alleged occurrence. So that we are in a position to approach the consideration of the subject with a perfectly unbiased mind."

THE statue of Sarsfield has arrived in Limerick, and has been placed on the pedestal in the grounds of St. John's Cathedral.

THE Afghan war was responsible for 99 officers and 1,524 men killed, and 11 officers and 1,252 men wounded; the South African war, 1875-8, for 12 officers and 167 men killed, and 15 officers and 243 men wounded; the Zulu war, for 58 officers, and 1,328 men killed, and 29 officers and 272 men wounded; and the Secocoeni expedition for 3 officers and 9 men killed, and 7 officers and 249 men wounded.

OUR readers will learn with regret and anxiety of the serious illness of Mr. John Dillon, induced by his having gone on prison diet with the other Suspects in Kilmainham on the 1st of December. While we can admire and respect the chivalrous feelings which have prompted Mr. John Dillon to take this step, we most earnestly trust that some means will be found to avoid the catastrophe which we fear would be imminent were he to persevere in his determination.

EACH soldier in the British army costs about £120 a year, and Mr. Gladstone has now some 50,000 troops in Ireland. These two figures put together mean that the over-loaded British taxpayer is mulcted at the rate of six millions sterling a year, for the maintenance in Ireland of an army to support the landlords in evictions, which are "equivalent to death sentences," and in rack-rents, which are levied out of "confiscation titles," and out of "improvements, nine-tenths of which have been effected by the tenants."

OCCASIONALLY an Englishman of high standing breaks away from his prejudices, and gives utterance to some honest sentiments that his social or official position has in the past prevented him from making public. Such seems to be the case with Lord Randolph Churchill, who in a recent speech compares the English cabinet to the pig that cuts its throat when it tries to swim. Its policy he called "Quaker quackery," and declared that its "foreign policy is nothing more than an alternate succession of insults and apologies." The Land Court he denominated "the Star Chamber of Spoliation." Its members he described as "Sir Dick Turpin, Sir Claude Duval, and Sir Jack Shepard," and its proceedings as "a narrative of shameless plunder, of prostitution of justice, of defiance of law."

ANY of our present subscribers procuring a new one will receive two copies for one year for $3.

THE Catholic population of Liverpool, England, is estimated at 177,849, or one-third of the population.

OF the 96,000 voters who have voted at the recent municipal elections in Massachusetts on the question of license and no license, 54,000 have voted for license, and 42,000 in round numbers for prohibition.

THE Roman Catholics, who prohibit the marriages of near relations, have in Germany only one deaf male in eight thousand births; the Protestants, who allow such marriages, one in two thousand; and the Jews, who encourage them, one in four hundred.

THE Prisoners' Aid Society, organized by the Ladies' Land League, is to be suppressed, on the ground that it is simply the Land League under another name. Mr. Kettle, who was liberated, was honorary secretary of the league, and one of the signers of the no-rent manifesto.

MR. John O'Connor Power, the eloquent member for the county Mayo, having satisfactorily passed a public examination in all the legal subjects required by the four inns of court, was called to the bar by the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, London.

SCOTLAND. — Every day confirms the gloomy impressions concerning the Scotch crops. Oats and wheat are sickly, and fail to command remunerative prices; and potatoes, since they have been lifted, have developed a good deal of disease. The Lothian farmers are unanimous in declaring that relief must come from reduction of rents, and that it can come from nothing else.

THE general opinion among lawyers is that the jury system is "played out." It is much better to toss up a cent to decide a case than to lay the case before the average jury. In the former way there is at least an *even* chance that justice will be done, while in the latter there is no such expectation. Prejudice and rascality are often found where there should be perfect honesty and perfect impartiality.

MR. O'Connor, M. P., and Mr. Healy, M. P., who are now in this country, will, it is said, be indicted for conspiracy on their return to England, the indictment being based on their speeches at the recent Chicago Convention.

"CHICKENS COMING HOME TO ROOST." —The editor of the *London World* says: "I hear that at more than one club, in view of the approaching termination of the year, the commitee have been requested by certain Irish members, dire sufferers from the state of affairs existing in their country, to allow the payment of their subscriptions to stand over until happier times. I understand, too, that there is a general disposition to comply with the request."

AT last Michael T. Boyton has been released from Kilmainham, but only to be conveyed to a hospital. The brave buoyant soldier of Ireland, who made his maiden campaign for freedom in the United States, was the first "suspect" to be cast into the cell where thieves, libertines, and murderers had left their footprints in the dust. During his long incarceration he would never bate a jot of his proud opinions, never stoop to a single act of meaness, neither lower his aspirations, nor allow his patriotic faith to grow lukewarm. Ireland should not forget him and men like to him. She owes him an everlasting debt of gratitude. May God restore his health. *London Universe.*

WHY MR. SHAW RETIRES FROM THE LEAGUE.— Mr. William Shaw, member of Parliament for Cork county, has addressed a letter to the secretary of the Home Rule League at Dublin, giving his reasons for withdrawing from membership of the league. He says the time is inopportune for the discussion of the question of home rule. The league, as now constituted, is unfitted to move with any effect. Of the two parties comprising the league, one remains loyal to the original programme — that of securing self-government by constitutional means; the other declares that the country has outgrown that programme, which declaration, as explained from America, means that the foundation has been firmly laid for an Irish republic. Mr. Shaw says he is unable to belong to an association with such aims, but expresses the opinion that the union, as it exists, has not fulfilled its promise. The only solution of the Irish difficulty will be a measure of federalism, with which, he maintains, leading statesmen will be prepared to deal in a generous manner, when the state of the public feeling permits the question to be approached.

THE PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY are paying another dividend of ten per cent. to the depositors of Donahoe's bank, so called. This, with what has already been paid, will make within a fraction of seventy-five per cent. the depositors will have received.

THE *Catholic Telegraph* notes the fact that the late Archbishop McHale lived during the pontificate of no less than seven Popes. He was born during the reign of Pius VI., was just nine years of age when Pius VII. ascended the Chair of Peter, and was elevated to the priesthood in the same reign. He became a bishop in 1823, two years after the enthronization of Leo XII., and afterward enjoyed the confidence of that Pontiff's successors, Pius VIII., Gregory XVI., Pius IX., and Leo XIII.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.—We give a portrait of the "Father of his Country," in this issue more to introduce the letter he issued about the burning of the Pope in effigy in Boston, than for any other purpose, as the portrait of Washington has been seen by every one. Mr. Donahoe's eldest sister, now seventy-one years of age, and his oldest son by his second wife, were both born on Washington's birthday. The name of George Washington will be dear to the American people until the end of the world.

JOHN BRIGHT ON THE IRISH QUESTION. — January 4. — Hon. John Bright, in speaking to his constituents at Birmingham said that all the troubles of Ireland were due to the tory Principles on which the country had been governed since 1691. He defended the recent coercive measures of the government on the principle on which a captain would restrain a mutinous crew. The present excitement, he said, was largely due to American agitation, but England was determined to treat Ireland, with liberality and would in time subdue Irish discontent.

ITALY, as described by her friends, consists at the present moment of a powerless monarch, a distracted cabinet, a population divided into furious factions. When to this we add the fact that the members of the Chamber of Deputies occupy themselves in one way only — that is, in voting fresh millions of lire for the wildest of projects — we seem to have recorded all that is necessary to convince the most ardent admirers of the Government of spoliation that its days are numbered.— *London Universe.*

THE Dublin Corporation has conferred the liberty of the city upon Messrs. Parnell and Dillon.

IT is a curious coincidence, and one by no means generally known, that May 1st, July 31st, and December 25th, always fall on the same day of the week.

THE Most Rev. Dr. McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin, has enrolled his name amongst the members of the Harold's Cross Sodality, and, joining without hesitation the temperance movement, has become a total abstainer from intoxicating drink.

ON the occasion of the celebration of their golden jubilee the Sisters of Mercy received a despatch from Pope Leo XIII., who sent them his benediction, and granted to the entire order throughout the United States a plenary indulgence for December 12th, the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of the order in Ireland by its holy foundress, Catherine McAuley.

A SILVER star has been fixed in the floor of the station of the Baltimore and Potomac Railway to mark the spot where General Garfield fell when shot. A simple tablet is placed on the wall over the spot, surmounted by an eagle carrying in its claws arrows and laurels. The tablet bears the inscription, "James Abram Garfield, President of the United States, shot July the 2nd, 1881."

COLUMBUS, Ohio, has the honor of furnishing two Bishops for the Church. A few years ago, Father Fitzgerald, was made Bishop of the Little Rock (Ark.,) diocese, and now Father Gallagher has been transferred to Galveston, Texas, in a similar position. Both are worthy gentlemen, and their many friends in Columbus, without distinction of creed, rejoice that their sphere of Church usefulness has been enlarged.

MRS. Reynolds, one of the leading members of the Ladies' Land League of Dublin, was charged in the Petty Sessions Court, with inciting a tenant not to pay his rent, and was ordered by the court to furnish bail to keep the peace. This she refused to do, whereupon the justice sentenced her to prison for six months. This is the opening of a general war on the Ladies' Land League movement, and is the first case wherein one of its members has been sentenced to imprisonment,

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE, "the Nun of Kenmare," requests letters to be addressed to her at Knock, Ballyhaunis, County Mayo.

THE Pope has received from Mgr. Veriti, on the part of the Catholics of France, a magnificent reliquary, decorated with precious stones, and containing portions of the bones of the newly-canonized Saint Benoit Labre.

LEO XIII. has named his Eminence Cardinal Howard to be Archpriest of the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Peter's, in the place of the late Cardinal Borromeo. This is one of the most coveted appointments in the gift of the Pontiff. Cardinal Howard occupied a canon's stall in St. Peter's for some time previous to his elevation to the Sacred College.

MR. JOHN BREEN, recently elected mayor of Lawrence, Mass., was born in the town of Tipperary, Ireland, June 24, 1844, and, three years later, came with his parents to this country, arriving at St. John, New Brunswick, in the spring of 1847. In the same year, he went to Lawrence, which was then in its infancy, but remained there only a few months, going to Newton Lower Falls, where he remained until 1851, when he removed to Blackburn, and, in 1854, returned to Lawrence. He graduated with honors at St. Charles College, Md. During the exciting period of the Fenian rising of 1866–67, Mr. Breen went to Ireland on an important commission from his brethren on this side, and performed his arduous task with great ability. Returning after nine months' absence, he obtained a position as clerk in a Boston market, but soon engaged in business as an undertaker, in which he is still engaged.

SECRET POLICE CIRCULAR.—The following circular, according to the *Freeman's Journal*, has been issued to the Irish Constabulary: "Every effort should be made by the constables in charge of stations, to get some person who would, on consideration of a substantial private reward, give private information of outrages about to be committed; and, should the constabulary, on such information, succeed in making a detection and arrest, the reward would be paid by the constables, and no mention would ever be made of the informant's name. The reward will be increased in proportion to the seriousness of the offence, and the number of detections made on the occasion. Of course, the most likely persons to give information, are those who are engaged committing such outrages, and are in the confidence of the raiders, and know accurately where such outrages are about to take place. The sub-inspector will confidentially communicate with the constables in his district, with the view of carrying out the arrangements as soon as possible. The informant is to be told that he will not be required, under any circumstances, to prosecute in any such cases, and that his name will never be mentioned to any person for giving information, except to whom he will give it, and by whom he will be paid. The reward will vary, according to the nature and extent of the outrage, from £20 to £40, £50, and £60, £70, £80, and £100."

"IRELAND OF TO-DAY" is the title of a book wtitten by Mrs. M. F. Sullivan, of Chicago, and published by J. C. McCurdy & Co., of Philadelphia. A notice of this book is unavoidably crowded out. The fact of any work from the pen of the most talented Irish lady in America, should insure for the book a wide-spread circulation.

AN UNPOPULAR EX-LORD MAYOR.—Mr. Dawson was formally inaugurated lord mayor of Dublin Jan. 2. The corporation, by a vote of twenty-eight to eighteen, refused to pass the customary vote of thanks to Mr. George Moyers, the retiring lord mayor, in consequence of his refusal to convene a special meeting of the corporation to confer the freedom of the city on Messrs. Parnell and Dillon. Mr. Moyers, was hissed in the streets by a mob.

THE LANDLORDS IN COUNCIL.—Three thousand landlords assembled in Dublin, Jan. 3, to give some formal expression of their views regarding the practical workings of the land act in Ireland. The Duke of Abercorne presided. Resolutions were adopted setting forth, that while the assembled landlords had no desire to criticise the government, they believed it to be their duty to formally protest against the results of the work of the present sub-commissioners under the land act. The work, in their opinion, was performed by men who were not only partisans, but were in addition grossly ignorant of the real valuation of the land, and utterly incompetent to fix the value of the holdings. The meeting also passed resolutions requesting the government to expedite appeals against the sub-commissions' decisions. These resolutions declare that if the kind of decisions now being made by the sub-commissioners are upheld, the government will be asked to compensate the landlords out of the treasury the minute Ireland extends to the occupiers of land the same privilege to borrow as the owners now have.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE power wielded by the Catholic Press of the United States is daily increasing. We can recollect when there were only two or three Catholic papers in the country. The old *Catholic Miscellany* in Charleston, the *Truth Teller* in New York, and *The Jesuit* in Boston. Now there is a Catholic paper in most every diocese in the country. All are well and ably edited. We return our warmest thanks to each and all of them for the uniform support and kind words spoken of our Magazine. May the editors and proprietors live long and die happy.

The following hearty notices are from our contemporaries:—

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—The December number of this really good periodical has been received. The contents are quite numerous, and on subjects of interest to all classes of readers. With this number the Magazine closes the third year of its usefulness, and we wish it for its fourth year, which begins on the 1st of January next, a large increase of patrons. The annual subscription is only $2, which, when we take into account the amount of reading matter given in each number, makes it one of the cheapest periodicals of the kind published. Those who wish to subscribe for it should address P. Donahoe, Boston.— *Pittsburg Catholic.*

We have also received DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for January, and are pleased to find that this popular monthly maintains its reputation for excellence in the character of its selections. The present number contains a portrait of the late Most Rev. Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, with a sketch of the life and labors of the deceased Prelate. Among the contributions there are two from the gifted pen of the Rev. Abram J. Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, which demand special commendation. "Some of our weak points" is cleverly written and promises to become of deep interest to Catholic readers. The editor's "notes on current topics" evince a thorough acquaintance with the undercurrents of passing events, and is fast becoming one of the many valuable features of this excellent publication. — *Toronto Tribune.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is becoming more interesting as it advances in age. It is full of interesting, varied, and well-selected reading, and is a most interesting and instructive fireside companion.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.— Donahoe's favorite periodical opens the year with a useful and sprightly number. A portrait and sketch of the late Archbishop MacHale adorn the first pages, followed by a most readable article "Our Reasonable Faith." by Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor. This article ranks with some of the best of the writer's productions. "The Jesuits and their Persecutors," (Part I.) follows. The question is ably treated and embraces a full sketch of the persecutions against the noble order of Jesuits in France. Wm. J. Onahan writes of the services of the French-Irish Brigades in the Revolutionary War. The other contents are as usual, varied and highly interesting.—*The Catholic Herald.*

We could add a dozen of other articles did our space permit.

BISHOP FOR GALVESTON. A Cable Dispatch from Rome, special to the New York *Freeman's Journal* announces the appointment of the Very Rev. Nicholas A. Gallagher, now Vicar-General of Columbus, Ohio; and lately, *sede vacante*, Administrator of Columbus Diocese, to be Bishop of some see *in partibus*, and to be Administrator, in spirituals and in temporals, of the See of Galveston. Father Gallagher will be the youngest Bishop in America, so far as we can learn, being now in his thirty-fifth year, having been born in Temperanceville, Belmont County, O., on the 19th, of February, 1846. His parents, John and Mary Gallagher, were pioneers of his native county, coming from Chester County, Pennsylvania, with Edward Gallagher, the grandfather of the Bishop-elect. The family originally came from the County Meath, Ireland, and were amongst the foremost of Ireland's patriotic people, and the spirit that fired their breasts in the days of '98, in the cause of that suffering isle, still lives in the hearts of their descendants. Three of the brothers of Father Gallagher served in the Union army during the recent war, and one was killed at Atlanta.—The *Western Watchman* observes: He will be the first English-speaking bishop that see has had. Heretofore, the Bishops of Galveston have been Frenchmen, and under their rule Texas became colonized by a French clergy. A change will now take place, and priests will be given to the parishes who can speak the language of the people. Those French priests were and are excellent men. They have done a great work in that State; but a change is imperative and will now take place.

AN English paper says that the "Irish and Scotch peasants, who hitherto formed the healthiest and best portion of the service, are no longer to be had as heretofore," and most of the English recruits now available are of rather poor physical quality.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Walsh acknowledges the receipt of $3,689.75, Land League funds contributed from Nov. 14 to Dec. 30.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan has a life of the late Archbishop of Tuam in the press. We know no man better qualified to tell the story of the great ecclesiastic's wonderful career.

Miss Cora Crompton, daughter of Geo. Crompton, Esq., of Worcester, Mass., took the first step in the novitiate of the order of Sisters of Mercy at the Pro-Cathedral, Providence, recently.

Father Lockhart has been appointed Procurator-General of the Rosminian Order, an office which, so long as he holds it, may require residence in Rome for several months in the year. He remains rector of St. Etheldreda's, London.

It is believed that The O'Donoghue will, at the opening of Parliament, retire from the representation of Tralee. It will be recollected that recently the affairs of the Hon. gentleman were taken into the Bankruptcy Court.

Charles O'Connor, Esq., the eminent New York lawyer, has leased his Fort Washington mansion and grounds for five years at an annual rental of $2,000 to Mr. Arthur V. Briesen, a brother lawyer. Mr. O'Connor continues to be a citizen of Massachusetts at Nantucket island.

The usage recognized at foreign courts, which includes in Royal invitations all members of the Sacred College by virtue of their office, will in future be extended to Cardinals Manning and Newman on the occasion of Royal receptions in England.

Right Rev. James O'Connor, Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska, was present at the ceremonies attendant on the Golden Jubilee of the Mercy Institute, in Pittsburg, Pa., into which his lordship's deceased brother, Right Rev. Michael O'Connor, S. J., introduced the Sisters of Mercy in 1843.

Mr. Robert Kelly, the man who was tried and acquitted for shooting the informer, Talbot, arrived in New York lately. He had to change his plans to avoid the police who were in hot pursuit on his track to arrest him as a "suspect." His present address is 209 Seventh Avenue, New York.

Judge E. F. Dunne, whose departure for Florida, for the purpose of founding a Catholic colony there, we noticed some months ago, is having good success with his negotiations in the matter of land, and, we understand, will soon be ready for colonists. His published letters on Florida have attracted considerable attention and tend to increase the interest that is now so rapidly concentrating on

> "The land of the orange and guava,
> The pine-apple, date and cassava."

Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, who may be fairly designated as the poet laureate of Ireland, has obtained a gratifying compliment from the Spanish nation in the shape of the Calderon Medal. We wrote opportunely of the Calderon celebration, and of the invitations sent forth to all the world to enter into literary competition for specified honors. Mr. MacCarthy was one of those who accepted the challenge; and the result was his election to the position of corresponding member of the Royal Spanish Academy. The resolution was passed at a meeting held on the first of October last, and an engraved diploma followed immediately. Since then, however, the Spanish Ambassador at London has forwarded Mr. MacCarthy the Calderon Medal, with a graceful letter acknowledging and paying tribute to his translations of the Iberian Shakespeare's works.

Father Henry Coleridge, brother of the Lord Chief Justice, has just been named rector of the Jesuit Church in Farm Street, Berkeley Square. It is curious to note what a large proportion of Catholic priests, who were once clergymen in the Church of England, make their way to the front in their new communion. Father Coleridge was many years ago a fellow of Balliol, but went over to Rome soon after he had taken deacon's Orders. Father Edward Purbrick, the provincial, or head of the English Jesuits, was also a clergyman of the English Church. Of the three English Cardinals, two — Manning and Newman — are 'verts. At the Brompton Oratory, out of eighteen priests, twelve were at one time of their lives either clergymen or laymen of the Establishment; and of the twenty-one Oblates of St. Charles, in Bayswater, the order to which Cardinal Manning belonged, more than half were at one time Protestants.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

A SURE WAY TO A HAPPY MARRIAGE. A book of instructions for those betrothed, and for the married. From the German of Rev. Conrad Sickinger. By Rev. Ign. Taylor.

This is a timely book, and one much wanted. The subject-matter in the book is divided into three parts: The State of Virginity, The State of Betrothal, and The Marriage State. The work bears the imprimatur of Cardinal McCloskey and has the approval of Bishop Becker, of Wilmington. Those who are about to enter the marriage state should procure this book and profit by its sound advice. The price is seventy-five cents.

Lynch, Cole & Meehan, New York.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC: For the year of our Lord 1882. Calculated for use throughout all parts of the United States. The only genuine "Irish-American Almanac" published. 150 pages, large 12mo., splendidly illustrated. Price, 25 cents.

All book-sellers can furnish this very interesting annual. We refer to advertisement on 4th page of our cover.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE first volume of Mr. John T. Gilbert's "History of the Irish Confederation, and the War in Ireland, 1641-43," will appear in the course of the month. It will include a hitherto unpublished contemporary narrative by Richard Bellings, author of a "Sixth Book to the Countess of Pembroke's 'Arcadia,'" and Secretary to the Supreme Council of the Irish Confederation. The narrative by Bellings is supplemented by the editor with a large body of important and hitherto unprinted contemporary materials, including letters and statements from the confederates and peers of Ireland to Charles I., Pope Urban VIII., the Kings of France and Spain, the Emperor of Germany, Cardinals Barbarini, Richelieu, Mazarin, etc., with diaries, examinations taken on the rack, personal memoirs, correspondence, and ordinances for government in Ireland under the confederation.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Dream of a Violet," words by Mary Mark Lennon, music by J. L. Roeckel. "Dreams of the Old Cabin Home, song, by Miss Amy Gordon. "Weary Soul," sacred song by Denslow King. "When the Stars are Shining Bright," concert waltz song, by Chas. D. Blake. "The Merry Lark," song, by W. A. Briggs. "The Summer Twilight," song, by same author. "Two Little Birds are We," duet, words by Chas. Russell Jackson, music by C. A. White. "Lovely Marie," song from "Czar and Carpenter," words by W. H. Fessenden, music by G. A. Lortzing. "My Laddie Far Away," words by Miss Saxby, music by Miss Lindsay. "Underneath the Sod Low Lying," words by Jas. G. Fields, music by W. A. Briggs. "Old Village Bells," words by Guy Roslyn, music by Louis Diehl.

Instrumental: "Juniper Waltz," by R. I. Streeter. "Newport Waltzes," by Wm. E. Greene. "Pleasures of Life Waltzes," by Geo. Thorne. "Cadet Polka" from Donna Juanita, by F. von Suppe. "Knospe" for piano-forte, by Fritz Spindler. "Spring Dreams," impromptu, by H. Lichner. "A Bird from O'er the Sea" arranged for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. "When the Leaves Begin to Fall," simplified waltz, by Chas. D. Blake. "Puss in Boots Redowa," by Carl Riche. "Under the Lindens" valse, by Sydney Smith. L'Arabesque and La Pastorale," two piano pieces, by F. Burgmuller. "Puss in Boots Quickstep," by Carl Riche. "Patence Potpouri," for four hands, by Chas D. Blake.

Spear & Dehnhoff, New York.

Vocal: "Elberon," words by M. E. Winslow, music by R. M. Stults. "Goin' for the Cows," words by Eugene L. Hall, music by Jas. J. Freeman. "Now is the Time for the Baby to Sleep," words and music by F. Whittaker.

MUSIC BOOKS.

SMITH'S Musical Album No. 8, containing a choice collection of vocal and instrumental music.

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY'S Songs Without Words," with fingering by Theodore Killah. A handsome and at the same time cheap and portable edition of these famous melodies, renowned the world over. White, Smith & Co.

"THE GOOD TEMPLAR," a temperance song-book, by H. S. Perkins. A very good work in its way, and very useful to temperance organizations, for use at any time when music is desired. Published by White, Smith & Co.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Father Sax, for many years parish priest of Etcheman, Ont., was found dead in his chair, where he had been reading a newspaper. The cause of death was apoplexy.

At the Hotel Deiu, New Orleans, November 26th, Rev. B. McDonald, of McComb City, Miss., aged twenty-six years. He was born at Ballyborough, County Cavan, Ireland, came to this country in 1879, and was appointed pastor at McComb City in 1880.

The death is announced of Rev. Patrick O'Sullivan, formerly of Wolverhampton, then of Woodlane, near Burton-on-Trent, and for nearly three years, in his retirement of Harborne, near Birmingham. He was called to the reward of the "good and faithful servant" at the latter place recently, his age having reached within two months of eighty-nine. He was born in the parish of Kilfinane, diocese and county of Limerick.

The Rev. C. J. Cronin, pastor of St. Luke's Catholic Church, Westboro, Mass., died December 24th. The funeral took place Monday, the 26th, at 10.30 A. M. The remains of the deceased pastor laid in state at the parochial residence during Christmas day. The interior of the church was heavily draped, and over the chancel were displayed, in letters of silver, the words, "We shall miss him." The floral offerings were numerous and of rare beauty. A Solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung at 10.30, the celebrant being Rev. Father Daniel J. Cronin, of Hinsdale, cousin of the deceased. Father Harkins, of Holyoke, officiated as deacon, and Father Conaty, of Worcester, as sub-deacon, with Father Bevins, of Spencer, as master of ceremonies, and Father Garrigan, of Fitchburg, preached the eulogy. There were present eighty-three priests, including thirty-five from the archdiocese of Boston. The service occupied three hours, and the church was literally packed, while hundreds stood without. The funeral procession was nearly a half-mile long, and included forty-four carriages, and among those who walked to the cemetery were the members of several church societies in their organization regalia. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, was present. Father Cronin was greatly beloved by his parishioners. May he rest in peace.

Rev. John Jaster, of Oshkosh, Wis., died on the nineteenth of December.

Rev. Thomas Walsh, of St. Joseph, Missouri, is dead.

Rev. William Bowman, of San Mateo, California, died November 26th.

Rev. Meinrad Leuthardt, O. S. B., of Melrose, died November 28th.

Rev. William Fitzgerald, of St. Joseph's Church, Marshall County, Kansas, is dead.

Rev. Peter Portz, of Bellevue, Iowa, died on November 29th, of small-pox, caught while attending some members of his flock who were stricken with the pest.

The Very Rev. Dean Meagher died recently in Dublin. The Archbishop officiated at his funeral, and the Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Most Rev. Dr. Moran, and Most Rev. Dr. Woodlock were present.

Great consternation was caused during the High Mass at the village church of Munsterbilsen, near Limburg, in Belgium, on Sunday. The Curé M. Warnots, dropped down dead in the middle of his sermon.

The Irish papers announce the death of Father Cahill, C. C. of St. Patrick's, Belfast, who for years before his demise, had been a prominent politician and vigorous writer, in both capacities gaining a reputation throughout the province of Ulster.

SISTERS.

Sister Julia Hobbs died at Nazareth, Ky., December 8th.

Sister Mary Xavier, (Miss Marie Cecile Durand) died December 3rd, at the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, St. Martinsville, La.

On Sunday, Nov. 27, Rev. Mother Saint Seraphine, Superioress of the Ursuline Nuns, died in the peace of our Lord, at the convent of the Order in New Orleans, in the eighty-sixth year of her age and the sixty-eighth year of her religious life. In her death the Order has lost one of its most zealous and devoted members. She was a native of France.

On the nineteenth of November, Sister Blandina Clifford, of the order of Mercy, died at Manchester, N. H. This dear lady, formerly a resident of Lawrence, entered on her Novitiate at the early age of fifteen years, and was in her 33d year at the time of her death. The deceased was sister to Mother Superior of the convent. May her soul rest in peace,

The death of Sister Clare, Superioress of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Boston, occurred on the eleventh of December, after an illness of several months, dying peacefully, surrounded by her sorrowing Sisters. She was 32 years of age, during thirteen years of which she wore the habit of St. Francis, and for six years acted as Superioress.

LAY PEOPLE.

The musical world has lost one of its most eminent members by the death of Mr. Henry Gordon Thunder, organist of St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, on the fourteenth of December. He died of pneumonia, after a fortnight's illness, during which he prepared himself duly for the last terrible ordeal. Mr. Thunder was a musician and composer of exceptional talent. A great deal of the music for the Catholic service arranged and composed by him places him in the front ranks of the organists and pianists of this country. For one season he was conductor of the Handel and Hayden Society of Philadelphia, and was also one of the conductors of the Musical Union, a choral organization which flourished there some twenty years ago. The deceased gentleman was in his fifty-first year, and was born in Dublin, Ireland, where he received his musical education.

The recent decease of Mr. John Bowman, at Lakeville, recalls to our mind the early settlers of the Church in New England. In 1783 the population of Boston was 18,038. The Catholic population did not exceed one hundred, — composed of a few Frenchmen and Spaniards, and about thirty Irishmen. They assembled in a little church in School Street, formerly occupied by a congregation of Huguenots. Rev. John Thayer, a convert, was appointed pastor by Rev. Dr. Carroll, of Baltimore. This was in 1790. It was at this little church that the late Mr. Bowman was baptised. From this church the congregation removed to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, on Franklin Street, which was dedicated Sept. 29, 1803, by Most Rev. Bishop Carroll, of Baltimore.

Compare the Church now with what it was then, — an archbishop, four suffragan bishops, and not far from a million of Catholics! Mr. Bowman lived to see all this before his decease. He was always proud of his faith, and adhered to it up to his last breath.

A High Requiem Mass was said for the repose of his soul, at the Cathedral, on the 12th of December, by Rev. Fr. O'Toole, after which his remains were conveyed to St. Augustine's Cemetery, South Boston, where repose other members of his family. May his soul rest in peace!

Mrs. Mary Dolbear Devereaux, widow of the late Nicholas Devereaux, of Utica, N. Y., departed this life in peace, at her home in that city, on the morning of Monday, Dec. 12th, at the advanced age of nearly eighty five years — during sixty-four of which as wife and widow, Utica had been her home. Her long life was filled with good actions for all that came within reach of her influence; and the character of her children is the best evidence of how excellently she performed the duties of a Christian mother.

The Orange Order has been declared illegal in Canada, and acts of incorporation will be denied the lodges. Their dissolution will not be any loss to the country.

Probably very few who ever listened to the song of "Kathleen Mavourneen" knew the author of it, Nicholas Crouch, now 72 years old, an ex-rebel soldier, who is working for $6 a week in a varnish factory in Baltimore.

Lord and Lady O'Hagan, in Rome, entertained at dinner the day before the canonization, Bishops Conway and Logue, of Killala and Raphoe; Bishop O'Connor, of Ballarat; Bishop Moran, of Dunedin, New Zealand; Bishop Leonard, of the Cape of Good Hope; Bishop Kirby, of the Irish College; Very Rev. Dr. Verdon, Vice Rector Irish College; Mr. George Errington, M. P.; Mr. Shakespeare Wood, etc.

Father Perry, F. R. S., of Stonyhurst, England, has been commissioned by the Government to proceed in the course of the ensuing summer to Madagascar to observe the transit of Venus and report on it. The distinguished priest was head of the expedition despatched by the Government to Cadiz in 1870 to observe the total eclipse of the sun in the last month of that year; and he was also chief of the expedition sent to Kerguele Island in 1874 for the observation of the transit of Venus.

REV. PATRICK CUDDIHY.

THE fiftieth year of the ordination of this venerable priest was celebrated at the parochial residence in Milford, Mass., on the 28th of December. The religious services were celebrated in the beautiful church erected through his zeal, at 10½ o'clock. The High Mass was celebrated by Father Cuddihy with Rev. John F. Lee of Spencer, as Deacon, Rev. James Supple of Charlestown, as Sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Canavan, assistant pastor, as Master of Ceremonies. Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly preached on the occasion. There were present Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy of Portland, and Rt. Rev. Bishop McMahon, of Hartford, and some hundred clergymen from various parts of the country. Among them Mgr. William Quinn of N. Y., Very Rev. M. McCabe, V. G., Woonsocket, R.I.; Rev. Ed. D. Boone, S. J., Holy Cross College, Rev. P. F. Healy, S. J., President of Georgetown College, Rev. Thomas Griffin, chancellor, of Worcester, Mass.; Revs. Edward H. Purcell, Pittsfield; James Quan, Webster; Michael J. Supple, Charlestown; Thomas J. Conaty, Worcester; Robert Walsh, Worcester; D. H. O'Neill, Worcester; D. Scannell, of Worcester; M. J. Doherty, of Millbury; Wm. Moran, Ware; A. J. Rossi, Saxonville; John Krimmins, Southbridge; Wm. Daly, Boston; B. McKenney, Bondsville; James J. McDermott, Springfield; J. McCloskey, Milford; P. A. McKenna, Hudson; T. J. Gleason and James Mahan, Hopkinton; John F. Cullen, South Framingham; Patrick Strain, Lynn; C. H. Stonestreet, S. J., of Holy Cross College; P. D. Stone, Chicopee; T. Brosnahan, Waltham; M. O'Brien, Lowell; J. Conway, Winchendon; J. Nilan, Abington; Charles E. Burke, Springfield; R. Quinlan, Holliston; M. Carroll, Northampton; John McGann, Milford; P. J. Patterson, Clinton; P. B. Phelan, Holyoke; James McGrath, Lowell; Edward J. Schofield, Hopkinton; James Boyle, Grafton; Wm. A Power, Blackstone; James Coyne, Otter River, Thomas Scully, Cambridgeport; C. Hughes, Providence; P. J. Garrigan, Fitchburg; W. F. Fitzpatrick, Milton; Wm. Blenkinsop, South Boston; and many others.

Beethoven's Mass in C, was sung by a double quartette from different Catholic choirs of Boston, with Mr. Frank Donahoe as organist, and John O'Neil, director. Mr. O'Mahony recently arrived from Europe, sang in magnificent style a bass solo during the Mass, while Mrs. John O'Neil, of Boston, rendered in a most artistic manner, an "Ave Maria" as an Offertory piece.

In the course of his sermon, Bishop O'Reilly, alluded to the work of Father Cuddihy in America, his zeal in the missions of Western Massachusetts, churches built, sacraments administered, religion upheld. Milford was appealed to as an evidence of his labors, the beautiful churches, and especially the parochial shool, which the preacher regarded as his crowning work, by which true education would be installed in the hearts of the youth. The Bishop closed with a most eloquent address to Father Cuddihy in which he said: "Old Man, we have no triumphal car in which to carry you in triumph through the streets — there are no triumphal arches in your honor — there is no crown of laurel with which to deck your brow — but we crown you with the wreath of our love and best wishes for many more years of life to be useful to the Church and the people." Father Cuddihy rose as the Bishop addressed him, and the scene was a most imposing one.

After Mass the clergy proceeded in line toward the parochial residence; when in front of the parsonage, Father Cuddihy and the invited guests were serenaded by the Milford Brass Band, which rendered several appropriate selections; after which there were hearty cheers for the venerable pastor by the thousands of citizens who had assembled to do him honor.

The guests were entertained at the parsonage, where a bountiful collation was served. At the head of the table sat the venerable pastor whose anniversary so many joined in honoring. On either side sat Bishops Healy and O'Reilly. Next on the left was Bishop McMahon, and on both sides about the board were arranged in order, the Reverend Presidents of Holy Cross and Georgetown Colleges, Monsignor Quinn of New York, Rev. Wm. Blenkinsop and the other clergy. Congratulatory remarks were made by the right reverend bishops present, and others.

Father Cuddihy was born in Clonmel, Tipperary County, Ireland, March 17th. He was educated in the College of St. Isadore, Rome, attended lectures at the Roman University, and was ordained by Cardinal Zula in 1832. He spent 20 years in clerical labor in Waterford, Ireland, where he built a fine church. In this country he has built four churches. He came to Milford in 1857, at which time he presided over the Catholic parishes of Milford, Hopkinton, Medway, Holiston, Ashland, Upton and Westboro. During his stay in Milford he has built a handsome granite church, and adjoining stands a fine residence, the grounds being tastefully laid out. One year ago he established a parochial school, which has been a success.. Father Cuddihy is in his seventy-third year.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"I approve of the Land League, if the organization can be kept clear of secret societies, and within the bounds of the Ten Commandments of God; or, in other words, I will follow where the Irish Bishops lead."— *Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid.*

He who hopes to escape trials has not profited much from the lesson of experience. No man is free from them, no matter what his station, and it is better for him so. They are the stepping-stones by which we are to raise ourselves to eternal bliss.

"If I had the misfortune to see a priest fall, I would hasten to cover his fault with my royal mantle, that none might be scandalized."— *Constantine the Great.*

"We have made Ireland — I speak it deliberately — we have made it the most degraded and the most miserable country in the world. All the world is crying shame upon us; but we are equally callous to our ignominy and to the results of our misgovernment."— *Lord John Russell in 1852.*

"It is of the greatest possible importance to the spread of religion that there should be a Catholic press speaking the language of the people, and putting the Word of God before them in the mother tongue,— not occasionally, but constantly, week after week, and, if it could be done, day after day. If we were more numerous, or perhaps more watchful and enterprising, with our unbounded facilities for printing, we might sow truth broadcast over the field in which the enemy has so long sown the tares."— *Leo XIII.*

IRELAND'S FESTIVAL.

EACH recurring St. Patrick's Day does not seem to shine upon a much happier Ireland. The feast has been celebrated for centuries, and, like the Olympic Games, it serves to keep alive the undying spirit of the Irish race. Greece, at her games, gathered together her poets, orators, historians, and athletes; and, even in the days of her degeneracy, the recollection of departed years tinged the occasion with a gleam of past glories. It is well to celebrate St. Patrick's Day, if only for this power and value of reminiscence; for, however depressed Ireland at present may be, the past, at least, is secure.

Of recent years, the tendency has been to make the day more and more practical and business-like. The majority of Land Leagues deem it better to set aside the money devoted to parades and banquets to the League Fund. Still, the advocates of a more enthusiastic and poetic celebration have much to say in favor of *their* mode. Neither a nation nor an individual accomplishes much without enthusiasm, which is evoked by the orator and the poet, the sight of gleaming arms, the trump of music and song. Sparta herself went to battle to the sound of pipes; and Tacitus records the fierce music of the ancient German tribes, who roused their military ardor by clashing their spears upon their shields, and raising a song which, in its unearthly clamor, smote even the Roman with a fear lest the Scandinavian gods were girding themselves for battle.

The Irishman lives upon this divine fervor. Let him at least, on one day of the year, give full rein to an imagination which has been nurtured on sorrow, and yet on glory. The songs which his mother crooned at his cradle were of Ireland as she was in the past; and though his eye turns rather, with manhood's hope, to the future, it can afford to rest upon the departed ages which are always with us; for the past cannot die.

Let holy priest speak of the captive youth who brought to Eire the liberty of Christ. Let the poet bring his song, the orator his eloquence, the artist his pencil, to celebrate a day which gathers around the altar the children of the Gael, exceeding in number the progeny of Abraham, and, like them, waiting for the greater day when the Lord will restore His captive people to their inheritance, and bring their oppressors' counsels to nought.

IRISHMEN IN AMERICA.

Compiled by Judge E. F. Dunne, for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, from Frost's American Naval Biography.

STEPHEN DECATUR.

NOTE BY THE COMPILER.—Irishmen are not driven by any scarcity of heroic names to poach on other manors, but they have a kindly feeling for Irish blood wherever they find it. It is generally claimed that men owe their greatness more to the mother than the father. Decatur's mother was Irish. His grandfather was a Frenchman. He is, therefore, half Irish and all Celt. In classifying the heroes of American wars according to race, Decatur, of absolute necessity, takes his place in the Celtic gallery.

COMMODORE STEPHEN DECATUR was born January 5th, 1779, on the Eastern shore of Maryland, to which his parents had retired during the British occupation of Philadelphia, but in a few months they returned, and Stephen was reared in the city of brotherly love. He was appointed midshipman in the frigate *United States*, in March, 1798, under Commodore Barry, who obtained his appointment for him. He was then nineteen years of age. He made a cruise in the brig *Norfolk* to the Spanish main, as First Lieutenant; returned then to the frigate *United States*, for a time, then sailed in the *Essex*, to the Mediterranean, as First Lieutenant, with Commodore Dale, and went there again with Commodore Morris. He went there a third time as Commander of the *Argus*, with Commodore Preble's squadron, with instructions to change ships on arrival, with Lieut. Hull, taking thereby command of the schooner *Enterprise*, and anchored at Syracuse. Arriving there he learned of the fate of the frigate *Philadelphia*, which had run aground on the Barbary coast and fallen into the hands of the pirates of Tripoli. Here was a chance for an adventure. Decatur offered to go and rescue the *Philadelphia*. Preble would not listen to so wild a scheme. Decatur insisted. Preble yielded. Decatur had, a few weeks before, captured a ketch (a small, yacht-like vessel, generally of from 150 to 250 tons), called the *Intrepid*. He manned her with seventy volunteers, chiefly from his own crew. He sailed from Syracuse February 3d, 1804, accompanied by the United States brig *Syren*, Lieut. Stewart (another Celt), who

was to aid with his boats, and to receive the crew of the ketch, in case it should be found expedient to use her as a fire-ship.

After fifteen days of very tempestuous weather, they arrived at the harbor of Tripoli a little before sunset. It had been arranged between Lieutenants Decatur and Stewart, that the ketch should enter the harbor about ten o'clock that night, attended by the boats of the *Syren*. On arriving off the harbor, the *Syren*, in consequence of a change of wind, had been thrown six or eight miles, without the *Intrepid*. The wind at this time was fair, but fast declining, and Lieut. Decatur apprehended that, should he wait for the *Syren's* boats to come up, it might be fatal to the enterprise, as they could not remain longer on the coast, their provisions being nearly exhausted. For these reasons he determined to venture into the harbor *alone*, which he did, about eight o'clock. An idea may be formed of the extreme hazard of the enterprise, from the situation of the frigate. She was moored within half gun-shot of the Bashaw's castle, and of the principal battery. Two of the enemy's cruisers lay within two cables' length on the starboard quarter, and their gunboats within half gun-shot on the starboard bow. All the guns of the frigate were mounted and loaded. Such were the immediate perils that our hero ventured to encounter with a single ketch, besides the other dangers that abound in a strongly fortified harbor.

Although from the entrance to the place where the frigate lay was only three miles, yet, in consequence of the lightness of the wind, they did not get within hail of her until eleven o'clock; when they had approached within two hundred yards, they were hailed, and ordered to anchor, or they would be fired into. Lieut. Decatur ordered a Maltese pilot, who was on board the ketch, to answer that they had lost their anchors in a gale of wind on the coast, and therefore could not comply with their request. By this time it had become perfectly calm, and they were about fifty yards from the frigate. Lieut Decatur ordered a small boat that was alongside of the ketch to take a rope and make it fast to the frigate's forechains. This being done, they began to warp the ketch alongside. It was not until this moment that the enemy suspected the character of their visitor, and great confusion immediately ensued. This enabled our adventurers to get alongside of the frigate, when Decatur immediately sprang aboard, followed by Mr. Charles Morris, midshipman. These two were nearly a minute on deck before their companions could succeed in mounting the side. Fortunately, the Turks had not sufficiently recovered from their surprise to take advantage of this delay. They were crowded together on the quarter-deck, perfectly astonished and aghast, without making any attempt to oppose the assailing party. As soon as a sufficient number of men had gained the deck to form a front equal to that of the enemy, they rushed in upon them. The Turks stood the assault for a short time, and were completely overpowered. About twenty were killed on the spot, many jumped overboard, and the rest flew to the main deck, whither they were pursued and driven to the hold.

After entire possession had been gained of the ship, and everything prepared to set fire to her, a number of launches were seen rowing about the harbor. This determined Lieut. Decatur to remain on board the frigate, from whence a better defence could be made than from on board the ketch. The enemy had already commenced firing on them from their batteries and castle, and from two corsairs that were lying near. Perceiving that the launches did not attempt to approach, he ordered the ship should be set on fire, which was done in different parts at the same time. As soon as this was done they left her; and such was the rapidity with which the vessel was consumed, that they had great difficulty in saving the ketch. At this critical moment a most propitious breeze sprang up, blowing directly out of the harbor, which, in a few moments, carried them out of reach of the enemy's guns, and they made good their retreat *without the loss of a single man*, and with but four wounded.

For this gallant and romantic achievement Decatur was promoted to the rank of Post-Captain, there being at that time no intermediate grade. This promotion was peculiarly gratifying to him, inasmuch as it was done with the consent of the officers over whose heads he was raised. It should be remembered that Decatur was then only twenty-five years of age, had been in the navy six years, and that this was almost his first adventure.

In subsequent engagements he showed even greater boldness of attack, and gave far higher proof of personal courage, but we cannot give space for details. In the next year (1805) he participated in the movement against Tripoli, and performed greater feats of valor than the destruction of the *Philadelphia*. He also distinguished himself in the War of 1812. In 1815 he was again sent to the Mediterranean, chastised the Algerines, and after his victory "demanded an instant treaty"; and, by his boldness and determination, obtained immunities and privileges for the United States never before obtained by a Christian power from any Barbary State.

Returning to Washington, he was made Navy Commissioner, and might have won far greater distinction, but for a sad affair, which has lost us some of our greatest men. He superseded, at one time, Commodore Barron, as Commander of the great frigate *Constitution*. This brought on a discussion between them, and finally a hostile meeting. They met at Bladensburg, March 22, 1820. Both were wounded at the first fire. The wound of Barron was dangerous, that of Decatur mortal. The unfortunate officer was conveyed to his distracted wife, at Washington, and died the same evening. An immense concourse, consisting of nearly the whole male population of Washington and the adjacent country, most of the officers of Government, Members of Congress, and Foreign Ministers resident there, attended his remains to his grave.

Decatur was the favorite of the navy. In bravery he had no superior; in native intellectual abilities, few equals. He was beloved by all who enjoyed the advantage of his personal acquaintance, and his popularity with those over whom he was placed in command was unbounded.

THE JESUITS AND THEIR PERSECUTORS.

III.

PORTUGAL.

IT sometimes happens that low and brutal minds, possessing, nevertheless, a certain fund of energy and ambition, seek notoriety and exaltation by the destruction of all that is above or beside them. It will often be found that many an advocate of equality really clamors for depression of one end of the balance in order that the other, to which he clings himself, may be elevated. It seems to be a common failing of degraded human nature, that is of human nature destitute of the ennobling influence of religion, to ardently desire sometimes what the neighbor has, and then, if that something seems to lie beyond attainment, or if it is only to be attained by a hard and rugged path, to come to hate the thing which was once desired, and its actual possessor, merely because he holds it. Over and over again has this trait been exhibited in both religious and political conflicts and revolutions. None assail fidelity like those who have broken their vows, and none decry the Sacraments like those who have profaned them and are unrepentant. In the earlier years, when Christendom feared the Turk, there was one class of men, who were sometimes found flaunting the banner of Mahomet, whom Christians dreaded with a great dread and feared with a terrible fear. These were the renegades whom vice or ambition had brought to deny their God, who ruthlessly trampled on the Cross and poured forth libations of Christian blood at their false altars. None of the original Mohammedans were so reckless, so brutal or so depraved as those who, having lost the bright jewel their Christian sires gave them, vowed diabolic hatred against those who had preserved their precious heritage. Respecters neither of sex nor age, they waded in blood and gloried in massacre. Enemies of the true religion with a superhuman enmity, none destroyed the temples of God with a wilder glee, or committed sacrilege and devastation with readier hands. Drunk with all the fell malignancy of the most blindfolding of human passions, they rushed headlong on their destroying course, and wrote in the blood of countless martyrs the terrible record of the renegade's life. In the later years history shows us ample proof of the continued existence under other guise of this matricidal hate on the part of those who have fallen away from the true faith or become opposed to the observance of its dictates, while the every-day experience of the present time shows us it still surviving. Never, however, was this trait of fallen human character more clearly displayed than by "El Matador dos Padres," * Sebastian Joseph Carvalho y Melho, Marquis de Pombal, for he, destitute of religion himself, was ready to martyr its ministers, and, devoid of the true spirit of nobility, would show no respect to aristocracy.

* "The Slayer of the Fathers."

Pombal was one of those who, if they seek an object of any kind, become so enwrapped in the pursuit, that, heedless of all else, crushing, trampling, they press on over sacred hopes and aspirations, over human ties and affections, and, disregarding any warning voice, hate with a perpetual malediction any who would stretch forth a restraining hand. The objects of Pombal's life were power, and fame, and elevation for himself, through the downfall and destruction of others, while in seeking these objects he cared not what interests were violated, what sanctity profaned, or what lives were sacrificed. In his early manhood folk regarded him more as a luxurious *debauché* than as one capable of dangerous deeds. He was idle, though talented, dissipated and extravagant, though comparatively poor. He had first manifested an intention of embracing the profession of the law, and began the necessary course of studies, but soon finding the calm industry of the legal schools of Coimbra uncongenial to his restless tastes, he shook the dust of its matchless library from him, and sought satiety for his activity elsewhere. He now entered the Royal Guards, but, as such beings as Pombal can only appreciate dicipline when they themselves are the disciplinarians, he quickly forsook the sword and lance. His always small fortune, still further reduced by his comradeship with the wild young gallants of the Guards, was now dangerously near extinction, but, lucklily for him, an elderly and wealthy, if not attractive or aristocratic, widow listened to his addresses, and gave him her purse and heart for the honor of his hand. It happened that his uncle was one of the canons of the Royal Chapel at Lisbon, and through his influence Pombal, now in affluent circumstances, was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of London, in 1739, which position he retained some six years, until, in 1745, he was sent as Plenipotentiary to Vienna. On his return to Spain, after his recall from Germany, he contracted a second marriage with the youthful Countess of Daun. Working, as usual with him, for promotion by secret agencies, and supplanting others by occult influences, he utilized the friendship which existed between his young wife and the Queen-Dowager of John the Fifth to press his claims to place the crown upon the worthless and feeble son of that able King.

Joseph the First of Portugal was one who, had he been born aught but a prince, would probably have died in an almonry. Destitute of talents, and depraved in his morals, it would have been impossible to find one more unfitted to hold the sceptre of Denis the Just. Pombal well knew this, and equally clearly realized that if once he attained a position of importance close to the King, the weak will of the worthless monarch could be made subservient to his own strong mind. Unfortunately for Portugal, the efforts of the astute diplomatist were successful, and rewarded with the high place of minister for foreign affairs. So cunningly conducted had been Pombal's movements, that his simulated morality even imposed upon the King's confessor, the Jesuit Father Moreira, who was induced to give his intercession in furtherance of the promotion of the secret foe of the Church.

The new minister was not long in power when he began to throw off the

veil he had hitherto worn, and to urge a project which it was palpable no friend to Catholicity would have promoted. This was nothing less than the marriage of the eldest daughter of the King, the Princess Mary of Beïra, the heiress to the crown of Portugal, with the Protestant and English Duke of Cumberland. Why Pombal should have adopted the defeated of Fontenoy and butcher of Culloden as his *protégé*, were hard to say, but probably, as "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," the sanguinary failings of the Duke commended him to the Marquis, who had tastes in common, and who counted perhaps on being able to control the coarse-minded and bibulous prince should he ever ascend the throne of Portugal. If he ever did form such a calculation, he might, however, in the end, have found it a wonderfully mistaken one, for the Guelphs of the century, with all their faults, proved themselves strong-minded and determined on occasion, and founded firmly, under difficult circumstances, a dynasty which has never alienated the hearts of their people, whose name and fame is inextricably interwoven with that of England, and which has kept

> ". . . her throne unshaken still,
> Broad-based upon her people's will."

Royal marriages do not always seem to be "made in heaven," and certainly the angels can scarcely have inspired the mind which proposed the marriage of the pious young Catholic princess with the ruthless Duke, for no marriage could well be more incongruous. It is needless to say that to the promotion of his design, which to us seems little less than hideous, Pombal found the Jesuit Fathers, who were the friends and confidants of the royal family, an insurmountable obstacle, and it is chiefly in this fact that the source of his great hatred of their Order is to be found. That he had, however, other reasons, which are easily discerned, for his assault upon the Society, there is no doubt. He was one of that species of statesmen which is not perhaps entirely extinct yet, who find in the Roman Catholic Church an obstacle to the elevation of their own criteria of right and wrong above the older and truer ethics of a pure Christianity, and who, in the first step in their consequent system of sap and mine against Catholicity, find its reference of all doubtful questions to Rome a further obstacle to the realization of their wishes. This difficulty, then, it often seems to them, might be surmounted, was the Church within their domain of power rendered what they style "national"; that is, if it could only be brought to look upon some local ecclesiastical official as its supreme visible head, because then, they placidly calculate, this same prelate, owing his high rank to the bounty of the beneficent monarch or minister who had the bestowal of it, would probably feel it incumbent upon him to consider favorably the desires in most things of the good master who had recognized his merits. They further calculate, rightly enough, perhaps, judging human nature by themselves, that, as the feeling of ambition is not dead any more than any other, it might come to pass that reckless and subservient men would recommend

themselves upon occasion by their readiness to do as they were asked, that beings of the type of Cranmer and Latimer would perhaps arise, and that thenceforward things would go in smooth accordance with regal or ministerial wishes.

Besides such motives, however, one even more vulgar actuated the Portugese statesman, and incited him to acts hostile to the Jesuits. He had taken it into his head that in some of their settlements in South America there existed a gold mine of fabulous richness, from which they drew the great wealth his imagination pictured them as possessing. The Governor of Rio Janeiro, one Gomez D'Andrada, had reported to Lisbon that the Jesuits kept vigilant watch so that strangers should not enter their Indian settlements in Uruguay, and that, therefore, it was to be concluded these territories contained some treasure of unexampled value, which in truth they did — a treasure too few, amongst either the Spanish or Portuguese settlers, displayed — the treasure of the will to act in accordance with the dictates of Christianity; for the wisdom of the Jesuits had succeeded in accomplishing what the reckless daring and disciplined valor of the soldiers of Spain and Portugal had failed to. They had subjugated and made loyal the Indian inhabitants of the country. They had gone unarmed amongst the natives, travelled through trackless forests, and over arid plains, endured hardships and privations in order to reach them; and the Indians, who had never beheld white men before who did not carry the deadly arquebuse and were unarmored, marvelled at those who carried no weapons save the Crucifix, and bore no breastplate save the cassock, who, speaking their own dialects with a fluency they could never equal themselves, told of a Saviour who had died for all men; of a Christianity the beginning and end of which was not gold and conquest, blood-shedding and enslavement. By degrees gaining the confidence of the poor creatures, who in most cases had been driven into antagonism to the Europeans by atrocious acts of rapine and oppression, the Jesuits succeeded in introducing the faith to an extent which, but a few years before, would have seemed impossible, and in bringing to a settled mode of life those who had previously led a wandering and nomadic one. They taught agriculture and the arts of husbandry to those who had never before looked for their sustenance save to the chance spoil of the chase, and brought hands to the spade and plough which never before had closed on aught save spear and bow. Slowly and surely, by much zeal and infinite pains, the Jesuit settlements were organized and constituted, and a self-supporting and beneficent system of colonization, which produced the true ideal of Christian life, was established amongst the simple children of the forest. If, however, the Jesuits were to retain intact the primitive simplicity and purity of life which their efforts had won the Indians to, it was absolutely essential that the incoming of Europeans to their settlements should be prevented, for, distinguished only by their vices, the majority of the Spanish and Portuguese colonists were men dead alike to religion and its spirit. Broken soldiers, ruined and dissolute nobles and adventurers,

flocked to Southern America, drawn thither, some by the lust for gold, and others driven by the fear of well-merited punishment for grevious misdeeds, making the colonial establishments of Spain and Portugal receptacles for the offscourings of the mother-land, places of sanctuary for ruffians, who, had they not crossed the ocean, had been doomed to the scaffold or the dungeon. The last thought of a disappointed man is, that his disappointment springs from his own errors of judgment; so, whenever the European colonists found that gold was not to be had in South America for the picking up, their vengeance for their failure to realize the figments of their imagination was always wreaked in brutal acts of tyranny against the unfortunate natives, in order to compel them to give up more of their territories, or the secret of the hidden treasuries the foreigners deemed them possessed of.

Well knowing the characteristics of the majority of the European settlers, the feelings of the Fathers at the head of the reductions of Uruguay, when they received the information that the Portuguese Government had covananted for the transfer to Spain of the colony of Portugal, at San Sacramento, in exchange for the seven reductions which the Spanish Jesuits had, at the cost of so much labor, organized, may be imagined, and their just indignation at further learning that the treaty of cession contained provisions providing for the removal to distant settlements of the thirty thousand Indian inhabitants of their reductions, may be realized. Though feeling bitterly the injustice which the greed for gold of the Portuguese had brought upon their people, the Jesuits nevertheless made every effort to induce the Indians to comply with the stipulations of the treaty, and to act in accordance with what seems to have been the wishes of the Spanish Government. Spain was considerably the gainer by this treaty, for she received a flourishing colony and fertile territory in exchange for the reductions, the soil of which barely returned the cultivators the necessaries of life, and yielded to the home government little more than a nominal tribute. When, however, the Portuguese came to look for D'Andrada's phantasmal gold mine, never a trace of it could be found, and though Pombal sent out skilled engineers, who prospected and surveyed the entire country, not a grain of the precious metal rewarded their scrutiny. In truth, of all those whom imagination has ever deluded, none were ever more egregiously duped by the mirage-raising faculty than D'Andrada and his fellows. The reductions which they had obtained, deprived of the labor of the willing cultivators trained by the Jesuits, soon lapsed into a state of barrenness, and became standing monuments of the folly and avarice of the Portuguese. To the Jesuits themselves, however, the policy of the governments had been a hard blow, and one destined to become harder, because the Indians, believing that the Fathers could have made some undefined efforts to retain their home for them, and not understanding the principles which had actuated the Society in yielding implicit obedience to the arrangements concluded by the King's Government for the disposal of the country, began to doubt their friendship, and to exhibit evidences of distrust. In point of fact, the

labors of years and the results of lives of patient prayer and toil were shattered by the avarice of Pombal and D'Andrada.

The Portuguese minister had, however, determined to assail the Society in Europe, and was, therefore, now seeking to lead the world to think he had some share of justification for the deeds he contemplated; deeds which have branded his name with perpetual ignominy, and have stained with an indelible blot his reputation. He began his machinations by studiously circulating works containing calumnies against the Order, and actually employed an unfortunate man named Norbert to concoct a pamphlet in support of the Jansenist theories, and replete with falsehoods against the Fathers. This Norbert later on composed another work, which, containing charges equally false, was condemned after investigation by Benedict the Fourteenth. Pombal likewise took care to collect as much of the slanderous literature assailing the Jesuits as possible, and brought them in an apparently uncalculating manner and at intervals under the notice of the King, striving, too, by stray hints and an occasional falsehood, to stir up apprehensions in the mind of the weak monarch as to the "designs" of the Jesuits, who, if the truth were told, had no "designs" save those made two centuries before, by him of Manresa, and which were written for the world to read in the motto of their Order.* Pombal was, however, so successful in his stealthy efforts to prejudice the mind of the monarch that he was enabled to procure the royal signature to orders for the expulsion of certain of the Fathers from the capital, and this just at the time when a terrible fate hung over it. On the first of November, 1733, daybreak revealed to the citizens a heavy fog hanging over land and sea; this by degrees lifted, and the sun shone forth; the atmosphere became remarkably warm; scarcely a breeze disturbed the air, or a ripple the calm of the waters. An unearthly stillness seemed come upon the earth; the elements appeared to be at peace. Suddenly, with an awful and ominous roaring, came that fierce convulsion of the earth, that rending and heaving of its surface, which was to leave Lisbon but a heap of ruins, and to doom to a terrible death so many of its people; which was to be felt in the shudders of nature from Africa to Finland, from Donegal to Venice. Churches, palaces, law courts, and warehouses, were blent in one chaotic mass, while within some five minutes upwards of thirty thousand inhabitants of the once fair city were swept into eternity. The waters of the sea fell back, showing its horrid cavernous depths, but soon returned, sweeping with terrible and destroying force, in a wave some fifty feet high, over beach and quay alike. Nothing was heard save the soul-appalling roaring of the mysterious forces which had wrought the ruin, the crash of falling buildings, the terrible cries of the agonized and dying; none could see more than a little distance, for the dust of the destruction, lit with the lurid glare of the conflagration which sprang up amongst the destroyed buildings, lashed by a furious tempest,

* Ad majorem Dei gloriam.

blinded the sight. Never had destruction more swift or more terrible come upon man and his works. Noble and plebeian, freeman and slave, lay dead or in anguish beneath the ruins, for whether praying in the church, working at the desk, toiling in some prison dungeon, or lounging in luxurious indolence in some stately hall, death in the most horrifying guise had come upon them. Their dwelling felt one wild, convulsive shake, they heard a hideous crash, and then walls and roof closed in, to sink down with them fathoms deep, to be crushed to very nothingness within the gaping fissures of the tortured earth. Never in any period of the world's history had the powers the Almighty Will controls been so released from bondage. It seemed as if the warning finger of God had rested on the trembling earth, and that Nature itself had recognized the awful and offended majesty of the Deity.

Ever prompt to heed the cry of suffering, ever ready to bring comfort to the soul and balm to the wounded, the Jesuit Fathers were the first among the tottering buildings; and, even while cupolas and columns still trembled and fell, they knelt in the midst of the ruins, crucifix in hand, shriving and annealing. When King Joseph saw the men who had been depicted to him as monsters of ingratitude returning good for evil, and assisting the government in every way, proving publicly their forgiveness of all cause of animosity, he was struck not only with remorse for his actions, but with a desire to repair their evil effects. He therefore recalled those Fathers who had been banished from the city, and promised to rebuild their house, which had been destroyed during the earthquake. It seemed for a little time as if the Society was to be left in peace. But this was not the case, for, during the period referred to, Pombal renewed his old machinations, and soon poisoned the King's mind anew. One of the Society, Father Malagrida, published a work drawing from the terrible calamity which had just occurred a lesson of warning and instruction, but Pombal accused him of exciting the people by alarming predictions, and the King permitted his exile to Setubal.

In 1757 the unscrupulous minister took another step in his career of persecution, and, assuming the tone of one who complained more in grief than in anger, addressed hypocritical lamentations to Rome on the falling away of the Order of Jesus in the Portuguese dominions from its original and primitive spirit, and, assuming the air of a sorrowing Catholic, besought the Pontiff to nominate a Visitor and to issue a Brief for the reform of the Society. Benedict the Fourteenth was on his death-bed, and unable to make those personal investigations which would have shown him the absolute and entire falsity of Pombal's charges,— charges whose sole foundation lay in the malignant mendacity of the man who made them, and which were deliberately uttered by him with perfect knowledge of their untruthfulness; therefore, harassed, even by those whose proudest boast it should have been that they defended the assailed Order, he consented to sign the solicited Brief, but he had only signed it when, apparently regretting the step

he had taken, he caused instructions to be transmitted to the Visitor in which he was desired to act with gentleness and prudence, to simply tacitly hear the charges made to him against the Jesuits, to weigh the said accusations fairly, to keep himself free from the intrigues of the enemies of the Order, and aloof from intercourse with Portuguese ministers and politicians; to remember that he was not empowered to take decision in the matter, that he was merely to make report to Rome, and observe strict impartiality and independence. Not one of these instructions was obeyed; they were ruthlessly disregarded, both in spirit and in letter, and the Jesuits were unscrupulously assailed. When the arrival of the Brief was communicated to the Jesuits, though knowing nothing of the subsequent instructions transmitted to the Visitor, they received it in perfect silence and obedience. If calumny and persecution were even for awhile to seem to prevail, they were ready to meet both with firmness and resignation.

On the third of September, 1758, as King Joseph was driving home from the mansion of the aged and illustrious Marquis de Tavora, two pistol-shots were heard, and it was soon discovered that his majesty was slightly wounded. This attempt to assassinate the King seemed for a time enshrouded in impenetrable mystery, though rumors were circulated tracing it to a feeling of jealousy on the part of the married eldest son of the marquis. Be this as it may have been, Pombal, who had personal affronts to avenge, determined to avail himself of the suspicion attaching to the heir to crush forever the house of his enemies, and by a *coup d'état* of surpassing audacity and unparalleled cruelty to strike terror in the hearts of all who might be disposed to oppose his progress to the possession of the power he sought. During the night of the twelfth of December, 1758, the streets of the Noblis Quarter of Lisbon were silently filled with troops; cavalry and infantry, armed to the teeth, were posted at every corner. Those who saw them marching and countermarching, who were challenged or turned back from their proper path by military mandate, wondered at the cause of the proceeding which had turned the most aristocratic portion of the city into a camp, and given the appearance of beleaguerment to the most peaceful and least turbulent district of the capital. Before morning broke, however, the citizens had ceased to marvel at the cause, even though they had then to wonder at the effect of the great military gathering, for they learned that the bowed and hoary Marquis de Tavora, his wife, the charitable and pious Dona Eleanora, their son and other children, had all been arrested and conveyed to prison; that the Duke of Aveiro, with others of the highest nobility of Portugal, and certain of the Jesuit fathers, had also been arrested.

Pombal was determined to secure his ends, and to allow no mere legalities to stand in the way of his vengeance. According to the fundamental laws of the realm, the accused persons had a perfect right to be tried by their peers, but the vindictive and autocratic minister was determined that they, whose destruction he had vowed, should not be given a fair trial, and

therefore removed their cases from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals, and organized a special one, called the "Court of Mistrust," to the presidency of which he appointed himself. Of course, before such a judge acquittal was an impossibility, and the entire Tavora family perished on the scaffold, after the most atrocious tortures had been employed to induce them to accuse the Jesuits of conspiracy with them. It is said that the Duke d'Aveiro, in the agony produced by the hideous tortures of Pombal, gave some kind of assent to the suggestions of the tempters of the rack, and accused the Jesuits, as well as his fellow-prisoners. Whether he did so or not, it were hard to say, but there can be no doubt that Pombal was quite capable of fabricating such confession, while neither can there be any question that any accusation ever wrung forth by torture was at all times utterly worthless in the eyes of any one who cared aught for justice.

The doom of the Tavoras secured, the Dictator assailed the Jesuits. He first procured the arrest of Father Henriquez, the Provincial of Portugal, with Father Malagrida and the confessor of the King's brother, Don Pedro, Father Costa, as also of Fathers Olivera and Moreïra, confessors respectively of the Duchess of Braganza and the King. These captures effected, he then issued secret orders, in pursuance of which, on the night of the sixteenth of February, 1759, at the same hour, every college and house of the Jesuits throughout Portugal was surrounded, and the inmates seized and dragged off to prison. Many thousand members of the Order were thus incarcerated in dungeons, which were, to many of them, literally to prove their tombs. No species of hideous, horrible torture was spared them, no ingenuity was deemed misapplied which devised addition to the long agony of the Fathers.

In the castle of St. Julian, situated at the mouth of the Tagus, there were imprisoned one hundred and twenty-five members of the Order; these holy and suffering priests were plunged into nearly perpetually dark dungeons, beneath the level of the sea, which occasionally flooded their prisons; the food thrown to them barely sufficed to prolong a painful existence; their clothes decayed and fell to pieces; while they were persecuted by the myriads of worms and insects with which the dungeons were infested. It seems almost impossible to believe that any man in whose bosom lingered the faintest trace of human feeling could have deliberately detained in such a terrible situation any of his fellow-men for some nineteen years, and yet such was the justice (?) meted to the prisoners of St. Julian. At Belem the Fathers were caged in with iron bars, and exhibited to the insults of the most curious and depraved; at Oporto others were consigned to underground dungeons, and underwent torments as terrible as did their fellows at Lisbon. In every part of Portugal, in every stronghold, the Jesuits were imprisoned and tortured by slow degrees, too often unto death. From every port in the kingdom and the colonial possessions of Portugal the Jesuits were expelled. Carried away in slave ships, wherein they were immured in the holds, hundreds of the Fathers died in their floating prisons.

Treated on land and sea with unparalleled barbarity, no ignominy was spared the Jesuits which the myrmidons of Pombal could bring upon them. Shrouded in eternal dishonor, by his conduct towards the Order, the name of Pombal stands forth in an unhallowed light as that of the most savage and most relentless persecutor of the Society of Jesus.

Seventy years elapsed before the Jesuits returned to Portugal; seventy years during which the Society itself passed through much sorrow and suffering, during which Portugal felt the weight of great misfortunes, and all Europe endured a terrible travail.

THE FRENCH-IRISH BRIGADE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

William J. Onahan.

In previous numbers of this Magazine, I have referred to the part taken by the Irish troops in the French Army during the War of the American Revolution.

I have shown that these Irish soldiers are entitled to be regarded as *volunteers* in that war, since they had voluntarily petitioned the French War Office to be "sent to America to fight the English."

Their petition was granted, and the Irish regiments then serving under French colors were accordingly sent out in the fleets of D'Estaing and De Grasse to wage war against their "hereditary foe," and in aid of the newly-born ally of France,—the struggling American Colonies.

I briefly sketched the important part taken by the Irish regiments under the command of Count Dillon at the siege of Savannah, in 1779; and on another occasion I alluded to the fact that Dillon's regiment formed part of the French forces at the siege of Yorktown; and that these brave men had the supreme satisfaction to witness and have part in the crowning discomfiture to English arms and English rule in America,—the defeat and surrender of Cornwallis.

Dates and authorities were not wanting in support of my statements, had they been called in question.

I was informed that a manuscript account of the services of the Irish troops in the American War, prepared by Count Dillon, had been deposited in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, and I made several unavailing efforts to procure a copy of this, doubtless, important and interesting document, though my previous papers on this subject were based on other and independent authorities.

I hope soon to be in possession of a copy of the memoir. In the meantime a friend in Dublin, Mr. William J. Doherty, a member of the Academy, honored and distinguished for his public spirit, and for his zeal in Irish antiquarian lore, has lately forwarded to me a transcript of a tabular

military chart, the original of which is among the archives of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. The chart is curious and valuable, and confirms my statements concerning the composition of the French-Irish regiments which took part in the siege of Savannah.

The chart, as will be seen, gives the number by which each regiment was distinguished in the French Army Record; the date of its original formation shows that each regiment was composed of two battalions, and each battalion of seven companies, besides a company of Chasseurs and one of Grenadiers; that each of the seven companies had 170 men, and the Chasseurs and Grenadiers 96 men each, a total of 1,552 in each regiment, and an aggregate of 4,656 in all.

The distinguished Irish antiquarian and historian, Rev. John O'Hanlon, examined this chart, and says it was "deposited in the Royal Irish Academy by some descendant of a French officer in the service of France." He likewise saw there "a manuscript of De Ponce, which contained many original letters bound together, and among them, so far as I could judge, several letters of the Count Dillon, about whose history you wish to be informed."

The chronicle of the career and services of the "Irish Brigades" has been given in O'Callaghan's copious and elaborate history; a work of rare industry and unique interest.

That writer has left little to be added; and that little lies only in the details of the part taken by the French-Irish soldiers in the American war, into which I instinctively have run my pen in several fugitive papers. Following is the chart:

Cartes des Troupes de France sur le Pied de Guerre de la Nouvelle Composition, 1785.

IRLANDAISE.

	Rang	Création.	Bataillon par Régiment.	Compagnie par Bataillon.	Homme par Compagnie.	Compagnie de Chasseurs.	Chasseurs par Compagnie	Compagnie de Grenadiers.	Grenadiers par Compagnie.	Total des Régiments.	Mestres de Camps Propriétaire.	Mestres de Camps Commandant.	Maître de Camps en Second.	Lieutenant-Colonels.	Majors.
Dillon . .	90	1689	2	7	170	1	96	1	96	1552	Cté. Dillon, 111,	C. Vté. Walsh,	Theo. Dillon,	Bart. Dillon,	O. Moran.
Berwick .	91	1698	2	7	170	1	96	1	96	1552	Duc Fitzjames, 111,	C. Ch. Fitzjames,†	Ch. Mahony,	Odoyer,*	Moore.
Walsh . .	95	1698	2	7	170	1	96	1	96	1552	Cté. Walshe,	C. de Ryan,	B. de Lynch,*	Butler, B,	O'Brien.
Tolaux . .	.	. .	6	21	.	3	.	3	.	4656					

TRUE TO HIS MEMORY.

Justin F. McCarthy.

CHAPTER III.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide sea.
SAMUEL COLERIDGE.

SUNSET on the sea, an open boat in mid-ocean, with one occupant, and that Mahon McMahon. Away in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, nothing but sea and sky; the cloudless sky and the desolate, dreary sea.

Two months had "drawn their slow length along" since the evening Mahon had received the cowardly blow from James Bradly. He had not seen Kathleen since; and a note, delivered by Mark Jermyn, was the only communication between them, up to the time he had left the city.

He had gone for a few weeks to a friend at the sea-side to recuperate his strength before again settling down to business. On an ill-fated day he was tempted to embark, alone, for a row along the coast, in a pleasure boat; he had provided himself with a book, and, absorbed with this, the boat had drifted miles from the shore before he was aware of it. He started up to find the open sea all around him, and the land like a speck, or a fog-bank in the distance. Hastily applying himself to the oars, he turned shorewards, and pulled vigorously, but alas! one of the row-locks gave way, and the oar, flung from his grasp, floated soon beyond his reach. This he endeavored to recover, aided by the one remaining; but a land-breeze had sprung up, as is often the case towards evening, and slowly, but surely, he drifted away from his only hope of regaining the shore, and soon he was out of sight of land. While that was in view he felt as if all hope was not yet lost, but when the dim speck faded into nothingness, he gazed around over the vast wide desert of waters, but not a sound, not an object was there to lull the cry of fear that was rising in his heart. The weary hours wore on. The moon — the blood-red moon — like an orb of red fire, seemed to rise out of the sea, and a golden path came to him along the waters, from the horizon. He looked around, but nothing that could bring him hope or consolation met his view; the light-blue unconscious sky above, studded with faintly-shining stars, the dark, uncaring waters, glistening in the smile of the rising moon, everywhere around; nothing else, save a stray sea-gull lazily flapping its white wings as it wended its way landwards, met his anxious eye. The hours wore on. Darkness brooded over the deep, and he felt himself terribly alone. Oh! for the sight of a friendly ship. The silence was agonizing; the monotonous slush, slush of the waves against the boat did not seem to break the horrid silence, but if possible to make it more intense and unbearable. His thoughts went back to Kathleen, and he pictured her, in all her grace and beauty, as he saw her last, — that evening in the avenue.

"If you were dead I would be true to your memory;" the awful force of her words realized itself to him in the stillness and solitude, and did not reassure him. Would he ever see her any more? Would he ever call her his own? Was he destined to die without a friendly hand to grasp, without a kind word to bring him consolation? Was the greedy sea to swallow him? Was he to sink into its depths,—

"Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown"? Were all the bright visions his fancy had woven to the end like this? Oh! it was too terrible to die thus, thus, alone, oh, terrible! The pangs of

hunger began to assail him, his mouth felt parched and dry.

"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

He was exhausted and weary, and he laid himself at the bottom of the frail craft, his arm resting on one of the seats, to serve him as a pillow. A fervent prayer rose from his lips for protection from danger; and sleep, for a while, drove away the thoughts of his misery.

A violent tossing and swaying of the boat awoke him, to find a fierce storm raging; vivid flashes of lightning lit up the heavens, dark clouds overspread the sky, and the boom of distant thunder, above the roar of wind and waters, smote upon his ear. The fierce blast tossed the little craft now high towards the clouds, now deep into the trough of the sea; he beheld with terror each successive wave as it lowered above him, expecting each moment the liquid mountain would descend upon him. He tried to pray, but the horror of his situation drove every thought but self-preservation from his mind. He clutched one of the seats, and clung to it desperately and desparingly. For two hours the fury of the storm remained unabated, and then ceased as suddenly as it had arisen. Morning broke; the dim, struggling light in the east sent a ray of hope to his heart, and he lay once more at the bottom of the boat, weak and exhausted. The tedious, solitary hours wore on. Oh! so slowly; would they ever end? he thought. Again and again he would raise himself on his knees and gaze around in hope of seeing a passing ship. Once a tiny sail broke the monotonous line of the horizon, and his heart beat high with hope and expectation, and throbbed painfully against his breast; but gradually, like the land yesterday, it became only a speck, and ultimately disappeared. Hope died in his heart; and again he sank down prostrate and powerless. Slowly, slowly the day dragged on. For two days he had not eaten nor drank, and he cried aloud to God to end his misery. The weary, tiresome, idle hours began to become unbearable, and he prayed for death.

Again it was sunset on the sea. It was the hour he used to love so much; the rosy hue, the rich, warm coloring of the radiant west; the soft shadows were now stealing around his home, perhaps his no longer; the dying beams of evening were giving their farewell kiss to the trellised roses around the windows; he seemed to hear the cows lowing in the fields, as he did the last evening he spent at home; he seemed to hear the gentle rustling of the leaves in the evening breeze; he thought he could catch the perfume of the roses, as the dew gathered in her blushing petals; he thought he was at home once more; but, oh! he awoke from his revery — his half waking dream — to the grim reality of his position. Darkness again stole up from the east, and enveloped the ocean. Again sleep lulled his senses, and sweet dreams took him back to his home outside the city. Kathleen, his beloved Kathleen, was there, and he was again telling her how dearly he loved her. Morning broke once more. Would it be his fate to die of thirst and starvation, that little boat his coffin? To lie in it until either the waters claimed him as their prey, or the birds came to pick his bones; his skeleton, his grinning jaws and ghastly eye-holes all that would remain to tell some ship's crew the awful fate of an unhappy brother? He had now scarcely sufficient strength or energy to rise; he gave up all hope, resigned himself to his inevitable fate, and prayed only for death to come and relieve him.

After great efforts, he raised his head above the side of the boat and looked over the waters. Oh! Heaven be praised! a sail, a sail, but oh! so far away. Again all the desires to cling to life were strong within him.

Like a greedy miser gazing on his hoard, like a condemned wretch taking his last look on life, he watched the white sails on which the morning sun was playing. The agony of suspense, greater than physical torture, was terrible. What if this ship should fade away, as the other did yesterday? What, even though it did come nearer, if he were not perceived? His heart stood still with terror at the thought; his eyes riveted themselves on the canvas, his hands grasped the side of the boat, and his whole frame shook with fear and hope, suspense and expectation; a mist seemed to creep before his eyes; his strength seemed to be giving way; his senses seemed almost to leave him; he could almost jump into the sea, and try to swim towards the vessel, his longing was so intense; but hope, long deferred, but now about to be realized, sustained him in that terrible hour. Nearer and nearer came, larger and larger appeared the vessel; he could now faintly discern the black hull. Soon he could distinguish the yards and rigging; he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, and, mastering all his remaining strength, stood up, and shouted wildly, madly over the water; again and again he waved his improvised flag, and shouted himself hoarse. His strength was fast giving way; one more frantic effort, and he could stand no longer.

Yes, yes, there are little objects — men — moving to and fro; an assuring cry reaches him; he is seen, he is heard; the ship's course is altered; a boat is being lowered. He is saved! saved! thank heaven, — thank — and he falls a senseless heap across the seats.

CHAPTER IV.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat,
Yet, fooled with hope, men favor the deceit;
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day.
DRYDEN.

Doctor Jermyn had spoken to his son on the subject nearest his heart, — his pet scheme of a marriage between Mark Jermyn, his son, and Kathleen Bradly, a few weeks after Mahon McMahon had left the city; but Mark, true to his trust, dissolved all the air castles of his father, by telling him of Kathleen's betrothal to Mahon, and the utter impossibility of his hopes ever being fulfilled. Still the doctor did not lose all hope that something might occur which would ultimately bring about his heart's desire.

He had urged on Mark the fact that the engagement was not recognized by Kathleen's brothers, her guardians, and therefore that Mark was perfectly justified in pressing his suit for Kathleen's hand, but Mark would not hear of it.

It was the very morning, almost the very hour, in which Mahon McMahon was shouting desperately from his little storm-tossed craft for help and succor, that Mark Jermyn and his father were seated comfortably at breakfast. It was a bright, cosey little room; the morning sun shone cheerfully through the window, the fire flickered, and burned ruddily in the highly polished grate, though it was only the end of autumn, and the doctor, care-worn and weary-looking, sipped his coffee languidly. A newspaper lay beside him, at which he occasionally glanced, — and Mark sat opposite.

"Ha! here is some good news for you, Mark," said the doctor, suddenly, hastily replacing the cup, which he had almost raised to his mouth, and startling Mark out of the revery he was enjoying, as he toyed carelessly with his half-finished cup of coffee. "Good news indeed, this morning! Mark, all obstacles regarding Miss Bradly are now removed."

Doctor Jermyn was a man of the world, and looked at every event in life not as it concerned others, but as it may affect himself, or the interests of those dear to him. Misfortunes and failures, and bitter disap-

pointments, had rubbed out the soft spots in his nature, and left it little better than a rock. A smile lit up his face as he handed Mark the paper he had been reading.

Mark glanced at the paragraph pointed out by his father, and with astonishment, and genuine sorrow, read:

SAD OCCURRENCE.—It is with regret we make public the melancholy news which reached this city last evening. It appears from what we could gather, that Mr. Mahon McMahon, who was lately connected with the firm of Messrs. Brew, Bradly Bros., and Co., had been staying with some friends at Seacove. On the morning before yesterday he took out a small boat, and was seen to row along the coast. He has not returned since, and up to the time of going to press there has been no tidings whatever of the unfortunate young gentleman. It is more than probable that he has perished in the storm that swept over the coast the night before last. His many friends in this city will mourn his sad and untimely fate. For the many years—

He could read no more; he laid down the paper, and stared vacantly at his father. "My God! how terrible," he cried at last; "poor Mahon! poor Kathleen!"

"It will be a great blow to her," said the doctor, quietly, "but in the course of time she will forget him. You must look after her, Mark, console her, and do not let her fret herself unnecessarily. You have an open road before you now to Kathleen's heart; she is free again."

"Father," said Mark, rising from the table, "if you have no respect for the living—for Kathleen and for me, at least respect the dead—poor Mahon! To talk on such a subject, at such a time, is more than I can bear."

"Stay," said his father, peremptorily, "keep such sentimental trash and stuff for others. You know already how I am circumstanced. I cannot keep up appearances much longer. I tell you now, that if you are not married to Kathleen Bradly, or to some one equally well off, this place must be sold to pay a part of our debts; and in the event of that, nothing but sheer ruin, and, I may say, poverty, must be our lot. You have no profession, by which you could earn a living; you must choose between two alternatives,—a wealthy marriage or the workhouse. Norman Ward, to whom I owe a large sum, is getting impatient at my frequent delays in settling his account. You can think over the matter. You know, now, fully the state of affairs; you had better decide."

When Mark Jermyn was brought face to face with stern facts, the ultimatum put forward by his father assumed a different appearance. Up to that time he considered his father's position was far different from what he now found it to be; true, he had his suspicions that monetary matters did not run very smoothly, but he never imagined that his father had sunk so low. A marriage with Kathleen Bradly—a thing he never contemplated, as he always looked upon her as pledged to Mahon—was not, after all, an unpleasant or disagreeable idea to him, but, at all events, decency should hold such a notion in abeyance for some time.

"I will think the matter over, sir," said he.

"I have given the subject a great deal of consideration and thought myself, Mark, and that is sufficient. It is for you to act. Your own future and our good name are in your hands; and if you act contrary to my wishes, and your own good fortune, the result be on your own head."

. . . . . .

Throughout the entire city that day the news of Mahon's death, for every one looked upon it in that light, was eagerly discussed by the many friends and acquaintances to whom he had endeared himself, and further news on the subject was anxiously awaited.

Next morning Mark scanned the paper with a palpitating heart; and, notwithstanding his resolve about Kathleen, a lingering hope that some

good news might still arrive. But this idea was banished, as he tremblingly read of the man to whom he owed his life,—

THE sad tidings which it was our melancholy duty to chronicle in our last, have been more than confirmed, and our fears of yesterday but too well realized. There is no doubt of the death of Mahon McMahon. The boat in which the unhappy young gentleman is known to have gone was washed ashore last evening at Moorebay, bottom upwards. Little hopes are entertained of recovering the body.

This sad intelligence threw a gloom over the city. Though Mahon had very few intimate friends, the acquaintances who knew him either through business or social intercourse were many, and the sorrow felt for his untimely end was as widespread as it was sincere.

"There is no use fretting over broken china, Mark," said Dr. Jermyn, when he saw the downcast and moody appearance of his son, "especially when it opens up to you a brilliant future."

"Ah, sir," Mark answered, "I cannot forget Mahon so readily; he was more than a brother to me; but if Mahon were alive, I would rather die by the roadside than act as you wish me to do."

"Impossible suppositions are useless," said the doctor, quickly, "and very often only introduced for a display of an extravagant amount of virtue and a superabundant supply of a sentiment called honor. Sir, what you have to do is to act, not to simper sentiment. You are living in an age which means that to succeed you must bury the personal feelings and affections that obstruct your pathway to success. Think of that, and you must succeed."

"I suppose I am to follow your example, sir," Mark cynically replied.

The doctor felt the hit,—it was a home thrust; but he recovered himself immediately, and said sternly: "It is not because I have been unfortunate that you need be so, sir. I have climbed the ladder of fame and dwelt in the regions of prosperity; before the eyes of the world I still maintain my proud position, notwithstanding my shattered fortunes. What am I different from the thousands of men you see around you? Dead sea fruit,—bah, we live by deceit, in deceit; this world is made up of deceit; and you sneer at me, because I am the same as every other man."

"Excuse me, sir," said Mark, humbly, "if I have made an unjust remark, but when I do not like the idea of selling myself to a girl I do not love, you cannot blame me if I appear a little hasty; I have still some honor left."

"Love, honor, ha! ha! I would not give that much for all the love and honor in the world;" and the doctor snapped his fingers, and walked excitedly up and down the room. "Mark," he said, coming to a stand before his son, and trying to speak calmly, "I will tell you a secret of my life; it is a story of love and honor, of love and hate. While your friend Mahon McMahon feasted at my table, while I smiled and talked to him, I hated him with all the vigor of a life-long hate!"

"Hated Mahon!" Mark exclaimed in astonishment.

"Aye, and his father before him; and the hour he saved your life was one of the bitterest to my heart. I would rather have seen you brought home a dripping corpse than that you should have been snatched from death by his hand. Oh, all my hate has recoiled upon my own head. His father and I were boys together; we played together, we studied together, and oh! we loved together; we both loved Marian Neale. In my blindness and my folly I never knew he loved her until it was too late. I confided in him and in her, I trusted to his honor, and he deceived me. Oh! I was basely, doubly deceived. Never had man a stronger love than I had for Marian Neale; never had man a

deeper confidence than I had in the honor of Mahon McMahon's father. She deceived me, and betrayed my love; he drew me out, and abused my confidence. Her father favored me, and we were to be married; but the morning before, Marian Neale was not to be found, and McMahon was missing. They had been married in secret a month previously."

Here the doctor, who had been standing opposite his son during the recital of his story, walked excitedly up and down the room as the recollections of past years again crowded on him.

"Oh, Mark, the tempest of hate and the cry for vengeance that rose within me was more than I could bear! A terrible fever seized me, and for six long months I cried to heaven to end my mental and physical pain by death. While I was writhing in agony, and calling out to my God for vengeance, they were enjoying the fruits of their treachery. Oh! heavens, what I suffered then I alone could tell, if language permitted me. Twelve months passed, and Mahon was born, an event immediately followed by his mother's death, the first and last drop of satisfaction to my burning heart. Then, God help me! Mark, I married your mother, but I never loved her, and my indifference and neglect soon killed her. From the beginning to the end the McMahons were in my path, and always thwarting me. My hate was not quenched on the death of McMahon; no! I transmitted it to his son. I hated him with an intensity that crowded out almost every thought when he was present; he had his mother's eyes, and when I looked at him the memory of earlier days recurred to me, and I often wondered that I could conceal my feelings so effectually, for he never knew, while he sat here, in this very room, how I loathed his very presence; his dead mother seemed mocking me when he laughed, and his voice brought me the remembrance of his father's smooth and flattering tones when he spoke, and the greatest blow of all was on the morning that he saved your life. My hate was intensified, instead of being in any way diminished.

"I watched his growing years, and I envied him his good looks; I set my heart on your winning Kathleen Bradly, but again he was in my way; he won her heart, and, Mark, I tell you, though I hated him with all the intensity of an ardent nature like mine, I grieved the morning I heard of his death, because I had not an opportunity of gratifying my revenge upon him. While he was engaged to Kathleen Bradly I had watched every movement, every action of his, and it was I that bade the Bradlys beware of him. I am sorry that he is not present — that he is not alive — to witness your — mine — triumph over him, that I might gloat over his misery and rejoice that I had treated him, in a measure, as his father had treated me,— then would I be happy, then would the vengeance cup be filled; as it is, I am as a conqueror without a defeated foe. All my hate has come to nothing; it has but recoiled upon myself; my very life, my existence has been a miserable failure, and I stand before the world, if the world knew me in my true light, triumphant, yet miserably defeated."

Mark sat gazing at his father in mute astonishment and surprise as the story proceeded. The old man bowed his head in his hands, and groaned aloud. All the pent-up feeling of years passed were now poured out in bitter words, as he laid bare to his son the secret of his life.

"Oh! why," he passionately said, "should it be to a McMahon that you owed your life? Why was I placed under an obligation to him? I could not be grateful, for when he brought you in here cold and dripping, I cursed him from my heart. I tell you, I had rather you were dead — dead, lying pale and

ghastly at the bottom of the river, than saved by his hand.

"Now he is dead, and the time for my revenge is past, the opportunity is there, and I regret his death on that account alone. Mark! you have the story of my life, of my love and my hate, both powerless now; my hate has outlived my love, and what has it been to me? nothing, but the ruin of my happiness, the destruction of my hopes, and the bane of my existence. Oh! that the past would not crowd in upon the future. I am an old man now, Mark, and time has healed many an aching wound, but one wound bleeds afresh when I think of Marian Neale."

As Doctor Jermyn finished he sank into a chair overcome, bowed his head on a table near, and burst into tears.

"Let me alone, Mark," he cried, when his son endeavored to soothe him, "it will do me good; it will relieve my heart."

To be Continued.

"BELL BAPTISM."

An almost unique religious rite will be performed in St. Joseph's Church at 3 P. M. to-day. It is that of the "baptism" or blessing of an immense bell, 6,000 lbs. weight, which the church received yesterday, and is to occupy a place in one of the new and lofty towers. Very Rev. H Muehlsiopen, V. G,, will officiate, and Rev. Father Weninger, a septuagenarian missioner of fame, will preach the sermcn. —*Globe Dem.*

This heathenish custom was repeated in a Romish church, in St. Louis, on the 23d of October, 1881. Well, we suppose that there is as much Bible authority and religion in baptizing a church bell, as there is in baptizing a baby. Let all such foolish mummeries be given to the "moles and to the bats." —*Jewish Tribune.*

Upon the above extracts the *Western Watchman*, St. Louis, remarks:

"This is very strong language from a Jew. Its strength is not in its argument, but in its impertinence. We would remind our Jewish neighbor that Christians are not disposed to take such taunts from them. They are reaping the fruits of Christian charity, and live by the forbearance which Christianity teaches. Our Lord forgave His persecutors, and we forgive them; but it is not well to stir up the awful demon who ruled the mob on Calvary. Especially is it not well at this time, when the spirit of proscription is cropping out in many places in Europe. Unless a decided change takes place in the public mind of this country, the Jewish infant of to-day will not comb gray hairs before he feels how hard is the fate of the 'Wandering Jew.'

"We have no idea of the insolence of the Jews in France. They are at the head of the persecution which now affects the Church in that country. The blasphemies which are now the stock in trade of infidel dailies of Europe have mostly emanated from Jewish minds. It does a Jew good to blaspheme Christianity. It is doubly consoling where he has an opportunity to assail with his hellish prate the Church of God, which is the only tangible embodiment of Christianity. We would inform our Jewish friend that he has nothing to fear from the Church. She will be his protector in the future as she has been in the past, but when he assails Christianity in general, as in the paragraph above quoted, he arouses a mob spirit outside the Church which the Church is powerless to control. It would therefore be a very prudent course for him to confine himself to the discussion of those endless ceremonies which make up his own religion, and leave the Church of God, which took to herself the substances of which the Synagogue vainly clutches the shadows, to regulate her own rites and ceremonies as best she may."

The first who worked the copper of Lake Superior was the Jesuit lay Brother Giles Mazier, about 1675, who also made a monstrance of native silver.

HUMILIATION OF THE STARS AND STRIPES!

THE Hon. William E. Robinson, Member of Congress for Brooklyn, N. Y., has made several attempts to introduce the following resolutions into the United States House of Representatives without success: —

WHEREAS, On the centennial anniversary of the pulling down of the English flag at Yorktown by Washington and his compatriots, that English flag was rehoisted and saluted without the authority of Congress or custom; and

WHEREAS, At the very time when that salute was fired the English Government was trampling on the last vestiges of free government by suspending the right of habeas corpus, suppressing public meetings, and crowding the jails with honorable gentlemen unaccused of crime, some of them American citizens, and others the chosen and honored representatives in Parliament of their own people; therefore,

Resolved, That we extend our sympathies to those patriots and Members of Parliament, suffering imprisonment under unheard-of despotism.

Resolved, That this House does not approve of the salute given to the flag representing this unheard-of despotism, and that said salute was untimely, uncalled for, unusual, and was insulting to the memory of the brave men, who, one hundred years ago, pulled it down, and hoped it would never be raised again on American soil, insulting to millions of our fellow-citizens, to whom, and whose ancestors, it was and is the emblem of tyranny, and insulting to other friendly powers, whose flags were not saluted, though they deserved equal, if not superior recognition.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State is hereby directed to communicate to this House, at the earliest possible moment, whether any person or persons claiming to be American citizens are now, or recently have been, suffering imprisonment in British jails; and, if so, what crimes are alleged against them, what efforts have been made to secure their speedy trial or release, with all correspondence relating to the same.

Resolved, That the Secretary of State is hereby directed to communicate to this House copies of all correspondence with foreign governments within the present year, relative to the extradition of alleged criminals or in relation to the sacred right of asylum in these United States.

Resolved, That, while we appreciate the womanly sympathy of Victoria in the sorrows of our departed President's family, and can excuse her for not being familiar with our written constitution, yet her ministers should have known that the reception of any present, of any kind whatever, by any person holding office under the United States, without the consent of Congress, would be a violation of our constitution and an invasion of the privileges of this House.

The *Boston Daily Globe* has the following remarks upon

MR. ROBINSON'S PROTEST.

Mr. Richelieu Robinson, a member of Congress, from Brooklyn, has been making ineffectual efforts since the opening of the present session to introduce a bill in the House of Representatives expressive of the disgust he felt at the action of the government of the United States in hoisting the British flag on American soil and officially saluting the same. The honorable House of Representatives has, on every occasion when Mr. Robinson tried to get a place for his bill on the calendar, refused the same, and elbowed Mr. Robinson out of the way, regarding him, doubtless, as a species of political crank.

Mr. Robinson has embodied in his bill, which has got into print, if it has not got to the speaker's table, two objections to the course pursued by the executive and his Secretary of State at Yorktown, which will commend themselves to a large class of American citizens. He avers, first, that when the English flag was hauled down at Yorktown a century ago, after a desperate struggle between the lovers of constitutional government and the exponents of monarchical institutions, it was hoped that the emblem of despotism would never be hoisted again on the soil of the republic. This is true. And if it were not for the veil of gush which obscured the popular judgment during the illness and after the death of the late lamented president, serious objection would have been made to

the course pursued by the government.

Mr. Robinson's second objection is stronger than the first. He points out forcibly that while we were honoring the flag of Great Britain at Yorktown, the government of Great Britain "was trampling on the last vestiges of free government by suspending the right of habeas corpus, suppressing public meetings, and crowding the jails with honorable gentlemen unaccused of crime, some of them American citizens and others the chosen and honored representatives in Parliament of their own people." It was because England had tried to carry out this very policy of repression on the American continent that the early patriots who formed the republic and baptized it in blood revolted; the striking of the colors at Yorktown signalized the failure of tyranny to maintain a foothold in America. What England gave up when her armies surrendered to Washington, she still practises in Ireland with the same persistence as 100 years ago, and her flag represents, as forcibly to-day as it did then, the policy of force, coercion, and the denial of individual liberty, free speech, and the right of popular representation.

Mr. Robinson's bill will not meet with much favor in the House, but it none the less deserves a fair consideration. It contains a well-deserved rebuke to the toadyism which prompted an official salute to the flag of a nation which arbitrarily seizes American citizens sojourning within its domain, thrusts them into prison without trial or examination, and keeps them there in defiance of the plain right which every American possesses, or ought to possess,— the right of liberty of speech and action, and to a trial by jury when he is charged with crime.

THE first who raised a crop of wheat in Illinois were the Jesuit Fathers.

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON FALL.

THIS is fall because it falls on this season of the year. Leaves fall, too, as well as thermometers and the price of straw hats. Old topers, who sign the pledge in summer, are liable to fall when fall cider-making commences, for straws show which way the cider goes. Husking corn is one of the pleasures of fall, but pleasures are not good for boys, I don't think. Old men want a little fun; let them husk. A husky old man can go through a good deal of corn sometimes. Digging taters is another of our fall amusements. The way I like to dig taters is to wait until they are baked nicely and then dig them out of the skins. Most winter schools open in the fall. The best winter school I ever went to didn't open until spring, and the first day it opened the teacher took sick and the school-house was locked up for the season. Once in a while we have a very severe fall, but nothing like the fall of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. Summer is misnamed. It should be pride, for doesn't pride go before a fall?

SAVING. — A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank established. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women imbibed it at once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it, they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy. The best way to comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Whether five hundred dollars or five thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save something where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a sordid avarice, but a mere obligation that rests upon women as well as men.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

THE ancient biographers give many a curious legend and quaint anecdote in relation to our great Saint. Eoghan (Eugene, or Owen) was one of the sons of King Niall of the Nine Hostages. He was a bold and powerful prince, who acquired the country called after him "Tir-Owen" (Tyrone), or Owen's country. His residence was at the famous palace of Aileach, in Innishowen.*

When Eoghan heard of St. Patrick's arrival in his dominions, he went forth to meet him, received him with every mark of honor, listened with humility to the Word of God, and was baptized with all his household. But he had a temporal blessing to ask of the Apostle.

"I am not good-looking," said the converted but ambitious Eoghan; "my brother precedes me on account of my ugliness."

"What form do you desire?" asked the Saint.

"The form of Rioc,† the young man who is carrying your satchel," answered the prince.

St. Patrick covered them over with the same garment, the hands of each being clasped round the other. They slept thus, and afterwards awoke in the same form, with the exception of the tonsure.

"I don't like my height," said Eoghan.

"What size do you desire to be?" inquired the kind-hearted Saint.

The prince seized his sword and reached upwards.

"I should like to be this height," he said; and all at once he grew to the wished-for stature. The Apostle afterwards blessed Eoghan and his sons.*

"Which of your sons is dearest to you?" asked St. Patrick.

"Muiredhach,"† said the prince.

"Sovereignty from him forever," said the Saint.

"And next to him?" inquired St. Patrick.

"Fergus," he answered.

"Dignity from him," said the Saint.

"And after him?" demanded the Apostle.

"Eocha Bindech," said Eoghan.

"Warriors from him," said the Saint.

"And after him?"

"They are all alike to me," replied Eoghan.

"They shall have united love," said the man of God.

"My blessing," he prayed, "on the descendants of Eoghan till the day of judgment. . . The race of Eoghan, son of Niall, bless, O fair Bridget! Provided they do good, government shall be from them forever. The blessing of us both upon Eoghan, son of Niall, and on all who may be born of him, if they are obedient."

St. Patrick, it is told, had a favorite goat, which was so well trained that it proved very serviceable. But a sly thief fixed his evil eye on the animal, stole it, and made a feast on

* Innishowen (*i. e.*, Owen's Island) is a peninsular forming a portion of the present county of Donegal. It became the patrimony of the O'Doherty family. In the ancient "Tripartite Life" of our Saint it is related that he gave a particular blessing to Innishowen. It is of this historic district that a poet of our day writes:

"And fair are the valleys of green Innishowen,
And hardy the fishers that call them their own—
A race that nor traitor nor coward have known
Enjoy the fair valleys of green Innishowen."

† Rioc was St. Patrick's nephew, and an ecclesiastic of dignified bearing and extremely beautiful countenance.

* "From this Eoghan," writes O'Hart, "came (among others) the following families: O'Kane, O'Daly, O'Hagan, O'Crean, O'Carolan, etc.

† The ancestor, according to the old genealogists, of the Murray family; this old name is written O'Muiredhaigh in Irish.

the remains. The loss of the goat called for investigation; and the thief, on being accused, protested with an oath that he was innocent. But little did he dream of his accuser. "The goat which was swallowed in his stomach," says Jocelin, "bleated loudly forth, and proclaimed the merit of St. Patrick." Nor did the miracle stop here; for "at the sentence of the Saint all the man's posterity were marked with the beard of a goat."

About ten years before his death the venerable Apostle resigned the primacy as Archbishop of Armagh to his loved disciple, St. Benignus,* and retired to Saul, his favorite retreat, and the scene of his early triumphs. Here it was that he converted Dicho and built his first church. Here also he wrote his "Confessions," and drew up rules for the government of the Irish Church. When he felt that the sun of dear life was about to set on earth, that it might rise in brighter skies, and shine forever, he asked to be taken to Armagh. He wished to breathe his last in the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland. But on the way an angel appeared to the blessed man, and told him to return — that he was to die at Saul. He returned, and at the age of seventy-eight, on the seventeenth of March, in the year 465, St. Patrick passed from this world. He was buried at Downpatrick, in the county of Down; and in the same tomb were subsequently laid the sacred remains of St. Bridget and St. Columbkille. The shrine of the Apostle of Ireland was visited by Cambrensis in 1174, and upon it he found the following Latin inscription:

Hi tres Duno tumulo tumulantur in uno,
Brigida, Patricius, atque Columba Pius.

In Down three Saints one grave do fill,
Bridget, Patrick, and Columbkille.*

This illustrious Saint was a man of work, and prayer, and penance. To his last breath he ceased not to teach his people. His daily devotions were countless. It is related that he

* St. Benignus was of the race of the Cianachta — O'Connors or O'Kanes? — of Glen Gemhin, in the county of Derry. His parents, however, resided near the site of the present town of Drogheda; and when St. Patrick came that way he passed the night at their hospitable residence. Benignus, then a mere boy, grew intensely fond of the Saint. He was baptized, and followed the Apostle of Ireland until he became his immediate successor as Archbishop of Armagh. St. Patrick has had one hundred and eight successors in the See of Armagh. Those of the present century are: Richard O'Reilly, Patrick Curtis, Thomas Kelly, William Crolly, Paul Cullen, Joseph Dixon, Michael Kieran, and Daniel MacGettigan.

* The shrine of St. Patrick, enriched by many precious offerings, was destroyed in the general profanation under Henry VIII. "I had a very pleasant ride to Downpatrick," says Rev. Dr. Vetromile, "where I went to see the church built by St. Patrick, for which I paid a shilling to the woman who kept the key. The church is Gothic, and has been nearly rebuilt by the Episcopalians. I asked the woman — a Protestant — If St. Patrick was a Protestant. She answered, 'No — a Catholic.' 'How, then, is it,' said I, 'that the church is in the hands of Protestants?' 'They took it from the Catholics,' she replied. 'Then,' I said, 'it should be given back to the Catholics.' 'If they fight for it they will get it,' she answered. The inside of the church is plain. I saw the place where the altar must have stood, the pulpit, etc. Then I went to see St. Patrick's grave, which is close to the church in the cemetery, now used by Protestants. There is nothing to distinguish the grave of Ireland's Apostle. It is only a mound without headstone or inscription, not so much as a cross; yet everybody knows it, and the path leading to it from the road is kept smooth by the frequent visits of the Irish, who go thither to pray; and there is a cavity over the grave made by the Irish taking away, in their devotion, the earth for a *memento*. I could not but think what a magnificent monument they would build up on the grave of their Apostle, were they but allowed to do so. Still, though St. Patrick's grave has no sign to mark it, after the lapse of nearly fifteen centuries, many of them passed in bitter persecution, in a part of Ireland inhabited by Orangemen, every one in Downpatrick, and thousands elsewhere, can point out the spot. It is shown from generation to generation by tradition, and herein Protestants have before their eyes a certain proof of the truth and reliability of tradition."—*Travels in Europe.*

made the sign of the cross many hundred times a day. He slept little, and a stone was his pillow. He travelled on foot in his visitations till the weight of years made a carriage necessary. He accepted no gifts for himself, ever deeming it more blessed to give than to receive.

His simple dress was a white monastic habit, made from the wool of the sheep; and his bearing, speech, and countenance were but the outward expression of his kind heart and great, beautiful soul. Force and simplicity marked his discourses. He was a perfect master of the Irish, French, and Latin languages, and had some knowledge of Greek.

He consecrated three hundred and fifty bishops,* erected seven hundred churches, ordained five thousand priests, and raised thirty-three persons from the dead. But it is in vain that we try to sum up the labors of the Saint by the rules of arithmetic. The wear and tear of over fourteen hundred years have tested the work of St. Patrick; and in spite of all the changes of time, and the malice of men and demons, it stands to-day greater than ever,—a monument to his immortal glory.†

"It should ever be remembered," says the Nun of Kenmare, "that the exterior work of a Saint is but a small portion of his real life, and that the success of this work is connected by a delicate chain of providences, of which the world sees little and thinks less, with this interior life. Men are ever searching for the beautiful in nature and art, but they rarely search for the beauty of a human soul, yet this beauty is immortal. Something of its radiance appears at times even to mortal sight, and men are overawed by the majesty or won by the sweetness of the Saints of God; but it needs saintliness to discern sanctity, even as it needs cultivated taste to appreciate art. A thing of beauty is only a joy to those who can discern its beauty; and it needs the sight of angels to see and appreciate perfectly all the beauty of a saintly soul. Thus, while some men scorn as idle tales the miracles recorded in the Lives of the Saints, and others give scant and condescending praise to their exterior works of charity, their real life, their true nobility is hidden and unknown. God and the angels only know the trials and the triumphs of holy human souls."

The first vessel built on the northern lakes was the *Griffon*, built above Niagara Falls, by Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, in 1679, and blessed by a Catholic priest.

The first who identified the American ginseng with that of China, and opened a new trade with that country, was the Jesuit Father Lafiteau.

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* Bishops were far more numerous then than now, but the reason is obvious. In an age when communication between one part of the country and another was difficult, and often impossible, for a considerable period of time, it was necessary that there should be bishops in every locality. —*Sister M. F. Clare.*

† After the Most Blessed Virgin, there is, perhaps, no saint in the calendar who has been chosen patron of so many churches in our country as has St. Patrick. The cathedrals of Erie, Newark, Rochester, Harrisburg, and New York bear his noble name; and there is scarcely a town or city from Maine to California that has not its St. Patrick's Church. The greatest and most beautiful church in the New World is St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. The style of architecture is the pure Gothic that prevailed in Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In 1858 the corner-stone was laid by Archbishop Hughes. The foundation is of immense granite blocks; and all above the base course consists of fine white marble. The extreme length is 332 feet, extreme breadth, 174 feet. The two massive towers will each be 328 feet high. This magnificent edifice was dedicated to divine worship in May, 1879. The ceremony was grand and impressive. Among the many distinguished dignitaries who participated therein were His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, and Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati. The sermon—a noble effort—was delivered by Bishop Ryan, Coadjutor of St. Louis.

SONG FOR PATRICK'S DAY.

Thomas De Cantillon Church.

I.

COME, brothers mine, pass round the bowl,
And fill to-night a bumper grand;
Come pledge, my friends, with heart and soul,
Salvation to our own Green Land.
We'll all oppose our tyrant foes;
We'll dread them not in armed array,
But proudly stand in Eire-land,
As freemen should, some Patrick's Day.

II.

The exiled children of our race
In freedom's vanguard, too, will stand;
With pens of steel they'll nobly trace
Redemption to our own dear land.
And o'er our hills and flashing rills,
O'er lordly halls, and turrets gray,
It shall be seen — our emerald green —
Floating aloft some Patrick's Day.

III.

Too long, alas! we have been slaves,
Too long we're crushed in Motherland;
Far better, then, the crimsoned graves
That bridge the way to freedom grand.
With might and main we'll snap the chain,
Or moulder down to silent clay;
We must be free; sweet liberty
Will be our own, some Patrick's Day.

IV.

Then brothers mine, pass round the bowl,
And fill to-night a bumper grand;
Come pledge, my friends, with heart and soul,
Salvation to our own Green Land.
We'll all oppose our tyrant foes;
We'll dread them not in armed array,
But proudly stand in Eire-land,
As freemen should, some Patrick's Day.

WHERE PARNELL GETS HIS GRIT.

HE comes by it honestly from his Yankee mother. That dame has infused her own spirit and grit into her son. At a great Land League meeting in New York, recently, she was called upon to say something in regard to the arrest of her son. She hurled defiance at the British Lion after this style, in the midst of vociferous applause from 5,000 listeners:

"I regret very much that I came here totally unprepared to say anything. I can only say that my thoughts have been thrown into considerable confusion, in which respect I hope that none of the Irish will copy me. But I must say to-night that I am glad my son has won the battle. I am glad that you can hail him thoroughly as your brother in affliction. I trust, therefore, that you will unite as one man, and join hands all, as brothers should do, and move forward in one body and throw down gauntlet after gauntlet to the British Government, until you advance and take the ancient capital of your country and the country of your hopes and aspirations in one final assault and victory. You know that I started as a Fenian. I have never gone back, but if there is any step forward in advance of Fenianism, I am ready to take it. If I go to Ireland, which I hope to do after a little while, I trust the government will reasonably suspect me also, and if it shall ever come to pass that a woman shall be gibbeted in Ireland, I hope that the last words she shall say may be, 'God save Ireland!'"

VERDI composed a "Stabat Mater" when he was but thirteen years old. In 1838 he made application for admittance into the Milan Conservatory, and offered as credentials all of his earlier compositions, but he was told very abruptly that he had not the slightest talent for music. He was almost crushed by this disappointment, but he still persevered, and received instructions through a musician at the Scale Theatre. Verdi was always of a retiring nature, and even to this day he is as timid and modest as when a boy.

IN a primary school, not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard "bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause, a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "Plaze ma'am, for the bird to roosht on!"

THE ANGEL OF MERCY.

CATHERINE McAULEY, FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FAME.
EUROPE.
ERIN.—*Accompanied by the Twelve Foundations made by* CATHERINE McAULEY, *namely, Dublin, Kingstown, Tullamore, Charleville, Carlow, Cork, Booterstown, Limerick, Naas, Galway, Wexford, and Birr. (These, as* ERIN *mentions them, come forward and bow.)*
ENGLAND (*with* CATHERINE'S *two foundations of London and Birmingham.*)
SCOTLAND.
ASIA.
AFRICA.
OCEANICA.
AMERICA (*accompanied by California.*)
MERCY.

Prologue, recited by FAME.

I sing no blood-stained conqueror's ruthless reign
Of battle devastation. In my strain
Resounds no proud, ambitious statesman's name;
No song of mine the worldly bard may claim
Who trails the wings of genius in the mire,
And strikes, in Passion's praise, his God-lent lyre.
And in my lay no guilty artist lives
Whose gifted pencil, vice-polluted, gives
Its skilful touch, to aid the cause of sin,
And thus unnumbered souls, as demons' prey, to win.
Nay, nay, I sing a nobler conqueror!
Immortal Fame in homage bows to her
Whose victories were bloodless — self, her foe —
Her captives — sin, and wretchedness and woe.
False sons of Genius, dim your fame shall be,
When, at my bidding, ye, abashed, shall see
The matchless poem of a noble life
Traced on that heart with gifts and graces rife;
What art like hers? Whose every word portrayed
Celestial pictures, marred by no dark shade,
Reflecting clear the radiant realms above,
And matchless beauty of Eternal Love.
Come forth, come forth, ye favored witness-train!
Bright scenes of her blest labors! let your strain
Recount the history of that wondrous life,
Its ceaseless combats in the Master's strife,
Its vineyard toil, its harvest-labors grand,
Continued still by Mercy's sacred band.
Her holy daughters, strong to dare and do,
Whose steadfast hands, and hearts benign and true,
Reflect each scene, with angel beauty rife,
Of CATHERINE McAULEY'S blest heroic life.

[*Enter* EUROPE, etc.

EUROPE.—Let Europe lead Earth's heaven-favored train
Of grand divisions — in whose spacious bound
Mercy's pure daughter and her virgin throng

* Written by Miss Harriet Skidmore ("Marie"), of San Francisco, for the Golden Jubilee of the Order, December 12th, 1881.

Have nobly wrought. Come forth, my Erin fair,
Sweet martyr-land, so lovely in thy woe,
So bright with Virtue's gems, so richly dight
With rare celestial graces, and so fair
With pure soul-blossoms, that thou well may'st wear
Thy matchless title, "Sacred Isle of Saints!"
Come forth, and tell the story of her life
That had its blest beginning in thy realm,
That wrought its first sweet labors on thy soil,
And from thy holy bosom was exhaled
Like incense-breath to heaven.

ERIN. — Lo! I come,
Fair Sovereign, Europe, gladly I obey
Thy gentle mandate. From my thorn-pierced brow
I cast awhile the sombre veil of woe,
And hide its wounds amid enwreathing smiles,
That to my saintly daughter I may give
The fitting tribute I so justly owe.
Behold, I bring the fair and favored scenes
Of her sweet virgin-toil, where Mercy's homes,
Founded and fashioned by her own pure hand,
Rose in their peaceful beauty, Edens fair,
And entrance-gates to blissful Paradise.
Lo! faithful Dublin, my proud Capital,
Place of her birth and scene of childhood's joys
And the pure pleasures of her guileless youth;
Long witness of her self-denying deeds
Of sweet benevolence and tender care
For those so dear to Mercy's loving Lord,
His stricken ones, his well-beloved poor;
Grand theatre of her grand, crowning work,
The founding of that glorious Sisterhood,
Mercy's blest Order. Handmaids of that Lord
Whose life was Mercy's wondrous gift to man.
There rose their first pure home — there, amid all
The trials and the crosses that attend
The infancy of every noble work
And heaven-inspired project, still they grew
To blest perfection and undying life.
The next fair scene of Catherine's blessed toil
Was breezy Kingstown. There her hand upreared
A noble home of Mercy's angel-throng.
Then closely followed thrifty Tullamore.
Next, 'mid the poor of distant Charleville
She brought her sacred toilers. Carlow next
Hailed her auspicious coming. Then, fair Cork
Gave a sweet name to Mercy's peaceful home —
"St. Mary's of the Isle." Then Booterstown
And ancient Limerick saw the glorious work
Begun within their Mercy-favored bounds.
In Naas next rose the Convent's sacred walls,
Reared, as by magic, by the potent hand
Of that loved Foundress and unerring guide.
Then followed Galway, throned within the West.

Next, to historic Wexford sped the band
Of Mercy's daughters, with their saintly head,
Whose zeal had formed their peaceful Eden there.
And last of all the sacred list inscribed
On Erin's heart by Catherine's saintly hand,
Was Birr's fair home of Mercy — sweetly named
From the beloved disciple. Thus was closed
Her wondrous labor in the Isle of Saints.
For now, that life, so robed and wreathed with grace,
Was ready for the Bridegroom's nuptial feast,
And when a few more months of pain had set
The last bright jewels in its thorny crown,
That glorious life went forth to meet its Spouse;
And Erin's fair and saintly Capital,
Where, cradled softly in a happy home,
The infant Catherine first serenely lay,
Doth treasure now, within the grave's calm breast
Her holy dust, till, at the radiant dawn
Of resurrection, deathless, glorified,
It shall again become the casket fair
Of its immortal and resplendent soul.
But the fair Order, founded by her hand,
Lives in undying freshness, and hath grown,
Like to the mustard's small and simple seed,
Into a world-wide tree, whose fruitage is
E'en for the healing of the nations far.
Many the cloister-homes of Mercy blest
Upreared within the favored Isle of Saints
Since Catherine's holy death; and from those homes
In sacred Erin, well-nigh countless are
The throngs that hasten to their loving toil
In lands remote. But Erin claims with pride
The first foundation of that Order grand,
And fondly addeth to her list of Saints
Her CATHERINE MCAULEY'S glorious name!

ENGLAND.—Let grateful England pay her tribute now
To Mercy's Angel Messenger. Behold,
Here represented, two dear colonies,
Founded by Catherine's own saintly hand
On Albion's favored soil. The Capital
Of Britain's boundless empire, LONDON fair,
Itself a teeming kingdom, was the first
Blest scene of Mercy's work in England's realm.
Close following, cometh busy Birmingham,
Where thousands hail, with grateful, fond acclaim,
The ministrations of the sacred band
Of Catherine's virgin daughters, hither brought
By their angelic Foundress. Well-nigh, now,
Unnumbered are the homes of Mercy blest
Shrined on Britannia's heart, adornments meet
For this fair day of Golden Jubilee.

SCOTLAND.—The rugged hills, and blooming, heathery vales
Of Caledonia may not boast, alas!
Sweet Catherine's saintly presence. Yet, the dew

Of benediction, and of healing pure,
Won, surely, by her potent spirit, hath
Descended on fair Scotia's favored soil.
From the sweet shelter of their sacred homes,
The messengers of Mercy daily bear
Celestial boons through thronged and busy streets
Of many a Scottish city. Therefore, let
Bright Scotland also breathe her grateful lay
To bless this Golden Jubilee's glad day.

ASIA.—Imperial Asia owns with grateful love
That sacred influence, too. When demon strife
From Europe came to Asiatic realms
Of war-plagued Turkey, even in the train
Of furious Moloch came the heralds fair
Of balsam-breathing Mercy. Long they dwelt
In bleak Scutari, and lone Kulilee;
Long, on that blood-stained soil, Love's angels wrought
Their kindly ministrations, binding up
The ghastly wound and bullet-shattered limb —
Calming the fevered brow, and breathing words
Of soothing consolation in the ears
Of dying warriors, and on the wings
Of potent supplication, even to
The heav'nly portals by their pleading op'd,
Wafting the parted and enfranchised soul.
And lo! on burning plains of farthest Ind,
Fair homes of Mercy rear their sacred walls,
And 'neath their shelter rest the stricken ones,
Safe from the plague-envenomed heat and glare;
Safe, too, from fiercer, deadlier blight conveyed
By burning breath of passion and of sin.

AFRICA. — From desert wastes or torrid Africa
Rings the clear echo of her grateful voice,
Wafting afar the well-won meed of praise
For Mercy's pure angelic Sisterhood.
The savage negro, rescued, by their hands,
From foes more deadly than the beasts that hide
In densest jungles, ceaseth not to call
Heaven's choicest benedictions on the heads
Of Angel Mercy's consecrated band.
And the lone exile, worn with want or woe,
Far from his kindred and his childhood's home,
Winneth new strength and long-forgotten smiles,
At the loved accents of his native tongue,
Breathed in the Sister's sweet and soothing tones.

OCEANICA.—Bright Oceanica her tribute brings.
The fragrant Islands of her far South Sea
Hail, too, the presence of that love-sent band,
Fair Mercy's vestal daughters. Shrines are there
Wherein they guard the sacred fire of Truth,
And Love Divine, from whence they bring its flame
To light and warm the cold, sin-darkened souls
E'en on Pacific's bright and balmy shore.

Australia's Isle, so spacious that it claims
The prouder name of Continent, hath seen
Those peaceful convents scattered through her clime,
Like lovely fragments torn from Paradise.
And bright New Zealand, robed in Eden-bloom,
Hath crowned her loveliness with deathless charms,
Brought by celestial Mercy from her home,
In the fair Kingdom of Eternal Love.

AMERICA.—America, within her vast domain,
Hath blessed the coming of the heralds fair
Of dove-eyed Mercy, and rejoicing, knows
"How beautiful upon the mountains are
The feet of those that bring the tidings glad"
Of Love celestial and unfailing Peace.
From her chill North, from bleak Newfoundland's Isle,
To Southern shores, where verdant pampas stretch
Through Buenos Ayres their unbounded breadth,
Fair Mercy's toilers find sweet harvest work.
The vast, aye, well-nigh boundless Empire formed
Of mighty States, linked close by Freedom's bond,
And brightly shielded by her starry flag,
The glorious land of Washington, the home
And refuge of the exile, hath she not
Beheld the bounteous fruits of vineyard toil
Wrought in her spacious regions by the band
Of saintly Catherine — Mercy's angels fair?
Aye, from New England's busy crowded towns,
To blooming Florida's most Southern shore;
Nay, farther still — e'en to the Golden West,
To smiling California, throned beside
The peaceful waters of her Sunset Sea,
That vestal train hath journeyed — everywhere
Bringing rich store of benedictions sweet,
And heavenly graces, till the arid wastes
Of desert hearts have "blossomed as the rose,"
Beneath their tender care. Ah! doth not, then,
The heart of fair Columbia justly owe
A boundless debt of gratitude and love
To Heav'n-sent Mercy for such boons as these?

CALIFORNIA.— Aye! and amid the Mercy-favored throng
Of star-crowned daughters fair,
To none, I ween, more truly can belong
A deeper, fonder share

Of gratitude's fore'er increasing debt,
Than unto her whose throne
Is by the Western wave serenely set,
In golden glory lone.

Our circling age hath little more than made
One-fourth its mystic round
Since Mercy's band to this new Ophir strayed,
And made it holy ground.

Joy's twofold theme! the Feast Immaculate
Was that auspicious day
When Catherine's daughters passed the Golden Gate
Of San Francisco's Bay,

And with their gifts of rich celestial grace
In never-failing store,
Made their calm nest and sweet abiding-place
Upon our sunset shore.

And now the shadow of their Convent walls,
Inviting holy rest,
O'er many a hill and smiling valley falls,
On California's breast.

There pain is soothed, the wan and starving fed,
The orphan's wailings cease,
The wandering sinner to her Lord is led,
The saved soul parts in peace.

But, oh! what human pen can write those deeds
Of mercy and of love?
The eye of God their fitting record reads,
By angels traced above.

Take, then, O Mercy! to thy home of bliss,
This homage-debt we pay
To thee, and to thy Catherine's name, on this
Her Order's festal day.

[*Enter.*

MERCY.—I come at thy summons, O gold-vestured land!
I list thy fond praise of my pure, chosen band,
I take thy fair tribute of thanks and of love,
To place at the feet of my Monarch above.

I have gathered the homage thy Sisters have paid,
The bright, fragrant garland by gratitude made;
I will weave them in chaplets immortal, with thine,
And will bear them away to Love's Kingdom divine.

They shall blossom fore'er in the fields of the Lord,
With the wreaths I have twined as a fadeless reward
Which the SISTERS of MERCY, the Spouses of Love,
Shall wear at the Feast of their Bridegroom above.

Blest pict[illegible]e that angels rejoicing shall see,
Whe[illegible]s with their Foundress her children shall be,
And round them enwreathed, shall a multitude throng,
The souls they have rescued from woe and from wrong.

The crowns of the vestals of Mercy shall shine
With the glorious light of their life-work divine,
And the gladly-paid tribute of gratitude's debt
In the wreaths of the Nations, as gems, shall be set.

O jewels! outshining earth's radiance far!
O chaplets! whose blooming no blemish can mar!
By Mercy entwined, e'en from Love's richest store,
For a Jubilee blest that shall last evermore!

The Irish Monthly.

THE FLYING SQUIRREL.

The Flying Squirrel — *Sciuropterus volans* (L.), Coues — may be distinguished by the following characters: Head short and rounded; nose blunt; eyes large and prominent; a membrane extending from fore to hind limb on both sides of the body; tail flat and rounded at the tip; general color ashy gray; beneath, cream color; length, ten inches.

The favorite home of this species is a woodpecker's hole in some tall tree; not always a deserted one, however, for during the past summer, while walking through some woodlands, in Western Maryland, I noticed a large sycamore tree with several holes of the red-headed woodpecker (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*) in one of its branches, and upon my companion striking the trunk with a stone, several "red headers" flew out, followed by four flying squirrels, which floated out one after the other. It also sometimes shares its abode with screech-owls and bats. But not only does the flying squirrel live in trees; I have observed numerous instances of their having taken possession of marten boxes, crannies in rocks, the eaves of houses, etc.

Some time ago, while staying at a friend's house in Hunterdon County, N. J., I discovered a nest of this species built between the closed Venetian shutter and window of an unused room, the mother gaining admission through the slats. She was quite tame, allowing you to advance within a few feet of the window before making her escape. We made several efforts to capture her without success, and finally, becoming tired of being molested, she decamped with her whole family during the night. The nest contained five young only a few days old.

This squirrel has two litters in a season, and from three to six at a birth; they are blind for about three weeks after their *entrée* into the world. The female carries the young by doubling it up with her fore feet and mouth until she can grasp the thigh and neck. She shows great affection for her offspring, preferring captivity to deserting them.

The usual food of the flying squirrel consists of various kinds of seeds, nuts, and tree buds, but Audubon gives several instances which came under his observation, where it was caught in traps baited with meat, and also an account of several tame ones which devoured a fine grossbeak (*Corythus enucleator*) in a single night.

The so-called "flying" of this little animal is performed in the following manner: First ascending to a height, it springs out into the air, at the same moment extending the fore legs forward and outward and the hind legs outward and backward, thus stretching the membrane to its fullest extent. In this way it *floats* from tree to tree without any motion of its "wings." The impetus gained enables it to ascend a short distance in a curved line and alight on the object aimed at head up. These flights often measure fifty yards, or even more.

Flying squirrels are easily captured in almost any kind of trap baited with hickory or hazel nuts; the trap, however, must be allowed to set over night.

It would be hard to find a more gentle or amusing pet. I have never known it to bite when caught, and it becomes tame in a few hours.

A friend of mine once kept two females for several months; in the evenings they were allowed perfect liberty, and presented a most pleasing sight as they gambolled round the room. A favorite trick of one of them was to bury nuts among the wavy tresses of her mistress, returning the next day to find them, and appearing much surprised when they were not to be found. Fig. 1 represents an adult *Sciuropterus;* Fig. 2, a young one about four days old; Fig. 3 is a dissection of the fore leg (natural size), showing the peculiar cartilage which is articulated to the ulnar side of the carpus; it assists to extend the flying membrane. —*Scientific American.*

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MEMOIR OF HENRY BALDWIN, Q. C., COMMISSIONER OF THE COURT FOR RELIEF OF INSOLVENT DEBTORS IN IRELAND.

Birth and Parentage.—Early Education.—Studies for the Bar.—Fellow-students.—Joins the Connaught Circuit.—A trip to Paris.—Marriage.—Ill-health.—Torquay.—Assistant Barrister for Co. Antrim.—His high character.—Address and Testimonial.—Wexford.—Affection of his Practitioners.—Address and Testimonial.—Becomes Chairman for the East Riding of the County of Cork.—My intimacy.—Letters.—A Warning.—Dangerous Illness.—Letter on his Recovery.—James Plunkett.—A tedious Voyage.—Appointment and Disappointment.—Correspondence.—Trial of John Mitchel.—Effect of Holmes's Speech for the Defence.—The Queen's Visit.—Advice regarding Office.—Correspondence.—The voice of the Bar.—I become one of his Officers.—His Chief Clerk.—His Registrar.—Death of the Chief Clerk.—Plunkett appointed.—Purchase of Kilmarnock.—A Happy Day.—Fatal Illness.—Death and Burial.

DURING the summer of 1840 I met, for the first time, at the hospitable board of a mutual friend, the late James Plunkett, Q. C., Mr. Baldwin, Q. C., and thence, until the day of his death, 24th May, 1854, a friendship of the closest possible nature bound us to each other. It was impossible to live with him on the terms I did and not to entertain the most affectionate feelings towards him; and if any shortcomings marked his character, I would not perhaps be deemed an impartial biographer. But as I possessed the best opportunity of doing justice to his many estimable qualities as an advocate and a judge, I cannot allow these biographical sketches to appear without some record of his high endowments.

Henry Baldwin was born early in the present century. His father was an officer, and his mother of the ancient and opulent family of Segraves of Cobra, county of Dublin. Captain Baldwin having died while his only child was very young, his training in the paths of religion and virtue was left in the hands of his pious and excellent mother. She idolized her boy, and when her maternal regard for him was evinced in sending him early to school, she implored the master "not to let the child be subjected to harsh treatment, for he had been such a pet." His reply was reassuring: "Do not be afraid of that, madam. I assure you, from my experience, I prefer pets to other boys. I find them more docile, and they invariably pay more attention to what is said to them."

This remark was soon borne out as far as regards Henry Baldwin. He evinced great quickness in apprehending, and ability in retaining, instruction. When he grew older he was sent to the great English seminary of Oscot, and here he had to make his way with boys who paid no regard to mothers' pets. But young Baldwin had high courage and great mental endowments. He distinguished himself in the Oscot Debating Society, and, I believe, contributed to the "Oscotian,"—a literary periodical, supplied by the students of the College.

Probably the profession of his father caused Mr. Baldwin to evince a taste for the military life; but the Principal of his College told his mother to discourage this notion, as it would be a pity he should waste his talents on a garrison life, and strongly recommended his adopting "a legal career." He therefore became a student of the Inns of Court, and resolved to become a barrister.

While in London, Henry Baldwin attended the chambers of Andrew H. Lynch, M.P., then a very leading equity lawyer, and subsequently a Master in Chancery in England. Mr. Lynch was member for Galway, and his chambers had usually several students from Connaught. Baldwin also was connected with the county, if not the city, of the tribes, his aunt, Clorenda Segrave, having married Mr. Lynch of Barna.

In the chambers of Mr. A. H. Lynch, contemporaneously with Mr. Baldwin, were James Henry Blake, afterwards Q.C., and one of the most promising leaders of the Irish Bar, until his early death marred his progress; Mr. Malachi Fallon, after-

wards Assistant Barrister for the county of Limerick, and others. Baldwin was one of the Decemvirs who met to argue law points, and one of his steadiest friendships was formed with a Decemvir, whose warm heart lay hidden beneath the most repelling exterior I ever encountered. The late James Plunkett, Henry Witham, then a student for the English Bar, W. R. Pigot, afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, were also Decemvirs. Having completed his terms, Henry Baldwin was called to the Bar, and joined the Connaught Circuit. His knowledge of his profession and lovable disposition soon attracted business, and he was quickly launched into practice.

He began to make money, not always by attending the Four Courts, or on Circuit, as the following anecdote he told me will show: "Shortly after being called to the Bar," he said, "during a long vacation, I received an offer of £150, provided I would proceed immediately to Paris, and make out a gentleman residing somewhere in that capital, with whom I was to have a personal interview relative to weighty money matters.

"On this offer being made, I lost no time in consulting Sir Michael O'Loghlen and Judge Ball as to whether I ought to accept it. Both concurred in thinking it was not *infra dig.* to do so; and as there was nothing to prevent my accepting the money, I did so, and started for Paris.

"Arrived there, by the aid of the Prefecture of Police, I discovered the whereabouts of the object of my visit, and lost no time in calling on him. As a personal interview was part of my contract, I found him at home, sent up my card, and was admitted. He lay stretched on a sofa, smoking a cigar, and received me very kindly. We had met before. 'I suspect what brought you here,' he said, 'and have only to say that, if you mention one word about business, I shall leave you here. You can join me at Tortoni's at six o'clock, and dine with me. I shall be very happy to show you everything worth seeing in Paris, but not one word of business.'

"I replied, 'I had a serious and responsible duty to discharge, and he should not blame me for fulfilling it.' I then opened to him the purport of my errand. He first whistled, then hummed an air from a popular opera; but, as I continued, he ceased his performance, and, placing his hat on his head, wished me good-day, and left me alone in my glory.

"Being in no hurry to leave Paris, I wrote to Dublin an account of the failure of my negotiations, and passed some days very agreeably."

In February, 1837, when about ten years called to the Bar, a Chairman for a county, and in very fair practice, Mr. Baldwin made a very advantageous marriage. The object of his choice was the second daughter of Stephen Graham, Esq., of Rutland Square, Dublin. This lady was in every way qualified to make him happy. She is well described by the lines of Crabbe:

"She had a mild and pleasant look,
A cheerful eye and aspect bland;
Her very voice and manner spoke
The generous heart and open hand."

Mr. Baldwin's health, never very robust, was impaired by his kind disposition. When proceeding by the night mail to the Spring Assizes of Galway, he took compassion on one outside passenger who had no overcoat. Baldwin divested himself of his, and insisted on the other wearing his greatcoat, as the cold was intense. Unfortunately this caused Mr. Baldwin to get chilled, and a violent fever was the result. Great debility followed, and the mild air of Devonshire was recommended and tried.

"I could not imagine," he said to me, "anything like the change I experienced when the sheltered nook of Torquay was reached. It was like Elysium. The cold, chill feeling left me. I grew instantly better, and,

during my stay, improved hourly." In after years, I myself experienced great benefit by a visit to Torquay. Shortly before his marriage, Mr. Baldwin was appointed an Assistant Barrister. A Roman Catholic in creed, and of Whig politics, he never was either a bigot in religion or a partisan in politics. He had very influential friends, and when O'Loghlen became Attorney-General in 1835, he had the great gratification of appointing Henry Baldwin Assistant Barrister for the county of Antrim. His mother told me this appointment was hailed with approval by Tories as well as Whigs,—all liked her son. His appearance was strikingly indicative of the amiability which was the great feature of Mr. Baldwin's character, and I think he must have borne a great resemblance to Lord Erskine. His small, elegant features were often hectic with illness, while his bright hazel eyes lighted up, and denoted the quick, sensitive nature of the inner man. Like Erskine, he had the warm heart of a woman, her generous affection for those he loved, and, perhaps, some of her weaknesses.

While presiding in the Quarter Sessions Courts of Antrim, the practitioners and suitors were not slow to appreciate how largely personal amiability of heart was united with ability of head. They found their chairman well acquainted with his judicial functions, possessed of a robust intellect, if in a delicate frame, with honesty of purpose and industry of habit. No matter of what creed or politics practitioners were, all were regarded in the same light, and each felt attracted by the personal warmth of Mr. Baldwin. As has been well remarked, "Men of ability are met with at the corner of every street. Any man of reasonably clear head, of determined will, and settled disregard for the feelings and fate of those around them, may achieve a considerable measure of success, as modern society is constituted. The success, however, will not be one which will attract the good-will of his fellows, nor obtain for him one word of commendation, or regret when he is called away to another scene, where those who have lived only for themselves attain, no doubt, exactly what they have earned." Far different was the estimate in which the kind and warm-hearted Mr. Baldwin was held. When the intelligence was confirmed that he was to preside over the Quarter Sessions Courts of Antrim no longer, and that his health warned him the smaller and more proximate county of Wexford was to be the scene of his judicial labors, a loud wail, as of sorrow for a departed friend, echoed from the Giant's Causeway to the extreme limits of the county.

A valuable testimonial and most laudatory address — signed by men of all shades of political colors, from the deepest Orange to the most verdant Green — was presented to Mr. Baldwin.

His career in Wexford was just the same, and bore the same fruit; he obtained an address and gold box. I remember a Wexford solicitor, who practised at Sessions, using these words to me: "It was no cold respect, sir, we bore to Mr. Baldwin; we felt a longing *to take him in our arms and hug him to our hearts.*"

Strong as these words are, they convey very clearly the more than customary regard felt by professional gentlemen for one placed in authority over them, who has often to keep a vigilant eye over the conduct of his practitioners.

Mr. Baldwin's health grew much better, and on the death of John Martby, Q. C., the lucrative chairmanship of the East Riding of the county of Cork being vacant, it was offered to, and accepted by, Mr. Baldwin.

Shortly after this time, in 1840, I made his acquaintance, and was a practitioner in his Court.

Our daily intercourse during term,

and while at Sessions, or when I was an inmate of his house, prevented my receiving many letters from him, but there are some which show the warmth of his disposition and the playful temperament of his mind, when not depressed by illness, or those trials which beset the traveller in life's often weary road, and from these I propose to give extracts.

The first in point of date, and the only one formally addressed, was when he was returning my first published book, "Impressions at Home and Abroad." It is as follows:

"19 GARDINER'S PLACE,
Feb. 23d, 1841.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return you your book, with many thanks for the instruction and amusement it has afforded me. A confinement from cold since Friday last enabled me to read it attentively through, and I assure you I have been greatly pleased.

"When do you proceed on Circuit? I am to sit in Cork on the 29th March. I hope I shall see you there, or at Mallow.

"Believe me, very truly yours,
"H. BALDWIN."

During the Galway Assizes he had been counsel for a lady who sued a namesake of mine for breach of promise of marriage, and she got substantial pecuniary compensation. During the engagement the defendant had become a Repealer, which Baldwin said he supposed "accounted for his anti-union conduct." Shortly after the trial I received the following:

"MY DEAR O'FLANAGAN, — Enclosed I send you a report of a curious trial we had at Galway the other day. I do so for two reasons: first, that the damages may make you cautious, and next, that you are generally supposed to be the defendant yourself. James Plunkett assured me that he was more than once asked if you were not the delinquent.

"I saw that you read a paper to the Association at Cork. I shall be in Cork on this day month; we shall meet, I suppose, at all events, at Fermoy.

"Believe me, dear O'F.,
"Very sincerely yours,
H. BALDWIN."

The British Association for the Advancement of Science met at Cork in 1843, when I read a paper on the Navigation of the Munster Blackwater, which afterwards was extended and published as "The Historical and Picturesque Guide to the Blackwater." The following year, 1844, was very nearly severing our friendship by the death of my beloved friend. In fact, during our Assizes in Cork, news reached us that, while on circuit in Galway, Mr. Baldwin became ill and died. This, however, was not entirely the case. He was dangerously ill, but recovered. On leaving, he was staying with his cousin, Nicholas Lynch, of Barna, who had married Mrs. Baldwin's elder sister. I wrote to him, inquiring for Mr. Baldwin, and after some days received the following reply. The feeble tracing of the lines indicate the prostrate condition of the writer:

"BARNA, Aug. 16th, 1844.

"MY DEAR O'FLANAGAN,—Lynch showed me your kind letter, but until today I was not able to write. I am greatly better,—in fact well, though weak. I am remaining here to recruit my strength for the road.

"I can best explain the extent of my danger by quoting the words of one of my doctors yesterday:

"'I never saw so bad a case terminate otherwise than fatally before. At one time I thought you had not half an hour to live. I had no hope at all; I thought there was no room for hope.'

"Although ill, I tried to do business on Tuesday and Wednesday, 30th and 31st July, and on the latter day to speak to evidence in a heavy and important case. However, after struggling against disease for half an hour, I was obliged to give in, leave the court, and take to bed, when I grew hourly worse until Friday, when I was despaired of.

"Poor Mrs. Baldwin left town on Sunday night in the mail, and arrived on Monday morning. She found me a little better, but not out of danger. She bore up wonderfully against the fatigue. We shall be leaving this for home in a few days. With kind regards to your father and Arch, believe me,

"Very faithfully yours,
"H. BALDWIN."

His next letter shows progress:

"BAYVIEW COTTAGE, DALKEY,
24th Sept., 1844.

"MY DEAR O'F.,—Although my complaint is for the present gone, and I have

collected some strength, the doctors do not wish me to encounter the fatigues of a heavy Session, and strongly advised me to get a deputy. Plunkett, with his usual good nature, at once undertook to sit for me, and, with such a representative, my mind is quite at ease.

"They will hardly put up with the Principal after such a deputy.

"I am happy to learn the sale of your book* has been so good. You should see that it is for sale in the book-shops in Cork, Fermoy, Mallow, and Youghal.

"Nothing new here. The dinner to Dan† was much crowded, but not respectably attended. Dan wanted to let non-Repealers in, but Smith O'Brien would not suffer it to be anything but a Repeal dinner. Hence the absence of all respectable persons, and the collection of a mere mob. I hear Dan is much annoyed at the circumstance.

"Faithfully yours,
"H. BALDWIN."

He grew stronger as the spring of 1845 advanced, and I left him in good health and spirits when I was starting for the Munster Circuit in the spring of 1845. I went to Cork by the steamer then plying between Dublin and Cork, and we had a most tempestuous voyage. Scarcely had we left the Liffey before the wind blew so violently we had to seek shelter in Kingstown Harbor, and I wrote an account of my perils, which produced the following:

"7 RUTLAND SQUARE,
14th March, 1845.

"MY DEAR LIVING BUT HALF-DROWNED AUTHOR, — I commiserate you on your unfortunate voyage. How you must have sighed for the gentle ripple of your own Blackwater, when tossed by the merciless billows of our angry sea! I hope the elements will be more propitious for us. If Saturday next promises fine, I think we shall trust ourselves to them, as the *Eagle* is to sail at 7 o'clock Saturday evening."

The weather moderated, and he enjoyed his voyage, and got through his Sessions well. Later in the year I find he wrote to me about our mutual friend Plunkett, who had been dangerously ill.

As I was constantly engaged during the terms in working with and for him professionally, I plainly see how admirably suited he was for Equity practice. The quiet Court of Chancery was better adapted to his gentle nature than the bustle of the Common Law Courts, or the rough-and-ready business of *Nisi Prius*. He evidently had more taste for Equity practice than for the arguments of Common Law or law pleading, and it occurred to me the place of all others best fitted for him was a Master's office. There the duties could be done *con amore*, and his experience of Session practice would enable him to dispose of the business with precision and despatch.

There was a prospect of my hopes for his obtaining this desirable post, the income of which was about £3,000 a year. His friend, once Mr. Mayum Brady, was raised from the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer to that of Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and a close intimacy had long subsisted between him and Baldwin. His co-circuitor, Monahan, was Attorney, and Hatchel Solicitor-General. These personal friends were not likely to forget the services and worth of Mr. Baldwin. Besides those in law offices, Sir Thomas Redington, then Under-Secretary of State for Ireland, was warmly attached to him, and when, in the autumn of 1846, Master Goold died, Mr. Baldwin was at once named as his successor. I was then on Circuit, but the report was that Baldwin was actually appointed, so I wrote an article for the press, detailing how eminently qualified he was for this office. I refrained from having it published until I saw the report ratified officially. Soon, alas! I found the vacant Mastership was not given to Mr. Baldwin, but to the late Mr. Jeremiah J. Murphy, a Queen's Counsel, a Catholic gentleman of very high character, and an accomplished Equity lawyer.

Aware how anxious Mr. Baldwin was for this particular office, and

*"The Historical and Picturesque Guide to the Blackwater in Munster." London. 1844.

† A Repeal banquet to O'Connell.

how near he was to obtaining it, I feared the disappointment would, as indeed it did, crush his feeble frame. I wrote to him at considerable length, urging what consolation my feelings dictated, and yet expressing my fear I had done so at too great length. His reply was this:

"THE ROCK, DALKEY,
Aug. 9th, 1846.

"MY DEAR O'FLANAGAN,—Whatever *you* may think, I do assure you that *I* do not find your letter too long. I was so pleased with that of the eight pages that I showed it to Plunkett, who was equally gratified.

"The more I learn of the affair, the more I lament the accident that led to the result.

"The Lord-Lieutenant wrote to Redington to say that my appointment was actually *made*, when such a pressure came that Lord John Russell thought they should yield to it. O'Connell's statement is, that he called on the Lord-Lieutenant, as father of the Catholic Bar, and demanded the situation for a Roman Catholic. The Lord-Lieutenant told him it was arranged that a person of that persuasion should have it. O'Connell then asked it for Murphy. The Lord-Lieutenant said he was too late, as I was appointed, and the letter to notify it to the Chancellor was written, and on the table. O'Connell, finding it was not posted, and consequently no official communication had been made, insisted that it was still within the control of the Government, and asked it as a personal compliment to himself. To this they yielded. My appointment superseded — Murphy substituted for me."

That he did not soon recover the shock of this sudden and most unexpected disappointment, is shown by his next letter from Dalkey:

"Sept. 2d, 1846.

"MY DEAR O'FLANAGAN,— I am happy to find you are spending a pleasant autumn. We are very dull here. None of us have at all got over our recent affliction. As for myself, the subject is always recurring to my mind, and I am as low as the earth when I consider how desirable was the situation, how nearly it was mine, and how uncomfortable is my present position. We had the Chancellor and his family for a few days at Kingstown, at the Anglesea Arms. They spent Saturday here, and came out to fish, and took an early dinner on their return. Yesterday we all assembled at Monahan, so you see we are on excellent terms. All the officials are arrived. Labouchere * came yesterday, and Pigot was expected in the evening.

"There is to be a gathering of the bigwigs at the Vice-regal Lodge on Thursday, to meet Labouchere. The Chancellor had promised to spend the day here when he got the command.

"I had a very lamentable letter from poor —— † from New York. I am trying to do something for him — good for evil.

"Moore is also returned. Burton ‡ is determined to sit until he drops off the perch. I should not wonder if Pigot made one of the earliest vacancies. §

"Plunkett has just left this. Only think of him refusing to meet the Chancellor here quietly the other day!

"Sincerely yours, H. B."

His next letter shows considerable improvement in his spirits. Owing to my father having met with an accident — a shaft of a car having struck him on the leg and confined him to the sofa — I had to act as Barrack Master of Fermoy for some time.

Baldwin was not well enough for the October Sessions, so he sent, as his deputy, Mr. Sherlock, a very excellent lawyer, and one in whom Mr. Baldwin placed confidence.

Sherlock ‖ got through his work most efficiently. Baldwin thus inquired how he discharged his duties:

"7 RUTLAND SQUARE,
Dec. 6th, 1846.

"MY DEAR O'FLANAGAN,— I expected to have heard from you ere this, but I have heard of you,— of your being at Middleton. I hope you profited by your trip in a pecuniary view,— probably not much, but in reputation I hope a great deal. The latter is not a bubble in our profession. How did Tim ¶ get on? Did you go to Kantuak? The Courts here are proceeding very slowly. Pigot is, I hear, doing the *Nisi Prius* business very well — of course not quickly. He has a great many cases. The Chancellor making slow progress; the Exchequer still slower, and

* Chief Secretary for Ireland.

† An attorney who, in return for several acts of kindness, treated Mr. Baldwin with ingratitude, and, finding he could get no practice in county Cork, emigrated to America.

‡ An octogenarian Justice of the Queen's Bench.

§ He survived Baldwin exactly twenty years.

‖ He is now Second Sergeant, and M. P. for King's County.

¶ I never could understand why Mr. Baldwin always called his friend by this name. His name is David.

Smith (Rolls) is the superlative degree in this comparison. I scarcely think he will be finished on Christmas Eve. I have had an excellent share of what is going. Although the term is generally complained of, I have found it one of the best I ever had.

"The Chancellor and some others have promised to dine with us on the 15th. Mrs. B. says you promised to send her some wild fowl. I wish you would try and send us some in time."

I lost no time in complying with this request. My friend Robert, Earl of Kingston, I knew would be only too glad to send a quantity of game to Mr. Baldwin, so I requested he would do so. It was rare to find Baldwin giving expression to political opinions, but in a letter I had from him, dated Cliff Castle, Daikey, 23d July, 1847, he says:

"We are all preparing for the coming elections. It is reported that the Whigs will gain ninety seats in England, and hold their own here, unless, indeed, they be damaged by the utter folly of the Repealers accepting Tories who will take the pledge, well knowing the impracticability of that question. They will take the pledge, and vote against the country on every practical measure. I fear Monahan will lose Galway. I doubt that he will show fight at all. What do you learn about Youghal?

"The Master of the Rolls is still sitting. I was fool enough not to go down. I am very lazy, and enjoy this time in the country more than any other time, and, therefore, have not sought business. Indeed, I am writing more than I desire. I am told that Chief Justice Doherty is broken, horse, foot, and dragoon.* There was a meeting of his creditors yesterday. Daniel Ryan Kane† is in fever, but going on well. He is in Dublin.

"I suppose you will go to the Cork Assizes. Make a note of the Appeals for me. I had a very tedious passage up by the *Viceroy*. We lost our way, or rather thought we had done so, in a fog, and, after lying at anchor for ten or twelve hours, we found we were on our proper course. I think the Repealers have cut the painter between them and Government, if the latter have a particle of spirit. Ponsonby has returned to Youghal. I fear he has damaged his chance by going away. Can you do anything respecting votes for him? Tell Nagle that P. has gone back to Youghal to try his chance. Send me all the Cork news."

* See Sketch of C. J. Doherty.

† Now Recorder of Cork.

Mr. Baldwin's fears respecting Mr. Ponsonby's chance in Youghal proved well founded. At the election in 1847, Mr. Chisholm Anstey was returned member for that borough. The increasing illness of my dear father caused me to remain much at Fermoy during the early part of the year 1848. The state of the country caused the Government much apprehension; and, as there was a large garrison in the barracks of Fermoy, which were in my father's charge, I had to act for him. The precautions taken by the Government in case of an insurrection were such as to cause a great influx of military stores. The barrack stores had also considerable quantities of provisions which were never sent previously. These consisted of barrels of pork, casks of biscuit, and large supplies of ammunition. Moreover, a letter was intrusted to my father, directed to "The Officer commanding at Fermoy," which was only to be delivered if the barracks were besieged. This event never occurred. Of course it was returned unopened. We had occasional reports of intended insurrectionary outbreaks, but they did not extend to the county of Cork. My father died Barrack Master of Fermoy, in April, 1848, after the long service of forty-two years, and I had to take charge of the district for some months, until his successor, Colonel McQueen, arrived. Mr. Baldwin's letter, after that sad event, is dated —

"7 RUTLAND SQUARE,
28th May, 1848.

"MY DEAR O'FLANAGAN,—I have so long postponed writing to you that I scarcely know how to do so now. You know how I am harassed just at present. Impute my silence to hurry — to procrastination — to what you will, but forgetfulness; not certainly to *that*.

"I hope your sisters are well reconciled to the will of Him who knows what is best for us.

"When do you expect to be in town? You will find us in the midst of troubles here. We expect to have Mitchel on trial upon to-morrow or Thursday. Holmes will speak for him, and Henn to evidence. If we obtain a verdict, there will be no dis-

turbance, and then we hope for some quiet. Monahan will have to revert to the right of challenge, and this will create a great uproar. However, it seems to be inevitable, and will be done."

Mitchel's trial took place not so soon as Mr. Baldwin anticipated, so I was present at it, but the counsel he named were employed as he mentions. The traverser, as we have seen, was defended by Mr. Holmes. I never remember anything like the effect of that speech, and it afforded me the only opportunity I ever had of estimating the style and language of the Irish Bar in the days of the Irish Parliament. The whole of the persons who thronged the court-house burst into a perfect tumult of applause when Mr. Holmes, exhausted by his magnificent oration, sank into his seat. Very shortly before this Baldwin ceased to be Chairman of Quarter Sessions for the East Riding of the county of Cork, having been appointed Law Adviser to the Castle. Taking this situation caused a considerable diminution of income, but it was regarded as the step to the office of Solicitor-General, and therefore an object of ambition. The duties were by no means heavy. They consisted chiefly of setting the Irish magistrates right upon questions arising from often confused and sometimes obscure Acts of Parliament; the power of police in the execution of their duty; legality of convictions; how far the Justices of the Peace could act under peculiar circumstances, and such like matters, which unprofessional gentlemen, however intelligent, could scarcely decide correctly. These were points which Mr. Baldwin's large experience as an Assistant Barrister, and practitioner on his Circuit, enabled him to dispose of very readily. Soon after he resigned the Assistant Barristership, I received a communication from the late Mr. James Nagle, then Sessional Crown Solicitor for the East Riding of the county of Cork, which gratified me. It was on behalf of the attorneys, who were about presenting their late Chairman with a valuable testimonial and address, that I, who was so intimately acquainted with the judicial conduct of Mr. Baldwin, should write the address. Of course I did my best, and sent my draft of it to Mr. Nagle. It met his warmest approval, and, when submitted to the committee, was adopted with very slight alterations.

This address, when handsomely engrossed, with two splendid silver claret jugs, bearing a suitable inscription, forms the enduring testimony of Mr. Baldwin's merits during the years he held the office of Assistant Barrister for the East Riding of the county of Cork.

It has, I believe, seldom happened that the same individual who prepares an address is requested to reply to it, yet it did in my instance. Mr. Baldwin, never suspecting I had any hand in preparing the most complimentary address, which he received with great pleasure, said, "O'Flanagan, like a good fellow, will you put together what is proper for me to send in reply to this most beautiful address?"

I laughed, and told him I wrote it.

During the Queen's first visit to Ireland he wrote:

"7 Rutland Square,
9th August, 1849.

"My Dear O'F.,—I very much regret to find that your name is not amongst the professors of the Queen's College. I mentioned it as favorably as you could wish, but it was not in the position that would give it a chance in the Report of the Presidents.

"We must only look to something else; and I hope you are not disheartened. You see that F. Walsh * has got an appointment. I rejoice at it.

"We are as loyal here as could be desired. The Queen is everywhere well received. Her levee yesterday was the most crowded I ever saw. We (Mrs. Baldwin and myself) had the honor of meeting her last evening at the Vcie-regal Lodge. There was a very nice party and concert there. Her Majesty was most agreeable. There is a review now

* Francis Walsh, of the Munster Circuit, was appointed Professor of Law in Queen's College, Cork.

going on, and there will be a drawing-room this evening.*

"To morrow she goes to Carton,† and sails in the evening for Belfast."

The next communication I had from Mr. Baldwin, written about a year later, contains an intimation which very materially influenced both his and my future career. I extract as follows:

"KHYBER PASS, 22d August, 1850.

"MY DEAR O'F.,—R. Farrell, the Commissioner of the Insolvent Court, is dying. This will put me in a fix. I presume Hatchel ‡ will not take it, and that it may be offered to me. I am at loss what to do. The situation is a very easy one,—the salary £2,000, Irish, and travelling expenses, but if I take it, it must be for life. Plunkett and the Attorney-General advise me to take it. It is a certainty; what say you? I heard this moment that Farrell died last night. I am in a doldrum.

"Yours sincerely,

"H. BALDWIN."

I lost not a moment in advising him, in the strongest terms I could, *not* to take this judgeship. I felt it was entirely unsuited to him. It daily necessitated his having to adjudicate upon a class of cases in which honest traders were the victims of unprincipled debtors, or struggling debtors were the victims of heartless money-lenders or oppressive creditors. I knew the sensitive organization of his mind thoroughly. While attending the Sessions Courts of the East Riding of the county of Cork, it was my habit either to be engaged before him as counsel, or, when not engaged, sitting by his side, and, as we conversed more like brothers than in any other relation, I was convinced the Commissionership of the Court for Relief of Insolvent Debtors would wear his heart out —*change his gentle, patient temper into impatient irritability*—and this constant galling of the chain he could not break would eat into his strength and shorten his existence. Conscious of all this, I not only tried to dissuade him from taking the place, valuable though it was, but it seems, though I do not recollect it, I also wrote to Plunkett my views on the matter. To Mr. Baldwin I wrote: "Were I you, in your place, at your age,* and with your prospects, I would not accept this place."

He did, however, accept it, and the promotion of his friend Monahan as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, as successor to Chief Justice Doherty, left the Solicitor-Generalship vacant. He (Baldwin) then wrote to me:

"KHYBER PASS, Sept. 14, 1850.

"MY DEAR O'F.,—I have seen your letter to Plunkett. You judge rightly of me. I am perplexed in the extreme. My patience was worn out by a three years' wait for a step, and I had no sooner taken—without much good-will—the Commissionership, when, lo! the Solicitor-Generalship becomes vacant. If I were to ask, I *think*, but am not certain, that I might get the Sol.-ship. Still, what ought I to do?

"At present I have £2,000 a year *certain*, and immediate respite from labor; if I abandon it, I shall have much labor, much risk, but it might be higher position and larger income. There are two very old and infirm judges, but so is Government infirm, and they may not supply the places of all the judges. It is probable that one judge may be reduced. What would you advise me to do? Certainty, competency, and tolerable station, or higher station, chance of higher, and larger income, but a chance of losing *all?* Would you advise me to give up the £2,000 a year, which I *have*, for these chances?

"Let me hear as soon as you can.

"Ever sincerely yours,

"H. BALDWIN."

It was a very difficult matter to direct him what to do. It was much easier for me to tell him *not* to accept £2,000 a year than to give it back after accepting, so I thought it was well, especially as the Government was not very strong, to tell him to keep what he got. I dare say I gave him this advice. His next letter, a little later, confirms his appointment:

* The drawing-rooms in Dublin Castle are held in the evening.

† Seat of the Duke of Leinster.

‡ John Hatchel was then Solicitor-General. Though he did not take the office at this period, he became Commissioner of the Court subsequently.

* He was not fifty at this time.

"KHYBER PASS, 26th Sept., 1850.

"MY DEAR O' F., — The arrangements, except as to the Law Adviserships, are complete. Hughes, instead of O'Brien, was yesterday appointed Solicitor-General. I am sure I could have had that office if I had expressed a wish for it, but my friends would not let me Redington and Monahan were *vehement* against it, and the Chancellor thought I should remain as I am. Plunkett and David Lynch * were of the same opinions, and it would have been not extremely bold, but rash, to have taken upon myself to decide against the opinions of all my friends here. I think it most likely that both the number and salaries of the judges will be diminished, and if the former, it is most likely there will be but one — *if* one — vacancy to be filled up during their administration. I should, therefore, have to run a chance of not advancing beyond the Sol.-ship, and a much greater one of not possessing the Attorney-Generalship. Monahan is Chief Justice, Hatchel Attorney-General, Hughes Solicitor, myself Commissioner. Christian will probably be the Law Adviser. This last is the only part of the arrangement which is still to be made, and the delay occurs from Christian being abroad.

"I commence my Circuit on the 22d October, at Wicklow, and shall be out only eight days. I then sit in town until the 21st November, and then resume the Circuit, having finally to close at Cork, where I am to sit on the 12th December.

"Thus I become a vagabond again.

"Sincerely yours,

"H. BALDWIN."

Thus Mr. Baldwin's hopes of ever rising higher than the Commissionership of the Court for Relief of Insolvent Debtors was at an end; and as my professional prospects were very much bound up in his, I could not fail to regret his having barred the door on his chances of further promotion. Had the place suited him this would not have cost me a pang, but I felt it did not.

It was a source of anxiety to him that Plunkett's practice at the Bar did not keep pace with his merits, and he often spoke to me about him.

Mr. Baldwin's regard for his friend's position was no mere profession of words. He sought to serve him by deeds; and his anxiety to bring Plunkett and the Lord Chancellor together was in hopes of serving Plunkett. But Plunkett was very often cold and reserved in manners. He was exceedingly averse to the notion of being indebted to any one for advancement, and kept aloof from those in whose hands lay official patronage. In walking to Court with Baldwin, he said to me, "I do not think Plunkett will ever get anything *until I give it him*." I treasured up these words, and we shall see the result. It was hard for such a gentle, sensitive being as Henry Baldwin, who loved peace and quiet, and hated publicity of any sort, especially in print, to be tortured by the demoniacal pen of a merciless satirist; yet he was. Now writing, after a lapse of thirty years, I can recall his inflamed and heated countenance as he read his legal position, person, and capacity described in a scurrilous pamphlet, published anoymously, and called "The Voice of the Bar." Having censured, in most offensive language, all the recent Whig regal appointments — Brady as Chancellor, Monahan as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, Pigot as Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Hatchel as Attorney-General, Hughes as Solicitor-General, O'Brien, Howley, and Stock as Sergeants — my dear and respected friend is thus described:

"According to the same system, Mr. Henry Baldwin was selected as Counsel to the Castle, and got his chance of an Attorney-General and Judgeship. He was a small Catholic barrister, — a *very* small one. But Sir Thomas Redington made him Counsel to the Castle, and his appointment was actually made out for a Mastership in Chancery, when O'Connell requested — that is, commanded — that the place should be given to Mr. Murphy. We are not addicted to praising the great agitator, but this was one of the best acts of his life. But what a system of promotion it must be when the spectral Mr. Baldwin, whom we have seen, term after term, flitting around the hall, got permission to glide into three thousand a year at the public expense, — a result which the fond caprice of the great demagogue only prevented."

* An eminent Q. C., afterwards a Judge in the Court of Bankruptcy and Insolvency, and died one of the Judges of the Landed Estates Court.

This was bad enough, but it was mild in comparison to the next passage, which dwelt upon his slight and delicate personal appearance. The effect upon him was very great, and it took some time before he recovered his natural spirits. The pamphlet was speedily suppressed, and is now very scarce.

The secret of Junius's has not been better kept, for he could not make out the author. The late Daniel Owen Madden was suspected, and I endeavored to learn from himself if he had any share in its compilation; but he called my attention to the terrible scalping of Chief Baron Pigot, who was a personal friend of his own, and he said, "This ought to show me he could have had nothing to do with it."

I left Baldwin just recovering from the annoyance caused by this cruel satire, and went to my country-house, Grange, Fermoy, for Christmas, 1850.

He wrote early in the New Year:

"7 RUTLAND SQUARE,
Jan. 4th 1851.

"MY DEAR O'FLANAGAN, — I write to wish you all the compliments of the season, which I do with more sincerity than they are generally offered.

"We are in expectation of a stormy session in Parliament. It is thought, if the Government are not disturbed before Easter, they will hold on. Their strength lies in the want of a party to take their places. I wish you had something before they go.

"I got through my Circuit exceedingly well, — so well that I have no apprehension of the future ones. I will not go out again until after the 1st of March.

"Very sincerely yours,
"H. BALDWIN."

I went back to Dublin during Hilary Term, and found him in very good health and spirits, — better, indeed, than my own. I had been twelve years at the Bar, and had very little practice. Indeed, my most lucrative office was reporting for the Irish *Jurist* and English *Law Times*, and this involved heavy labor and close application. I had a supernumerary Crown Prosecutorship on the Munster Circuit, but this was not very remunerative, and uncertain. While thus circumstanced, the death of Mr. James Scott Molloy, Official Assignee of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, caused a change in the officers, and left a vacancy. Baldwin had the power of appointing one of the officials at a small salary. It was little, but there was a prospect of advancement, and it was a certainty. Knowing how firmly I could reckon upon him to improve my position, I accepted it. "I will not have you there always, O'Flanagan," were his cheery words, as he came to me in the library of the Four Courts, and told me to accompany him to my future office.

I closed my note-book at once, and went to No. 3 Lower Ormond Quay, then the Court for Relief of Insolvent Debtors.

Baldwin gave me in charge to Mr. Kelly, who was my associate in the duties I had to discharge. Mr. John Thomas Lloyd was our Chief Clerk, an admirable official, and kind, social, hospitable man, exactly after Mr. Baldwin's own heart. I soon became on most friendly terms with him. There were two Registrars — Mr. Parsons, Registrar to the elder of the two Commissioners, William Henry Curran, son of the celebrated John Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls; the other Mr. Farrell, Registrar to Mr. Baldwin — both very excellent officials; but Mr. Farrell had a thorough knowledge of the duties, not only of his immediate office, but of the Court, derived from his having been trained umder his father, the late Commissioner. It must have been of considerable advantage to Mr. Baldwin to have had Mr. Farrell for his Registrar, as, of course, there was much in this statutory precedure which Mr. Baldwin's former experience of Quarter Sessions could not supply. With Mr. Lloyd as Chief Clerk and Mr. Farrell as Registrar, Mr. Baldwin disposed of the business most efficiently. His strict prin-

ciples of morality, and his high notions of commercial honesty, made him one of the best Commissioners the Court ever possessed. I was, if possible, on more intimate terms with him now than before, and also shared the hospitality of my excellent Chief Clerk, Mr. Lloyd, and my colleague, Mr. Kelly.

But a change was near at hand. About the close of the month of April, 1853, after a very few days' illness, our estimable Chief Clerk died, and the grief of his family was little more intense than that of the officials and practitioners of the Court. Who was to be his successor? Though the salary attached to the office did not exceed a few hundreds a year, the fees and emoluments were so large that it sometimes almost equalled that of the Commissioner, and was fully worth £1,000 per annum. As I knew that Mr. Plunkett's income at the Bar fell considerably short of this, and how very high an opinion Mr. Baldwin entertained of his ability and worth, I resolved that, as far as lay in my power, I would have him for Chief Clerk.

It was after three o'clock in the afternoon when intelligence reached the office that Mr. Lloyd had died. I went at once to the Four Courts, hoping to find Mr. Plunkett, but was informed he had left a few minutes before. I hastened along the Quay, and overtook him.

"Plunkett," I said, "John Lloyd is dead."

"Well," he replied, in his cold, curt manner, "what is that to me?"

"Everything. I hope you will be his successor. I am sure Baldwin will offer you the place."

"I would not take it," was his answer.

Undeterred by this assurance, I pressed him with an argument which I knew would have great weight — his affection for Mr. Baldwin — and represented how materially he could assist him in the discharge of his judicial duties; but Plunkett was very proud, and the notion of one of her Majesty's counsel sinking into a clerkship — even though a Chief Clerkship — galled him. Not over well pleased with my ill-success so far, I called at Mr. Baldwin's house, No. 7 Rutland Square.

I found him, as I expected, in great distress. He cordially esteemed his excellent official, he had received the greatest assistance from him, and was sure to be perplexed as to the appointment of his successor. I never considered I had any chance of the place myself, but others did; then he had relations at the Bar who would expect the appointment; the Registrar, Mr. Farrell, though young in years, was old in experience, and fully master of the duties.* These, no doubt, served to disturb his mind.

"What in the world can I do now?" he said, hopelessly. "Who can I get to fill his place?"

"I'll tell you," I replied, "Plunkett."

He looked at me as if inquiring was I serious.

"Yes," I said, "Plunkett is your man."

"He would not take it," replied Mr. Baldwin.

I then told him how, conscious that he, the Commissioner, would prefer him to any other, I had already spoken to Plunkett on the subject, and pressed him to consider the matter.

Mr. Baldwin thanked me most warmly for my forethought, as he would have hesitated, knowing Plunkett's haughty airs, to make him the offer; but, as I had broken the ice, there was no difficulty. Suffice it to say, ere many days elapsed, James Plunkett, Q. C., was gazetted as Chief Clerk of our Court.

But despite the satisfaction experienced by having a Chief Clerk on whom he safely relied, and the entire considerable patronage of the Court — for, on the death of Mr. Commissioner Curran, Mr. Baldwin was the

* This gentleman has since ably filled the office.

sole Commissioner — I saw with sorrow he was not what he formerly was. The nature of his duties, either unmasking fraud, or punishing extravagance, or investigating the petty shifts with which poverty seeks to hide its head, chafed his temper, and he grew very irritable. Then some of his own personal friends came before him to get the benefit of the Act (to be whitewashed, as it was termed), and his very sensitive nature felt for them. Occasional gleams of his old humor would break out from his clouded mind; as, for instance, at a Lord Mayor's banquet an official, who had on several occasions passed through the Insolvent Debtors' Court, was honored with a seat at the Vice-regal table. This roused the ire of Mr. Macan, Q. C., one of the Commissioners of the Bankrupt Court, who, addressing Mr. Baldwin, said:

"Is it not too bad that man should be called up before us?"

"I suppose you feel surprised," replied Baldwin, "at his now being called up before *you*, but he has often been *called up before me*."

In the spring of 1854 Mr. Baldwin became the proprietor of a handsome country-seat he long desired to possess, — Kilmarnock, at Ballybrack. He was very fond of the country, and of fishing, and the proximity of Ballybrack to the sea enabled him to enjoy his favorite pastime. The house required a great deal of repair, and the grounds had been much neglected; but with taste, and ample means, these were soon rectified. His family went from their town house, 7 Rutland Square, to occupy Kilmarnock, on the 29th of April, 1854, and were not slow in inviting their friends to visit their newly-acquired country house. My diary for this period supplies the following:

"7th May, 1854. — The Closes* called to accompany me to Kingstown, *en route* for Kilmarnock. The rain fell nearly all the way, but cleared when we reached Kingstown. Here we got on an outside car, and drove over the hills to Ballybrack. Had a most hearty greeting from our kind friends at Kilmarnock. The house is extremely comfortable,* and nearly finished; the grounds getting into good order. The day was showery, but it was delicious to go down to the beach and see the waves rolling upon the shingly shore, breaking into foam and rushing back into the great ocean, to gather strength for a fresh onset. Miss B., Miss H., the juveniles, and I took a long ramble by the sea, and reached the bathing-house just as the clouds were melting into heavy rain. We got shelter, and were very snug during the rain, while B., Mrs. B., and their youngest daughter were under it. On joining our party at the house, we found our numbers increased by Henry Russell, James Plunkett, and the Rev. Mr. Harold, P. P., of Ballybrack, — the last a very gentlemanly, fine-looking clergyman. He said he would have his chapel at Ballybrack quite in the mediæval style."

"Oh, that's quite to my taste," I said, "I like antiquities."

This amused Plunkett, who called out, "O'Flanagan, as you like antiquities, allow me to ask if you like old women?"

"Yes, certainly," I replied, "if they are picturesque."

My rejoinder caused a laugh.

"Describe what you mean by a picturesque old woman?" asked Henry Russell.

While I was considering how to reply, Baldwin came to my help. "He very cleverly answered one question," he said, "so you need not answer the other." I thought Baldwin appeared pretty well. We had a great deal of delicious music. I slept at the house. The rest of our guests returned to town.

"8th.—Up at seven o'clock, and out. How I love the glorious country, — the God-made country! Birds were singing, bees humming, fruit-trees blossoming, corn growing. I had my old comrade Drake† with me, and we rambled to the resounding shore, where I gave him a dip, and then by leafy hedge-rows and fields, and in the garden until breakfast. Drove to Kingstown on my return."

* Son of James S. Close, Q. C.

* At Mr. Baldwin's death it became the property of Judge Fitzgerald, who added to the house and grounds.

† A most sagacious spaniel.

I have been thus particular in my account of this happy day at Kilmarnock, for it was my first, and alas! my last. The end was at hand. On the Wednesday following Baldwin was presiding in court, and not in a very placid temper. Indeed, his temper had been very uncertain for some months; and often, very often, I was deeply pained by hearing him abused as morose and tyrannical. On that day, as he was passing the office door, I hurried into the passage to shake hands, and he looked painfully ill and excited. On Saturday, 20th, he was reported alarmingly ill. He had a paralytic attack, and fainted twice. Unfortunately, Sir Dominick Corrigan, M. D., in whose skill he had (as all his patients have) entire confidence, was from home; and though the eminent Dr. O'Reilly was promptly in attendance, the symptoms were very deplorable. Next day I went to Kilmarnock. Several of his friends were in the drawing-room. His brother-in-law told me he had just seen him, and his voice was restored; but, after conversing rationally for a little time, he would forget the subject of conversation. While he was conscious, on that Sunday, his friend Archdeacon Hamilton administered the sacrament of Extreme Unction, so that, in the comforting words of our church, "he was prepared for death." Next day (Monday) Plunkett sat with him until late, and he felt so much better that, when Plunkett was about to depart, the invalid said, "Well, Plunkett, I will say to you now what I could not have proposed to say to you before, *I will see you to-morrow.*"

Plunkett declared these words caused much misgiving to arise in his mind, and he feared the promise would not be fulfilled. It appears, also, that Mr. Baldwin alluded to me, and expressed his deep regret that I was not holding a better office. Plunkett returned to his house in Mountjoy Square, but was not there above an hour when recalled by a message that his friend was dying. The poor sufferer had repeated fits of epilepsy, but retained life until Wednesday, 24th May, when he died. Archdeacon Hamilton, who was by his bedside, said, "He died as he lived,—a gentle gentleman." On the 28th I accompanied his two most beloved friends, the late James Plunkett, Q.C., and the present respected M.P. for King's County, Mr. Sergeant Sherlock, to his funeral. It was one of the largest and most respectably attended I ever witnessed. The legal profession was represented, not merely by the carriages, but the Lord Chancellor and judges were present. The Queen's Counsel and outer Bar, the solicitors, the Lord Mayor, Sir Edward McDonnell, the mercantile community, and priests and people,—all testified how much they lamented this just judge and virtuous gentleman. He is buried in the vaults of Marlborough Street Cathedral; and, I may truly say, as his friendship formed the happiness, so his death caused the deepest sorrow I have yet felt in my life.

To be Continued.

SNORING.

Dr. Sayre was asked what caused snoring.

"When a man is fatigued," he said, "and his self-control is unusually relaxed in sleep, he is apt to let his lower jaw drop down. No man was ever seen or heard to snore with his mouth shut. The moral is obvious. The soft palate flaps like a sheet in the wind, and the near neighbors of the snoring sleeper are correspondingly disturbed. Now, Indians never snore. They think it a disgrace. An Indian believes that if he snores when he is young he will grow up to be even less handsome at maturity than nature originally intended. His vanity, therefore, is enough to make a savage sleep in a proper position."

PARODY ON "I'M SITTING BY THE STILE, MARY."

Bessie O'Brien.

We're waiting here outside, Charlie,
As we waited long ago,
When another just like you, Charlie,
Made all our joy or woe.
O'Connell was our idol then,
And none could dare to say
That we e'er might see his like again,
But you fill his place to-day.

Ah, things are little changed, Charlie,
Our hearts are sore as then;
For still the strangers rule our land,
Spite of our toil and pain;
But as with him the sacred right
Of our holy faith we won,
We'll learn with you ere ends the fight
To call our land our own.

We never loved you so, Charlie,
Although we loved you well,
As now, when you must lie, Charlie,
Within a prison cell.
But we miss your strong, unfaltering hand,
Your counsels wise we seek,
And we still keep listening for the words
Your dauntless heart would speak.

Yet dream not we are faint, brother,
Ah, no, too well you've taught
All we should dare and do, brother,
All that a true man ought.
We'll not forget your teachings,
Our patriot brave and true,
And we're waiting here outside, Charlie,
Awaiting here for you.

Radolina Strzalkowo, Prussia.
Dublin Freeman's Journal.

A certain Judge was once obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation took place: "Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you would have slept with a Judge, would you not?" "Yes, yer honor," said Pat, "and I think your honor would have been a long time in the old country before ye'd be a Judge, too."

The first who made known the existence of petroleum was the Franciscan Father, Joseph de la Roche d'Allion, who was at Niagara in 1629.

"I Will."—We like that strong, robust expression. No one having uttered it sincerely was ever a mean, cringing man. The pigmies of the world did not trouble him. He speaks, and the indomitable will prevails. His enemies fall before him. He rides forth a conqueror. Would you be great? Would you be distinguished for your literary or scientific efforts? Look not mournfully at your lot, but with "I will" breathing upon your lips, and bursting from a great heart, you cannot but prevail. Show us the man who never rose higher than a toadstool, and whose influence died with his breath, and we will point you to a cringing wretch, who trembled at the approach of a spider and fainted beneath a thunder-cloud. Let the fires of energy play through your veins, and, if your thoughts are directed in the right channels, you will yet startle the slumbering universe.

An Awful Visitation of Almighty God.—The Paris *Univers* quotes from *La Colonne* an awful instance of the sudden vindication of the outraged majesty of Almighty God upon ten unfortunate wretches. The journal in question states that on Good Friday thirteen Freethinkers of Boulogne assembled at a Masonic lodge for the atrocious purpose of enacting a parody of the Last Supper. Nine of these unfortunate men having, within a few days, been carried off by death, a tenth participator, who had enacted the part of our Divine Saviour, was, within a fortnight of the perpetration of the horrible sacrilege, seized with a frightful malady, and swept to his dark account in the course of twenty-four hours. The first victim was he who had enacted the part of Judas. On Holy Saturday (the following day) he was attacked by a disease producing almost instantaneous decomposition, and on Easter Sunday he was a mass of dead putrefaction.

TERRIBLE ARRAIGNMENT OF GLADSTONE.

Rt. Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath.

The police fire volleys into crowds of unarmed men at the very time they are running for their lives, and even the dignity and helplessness of woman, which render her personal safety sacred in every nation on earth that is civilized as well as brave, afford her no protection from these warriors, for they shoot down women as well as men; and, according to sworn accounts, they bayonet to death young girls even when they are down. Three coroners' juries, on their solemn oaths and on sworn testimony, have found and recorded verdicts of wilful murder against them, and yet the accused appear to be still at large, and do not seem to have been inconvenienced, or in the least disconcerted, by such insignificant incidents. And if any one, like myself, ventures to raise his voice and give vent to his feelings in a piercing cry of anguish and of pain over the ruins of the liberties of his country, he is liable to be arrested and thrown into prison, to add one more to

The Three Hundred and Forty High-Spirited, Intelligent and Educated Men

who are at this moment, like so many wild beasts, caged within bars of iron, deprived of their liberty, their freedom, and of every other gift that makes life agreeable, or even endurable. And yet these men have not been convicted of any crime; let them clamor as they may, they will not be brought to trial, and no opportunity will be afforded them for proving their innocence. They are subjected to the indignities, to the solitude and horrors of prison life, simply because the Prime Minister and the Chief Secretary wish it, and must remain there during their goodwill and pleasure. This system of arbitrary arrests, — of

Cruel and Indefinite Imprisonment for Purely Political Crimes,

which are only "suspected," — whilst it continued merely a continental institution, shocked and scandalized Mr. Gladstone immensely, and he denounced it in burning words that set all Europe in a blaze. But, oh, shade of King Bomba, you have now your revenge! The system that had then been reprobated in words that will live forever, that had been relegated into eternal infamy, oblivion and shame, has quite recently been discovered among the "resources of civilization"; has been revived, in its own proper living individuality and identity, by the very man who had then so fiercely decried it. It is now one of the flourishing social institutions of free England, and is actually in full swing this moment, plaguing her Majesty's subjects throughout the jails of Ireland with forms of physical suffering and mental anguish that to them are all but intolerable, and from which, before the winter shall have passed, some shall very likely escape by going mad, and others by becoming totally ruined in health, and rendered utterly worthless for the rest of their lives. Surely, then, Mr. Gladstone might have spared that galling phrase with which he mocks and insults us, when he assures the world that to annihilate a nation's liberties, to crowd her prisons and her jails with the best and noblest of her sons, to silence freedom of speech, and to make every man in the community dependent for his personal freedom on his sole arbitrary will, are all but departments in the high and accomplished art of governing on principles derived from

The "Resources of Civilization."

Government by force — by arbitrary arrests — by wholesale imprisonments without judge or jury — by silencing freedom of speech and the right to complain of injustice and wrong, used to be regarded as a hateful des-

potism which would not be tolerated for one week in any civilized country, and which could not exist at all except in communities that were uncivilized and barbarous. But when men apply themselves to the odious task of oppressing or enslaving their fellow-creatures, they are wonderfully ready in devising smart incisive phrases with which, in defiance of decency and truth, they endeavor to palliate and pass off on the thoughtless forbearance of the public, excesses to which they would not venture to direct attention by professedly justifying or defending them. History abounds with phrases of this kind, and they are associated with memories of which Mr. Gladstone would feel ashamed. I think it was Cromwell that characterized "as a great mercy of God"

The Wholesale Slaughter of Innocent

and unarmed citizens; the Red Republicans cut the throats and shed the blood of the best men in France to the cry of "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality"; and the Russian tyrant announced to the world "that order reigned at Warsaw" at the very time that Warsaw ran red with the blood of Poland's noblest and bravest defenders. Not to talk, then, of the insult wantonly flung at a spirited and sensitive people, an ordinary sense of self-respect and a decent regard for his own character ought to have induced Mr. Gladstone to hold his hand here at any rate. Now this is exactly, as far as I can ascertain, the policy which a Liberal administration has introduced and actually upholds and administers this moment in Ireland. I do not deny that a Tory government could be found which would do exactly the same thing, if it were allowed freely to follow its natural tyrannical instincts; but I do deny that any Tory government would have the power or would dare to set up such a form of government whilst the Liberal party sat on the opposition benches. A Liberal administration like the present government is, then, about the greatest misfortune that could happen to our country. The circumstances that immediately led to the present deplorable situation of affairs are still fresh in the memory of everybody. I forget the name of the old Roman who said that no one but a fool would argue with the master of twenty legions.

Mr. Parnell had the Rashness,

in his speech at Wexford, to reply to the Prime Minister's speech at Leeds. Further, he had the misfortune, in clear, logical, and irresistible argument, fairly to vanquish him. Mr. Dillon's singular haste to repudiate Mr. Gladstone's questionable compliments, and Mr. Shaw's famous linchpin process for ridding the world of civil bill servers, furnished Mr. Parnell with a retort which was simply crushing, and which must have wounded the Prime Minister deeply. Now all the world knows that Mr. Gladstone is an intelligent giant; but, as he is not infallible, he sometimes makes mistakes, and if challenged and vanquished on these mistakes, he bears his defeat very badly. When smarting under the defeat and fall of his former administration, chiefly through the action taken by the Irish Bishops, in the vast, varied, and almost boundless grasp of his intellectual powers, he sought relief for his wounded feelings in the various departments of ancient and modern literature, and even of theology. Everybody remembers how he applied himself to the study of theology, had a fling at the Syllabus, at the infallibility of the Pope, and at the degrading influence which the Catholic religion exercised on all who had the misfortune to belong to it. And everybody remembers, too, how powerfully and how scathingly his rash and ignorant accusations were exposed and refuted in about the most

beautiful and eloquent brochure that ever emanated

From the Pen of Cardinal Newman.

In the soreness and irritation then created by Parnell's intellectual victory lies the source of that impetuous, precipitate and impassioned policy which Mr. Gladstone then suddenly inaugurated, and to which he has since steadily adhered. He rests the whole justification of the sudden and extraordinary policy he has adopted on the fact that Mr. Parnell was preventing, by intimidation and other unlawful means, the tenantry of Ireland from availing themselves of the benefits they could derive from the Land Bill. Now, that accusation, though often made, has never yet been proved, and in my judgment it never can be proved, simply because it is not true. If Mr. Parnell's policy had been allowed to develop itself freely and naturally, the Land Act would have proved itself the great salutary, remedial measure it was expected to be, and it would infallibly have pacified and contented the country. Mr. Gladstone could then today (with laudable pride) point at the peace, the prosperity and contentment it had diffused over the land. The country had just then been weary and heartsick of the tumult, the strife, the intense and unnatural excitement in which it had lived for nearly two years, battling bravely and at the greatest sacrifices for its rights and its liberties, till it had won substantially all that it had claimed. The victory it had just gained improved its condition immensely. The tenant-farmers had discovered, to their infinite delight, that they could now breathe freely, — that

They were no longer Slaves,

but freemen. They felt it to be an immense relief to have shaken off forever the mortal terror of rack-renting and exterminating landlords, that had hung over them like a nightmare for centuries. The benefits gained through the Land Act had been large, substantial, and important, and their intrinsic value would be vastly enhanced by the justice and generosity of the Court that administered it, and by the promptitude and despatch with which its valuable results had been brought home to them. The Government would not allow Mr. Parnell to use Mr. Gladstone's Bill as a great remedial measure, which in a very short time, indeed, would have infallibly pacified and tranquillized the country. In their impatience and irritation they had recourse to force, which is no remedy at all for stifling the discontent which springs from injustice. Any one can see, in the lawlessness and disorder that now prevail, and which every good man reprobates and deplores, the folly as well as the failure of that remedy. But the incident that surprises one most is Mr Gladstone's incapacity to comprehend the line of action which Mr. Parnell had taken from the very beginning towards the bill. I do not pretend to be in Mr. Parnell's confidence, and, except in his public life, I know little or nothing about him. I did not meet him more than five or six times in my life, and then only in a quasi-official capacity, — on the occasion of his seeking or resigning the representation of the county of Meath, in this diocese. Nevertheless, I can state as a fact that

Mr. Parnell was, from the very Beginning,

sincerely anxious for the passing of the bill. It is quite true he was well aware it did not give him all that he required, or that the tenant farmers were entitled to, but he knew also that it made large and substantial concessions, which it would be criminal folly not to accept as an instalment of their rights. Nevertheless, the intense hatred felt for him by the whole Tory party, and by a large section of the Whig party, too, forced him to assume an attitude of indifference

and even of apparent hostility to the bill. The slightest indication of his approval, or that he felt any interest whatever in it, would be fatal to the measure. The fact of walking out at the head of the Irish party on the second reading did more for the real progress of the bill, by disarming opposition, than if he and twice as many more had recorded their votes in its favor. But when the bill came into real peril, as it did on Mr. Heneage's motion, every one remembers the readiness and promptitude with which he came to its rescue. Every one recollects, too, the indecent glee with which the lords gloated over the strangulation of two or three clauses in the bill, which, though they had the full sanction and approval of the government, had, nevertheless, the misfortune of having originated with Mr. Parnell. Mr. Gladstone says that the Land Question has been finally settled, and that he will listen to no further argument or discussion on it. But he said the same before, and he did his very best to keep his word; still the Land League agitation compelled him to take the question up, and pass his bill sorely against his will. But the truth is that finality in legislation on any question is an absurdity, and, with the widespread and unprecedented privations and sufferings of the agrieultural classes in England and Scotland on the one hand, and American and Australian competition on the other, finality in legislation on land is the most glaring of all absurdities. Why? Legislation on the land question is only at its commencement, and

In Another Year or Two it will be in Full Swing

in England and Scotland as well as here. If Mr. Gladstone differed from and found fault with Mr. Parnell, and condemned his policy, I could understand him, and would not complain of him. But that he should punish and degrade an honorable and distinguished rival — that he should consign him, without judge or jury, to imprisonment and to chains — that he should extort from him, in the indignation which such injustice naturally provoked, an excuse and a pretext for suppressing an organization whose justice and legality he never questioned before, appears to me an arbitrary exercise of power which Liberal and Radical statesmen are bound by their own principles to disown.

The effete, and, I suppose I may add, the now expiring system of Irish landlordism, was the great social evil of our country for ages past. A single class, and numerically not a large one, kept a whole nation steeped in indescribable misery by exacting rents for their lands enormously in excess of their real value. In instances without number these rents nearly equalled the value of the whole produce of the land, and consequently it was all but impossible to meet them. Under this unjust system, then, the people of a whole nation were kept continually on the very verge of starvation, and hence the smallest unfavorable change in the seasons, the slightest failure of any of their crops, particularly of the potato crop, slaughtered them wholesale, and

Sent them in Thousands to Premature Graves.

The landlords were further armed with the arbitrary and irresponsible power of evicting the tenantry on any scale they thought proper, and they did exercise that power on a gigantic scale in nearly every part of the kingdom. I was myself an eyewitness of some of these wholesale clearances; I described their leading horrors as truthfully as I was able, and, when I venture to look back at them, the very memory of what I then saw makes me shudder even still. In one county in this diocese there are at this moment 369,000 acres of the finest land in the world laid down in grass and pasture.

That immense tract of country was cleared substantially since the beginning of the present century. Of that vast, virtuous and industrious population that had been driven off these lands, those who had the courage and the means to take themselves away fled for refuge to foreign lands, and those who could not or did not go perished in the ditches or in the poor-houses at home. The intrepidity and courage with which Mr. Parnell denounced this system before hostile majorities in the House of Commons — the practical ability and skill with which he founded and developed to the highest pitch of efficiency and usefulness the Land League organization —

His Splendid and Successful Efforts,

in Parliament and out of it, to emancipate the land from the thraldom of landlordism, realized to the fullest all these exiles longed for and desired. He won at once, therefore, from them all the confidence, the gratitude and the attachment to himself personally that generous Irish hearts and warm Irish feelings can bestow. Their generous sympathies soon assumed a practical and substantial form. Thousands of Land League organizations sprang up, as it were, by magic in every country in the world into which the Irish race had penetrated. There is not a city, town, village or hamlet throughout the vast extent of the United States, of Canada, of Australia, as well as in England and Scotland, in which there are not found flourishing Land League branches, thoroughly organized and disciplined, all in communication with the great central (though now suppressed) organization at home, and contributing to it a moral and a pecuniary support that makes it a power that is almost irresistible. Streams of gold, therefore, still flow from these innumerable sources copiously and abundantly into its treasury. Mr. Parnell, then, on the day of his arrest, was regarded as the greatest, the most trusted, and

The most Popular Irishman of this Century,

or, perhaps, of any other. The very day of his arrest Mr. Gladstone addressed a meeting, composed principally of aldermen, at the Guildhall, in London, and his theme, of course, was the excited state of Ireland. Mr. Parnell had been arrested some hours before the meeting, and Mr. Gladstone was, of course, fully cognizant of the fact. At the very height, however, of a fierce, impassioned, and scathing philippic, in which Mr. Gladstone has no rival, and by which he can drive an audience into all but absolute frenzy, a telegram arrives. The messenger presents himself exactly at the proper moment, forces his way to the place from which Mr. Gladstone is speaking, and presents the telegram amid the breathless silence of the assembly. Mr. Gladstone opens and reads it, and, with the gravity and solemnity of an accomplished actor, announces that the first act of the drama is opened, — Mr. Parnell is arrested, and is now safely lodged in Kilmainham Jail. The announcement brought the meeting, to a man, to their feet, and it was hailed with loud, ringing and prolonged cheers, and with the most extravagant demonstration of exultation and delight. As far as I can remember, this is the account given of the meeting in the current newspaper literature of the day. Now, in reading this it would strike any one that Mr. Gladstone might have remained satisfied with the victory he had, fairly or unfairly, won over his great rival, and that this wild, impassioned, and indecent ebullition of feeling over a fallen foe looked very like

Striking him when he Was Down.

I have no doubt that the enthusiastic applause that Mr. Gladstone had evoked afforded him the highest

delight and enjoyment; but it did not excite the same feelings in the minds of millions of Irishmen, who read of it with the news of Mr. Parnell's arrest the next morning. The wild, enthusiastic outburst of triumph and joy which hailed the announcement of Mr. Parnell's imprisonment caused them greater pain, irritated and exasperated them more, than a similar outburst of the fiercest hatred and contempt if levelled directly at themselves. But the most painful feature of this Guildhall meeting was, that, as Mr. Gladstone fairly enough insinuated, it was representative in its character. The great Liberal and Radical parties spoke and acted through it, and emphatically expressed their opinions and feelings through its proceedings. The Radical party has to do violence to their conviction and principles in assisting Mr. Gladstone to pass the most comprehensive and oppressive Coercion Bill ever enacted for any country; and yet, with his promises broken before their eyes, they never yet condemned or even complained of the use he made of the dangerous and unconstitutional powers which that Act gave him. But as we are now striving for our very lives, the time has come when they must speak out, and openly take a side for or against us. If they do not compel Mr. Gladstone to reverse his policy, and

Set Mr. Parnell and the other Suspects at Liberty,

on what reasonable grounds, may I ask, can they claim the loyalty, the allegiance, the political sympathy and support with which the Irish nation invariably favored them? In that event it would become our duty, as well as our interest, to assume an attitude of antagonism, and even of avowed active and aggressive hostility towards them. Any escape at all from Mr. Gladstone's government would not only be a relief, but a positive improvement of our condition. The great distinctive features that had long distinguished and characterized Liberal and Tory administrations are now obliterated. They do not now differ even in degree, and where they do differ the balance of evil is on the Liberal side. I would, therefore, respectfully submit to these great parties to pause and gauge exactly our influence and strength before they finally reject and discard us. The whole Irish race in Ireland, England and Scotland, and, indeed, all the world over, is united as one man in heart, interest and feeling, and with the sincerity and loyalty of brothers, in the great struggle in which we are now engaged. Although we are numerous enough to be counted by millions, yet we are thoroughly organized and disciplined; we are, moreover, sensitively attentive and obedient to the instructions issued for our guidance by

The Leaders, whom we know and have Confidence in.

We can throw our united energy and strength into one great combined movement; we can direct that movement to any point we please, and act and vote solid there against the common enemy. Since our organization has become almost perfect, we had no opportunity of showing our strength. The next general election will prove what it really is. In the meantime, the Irish electors of Stafford, of Liverpool, and of the other great English towns, have the glory of having revealed to the world the tactics we mean to pursue, and they have entitled themselves to the eternal gratitude of a party to whom we have been, unfortunately for ourselves, always only too loyal.

WASHINGTON possesses what no other city, perhaps, does,— a woman lamplighter. Her name is Mrs. Welsh. She is of Irish extraction, and is represented as a busy, bustling little woman of about thirty years of age.

FAT AND LEAN PEOPLE.—It is a striking fact that most people want to weigh more than they do, and measure their health by their weight, as if a man were a pig, valuable in proportion to his heaviness. The racer is not fat, the plough horse has but a moderate amount of flesh. Heavy men are not those which experienced contractors employ to build railroads and dig ditches. Thin men, the world over, are the men for work; for endurance, they are wiry and hardy; thin people live the longest; the truth is, fat is disease, and as a proof, fat people are never well a day at a time, and are not suited for hard work. Still there is a medium between being as fat as a butter-ball and as thin and juiceless as a rail. For mere looks, a moderate rotundity is most desirable, to have enough flesh to cover all angularities. To accomplish this in the shortest time a man should work but little, sleep a great part of the time, allow nothing to worry him, keep always in a joyous, laughing mood, and live chiefly on albuminates, such as boiled cracked wheat, and rye, and oats, and corn, and barley, with sweet milk, and buttermilk, and sweetmeats. Sugar is the best fattener known.

WHEN, in 1863, Chief Justice Sir Alexander Cockburn presided at the distribution of prizes at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, in the course of his address he related the following incident in his legal career: Scientific men, he said, frequently showed a tendency to speak of their science in hard technical terms, which was natural, but evidence given in pedantic language was often unintelligible to laymen, and consequently its value was lessened. He recollected once that a medical man of vast attainments drew up a report which was read in court. He (the Chief Justice) was council on the other side, and the report being couched in bombastic and pedantic language, he turned it into ridicule, and the verdict, on grounds which he explained the verdict, was right. Some time after he fell ill, and he sent for the doctor whose report he had ridiculed. The doctor said to him, "Well, I thought you were a clever fellow, but I have altered my opinion." "How so?" he (the speaker) asked. "Because," replied the doctor, "you are foolish enough, after speaking of my report in the way you did, to put yourself under my care." The doctor, however, treated him with skill, and he soon recovered.

LAWYERS IN CLOVER.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good." No doubt. If the Irish Land Act is not all that it should be —if the justice it dispenses fail to enable the land tenants of Ireland to provide for themselves the simplest necessaries of life — for that is all the writers in English newspapers seem to consider necessary — there is one class of the community on the other side of the St. George's Channel who cannot fail to be satisfied. The class we allude to is, no doubt, a very hungry class, and it is not easy to satisfy their cravings for full money-bags. We are referring to the lawyers of Ireland. What a harvest they are reaping! And what a harvest generations of Irish lawyers to come will reap! According to a calculation made by a French writer in the *Débats*, the Irish Land Court will have to work twelve hours a day for 140 years to deal with 600,000 tenant farmers at the rate of one hour apiece. Nearly a century and a half! What a lookout! Before then what may happen? However, in the meantime to be an Irish lawyer will be a good thing, and no doubt the lawyers will make the most of their opportunities. Evidently the Irish Land Act was framed with an idea to legal business. There is the advantage of having lawyers in Parliament. — *London Universe.*

CATHOLICITY IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

The English Catholic Directories inform us that a year ago there were 1,962 priests in Great Britain; now there are 2,036,—an increase of no less than 74. The churches, chapels, and stations have in like manner grown from 1,175 to 1,190,—an increase of fifteen, or something over one for each diocese. The greatest efforts have been made in Newport and Menevia, in which nine churches and chapels have been opened, while Plymouth and Leeds have gained three each. As regards the clergy, the state of things is fairly satisfying, when we remember that to keep up a supply of recruits sufficient at once to fill gaps and meet the constantly-advancing needs has not been hitherto, by any means, an easy task. The various dioceses swelled their respective rolls as follows: Clifton, 19; Hexham and Newcastle, 12; Westminster, 11; Birmingham, 9; Plymouth, 6; Newport and Menevia, 5; Liverpool, 5; Northampton, 3; Nottingham, 3; Leeds, 3 (despite the unusual access of new churches); Shrewsbury, 2; and Middlesborough, 1. There was no increase in Salford, and Southwark is put down as losing 5. We now turn to Scotland, and find that the clergy are 295 as compared with 297 last year, and 286 churches as compared with precisely the same number last year. The apparent falling off in priests is not any evidence of imparing working power. These returns always include clergymen who are in retirement, or unattached, or invalids; and deaths that do not occur amongst the priests holding actual missionary charges, have no appreciable effect on the general efficiency. After all, however, one year is a poor basis of calculation if serious conclusions are to be drawn. Let us go back to 1858 instead. There were then 740 churches and chapels in Great Britain, as against 1,190 at present; and in Scotland there were only 177, as against the 286 of to-day. Since 1872 — fourteen years afterwards — there has been an increase of churches amounting to 185 in England and Wales, and 64 in Scotland; and of clergy amounting to 437 in England and Wales, and 70 in Scotland.

Thus in nine years there has been a very substantial addition to our religious machinery and resources; Westminster (for example) increasing by 30 per cent. in priests, and 11 per cent. in churches; Beverly (now two sees) by 35 per cent. in priests and 24 per cent. in churches; Birmingham, 20 per cent. in priests and 9 per cent. in churches; Clifton, nearly 40 per cent. in priests and 10 per cent. in churches; Hexham, 35 per cent. in priests and 20 per cent. in churches; Liverpool, 30 per cent. in priests and nearly 20 per cent. in churches; Newport and Menevia, 4 per cent. in priests and 8 per cent. in churches; Northampton, 5 per cent. in priests and 5 per cent. in churches; Nottingham, 25 per cent. in priests and 10 per cent. in churches; Plymouth, 50 per cent. in priests and 18 per cent. in churches; Shrewsbury, 8 per cent. in churches; Southwark, 28 per cent. in priests and 20 per cent. in churches.

TRIUMPH OF CATHOLICITY IN SWITZERLAND.

Catholic-Conservatives in the cantonal elections for Fribourg have obtained a victory. The new legislature of that canton will contain about seventy Catholic-Conservative deputies to fifteen Radicals elected by the district of Morat, and this result has been the subject of a congratulatory telegram from the Cardinal Secretary of State. But this is not the

only disappointment which the Radicals of Switzerland have experienced. They were calculating on such a majority in the Federal Chambers as would enable them to set on foot a regular "Kulturkampf." The "encroachments of the clergy" were to be vigorously restrained, "Christian schools" put down, etc.; and an open persecution was to be started, and pushed, by the aid of the Federal power, even into the Catholic cantons. The elections which took place on the thirtieth of October last, seemed to justify these projects, but when the Federal Chambers (the National Council and the Council of the States) met on the fourteenth of the present month, they were found to be less Radical than they were believed to be. The Centres and the Catholic Right carried their men against the Left, the Federal Council (the Executive) was confirmed in its entirety; and the following were elected for a new term of three years: M. Bavier, a Moderate-Liberal from the Grisons, who is named President of the Confederation; M. Welti, a Moderate from Argovie; M. Hertenstein, a Liberal Conservative from Zurich; M. Hammer, a Moderate-Liberal from Soleure; M. Droz, a Moderate-Radical from Neuchâtel; M. Schenck, a Radical from Berne, and M. Ruchonnet, a Radical from Vaud, who is named Vice-President. So that there are only two, or at the most three, Radicals in the Executive, and the crusade throughout the Confederation against the Catholics, in emulation of M. Carteret's exploits at Geneva, will have to be adjourned.

PREPARING PEANUTS FOR MARKET.

PEANUTS, to be prepared for the market, are placed in a large cylinder, from which they enter the brushes, where every nut receives 15 feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they are dropped on an endless belt, passing along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand girls, and as the nuts fall on the belt the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor-looking nuts, allowing only the best to pass the crucible. Those that do pass drop into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The peas caught by the girls are throwu to one side, again picked over, and the best singled out, bagged, and branded as "ships." These are as fine a nut as the first for eating, but in shape and color do not compare with the "cocks." The third grade is branded as "eagles." These are picked out of the cullings of "cocks" and "ships." The cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged, sent to the top story, and what little meat is in them is shaken out by a patent sheller. The nuts being shelled by this new process, the meat drops in bags below, free from dust or dirt of any kind, and is then shipped in 200-pound sacks to the North, where it is bought by the confectioner, for the purpose of making taffy or peanut candy. It may here be stated that a peculiar kind of oil is extracted from the meat of the nut, and in this specialty a large trade is done among the wholesale druggists. There is nothing wasted, for even shells are made useful. They are packed in sacks and sold to stable-keepers for horse-bedding, and a very healthy bed they make. — *Nashville American.*

THE first Christian worship in Maine, Vermont, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, New Mexico, Oregon, California, Arizona, was offered by Catholic priests.—*John Gilmary Shea in the Catholic Universe.*

ST. PATRICK.

Very Rev. T. N. Burke, O. P.

And some he gave apostles, and some prophets, and others some evangelists, and others again doctors and pastors, unto the perfecting of the same, unto the work of the ministry, unto the edifying of the body of Christ. — ST. PAUL TO THE EPHESIANS.

HAVING dwelt on the high position among the saints of God, and the high mission of the apostle, Father Burke described the coming of St. Patrick to Rome in the year 432, and his consecration by Pope Celestine. He was not there that evening to go through the ordinary facts of the life of St. Patrick, because they were as familiar to his hearers as they were to him, but he wished them to accompany him in his thoughts upon this great mission, upon this man who came, and upon the people to whom he came, and upon the issue of his ministrations. He arrived in Ireland in 432, three hundred years before the Saxon over the water ever heard the name of Jesus Christ. He arrived in Ireland as the apostle of Ireland; therefore he (Father Burke) asked them to consider what were the qualities necessary in the apostle of a nation sent by the Catholic Church in the name of Christ to preach the Gospel; and, secondly, he would ask them to consider what were the necessary dispositions of a people to whom that apostle preached, and they would find in Patrick the very type and ideal of an apostle, and in the people of Ireland the very type and ideal of a people such as God contemplated as the subject of an apostleship, and, consequently, they would behold in this our day, after the lapse of 1450 years, the wonderful fruits of Patrick's missions. The first thing that was necessary in an apostle was that he must be sent, he must come from the fountain of all authority; secondly, as he came to preach the light, his soul, his intellect must be full of light, he must be a man full of divine knowledge; thirdly, and, perhaps, above all, he must be so holy as to illustrate in his own life and in his own conduct the Gospel which he preached. All the preaching that ever yet was spoken to man never convinced a single man, never converted a single soul, never made one Christian, unless the man who spoke was a living illustration of the Word. Well had Patrick these three requirements — this man whom the Lord God had foreseen and forechosen for ages to preach the faith in this island of ours called Ireland, to leave the faith so rooted in the land that it was to become a portion of our very nature as well as our personal history — that it was to form and fashion the personal, individual character of every man amongst us; that it was to be the distinguishing mark, the sign, the essential feature of the Irish race, even when, leaving home, they scattered themselves over the face of the earth; that it was to remain with them when national glory, when national life, when national prosperity, when the very language was to fail them, the faith was to remain. Was Patrick fit to be the bearer of such a message to such a people? First of all, had he the missions? Oh, yes; he was careful before he came to Ireland to prostrate himself at the feet of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the head of the Catholic Church, to receive from his hands his episcopal consecration and his mission to preach the Gospel to the Irish people. Had Patrick the second attribute of an apostle? His answer was that Patrick must have been one of the most learned men of his age.

He was nearly sixty years of age when he came to Ireland, and he spent nearly all those years in study under two of the greatest saints commemorated in the annals of the

Church,—St. Germain of Auxerre and St. Martin of Tours. But in vain would his mission be, in vain could all his learning be, if St. Patrick were not a living illustration of the Gospel which he preached. In other saints we find the traces of their sanctity in their writings, but St. Patrick wrote but little; his glorious character, his gigantic proportions of sanctity, were enshrined in the traditions of the people and in the early records of his life, and they told us far more vividly than spoken or written words how wonderful was the sanctity of this man, and how completely in his life he illustrated that perfect type of Catholic doctrine which he preached so eloquently in the Irish tongue. He preached to them the duty of prayer, and he put that prayer into the very hearts' core of the Irish people. There was not on this earth a people so devoted to prayer. He (Father Burke) knew not what there might be in the future for them. He loved to think upon their glorious past, and he loved to think upon the things that he himself had seen and heard, and the scenes in the midst of which he was reared. Up to this at least our people were a people of prayer, prayer resounding from the open doors of the little cabins as you walked through the village far away from city or railroad. And this spirit of prayer Patrick put into the very hearts of our fathers, and this spirit of prayer stood by them and saved them when altar, college and monastery were all destroyed by the ruthless hand of the persecutor, when nothing remained to the people but the power and the gift of prayer, and Ireland might say, with Job, "Nothing is left me, O God, but the lips with which I can pray to thee." Not only must the apostle be all he had described, and more, but the people to whom he preached must have certain gifts, graces and endowments to make worthy of the apostle's. The preaching of the faith demanded an intelligent or intellectual people, because the gift of the faith was based upon the highest mysteries; secondly, the people must have, in addition to their intelligence, the precious gift of docility, taking with grateful hearts and with docile minds all that their apostle teaches them; and, thirdly, fidelity, tenacity, determination, fortitude, and proper esteem for the Word of God. Having pointed out how the Irish people excelled at that early date in intelligence and civilization, and with what docility they embraced the faith, Father Burke asked, Was that forest oak of Ireland's religion to yield to any storm, to fall under the stroke of any woodman or persecutor? Answer, it oh ye army of heroes who died fighting foot to foot, inch by inch, over every sacred sod of Irish soil, when the pagan Dane came to wipe the Christ and His religion out of the land; but for 300 years our fathers rose, and fought and died, and at length swept the Pagan invader into the ocean! Ireland's tree of Catholicity never yielded to any blast. Answer it, oh ye unhappy Eastern breezes that had come to us fraught with the curse of persecution and heresy for 300 terrible years, and broke upon that glorious forest oak of Ireland's Catholicity! But never did she lose a branch,—not a leaf. Never did she bend before the storm, and she raised her head to-day as graceful, as beautiful, as loaded with every flower of promise and fruit of fulfilment as in the day when the dying hand of Patrick waved its last benediction over her, and when, with his fainting and dying voice, he made his last prayer to God that Ireland might keep her faith until the end of time. Oh! let us keep our faith; it was almost the only gift they had left us in this world. They had taken everything from us, everything that would make life pleasant or dear; they had taken every tradition of our grandeur and national greatness from us; they had left us but

one thing, and that they left because they could not tear it out of the bleeding hands of Ireland,— her holy Catholic faith. We should then pray that Patrick's work, that had lasted so long, might last forever, and that we might come to behold him where, surrounded by Ireland's confessors and virgins and martyrs, he reigned with Christ forever.

THE NICKAJACK CAVE.

This immense cave, ranging in its dimensions with the well-known Mammoth and Wyandotte caves of Kentucky and Indiana, is situated near that point of the southern boundary of Tennessee where it is joined by the line which separates the States of Georgia and Alabama. Although already many miles of its galleries have been explored, yet no ending of these has as yet been reached. Its entrance is on the northern side of a hill, not far from the road that passes on the south side of the bottom of the Tennessee River. It is of much more imposing proportions than that of either of the above-mentioned caves. The floor is wide-cut by a gorge at one side, through which the river flows. The roof is flat, and the entrance is overhung by vegetation. This splendid cave has been lately in part explored by Messrs. Cope and Packard. They found in its mouth abundant traces of former human habitation, consisting chiefly of charcoal and the remains of shells. Many most interesting animals were found living in the cave and beneath its waters. An apparently new salamander was met with as the cavern was entered; no blind fishes were found, but a snowy white and blind crawfish was abundant. It belongs to a new species, and was easily distinguished in the clear waters. Several other crustacea, also blind, were found, and two crickets. Of the five species found living in the waters of the cavern, all but one differed decidedly from those of the caves of Kentucky or Indiana, having possibly been descendants of different out-of-door species from those of the caves to the northward.

TYPHUS FEVER.

Typhus attacks people of all ages and both sexes indiscriminately. If we were to rely solely on evidence obtained from death registers and hospital statistics, we might imagine that it was very uncommon in children, but this is readily explained if we remember that typhus seldom proves fatal to children, and that in many of our large hospitals people under fifteen are not admitted. Depressing mental emotions, over-work, and anxiety, by undermining the general health, render the system more susceptible to attacks of the disease. It is supposed by many that during the prevalence of an epidemic the fear of catching the fever, and the consequent depression which it produces, may act as a powerful predisposing cause. Persons who are under-fed, or who live upon food of an inferior quality, are especially liable to suffer from typhus. Typhus is by no means an aristocratic disease. It seldom attacks the rich and well-to-do, but prefers to associate with paupers, and those but little removed from the level of pauperism. It delights in dirt and squalor, and is never so happy as when it can obtain admission to a jail or workhouse. It often breaks out, and always attains its greatest severity, when people are worse off and more badly fed than usual. It is almost always an accompaniment of war and commercial distress, and often follows in the wake of strikes. In Ireland, during the potato famines of 1818 and 1847, typhus raged with the greatest severity, and it is estimated that on each of those occasions more than one-eighth of the entire population was attacked.

IRISH PROSPECTS FOR 1882.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

The New Year will be notable amongst the cycles of an aged century. It would be unwise to prophesy unless one knew; but without aspiring to be seer, or attempting to predict, we may safely forecast for 1882 no common career. In the first place, it is the centenary year of the Parliamentary Independence of this country, and, of course, likewise the hundredth anniversary of the time when Ireland possessed a national army and a native trade. The recollections and the commemorations are sure to bring forth living fruit, and the contrast between then and now is of a nature calculated not only to stir to redoubled action those whose sympathies are patriotic, but to convert even the hostile and the indifferent to the cause upheld by "tongue and sword" through so lengthened a period, despite most crushing blows and against overwhelming odds. It may not be incorrect, then, to place the centenary celebration of 1782 in the central and most conspicuous place in the prospect of 1882,—the place of honor. Whether that celebration shall assume the form of a National Exhibition to stir our commercial stagnation, or whatever other shape it may take, that the diamond jubilee of the greatest triumph of Grattan, the Protestant patriot, be allowed to pass unhonored would be as great a stain as if six years ago the centenary of the great Catholic leader had been permitted to go by unnoticed instead of being made the occasion of the monster demonstration which the capital saw with gladdened eyes on the 6th of August, 1875. The year 1882 will witness the unveiling of the O'Connell Statue in the noblest of the world's thoroughfares, where its pedestal already stands to be surmounted by the *chef d'œuvre* of the great Irish sculptor, Foley. So far as memories go, these two events will probably be the most remarkable of the infant year. Possibly, however, it will be a twelvemonths marked by striking demonstrations. It is anticipated that the political prisoners who are also members of Parliament will be released in time to attend the approaching Session.

It is not to be reconciled with the existence of a Government, Liberal even in name, that three of the most important constituencies in Ireland—Tipperary, Cork, and Roscommon—would be disfranchised on suspicion. The jail deliverer of Naples could never live that down at home. The day, then, that Charles Stewart Parnell, John Dillon, and James O'Kelly are once again free men in the streets of Dublin, will dawn upon a demonstration for the like of which one must go back thirty-seven years, when O'Connell was borne on his triumphal car from the neighboring prison of Richmond to his residence in Merrion Square, "the uncrowned King of Ireland." Turning from those emotional episodes to the hard work-a-day eventualities of the twenty-four hours' old year, the second week of its February is fixed for the opening of Parliament. We have already announced that, standing out boldly in the Ministerial programme, will be found a Bill for the Extension of Local or County Self-Government. Of its scope or details we cannot speak; but that it will be the Government *piece de resistance* there is no doubt. Possibly there may be a Bill transferring licensing powers to Corporations. Although Mr. Gladstone conveyed in April, 1881, that the Budget of that time would be his last, it is now thought probable that, in unfailing health as he is, he will retain the office of

Chancellor of the Exchequer. But looming up amongst all these items of public business are the great shadows of Parliamentary Procedure, the Bradlaugh question, and the account which the Executive must render of its exercise of the powers conferred upon it by the Coercion Acts in this country. These three matters encompass the Ministerial way with misgiving, and cast upon their path the unshapen gloom of not improbable catastrophe. The Coercion Acts expire with the end of the Session of 1882. The Government which passed them may expire before them, and, indeed, by them. In the meantime, the Land Act, their only good offspring up to this, will be tested to its kernel. A back-broken landlordism will try it to the utmost of its capacity for crutching up the crippled powers of the proprietors. A peasantry who had been driven to their last ditch will test it to the furthest clause, affording them hope of living and breathing on their own sod and under their own roof-trees.

LEAVE-TAKING.—Not all have learned the fine art of leave-taking in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, with no dallying. Don't say, "It's about time I was going," and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have such a tiresome habit. They will even rise and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the door when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly, and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping every one in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and in particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departed visitor, which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go —go.

THE ROSARY.

SOME people don't like to take the medicine that would heal them, and call it nonsense. The Rosary is exactly that nonsense, which cures an amazing deal of nonsense. Call it spiritual homœopathy if you like. Many a proud spirit has been brought down by it. Many a fiery spirit has been made patient by it. Many a weak spirit has been made strong by it. Many a distracted spirit has been made recollected by it. "The weak things of this world hath God chosen to confound the strong." As to the relative number of *Hail Marys*, I will not give the Irish carman's solution in reply to the interrogation of his Protestant fare,—that one *Our Father* is worth ten *Hail Marys* any day." There is a deeper solution. You will remember in "Ivanhoe" what a thrilling interest is created where the wounded hero, on his bed of pain, sees the whole conflict as it rages round the fortress through the eyes and heart of the Jewish maiden, who beholds and describes it with tender accents from the window of his apartment. There you have the sense of the *Hail Marys*. Through the pure and the tender soul of the Mother, more allied to our human weakness, you behold the life, acts, and sufferings of the Son, whereby our own soul is opened to tenderness, to simplicity, to all of the mother within us; while we look on Him through her, invoking her to join our prayers with hers, the Mother and the Queen, by His heavenly throne. Wonderful is the Rosary! I give you its beautiful philosophy, for so St. John Chrysostom calls Christian Wisdom.—*Bishop of Birmingham.*

THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Cardinal Manning.

Our fathers educated us as Christians. Shall the next generation be educated as Christians or not? Shall the great inheritance of the Christian faith, and the great tradition of Christian education, which descended in Germany from St. Boniface, and in England from St. Augustine, —shall this great Christian education, which has come down with all the knowledge of the science of this world, all the culture of the intellect consecrated by the light of faith, so that we have Christian education and Christian civilization,— shall those be transmitted with power and undiminished to those who come after us, or shall the wise men of the 19th century separate off science on this hand and religion on the other, and drive religion, and faith, and Christianity, and the teachers of religion out of the schools of our children, and leave them smitten and stricken with the winter of unbelief, to be taught to read and to write, and to cast up sums without the knowledge of God and their Redeemer? That is the great question of the 19th century. It is not a question of constitutional government, or of universal suffrage, or of political economy, — these are but the accidental questions. The one vital, fundamental question of all is this, — shall Germany continue to be a Christian people, and shall Englishmen continue to be a Christian people? For nothing is more certain, no axiom in mathematics is more certain than this, that Christian education will rear a Christian people. Education without Christianity will rear a people that are at least un-Christian; and a people that have not Christianity will soon become anti-Christian. Well, now, why have I said these things? I will tell you why: In the year 1870, unhappily, in the legislature of England, a law was passed by which, for the first time, secular and religious education was separated in the schools of England. Following after that evil example, in Germany, too, the same miserable separation from things secular and things sacred was accomplished. There was a cry against Jesuitism; and the poor sisterhood of the Sacred Heart, and the poor nuns who taught the little children, were all put out of the schools. The schools were secularized, and, therefore, the education of Germans, unless by the fervor and faith of our fathers, among others, is now in peril there, as the education of Englishmen is in peril here. Well, dear friends, I must add one more word. What is happening in France? I will not say she is following the bad example of England and the bad example of Germany, but of those who bear rule for a moment in Germany. In France there is a revolutionary party which leads its politics, who are endeavoring, in like manner, to drive the teachers of religion out from the schools of the little children, and to reduce the education of the people of France to the same level of desecrated secular teaching. I must acknowledge to you that, as an Englishman, I am proud of England. A bill has been passed for the University Education of Ireland which gives free liberty of conscience to every man. Jesuits may teach, and Franciscans may teach, and Sisters of Mercy may teach, and Sisters of Charity may teach, and all the religious Orders, from the North to the South of Ireland, may teach in their schools and their colleges without let and hindrance on the part of the civil law of this Empire.

According to the articles of war, it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

THE NUN OF KENMARE.

EDITOR of Donahoe's Magazine:

SIR,— Allow me, through your valuable and widely-circulated Magazine, to inform all my American friends that I am now at Knock, and request that all letters will be addressed to me there for the future. I hope soon to send you a fuller and more correct account of my cure at that favored shrine, which has proved far more wonderful than I at first anticipated, and has been proved such by the evidence of one of the first Protestant doctors in Dublin.

I am at present living in a little wooden room, about one-quarter the size of a nun's cell, but I care little what I suffer personally.

From my one little window I can see the Church of the Apparitions, and the very spot where the marvellous grace was granted to our own long-suffering Ireland. I believe there is not one of your readers who will not hasten to help me to build this convent here, and I beg of you to send on what you can with all possible haste, so that the work may be begun, and at least a part of it roofed before next winter. I am also still more anxious to build a house for pilgrims. Both convent and pilgrim-house shall be built in the plainest style possible, as I have no wish for costly buildings or grandeur. The pilgrims' house is absolutely necessary, and it must be built large, as I have letters from persons of all classes from every part of the world who are anxious to come here, and cannot do so for want of even a place to shelter them from the night air. For the love of the Mother of God, then, hasten to send some help.

Please note that all letters for the future must be addressed here, as I have left Kenmare altogether to found this convent, and no money or letters should be sent there for me. Address

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE,
Knock, Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

A GOOD story is told of the Marquis of Lorne and two Glengary Highlanders who called on him the other day. Ever since the massacre of Glencoe, in which the Campbells did the bloody work of the Crown, the clan Campbell has been in bad odor with the clan Macdonald and other septs; indeed, it is a proverb that the Macdonalds and Campbells "canna eat oot o' the same kailpot." The Glengary men, Macdonalds to the backbone, were in Ottawa on business, and after much debate resolved to pay their respects to the Marquis of Lorne as the Governor-General, not as the son of Callum Mor. On their way to the hall they talked the matter over again, and one of them suggested that perhaps the marquis, being a Campbell, would refuse to receive a Macdonald, in which case their position would be humiliating. At the gate they met the marquis, with Major de Winton, and, taking them for servants, the Highlandmen asked if the marquis would care to meet "twa Macdonalds," or if it would be etiquette for "twa Macdonalds" to call on the marquis. His excellency replied that the marquis bore no malice to the Macdonalds, and that Sir John Macdonald being the first Minister, it was clear the Macdonalds had forgiven the Campbells. "Forgiven the Campbells!" cried one of the visitors, "forgotten Glencoe! Sir John is paid for that, mon; he has eight thousand dollars a year for it; but the deil take me 'gin *we* forgie or forget!" and with this the choleric Gaels turned their faces towards Ottawa. The marquis, however, disclosed himself, and after a hearty hand-shake the feud was temporarily healed. The visitors were turned over to the Argyleshire piper, who is a prominent member of the household, and by him treated so handsomely that on their departure they frankly acquitted the marquis of all responsibility for the massacre.

A PROTESTANT BISHOP ON THE MONKS OF OLD.

THERE has been a great gathering of supporters of the Established Church at Peterborough, England, in honor of the memory of the founders of the cathedral. Some thoughtful observations were made by Bishop Magee in the course of his sermon on the spirit which had animated the monks of old:

They thanked God (he said) for those pious founders who had given them such a gift as that. The duty and responsibility it threw upon them was to care for these endowments and bequests as trustees and guardians for the future, and to catch and cherish the spirit in which their forefathers raised such places,—the spirit of the old monks, whom those who spoke in shallow and wretched ignorance of the great monastic institutions of Europe and the West, sometimes described as monkish and Papist and the like, and talked of their profligacy and indolence. These men did not know that the monks of early days were the pioneers of Christianity, civilization, and culture,—brave and self-denying men who went forth in the name of the Master, waging war with barbarism and heathenism, examples of learning and thoughtful devotion to higher and better things. It was in that spirit that men first built the minster at Peterborough.

Later on, speaking of the action of Henry VIII., the bishop said that "the hand of the spoiler was laid, alas! upon the building, when a cruel and voluptuous tyrant laid waste the homes of learning and of religion throughout the country."

MIXED MARRIAGES.

MIXED marriages have at all times been discountenanced by the Catholic Church, but, until about twenty years ago, considerable laxity was shown in this respect in many parts of the world. As late as 1869, a member of the Catholic clergy in the Diocese of Treves had to be proceeded against by the Episcopal authority, because he so far forgot his duty as to marry the Prince of Roumania, a Catholic, to the Princess of Wied, a Protestant, without an understanding being given that the issue, if any, should be brought up as Catholics. The now royal couple of Roumania having remained childless, the dereliction of duty on the part of the priest in question has not been attended by any consequences prejudicial to the Church. We now find in the proceedings of the Protestant Synod of Osnabrück that the increased stringency on the part of the Catholic clergy in this respect has produced good fruit, as evidenced by the following passage, which we translate from the minutes of that Synod:—

"In 1856, out of 1,000 children, the offspring of mixed marriages in the district, 390 were brought up as Lutherans and 545 as Catholics; in 1881, there were 371 brought up as Lutherans, and 611 as Catholics."

That makes an improvement of 66 per thousand in favor of the Catholic Church. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that at present the Lutheran clergy of Germany should look on mixed marriages with a very unfavorable eye; it being stated at the conference referred to that a whole village in the Osnabrück district had become entirely Catholic through mixed marriages.—*London Universe.*

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship is a good deal like china. It is very durable and beautiful as long as it is quite whole; but break it, and all the cement in the world will never quite repair the damage. You may stick the pieces together so that, at a distance, it looks nearly as well as ever; but it won't hold hot water. It is always ready to deceive you if you trust it; and it is, on the whole, a very worthless thing, fit only to be put on an empty shelf. The finer and more delicate it is, the more utter the ruin. Tenderness and trust and sweet exchange of confidence can no more be yours when angry words and thoughts have broken them, than can those delicate porcelain tea-cups which were splintered to pieces be restored to their

original excellence. The slightest crack will spoil the true ring, and you had better search for a new friend than to try and mend the old one. And all this has nothing to do with forgiveness. One may forgive and be forgiven, but the deed has been done, and the word said; the flowers and the gilding are gone. The formal "making up," especially between two women, is of no more avail than the wonderful cements that have made a cracked ugliness of the china that you expected to be a "joy forever." Handled delicately, washed to purity in the waters of truth, confided to no careless, unsympathizing hands, friendship may last two lives out; but it "does not answer" to try to mend it. Once broken, it is spoiled forever.

THE LAST OF A HEROINE.

The death is announced in Paris of a singular "heroine," whose name was once well known in America, if not on the other side of the Atlantic. This was Miss Bell Boyd, the Confederate spy, whose adventures were recounted by herself some years ago in a fantastic book. Miss Bell Boyd seems, according to her own account, to have just completed her education and begun to shine in the society of Washington when the war of Secession broke out. She had control over an ambulance at Martinsburg when that town was taken by General Patterson, and was left by the victorious general in command of this institution. As the Federals paid little attention to her, and did not scruple to talk over their plans in her presence, she was able to send valuable intelligence to the Secessionist leaders, with whom she corresponded by means of an accomplice, who had acted as courier between the two hostile parties. But this man was soon taken prisoner, and basely betrayed his former employer, who was thereupon consigned to Carroll Prison. From this place she escaped, and made her way to General Jackson's camp, where she joined the campaign with all the ardor of a male warrior, and was often seen discharging her rifle at the enemy. Captured a second time, she was taken before General Butler and again imprisoned; this time at the old Capitol. Her luck, however, did not fail her, and she once more escaped, but, having embarked in the *Greyhound* upon a mission to England for the Confederates, she was, on the capture of that vessel, again relegated to durance vile till the end of the war. Her next adventure after peace was made, was a marriage in England; but being shortly afterwards left a widow, she went on the stage and played in a piece written by herself, to illustrate her own adventures. Her theatrical successes were somewhat ephemeral; but she contracted a second marriage, and it was not until she had been left widowed by the second husband that she fell into a state of destitution, only partially relieved, from time to time, by the success of lectures delivered by her which she had already dramatized.

Home Rule.—Ireland will not be contented till she can exercise the fundamental right of a people,—the right to manage their own affairs. The people of Ireland will not be kept down; they have proved that they can rise buoyantly after every defeat. The Irish race will never make peace with England till their rights as a nation, shamefully snatched away, shall be frankly restored. *Charles Gavan Duffy.*

The ten plagues of a newspaper office are bores, poets, cranks, rats, cockroaches, typographical errors, exchange fiends, book canvassers, delinquent subscribers, and the man who always knows how to run a paper better than the editor himself.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL AND THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

THE Secretary of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language has received the following important communication from his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel: —

"THE PALACE, THURLES,
Dec. 13th.

"MY DEAR MR. MACSWEENEY, — I am in receipt of your esteemed favor, in which you inform me that, at a meeting of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language held in Dublin, on Tuesday, the 6th inst., I was unanimously elected patron of the society in place of the late Most Rev. Dr. MacHale.

"I feel justly proud of the very high compliment that has thus been paid to me, and I pray you to convey to the members of the council, at your earliest opportunity, the expression of my lasting gratitude and thankfulness.

"It is now more than ever a source of intense mortification to me that circumstances connected with my early years and training rendered it impossible for me to acquire a knowledge of the Irish either as a living or a dead language, and hence I cannot promise to render any assistance whatever to the society in what I may call the literary department of their work. But I hope I may be useful in another way by encouraging Irish studies in our schools and colleges, and by striving to foster, as much as possible, amongst the rising generation around me, a genuine respect for the language and literature of their country.

"I enclose a small subscription (£5) to your funds, and remain, my dear Mr. MacSweeney, your very faithful servant,

"✠T. W. CROKE,
"*Archbishop of Cashel.*
"J. J. MACSWEENEY, ESQ., *Secretary.*"

ICE-WATER. — Ex-Governor William Bross, of Chicago, has delivered a discourse on ice-water. He said that "a general reform in drinking ice-water would confer a benefit upon the public. The constant and immoderate use of ice-water has become one of the most active causes of disease all over the United States. There can be no doubt that it produces our national disease, dyspepsia, in its most aggravated forms, and you can scarcely look over the death list in our papers that you will not see a notice of some one dying of diabetes, Bright's disease, or some other kidney complaint. In most cases, you may rely upon it, ice-water is the remote, if not the active, cause of all this trouble. If one should express the opinion that ice-water is now the source of more diseases among our leading business and public men than whiskey, a wide induction of facts would doubtless show him not so far from right. Sad experience as well as extensive observation and inquiry have convinced me of the truth of this assertion." Ice-water had come nearer costing him his life than any other cause within his memory.

TWO FAMOUS HENPECKED HUSBANDS. — Steele's women are the women of mediocre eighteen century comedy, and they have at times a rather alarming family likeness to Lady Steele and Lady Warwick, as far as we can judge of those two ladies, from the extremely small means at our command. Both Addison and Steele seem to have suffered from the same domestic trouble. Addison, his detractors say, used to take refuge from the wife of his bosom at Button's, where he took more wine than was good for a delicate constitution like his; he could not always stand Lady Warwick. Steele was in the same trouble. We find him writing: "Dearest being on earth, — pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed in things this night, which extremely concern your obedient husband, Richard Steele." We hope, for the sake of peace, Lady Steele was asleep when he got home, and that he remembered to take his boots off before getting into bed. A bullying wife is apt to make a lying husband, and we do not believe in the school-fellow from India.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE LITTLE FARMERS.

Rosa Mulholland.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW LIFE BEGINS.

Among all the changes which their new life brought, nothing gave the children more pain than their parting from Mademoiselle. They were exceedingly fond of the lonely young French girl, and felt very uneasy as to whether her next pupils would love her as well as they had done. Of all their teachers they had liked her the best, and now they must say good-by to her. Mademoiselle was quite as much grieved as they were; but she promised to write to them wherever they might be, and all tried to hope that they should yet be happy together again.

Preparations were now made for the sale of the furniture and all the pretty things in the house. Mrs. Hawthorne intended to keep only some of the plainest articles, such as might be necessary in the humble home which was soon to receive her and her children. She promised to allow Eily to help her in choosing what would be suitable for their wants; and, in the meantime, she announced to them all one evening that she had taken a small farm-house in the country, at the distance of a four hours' journey from London. This news was greeted by a cheer of delight, which made poor Mrs. Hawthorne smile in spite of her fatigue and trouble of mind.

"Oh, mamma, how delicious! What is it like? what is it like?" cried the children.

"Indeed, my dears, I cannot describe it to you very well," said Mrs. Hawthorne; "I have not seen it; but a friend tells me it is a neat little place, with a garden and a field. The farm that belonged to it is let separately to another person. It is not at all an elegant place, but is also not costly, and in a very retired neighborhood. I think it will suit us very well."

"That it will!" cried Cyril. "Oh, mamma dear, do make haste and let us go."

The next day Eily and her mother set to work to select the furniture which was to be taken to the farm-house.

Eily did not know where to begin, there were so many nice things she wanted to have for the decoration of the new farm-house.

"Oh, mamma!" she said at last, "there are the drawing-room curtains; of course you will want them, and a good many of the pictures, and the cabinet of curiosities; and you could not do without your grand piano, mamma!"

"My love," said her mother, "you are going too fast. Just consider, Eily: How would silk brocade hangings look in the parlor of a little farm-house? The cabinet and its contents will fetch me a good deal of money, and so will the pictures. I could not afford to keep them."

Eily was silent for a moment. The farm-house suddenly looked rather bare to her imagination. "Will you have no curtains, then, mamma?" she asked.

"Well, we need not be too miserable," said Mrs. Hawthorne. "I think the study curtains would do. They are a little worn, and the color and material are durable."

"And mayn't we put up a few pairs of white ones, mamma?"

"Yes."

"And are we to have no pictures at all?"

"There are three small water-colors which I have decided on keeping — a woodland scene, a sea-piece, and a cottage interior."

"Oh, I am so glad! I like those three. And, mamma, you know you will require an easy-chair and a sofa, else what should you do if you were not well?"

"I shall take the sofa and chair in my own bedroom, also the round table there, and the table-cover. The large photographs on the walls may also come."

"And what about ornaments? Mayn't we have a few?"

"Yes; I think I shall keep a few that are not too costly."

"Oh, mamma, the great Japanese vases that I am so fond of!"

"Too costly, my dear. Those vases will make money for me."

"Mamma, how is it that you will have so very, *very* little money? Did they even rob the bank where papa used to send when he wanted any?"

"The bank does not give it to papa unless papa gives it first to the bank. Then if things are not set to rights, papa may be called on to pay up a great deal of money to other people which he never expected to have to pay; and, as he is very honorable, he will suffer in order to do this. That is why I must be so careful now. If we were to go on having things that we could not afford, we might not have even a loaf of bread by-and by, and should have to ask others to buy it for us. And that is what I could not bear, for I hope to teach all my children to be independent."

"I know what that means, mamma; it means anxious to help themselves, and not to drag on other people. Papa told me once about that."

"Well, love, you see now why we must give up the handsome vases. Suppose I said to some of my friends after a time,—'I want you to pay my rent for me. I could have paid it myself, only I choose to keep a hundred guineas on my mantlepiece in the shape of a pair of vases. The vases are so handsome that really I could not do without them to look at. So you must be so good as to pay my rent.'"

"Oh, mamma, that would be so mean!"

"I agree with you, Eily, and so we don't take our vases to the farm-house."

"We must do without ornaments altogether, I suppose, mamma."

"Well, I think we may have a few simple things. What do you think of the purple jars?"

"Oh, I like them, the color is so beautiful."

"And the carved brackets in my bedroom, and the Indian hand-screens, and the little black and gold jardiniere, and the tortoise-shell tea-caddy. These are things that will harmonize well with the fittings of a plainly-furnished room. Rich and brilliant ornaments would only seem to laugh at us."

"I see, mamma. But I suppose we may take all our photograph albums and our pretty books."

"Certainly; all little properties of that kind shall be kept."

"And our beds, of course?"

"I sha'n't ask you to sleep on the floor," said Mrs. Hawthorne, smiling. "We shall have a bed each, and some bedroom furniture."

"And what about carpets?"

"One carpet for the parlor, and a bundle of matting. That makes almost all I shall take."

These things and a few more were selected by Eily and her mamma, and packed away by themselves for their journey to the country. Whilst they were busy packing, Eily said to her mother,—

"Mamma, are all the servants going away?"

"Yes, dear; I have not asked any of them to stay with me. None of them would suit in our new household, nor would our new way of life be at all pleasant to them. We must have a servant to match the furniture, Eily, and our own hands will have to be very busy."

"Have you got any person yet, mamma?"

"Yes, I have engaged a pleasant

country girl, called Bessie, who came up to town to a situation, but does not like London. She longs for the country, and understands the sort of life we shall have. She is not too fine, and would like our farm-house. A friend recommends her to me, and I hope the change will turn out well."

That evening Mrs. Hawthorne was very tired, and not at all well, and Eily became extremely uneasy lest her mother, who was never strong, should be growing seriously ill. Eily lay awake in bed nearly all night trying to think of a plan to save further fatigue to her dear mamma. She knew that her uncle had invited Mrs. Hawthorne to come with all her children and stay at his house as long as it should suit her arrangements to do so. Eily now thought, as she lay awake in bed, that it would be very well indeed if her mamma could be persuaded to stay with her friend until the farm-house should be ready to receive her.

"Oh, I wonder if mamma would allow me to go on with Bessie!" thought Eily; "and we could bring the things with us, and unpack them, and arrange the rooms, and make the place comfortable. She should have nothing to do but walk in and take off her things. Oh, I wonder if she would trust me!"

She turned the matter over in her little mind a dozen times, and came to the conclusion that it would be well to have one or both of the boys with her besides Bessie. They would be so useful running about hammering nails and carrying things. "Only I hope Cyril won't take to climbing trees, and have some of his bones broken before mamma arrives," she reflected. "I think I had better speak to the boys about it before I ask mamma."

So, very early in the morning, Eily drew the boys into a corner, and making them promise profound secresy, she unfolded to them her plan.

"Suppose you two, and Bessie, and me ——"

"Who is Bessie?" asked the boys, in one breath.

"Oh! don't you know? I forgot it was only last night mamma told me. Bessie is to be our new servant, who is to go with us to the farm-house."

"Is she nice? Is she kind?" asked the boys.

"I don't know; I hope so," said Eily. "Mamma says she is a pleasant girl."

"I hope she won't be the sort of one that says every moment, 'Master Cyril, I'll tell your mamma!'"

"But you mustn't torment her, you know. It would be most dreadful if you were to drive her away with your tricks, and leave poor mother without anybody."

"Well, never fear; I'll go gently with her till I find what sort of stuff she's made of," said Cyril. "Now go on with the rest."

"Well, wouldn't it be nice if you two and Bessie and I were to go on before to the farm-house with the furniture and all the luggage, except what mamma would need for herself, and May and Sylvia here in town? We were all to have stayed at uncle's, you know, until we were ready to start; and my plan is, that mamma should stay there till we have everything nicely in order for her at our farm. It would be such fun arriving there, and unpacking everything, and carrying about the things, and making the place look nice; wouldn't it?"

The boys answered with speechless gesticulations of delight, and Cyril, who had been sitting on his bed, turned head over heels twice, while Frank hopped on one foot all round the room. Having thus given some vent to their feelings of ecstasy, they found their tongues, and declared their approval of Eily's plan.

"I say, Eily, you're a brick to have thought of it," said Cyril.

"But you mustn't begin to climb trees, and leave off helping in the middle of everything," said Eily.

"If you come, you must promise not to be very wild until everything is settled."

"You'll see," said Cyril. "I'll be as grave as a judge."

"And I'll be as wise as a weather-cock," said Frank.

When Mrs. Hawthorne heard of this plan, she thought it a very imprudent one at first; but she found herself really so unwell after the sale was over, and all the final arrangements made for giving up her old life, that she was obliged to acknowledge herself over-fatigued, and unfit for further exertion. Her brother, and her brother's wife, after talking to the three eager children, persuaded her to allow them to carry out their plan.

"Bessie is such a steady, good girl," said the children's aunt, "that I am sure there is no risk in trusting them with her; and then nothing could be better for the children than such a proof of confidence from you. I should let them go if I were in your place."

And so at last it was settled that Eily, Cyril, and Frank should set out for the farm-house with Bessie and the luggage and furniture; while Mrs. Hawthorne, with Sylvia and May, should remain at Aunt Langdale's till they were perfectly rested, and till the farm-house should be quite ready to take them comfortably in.

CHAPTER V.

THE FARM-HOUSE.

What a happy, wonderful day that was when the three children set out for their new home, full of the importance of the trust which their mother had placed in them! The last glimmer of Mrs. Hawthorne's waving handkerchief vanished, and the train whirled away through green fields, and past trees, and streams, and hedges. The children were clustered together at a window, watching the bright country unfolding itself before their eyes, and Bessie sat among them as gay and eager as any of them.

They had all made up their minds by this time that they were perfectly satisfied with Bessie. She had a round, rosy face, and a pair of bright brown eyes that were as full of fun as a child's. She had white teeth, which made her look very nice when she laughed; and she had a hearty, pleasant voice, and quaint accent, more suited to a farm-house than to a London mansion. She had at once taken a fancy to the children, and was pleased by their readiness to come with her to her country home. "Little dears," she said, "coming away so brave to seek their fortunes!"

As they spun along in the train, Bessie kept telling them stories about the country folks. She was in great spirits, because her own friends lived only about a mile from the children's farm-house, and she had been away from them for six months in London, and had been home-sick all the time. The children listened to her spell-bound, while she told them about the joys of a country life.

The four hours passed quickly over, and about twelve o'clock they found themselves dropped at a little station where scarcely any one got out of the train besides themselves, and there they saw a man with a large wagon waiting for them. The man was Bessie's father, and after he had hugged Bessie and welcomed the children to Hillandale, he set to work to get the wagon loaded with all the packages of furniture, and the many trunks and boxes they had brought with them. The wagon had to move pretty slowly, it was so well laden, and Bessie and the children walked beside it. There were three miles to walk, but it was still only twelve o'clock, and there was plenty of time.

It was a pretty country, certainly. The children thought they had never seen such lovely dark woods and soft green fields before. In the distance

rose little hills which were quite blue, and here and there such nice old houses and cottages peeped out of the trees! A good distance away they saw the smoke of a town; but it was so very far off that it did not spoil the country a bit. At last they were told that they were very near home; and Bessie said she and the children had better take a short cut by the fields, while the wagon could come round by the road. And so they did, walking across a green hill, and down into a woody hollow, and then coming down a winding sweet-briary path to the back door of the farm-house.

Well, it was a queer old place, I can tell you. It was two stories high, with very low ceilings, and was built of extremely old dark-red bricks, and roofed with a brown thatch. You could step on the gravel out of the lower windows, and the upper ones were pushed up into the thatch, and winking out of it like owls' faces looking out of a tree. A rose-bush spread all over one side of the house, and a passion-flower over the other, and a long garden ran climbing up a hill behind, with a row of bee-hives at the top of it. In this great garden were crowds of apple-trees, and beds of strawberries, and a good quantity of other fruit besides; and there was also a fine supply of homely flowers,—hollyhocks, cabbage roses, tall lilies, gillyflowers, wallflowers, daisies, and a great many more which I cannot remember. There was a gravelled space in front, and then a great large field surrounded by trees; and at one side was a very ancient sun-dial, while at the other side was a nice little woody place, which wandered away, and straggled about, and still kept near the old house, as if to keep it warm.

All these things the children saw before they went in at the door, which, in fact, they did not do at all, as they made use of an open window instead, walking right into the parlor.

Such a brown, brown room as that parlor was! The floor was brown, and the walls were all covered with brown wood up to the very ceiling. The grate was ever so wide and high, with a round brass knob standing up at each side of it; and there were huge brown wooden shutters to the windows, with heavy clanking bars hanging behind them.

"Oh, what a funny, funny, darling old room!" cried the children, prancing about over the bare boards.

"To think that we are going to live in it!" said Eily, looking round. "Wouldn't you think it was laughing at us when the sun flies up and down that way on the walls as the trees wave?"

"I am sure it knows we are the new children come to it," said Frank.

"I say, old room!" cried Cyril, "what have you been doing with yourself all these years when we did not come near you, and knew nothing about you?"

"When we were little specks of dust flying about!" said Frank, as the two boys galloped after Eily into the kitchen, and pantry, and dairy. Then they all rushed up stairs into the funny little bed-rooms, which were all brown and dim-looking, and, at the same time, sunny, like the parlor.

"Oh, I say, this will be my room!" cried Cyril. "Just come in and smell! Did you ever taste such a smell of roses as is in here? And no wonder, for the roses are all hanging round the window; and, gracious goodness, such a shower of rose-leaves over the floor!"

"Mine is just the same," said Eily. "This will be mine. Of course the big best one is for mother."

"And this will be mine," cried Frank, capering about a third little chamber, peeping out of the window, and opening and shutting the door, just to let it know that he was its master.

"Sylvia can sleep in my room,"

said Eily; "it will hold two little beds very well, and I am sure mamma will keep May for herself. So we are all disposed of."

"And where will Bessie sleep?" asked Frank.

"Oh, there is such a nice little room for her behind the pantry," said Cyril.

"And if any one comes to see us," said Eily, "Cyril and you can do with one room. Then we can make the other one nice for the visitor."

After this inspection of the upper story they all rushed down stairs again, where they found Bessie with her sleeves rolled up and an apron on ready for work, and she was talking to her mother, who had come to the farm-house early that morning to sweep out the rooms and light a fire in the kitchen. Bessie's mother was a nice, comfortable, motherly woman, and she welcomed the children as if she had known them all their lives.

"Oh, what is that delicious smell of coffee?" cried Frank, sniffing all round in great excitement.

"You have a good nose, Master Frank," said Bessie's mother; "and don't you think you would like a little breakfast?"

"We have had our breakfast, though," said Frank, looking at her at the same time as if he thought her a perfect angel for mentioning the subject.

"Oh, that was in London," said Bessie's mother. "You haven't had a Hillandale breakfast yet. Just wait a few minutes till my good man gets the table and two or three chairs into the parlor, and I'll see if there is any appetite to be expected from London children."

"Oh, but," said Eily, "please, how can we drink and eat without cups and plates? The baskets of china must first be unpacked."

"Do you think I didn't count upon all that, Miss Eily?" said the kind woman. "Do you think I was going to have you hungry till china could be picked out of straw and washed? I have a few cups and plates here of my own; they're only delf, but you won't make little of them if you're hungry, my dears."

Cyril now appeared, saying that the table and chairs were carried in; and Bessie's mother began to get ready a steaming pot of coffee and a great dish of hot buttered cakes, which she had made just before they arrived. Bessie spread on the round table a coarse, white cloth which had been also brought by her thoughtful mother, and soon the children were merrily seated at table in the new bare parlor, with the sun laughing in at them through the windows, and a feast of coffee and cakes and large fresh eggs before them.

After this meal the children felt still merrier than before, and at once set to work to put the pieces of furniture in their places as they were carried in. All agreed that the arrangement of the bedrooms ought to come first, and each decided on the particular corner of the room where he wished his own little bed to be placed. Cyril liked the head of his bed close by the window, so that the very moment his eyes opened he might be able to see all that was going on outside. Frank had his wheeled in under a bit of sloping roof, where he said he should feel as if in the cabin of a ship; while Eily arranged hers in a nice little alcove, keeping her little, funny, owl-faced window free, so that she could have a seat there when she liked, and a very tiny table. Before evening the bedrooms were arranged; each child had a little green iron bed, a little round metal wash-stand, with a looking-glass above it on the wall, a little chair and table, a set of drawers, and some pretty framed photographs on the walls. Nice pieces of white matting were laid on the bare, dark boards; and when all the arrangements were finished, the children were far more delighted with these new chambers than they had ever been

with their handsome ones at their home.

"I never saw such ducks of rooms," said Eily. "It *is* so pretty and funny the way that the sun comes winking in through the roses!"

"And *I* think that queer paper on my walls is so jolly," said Cyril,—"all those comical Chinese men tumbling up and down, carrying tea-chests, and parasols, and things. I shall be always splitting my sides laughing at them!"

"My paper is all covered with a hunt," said Frank. "That is why I love to have the room. Men on horseback are leaping over gates and splashing into rivers all over the place, from the ceiling to the floor!"

"I think mine is as funny as any," said Eily,—"wreaths of roses as big as tea-cups, and Italian ladies, with veils over their heads, stepping out from behind them into gondolas on a lake, and hawks flying about, and a page with a guitar. I think it is a long time on the walls, though, for in parts of it the colors are dim."

"Now, children," said Bessie's mother, "I think you have done enough work for to-day, and you had better go out for a ramble in the fields with Bessie before it gets dark. I shall have your supper of bread and milk ready for you when you come back, and then you can go to bed in time, so as to be up very early in the morning."

The children agreed to this, and away they went and had a glorious ramble,—not walking primly, as if in a London park, but leaping, and racing, and frisking like young deer. Bessie told them the names of all the fields, and of the people who lived in the farm-houses and cottages, the chimneys of which they saw smoking in the distance; and she showed them a fairy thorn-tree, and told them a pretty story of how merry little fairies were supposed to dance there in a ring upon moonlight nights. When they reached home again, they gathered some fruit out of the garden to eat with their bread and milk, and then went to bed, very tired, and very well contented with their day. Their rooms were all so close together on the little brown landing, that, when they left the doors open, they could talk to each other in bed by speaking very loud.

"I say, Eily," cried Cyril, "how does your room feel?"

"Delightful!" answered Eily. "I feel as if it must have been built for me ages ago, before I was born!"

"And what are your ladies doing on the walls?" shrieked Cyril back again. "I am certain that as soon as I go to sleep my Chinese fellows will take to throwing their tea-chests at my head!"

"And I have a suspicion," said Eily, "that as soon as I shut my eyes my ladies will step into their gondolas and sail away."

"If that be so," shouted Frank, "then I may expect to be wakened up by some of my hunting fellows charging at me in my bed and riding over me!"

"I wonder who lived in this house before," cried Cyril.

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Eily, rather faintly.

"Some queer old farmer," said Frank, in tones which had grown somewhat thick.

"I say, Eily," roared Cyril, "what will you do the first thing in the morning?"

"Um-m-m!" answered Eily.

"Hullo! she's gone to sleep! What will you do, Frank?"

"Hum-m-m!" replied Frank.

"Oh, you muff, you are off too! I suppose I had better do the same. Those fellows on the wall are longing to have a shy at me. Birds in the morning—queer old place—awfully jolly—go—come—um, um!"

And Cyril was also gone into the land of dreams. The three little heads on the pillows, in the three little queer, old-fashioned, farm-house bedrooms, were fast asleep.

To be Continued.

Useful Knowledge.

CORN BREAD.—Three teacups of Indian meal, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful each of sugar and butter, one egg, one and one-half pints of *boiling* water. Put meal, sugar, salt and butter into a bowl, and pour the water upon the ingredients; beat a minute, and then break the egg in and beat thoroughly; butter pans thoroughly and spread the mixture on thinly, and bake in a *very quick* oven. There should be only two crusts. Half this will be enough for your family.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.—When you get chilly all over and away into your bones, and begin to sniffle and almost struggle for your breath, just begin in time and your tribulation need not last very long. Get some powdered borax and snuff the dry powder up your nostrils. Get your camphor bottle and smell it frequently; pour some on your handkerchief, and wipe your nose with it whenever needed. Your nose will not get sore, and you will soon wonder what has become of your cold. Begin this treatment in the forenoon and keep on at intervals until you go to bed, and you will sleep well as you ever did.

SMALL-POX.—The following is said to be a sure cure for small-pox: Sulphate of zinc, one grain; foxglove (digitalis), one grain; half a teaspoonful of water. When thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of water; take a spoonful every hour,—dose for an adult. Either small-pox or scarlet fever will disappear in twelve hours. For a child, smaller doses according to age.

STEAK AND ONIONS.—Melt a lump of butter in a frying-pan; cover the bottom of the pan with onions sliced very thin; then lay the steak over them; when the onions are fried until they are tender, put the beef on the bottom of the pan and cover it with onions; add butter or lard as you need it. Liver cooked in this way is also very nice. When it is done, lay it on a platter and heap the onions on the meat. A very little gravy made in the pan in which you have cooked the meat and onions is an addition, but make only a little, and turn over the meat, seasoning it well with salt and pepper.

SHE DOES HER OWN WORK.—Does her own work? Does she? What of it? Is it any disgrace? Is she any less a true woman, less worthy of respect than those who sit in silks and satins, and are vain of fingers that never labor? We listened to a person the other day who, speaking of a new-wedded wife, said sneeringly: "Oh, she does her own work." The words, and the tone of contempt in which they were uttered, betokened a narrow, ignoble mind, better fitted for any place than a country whose institutions rest on honorable labor as one of the chief corner-stones. They showed the detestable spirit of our rank, which a certain class are trying to establish—a taste whose sole foundation is money, which is the weakest kind of rank known to civilization. Mind, manners, morals, all that enters into a good character, are of no account with these social snobs. Position in their stilted ranks is bought with gold, and every additional dollar is another round in the ladder by which elevation is gained in their esteem and society.

WARMTH FROM NEWSPAPERS.—Many years ago, in one of the severe winters, when there was much hardship among the poor, a city paper suggested that old newspapers, spread over the bed, would form an excellent substitute for blankets and coverlets. This brought upon the journal a great deal of harmless ridicule from other papers, but it brought comfort to many a poor family. In the matter of bed clothing, especially, we are apt to associate warmth with weight, and do not consider that there is no warmth in the coverings themselves, but that they merely prevent the heat of the body from passing off. Whatever is a poor conductor of heat will make a warm covering. Paper itself is a poor conductor, but still poorer are thin layers of air that are confined when two or three newspapers are laid one upon another. A few newspapers laid over the bed will keep one much warmer than some of the heavy, close-woven blankets. We do not propose newspapers as a substitute for blankets and comforters, but it is one of those make-shifts that it is well to know. In travelling one may, by the aid of a few papers, secure a comfortable rest in a thinly-clad bed, and if we cannot afford to give a destitute family a blanket or a comforter, we may show them how to increase the usefulness of their thin coverings by stitching a few layers of newspapers between them. It may be well to remind those who grow window plants, that by removing them away from the window, and arranging a cover of newspapers over them, they may be preserved from harm in severely cold nights. With the plants, as with ourselves, it is not so much that cold comes in, as that the heat goes off, and often a slight protection will prevent the escape of heat. *American Agriculturalist for December.*

The Humorist.

A FOND mother said to her little son, "Tommy, my dear, I am going to give you a little companion soon. Which would you prefer, — a little boy or a little girl?" "Well, mother," replied Tommy, "if it's all the same to you, I would rather have a little donkey."

THE other night one of the Old Dominion steamships, in approaching Norfolk, Va., made use of the electric light. A colored woman on shore, astounded at the spectacle, was heard to exclaim: "Good lawd! de comic's met de moon out dar an busted."

THE DEVIL HAS NO HAPPY OLD MEN.— I met a man one day on his way to church. He had just passed the milestone of life labelled "seventy years." His back was bent, his clothes were old, his voice was husky, his hair was white, his eye was dim, and his face was furrowed. Withal, he seemed still fond of life and full of gladness, not at all put out with his lot. He hummed the lines of a familiar hymn as his legs and cad cane carried him along. "Aged friend," said I, "why should an old man be merry?" "All are not," said he. "Well, why then should you be merry?" "Because I try to serve God, who is a good Master." "Are none others happy at your time of life?" "No, not one, my friendly questioner," said he; and as he said more, his form straightened into the stature of his younger days, and something of inspiration set a beautiful glow across his countenance. "Listen, sir," said he, "to the truth from one who knows, then wing it round the world, and no man in the world will be found to gainsay my words: That the devil has no happy old men!"

KILLING POTATO BUGS WITH HOLY WATER.— A friend who has recently spent some time travelling among the mountains of Pennsylvania seeking for health, tells us, says the *Ave Maria*, that once when passing a potato plot where a good Irishwoman was gathering potato bugs, which were as thick as blackberries in August, he accosted her as follows: "My good woman, these bugs are playing havoc with your potatoes; instead of losing time with the little yellow devils, why don't you take holy water to them?" This, of course, was said by way of joke, and after a little further conversation the gentleman went his way. Some time after, passing that way, he again met the woman, and to his great surprise saw that the before half-dead plants were strong and vigorous, — in fact it would be hard to find a more vigorous field of potatoes in the anti-beetle times. "Ah! he said, "you have succeeded admirably with your potatoes; how did you manage to save them from the bugs?" "Well, you see"— said the good Irishwoman, who retained much of the simple faith for which the people of the Island of Saints are still remarkable — "well, you see, I did as you advised. I got some pailfuls of water, and, mixing some holy water with it, I sprinkled the plants. The bugs have since let them alone.

STATISTICS FOR GIRLS.—A young English statistician, who was paying court to a young lady, thought to surprise her with his immense erudition. Producing his note-book, she thought he was about to indite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken aback by the following questions: "How many meals do you eat a day?" "Why three, of course; but of all the oddest questions —" "Never mind, my dear; I'll tell you all about it in a moment." His pencil was rapidly at work. At last, fondly clasping her hand: "Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed through that adorable little mouth in the last seventeen years, I can give you the exact figures." "Goodness! Gracious! What can you mean?" "Now, just listen," says he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happiness of my life." "But I don't want to hear." "Ah, you are surprised, no doubt; but statistics are wonderful things. Just listen: You are now seventeen years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed, — oxen or calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens, 327; ducks, 204; geese, 12; turkeys, 100; game of various kinds, 824; fishes, 160; eggs, 3,120; vegetables (bunches), 700; fruit (baskets), 603; cheese, 103; bread, cake, etc. (in sacks of flour), 40; wine (barrels), 11; water (gallons), 3,000." At this the maiden revolted, and, jumping up, exclaimed, "I think you are very impertinent, and disgusting beside, and I will not stay to listen to you!" upon which she flew into the house. He gazed after her with an abstracted air, and left, saying to himself: "If she kept talking at that rate twelve hours out of twenty-four her jaws would, in twenty years, travel a distance of 1,332,124 miles." The maiden, within two months, married a well-to-do grocer, who was no statistician.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1882.

A Talk with our Readers.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

GUITEAU has brought out very clearly the consequences of the Protestant liberty of interpreting the Bible according to private judgment. Whether his theory of defence was an after-thought, as Judge Porter argued, or had a real basis in a mind confused by unrestrained scriptural interpretation, the stress which the assassin laid upon the inspiration recorded in the Bible should make every reflecting Protestant think over the indiscriminate and unregulated reading of a book which, it is the boast of the Reformed belief, is placed in every one's hands, to judge of it as seems acceptable to his private judgment. Guiteau had as much right to apply the Bible to his own defence as any other Protestant has to his own private whim. That God commanded the "removal" of certain men, and the extirpation of whole nations, is certainly true. But here is just where the Catholic Church shows her true position, in the matter of inspiration. Moses and David had previously given full proof, by signs and other historical evidences, that they acted not under a "pressure," but in obedience to a Divine command, which was made known to many others, sometimes to all Israel, besides themselves. God never inspired a man to do anything without having surrounded His own Divine authority by witnesses, or without having attested, by miracles, the mission of the man upon whom He imposed any extraordinary work.

The case of Abraham, about which Guiteau made so much ado, is directly against him; for the patriarch had received abundant evidence of the Divinity, and His method of imposing commands, long before Isaac was born. The Scripture intimates by the expression "God spoke," not an internal pressure or emotion, but a clear and evidential showing forth of the Divine purposes. No Catholic confuses the secret illuminations and graces of the Holy Ghost with inspiration such as guided the pens of the Evangelists, or the power that lifted St. Paul to the third heaven. The Church is always averse to admitting any extraordinary claims to special spiritual guidance, and she subjected to the utmost rigor of investigation the evidences of Divine guiding which impelled the life-work of the founders of great religious Orders,—St Francis, St. Ignatius, and other men of open and unquestioned holiness of life.

But, taken on Protestant grounds, Guiteau's argument of inspiration cannot be adduced as an evidence of insanity. A Protestant can interpret the Bible just as he pleases, and it is only the law, which is an offshoot of Catholicity, that puts down or keeps quiet half the religious "cranks."

The history of Protestantism is only a repetition of just such experiences as Guiteau claims to have had. Cromwell resolved upon the death of Charles I. after long wrestling in prayer. The foundress of the Shakers thought that she had received a special revelation that she was the "female principle of the Deity." Joanna Southcote lay in of the Messiah. John Wesley was continually haunted by spirits. The sanity of the world, in the religious order, has really been preserved by the Catholic Church, which, while permitting Bible reading, will not acknowledge the right of private interpretation. And certainly the history of all religious "crankism," down to Guiteau, amply vindicates the wisdom of such a course.

IN the burst of merriment which has greeted Mr. Oscar Wilde, and "Patience,"

many people forget the grain of good in the chaff. Wilde himself is only an echo (and a feeble one) of John Ruskin, who for years has been trying to teach John Bull that there are other things in life besides making money and persecuting the Irish. The average Britisher, or Philistine, cares nothing about art; but how different the feeling of the Irishman who really loves his beautiful church, though he now and then grumbles at the number of collections! Ruskin years ago pointed out the Catholic Cathedral as the true type of architectural beauty; but cockney Protestantism went on building meeting-houses, and sneered at the noble temples which their forefathers had stolen from the Catholics. It was also Ruskin who wanted the British workman to hang some sort of decent picture on the walls of his home. Now, who can enter the humblest Catholic home without seeing a few good pictures, oftentimes fair engravings of celebrated paintings, and beautiful, by suggesting holy thoughts, even if lacking in great artistic worth? Mr. Wilde might have told his audiences that the Catholic Church had beautified the poor man's home long before æstheticism introduced the idea of giving prettiness to commonplace surroundings. Over the humblest pallet, and in the poorest rooms, may be seen some little picture of our Lord, some trifle of a religious nature; and if all true art suggests more than it reveals, certainly a picture of the Crucifixion fulfils this definition.

And this leads us to tell our readers, that a special indulgence is attached to the having of a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus placed in their dwellings.

GERMAN PRIESTS complain of the difficulty of retaining the young German-Americans. The old folk love their language and prefer sermons in that tongue familiar to them from their childhood, and conveying to them the prayers and formulas of the Church. But the German-Americans frequently hear nothing but English, and as a knowledge of that language is absolutely necessary to get along in this country, they neglect the German, and, as the priests point out, the service in the mother-tongue is frequently unintelligible to them.

A German priest told the writer, that recently he invited an eloquent German missionary to preach in his church, and he was surprised how few young men were present. They were standing outside and around the church. Upon going out to urge them to come in, one of the young men very honestly said: "Father, what is the use to sit for an hour listening to a sermon which, at the best, we can only imperfectly understand? We shall come in for the Benediction."

The remedy which readily suggests itself is, Why, then, don't the young fellows go to the English-speaking church? But they will not, as they are attached to their own church, by reason, perchance, of baptism, or a sodality, or simply of nationality. It is to be regretted that language should interfere with the efficient action of the faith. What we should suggest would be for German-Americans to study that language thoroughly. It is a noble language and the key to a vast and most excellent literature. It is rapidly becoming almost an essential to business, particularly in the Far West. There is no more devoted body of men than the German priests, and their efforts in the salvation of souls should not fail, by reason of the carelessness of youth who, if only for filial reasons, should be familiar with their mother's tongue. They should despise that vulgar and ignorant spirit which civilization will eventually stamp out, which endeavors to affix a stigma to the German, or the Irish, or any nationality which happens to differ from a type that falsely calls itself American. The true American respects every nationality. If you are a Hottentot by birth, don't be ashamed of it. God, not you, is responsible for your existence, and, if He is not ashamed of it, certainly you need not be.

IT is a very negligent Catholic family that will await the doctor's decision before sending for a priest for one of their number, who has been many years unmindful of his duties as a Catholic. There is always danger of death, and to postpone a preparation for eternity until one is at its entrance is not a sign of sincere repentance.— *Catholic Columbian.*

THERE were 605 suicides and 1,266 murders in the United States during 1881.

GEN. BUTLER, whose knowledge of law has always and everywhere been conceded, in an interview with a reporter of "The Pilot," stated recently that the president ought to employ with celerity and energy every proper means to secure either the discharge or speedy trial of American citizens imprisoned in Ireland under the Coercion Act.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has been received, and we are pleased to note that it still maintains the high reputation it has attained in former numbers. This Magazine is largely circulated both in this country and in Canada, and it is well worthy of the success it has achieved. Its selections are of the highest order, the stories and sketches being particularly good. On the whole, it is one of the most entertaining magazines in the country, and its projector deserves much credit for his persevering enterprise. *Connecticut Catholic.*

ARCHBISHOP NULTY'S LETTER. — We give in this issue of our Magazine a remarkable and exhaustive letter of the distinguished Bishop of Meath. He virtually impales Gladstone and his administration. The Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, from which we copy this letter, says: "If the future historian of politics wishes to discover the true history of a great blunder and a great crime, he may turn to the letter of the Bishop of Meath. A more formidable indictment was never penned, and this last effort of the Bishop's gifted and patriotic pen will be read with deep interest by Irishmen all the world over."

PRIESTS FOR THE HEATHEN.—According to the Hong Kong (China) *Catholic Register*, a key to the success of the Catholic missions in the East may be found in the French Foreign Missionary College at Penang. In this institution there are upwards of a hundred young men, ecclesiastical students, undergoing the curriculum for the priesthood. Among them may be found representatives of all parts of Asia — India, Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Annim, China, Corea, and Japan. Nearly every Vicariate nominates one or more pupils. Latin is the only language spoken within the precincts, being the *via media* for securing uniformity among such heterogeneous elements. The staff of professors is well selected from the best European seminaries, being about a dozen in number, the Chair in Chinese being filled by an ex-Mandarin.

ALAS! THE POOR SPARROWS.— Only a few years ago sparrows were introduced into Australia, and already they have increased to such an excess that the Government of South Australia is offering a premium of sixpence a dozen for sparrows' heads. One witness assured the "Sparrow Commission" that in ten days these formidable depredators had consumed a ton and a-half of his grapes, and that they carried off the figs of five trees. Another witness said that in the season they took £30 worth of fruit, and another that three sowings of his peas were destroyed by the sparrows. No fruit or vegetable escapes them, and no method of repelling them is of any use.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—Like a generalissimo of an army, or a great statesman, Donahoe comes out with his pronunciamento and declares his magazine the cheapest in the world! The price being only 20 cents, or $2.00 a year, bears out the statement pretty well. The February number of this popular and instructive periodical is far ahead in point of interest to other magazines double the price. It opens appropriately with a beautiful portrait of Washington and a sketch showing how he put down the custom in Boston of burning the Pope in effigy. Then follows a paper signed "Some of Our Weak Points." Like bitter medicine, it is rather unpalatable, but very wholesome. It is addressed to Catholics, and contains not a few important hints to clergy and laity alike. The second instalment of "The Jesuits and their Persecutors," is a valuable contribution that is sure to be appreciated. "True to His Memory," by Justin McCarthy, sustains its Irish interest, and is a welcome addition to the varied contents of this excellent number of Donahoe's cheapest magazine in the world. —*Catholic Herald*, Lawrence, Mass.

PILGRIMS TO THE POPE.—In 1871 the Pope received 13,893 pilgrims from all parts of the world; in 1872, 17,477; in 1873 they diminished to 8,115; in 1874, 9,129; in 1875 they increased to 15,673; in 1876 still more, 19,780; in 1877 they amounted to 34,508; in 1878, 13,625; in 1879, 10,171; in 1880, 10,827. In 1875, Pius IX. received in solemn and particular audience 30,357 persons; in 1876, 51,243 were admitted; and in 1877 as many as 68,221. In 1878 Leo XIII. received 33,065 persons; in 1878, only 24,284; in 1880, 25,953. These figures suffice to show the veneration of the faithful towards the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and how vain are the efforts of his persecutors to prevent his communication with his flock.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Feb., 1882, presents an attractive table of contents; and, in order to increase the subscription-list, Mr. Donahoe proposes to give a book, containing ninety-six pages, same size as the Magazine, to every subscriber on receipt of the amount of the annual subscription, $2. The books are specially got up for the purpose, and the series comprises eight different books, any one of which may be selected by the subscriber. It should scarcely need such inducements to secure a widespread patronage for this excellent magazine, yet even greater inducements than this are offered in the shape of prizes for the getting up of clubs, etc. The Magazine has a prosperous look about it, and, with Mr. Donahoe's well-known energy and enterprise to push it forward, it cannot fail to largely increase its already wide circulation. — *The Tribune, Toronto, Ont.*

IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.— The *Catholic Review* of New York publishes a very remarkable manifesto, respecting the relations between Italy and the Pope; it was first published in Rome about a fortnight ago. It was so bold and clear in its statements, and carried with it such an air of authority, that it was at once attributed to the Pope himself. This has not been officially denied nor confirmed; but better opinion is, that the manifesto was written or inspired by Cardinal Jacobini, the Papal Secretary of State. A translation of the manifesto, made in Rome for the *Catholic Review* of New York, was published recently. The kernel of the whole document, which is drawn up with great skill, and is, beyond question, one of the most important state papers of modern times, is to be found in the following sentences: "Italy will soon be obliged to give back to the Pope his sceptre, to look out for another city where to fix her capital, leave the Pope master of Rome, and come to an understanding with the Holy See. She will be forced to do so by reasons of state, by public conscience, by European pressure, by the uneasiness and discontent of the population, and by the instinct of self-preservation. Thus reconciliation between the Pope and Italy would take place without any hurt, without any foreign armies, without any kind of violence. Italy will, by and by, draw back and leave the pontiff free and independent ruler of 200,000,000 of consciences, and will realize to the great advantage of the Italian nation the sovereign Pope in independent Italy. Let Italy be reconciled with the Pope, and the Pope free in free Italy. It shall be the strongest guarantee of our independence."

It is stated that the manifesto has produced a powerful effect at Rome and at all European courts.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S AERIAL CAR.— A correspondent states that an ingenious contrivance for travelling in the air has just been patented by the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel and the Rev. A. de la Pauze. It consists of a light car of bamboo or tubing, covered with oiled silk or waterproofing, and having stretched above it, on a mast, a level awning of oiled silk or coated canvas. This plane surface aids the buoyancy of the car by reason of its large surface pressing on the air below. It can be inclined either upwards or downwards at will, so as to direct the rising or sinking of the vehicle. Stays extend from the mast to the end of the car, and carry bearings on which are mounted universal joints, to which a fan or propeller is attached. These are driven by motive power contained in the car, either in the form of electricity or compressed air. The vessel is mounted on light wheels, and, in order to start it, it is run along the ground while the awning is inclined so as to gradually lift it into the air, while on the other hand, in descending, the awning is inclined in the opposite direction.

TWO TERRIBLE DEEDS.— An awful murder was lately committed near the town of Mullingar. One unhappy victim, Esther Croghan, lies dead; another, Anne Croghan, is desperately wounded. Never was there a crime which united in its appalling history such elements of dogged deliberation, of hideous cruelty, and of infamous cowardice. The ruffian who attacked the Croghan family watched his opportunity, and, in the absence of the servant man, attacked the three poor women, whose lone and defenceless condition would have appealed for mercy to the archfiend himself. The murderer first fired at Esther Croghan, then burst into the bedroom where Anne Croghan lay, and shot her, inflicting a frightful wound, then rushed back into the kitchen, and when he found that Esther and her mother had fled into the room off the kitchen, tore out a panel of the door, and fired four shots at Esther, killing her where she stood. In cowardice, in cruelty, in deliberation, this murder stands almost alone in the black annals of crime. We (*Dublin Freeman*) have no desire to minimize the shame and horror of the event; but it is some consolation to add that up to the present nothing has transpired to give to the murder an agrarian character, or to show that it involved any combination or conspiracy.

Here is a more horrible case: On the morning of Jan. 18, in Girard County, Ky., James R. Wilmot, a farmer, cut the throats of his mother, his wife, and two daughters, with an axe. He tried to kill his sons, but they escaped. Wilmot then hanged himself. Financial troubles are supposed to have been the cause.

PANIC IN A CHURCH. — A disastrous panic lately occurred at Warsaw. When Mass was proceeding in the Church of the Holy Cross, there was a sudden alarm of fire. The report avers that it was raised by a Jew, who, caught in the occupation of pocket-picking, created a panic to secure his own escape. However that may be, the startled congregation rushed to the doors and caused a crush which has cost at least thirty lives, and injured about one hundred people, chiefly women. It is useless to argue against panics; they will occur as long as human nature remains unchanged. Therefore the person who creates one, particularly if his act is malicious, should incur the highest penalty of the law. The knowledge, or assumption, that the man was a Jew who caused the cry of fire last Sunday, led to the wrecking of all the Jewish establishments in the city, so angry were the people at the tragic event of the morning.

BISHOP NORTHROP'S CONSECRATION.— Rev. H. Pinkney Northrop, of Charleston, S. C., was consecrated in Baltimore, as Catholic Bishop of North Carolina, at the Cathedral, Sunday, Jan. 8th. The prelates who took part in the ceremony were Right Rev. William H. Gross, D. D., Bishop of Savannah; Right Rev. John Moore, D. D.; Right Rev. Thomas A. Becker, D. D., Bishop of Wilmington, Del.; Right Rev. John A. Watterson, D. D., of Columbus, O.; Right Rev. Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J.; Right Rev. William McCloskey. D. D., Bishop of Louisville, and a large number of the Rev. Clergy. Bishop Northrop was born in Charleston, S. C., and is a son of the late Claudian B. Northrop, during his lifetime a prominent lawyer in Charleston, and member of the old Northrop family of that place, which is of English origin. He is also a nephew of Colonel Lucius B. Northrop, Chief Commissary of the late Confederate States. He was educated in theology at Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., where he graduated in 1860. He was ordained a priest at Rome, Italy, in 1865, and was sent from Charleston to North Carolina in the following year as a missionary priest.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is found at the regularly-appointed time on our table, and as we con its interesting pages, the hope finds spontaneous expression that the prosperity that has attended its youth will follow it down the vistas of time and bring it to a sound, ripe, prosperous old age. Mr. Donahoe is well fitted by long experience and natural qualifications for the work of issuing a magazine; and the success that has attended his efforts thus far, gives promise of a prosperous career for his latest venture. The Magazine is a model of typographical and literary excellence, presenting each month a diversified series of articles on questions of public interest, and touching on all the important topics of the day. The variety of the literature offered in the Magazine is not the least of its claims to public favor. It will always be welcome in our office. *Hibernian Record.*

MUSTARD POULTICES AS PUNISHMENT. — Recent disclosures in the Hervey Institute, Montreal are to the effect that Mrs. Craig, the matron, for some time past had been in the habit of punishing refractory children by applying mustard poultices to their bodies. About sixteen of the children were stated to have been thus treated. Some of these were infants, and one little fellow is represented to have been so terrified at this mode of punishment that he set fire to the children's dormitory, in order, he said, to try and escape from the house and the mustard blisters. The children are stated to have been in some cases so badly blistered that they could not sit down. When brought before the board of management the matron acknowledged the mustard plaster punishment, repented, was forgiven, and was kept in office. The parents of the children are terribly indignant, and threaten personal violence.

BILL DISCOUNTERS, MONEY-LENDERS, and other usurers, would not be so plentiful as they are if they were always served out in the same way as has recently been done in a small Catholic village in Austria. In this place, called Gottwiesen, a working farmer had borrowed £50 from a Vienna money-lender, and, in a comparatively short time, the amount had risen to £500, through manipulation of which usurers possess the secret. Of course, when the fatal day came the farmer could not pay, and so he was sold up. The money-lender himself would bid for and secure the property. So far so good. But as soon as he had got hold of it all the farm servants left him without notice, and no one in the whole village would help him to get in the crops. He tried to get some field hands from neighboring villages; but when it was known how he came by the property, those he had engaged left him at once. Then he put up the uncut crops for sale by auction, but not a bidder made his appearance. He now tried to let the farm, but no one would have it. In the end, he was glad to give back the property to its original owner on payment of the £50, without interest. If this kind of "co-operation" were generally resorted to, usurers would soon find out that theirs is not a paying business.

AN IRISH MILLIONAIRE. — The *Cork Herald* says: "It is stated that up to the present no will of Mr. Francis Wise, the distiller, who recently died in Cork, has been found, and that in such an event his huge personal property will devolve in equal shares, — one to Mr. Francis Wise Low, of Kilshane, county Tipperary, and the other to the Gubbins family, as the issue of his deceased sisters, Mrs. Low and Mrs. Gubbins. Assuming that the case is one of intestacy, the freehold estates of the deceased would come to Mr. Low and Mr. Joseph Gubbins, of Kilrush, county Limerick. Of course there is a tendency in the generality of instances to exaggerate the amount of the assets of a person like Mr. Wise; but from what we learn — and we believe with fair accuracy — the capital will come up to £3,000,000 sterling. Mr. Wise lived in an inexpensive and unostentatious manner, and while he was most generous during his lifetime to his relatives and friends, and also gave freely and often munificently to purposes connected with religion and charity, the accumulation of his savings must have been enormous; and it would, therefore, be no wonder that the state of his affairs will prove that he was the wealthiest man in Ireland, and equalled in this respect by only a very few in England or Scotland."

THE CHURCH IN GERMANY. — The formal and solemn installation of the Right Rev. Dr. Kopp as Bishop of Fulda was the occasion of great rejoicing and congratulation amongst the Catholics of that oldest of German dioceses. Our readers do not require to be told that for nine years Fulda was left without a bishop by the insane crusade which Prince Bismarck launched against the Catholics of Germany. The prince has for once in his life found himself utterly foiled, and finding this, he has humbled himself and sought forgiveness for his malicious mistake. At the Fulda ceremonial Count Eulenberg, the Governor-General of the Province, in an enthusiastic speech hailed the return of concord which put an end to the widowhood of the diocese and to the discontent of the people. What a blesing it would be (observes the *Dublin Freeman*) for this afflicted and maddened country if Mr. Gladstone were to be reached by some influence that would dispose him to show the self-revoking and self-correcting courage of the great German Chancellor.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE ASSASSIN. — Guiteau, with his beard shaved and a plaster cast taken of his head, presents fresh points of interest to the American nation. Personally, before he submitted to the razor, he cannot be said to have been an attractive man. A gentleman who was in court the first three days of the trial, says there is not a redeeming feature in his face. It is a curious fact that the right half of it seems better developed than the other. The forehead on the right side is higher and squarer, the eye is larger, and well shaped. On the left side the forehead seems to break down, the hair runs lower in places, the eye is considerably smaller, and has even a more depraved look than the other. His left eye is a striking feature; it is ill-shaped, bloodshot, menacing, and ugly. His eyes look dark in the dim light of the court-room, but they are really of a hideous pale blue. His head resembles a standing cube, the top of it being flat, the back of the head having a peculiar slant forward. His hair, short beard, and eyebrows are of a dirty brown. His grin is one of the most repulsive things about the man. His lips scarcely move, and, when they do, they merely make a slight movement across his white teeth, while the demoniacal light comes into his eye, and the whole of the ragged, repulsive face lights up. When this grin enlarges to a smirk, Guiteau glances about to see whether the spectators catch the joke, and the picture is intensified.

THE ENGLISH are restive at the steady and startling growth of the Catholic Church. They are now growling at the slightest favor shown Catholics by the court. They complain that the illustrative decoration of the Princess Beatrice's "Birthday Book" has been executed at Leipsic with injustice to English art. It is also complained that the whole of the poetry quoted displays decidedly Catholic tendencies; that George Herbert, and Longfellow, and Hemans, and Adelaide Proctor, all of them more Catholic than Protestant in their tone of thought, contribute their warmest religious strains. Then, again, another grievance is that Messrs. Macon & Co., a Catholic firm, have been intrusted with the binding, which is rich almost beyond precedent. John Bull inquires in alarm what all this means. Well, John, it means that the Catholic world is moving right on, and, ere long, you will be so far behind that catching up, in your present gouty condition, will be out of the question. — *The Western Watchman.*

THE new ministry of public worship in France has gazetted its purpose to enforce the Concordat of 1802. We hope His Holiness will find it possible to overthrow the whole wretched work of Napoleon. The French Church has not had a happy day since the miserable agreement was signed. Let the rascals keep their few beggarly francs, and if the people fail to support their clergy voluntarily, let them do without the Sacraments. — *Western Watchman.*

THE LATE CANONIZATIONS. — With the creation of four new saints that took place the other day at St. Peter's Basilica, the number of eminent personages upon whom the Holy See has conferred the highest honors in its gift since the termination of the tenth century has been brought up to a total of 225. The present century has added more largely to the calendar than any of its precursors. Forty-nine ecclesiastical dignitaries and martyred lay-folk have been canonized since Jan. 1, 1800; whereas, during the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries respectively, only eleven Church notables were beatified by the reigning Pontiffs. A list has been published of the names, callings, and qualifications for canonization of the 225 saints in question. Members of the legal profession, who may chance to glance over this interesting catalogue *raisonné*, will observe, with regretful surprise, that only one lawyer has been deemed worthy of supreme distinction by the Church during a period of nearly a thousand years. The largest contingent — sixty-one — is furnished by the minor Catholic clergy. Next come the martyrs, forty-seven in number; and, thirdly, as many prelates, save one. Only two Popes, three Cardinals, three hermits, three Doctors of the Church, and three unmartyred laymen are set down in the above-mentioned list, which, however, records the canonization of an emperor, an empress, seven kings, two queens, two dukes, and one duchess, as well as of three virgins and one widow. Pius IX. made more saints than any of his predecessors.

AN OLD COW.—Anything is good enough for human food. This seems to be the opinion of Mr. John Henry Gee, a Derby (England) butcher. Mr. Gee bought an old cow for a sovereign. A cow for twenty shillings! One can easily imagine what sort of cattle this old cow was. Mr. Gee, however, only meant it for cats' meat. The cats'-meat man considered the old cow too bad even for quadrupeds. The old cow was next sought to be foisted off on the hounds of Lord Herries, but these dogs would not touch it. The old cow was next offered to a menagerie. Even the lions and tigers refused it. As a last resource Mr. Gee dressed the old cow up for human food and sent it to an agent at the London Central Market, with instructions for him to "do the best he could with it." Unfortunately for the owner of the old cow, an inspector happened to be going his rounds on the particular day and the particular hour that the agent for human food was endeavoring to "do his best with it." The result was the industrious Gee was brought before the Guildhall magistrate and fined £10 and £3 3s. costs. Not near enough punishment for such an offence.— *London Universe.*

MR. PARNELL, M. P.— Recently, Miss Jane Cowley, and Mrs. O'Brien, Honorable Secretaries, visited Mr. Parnell, M.P., at Kilmainham, on behalf of the Rathdrum Branch of the Ladies' Irish National Land League, for the purpose of presenting him with a chest of carpenters' tools. The ladies were introduced by Mr. Corbett, M.P. Mr. Parnell graciously received them, and expressed his warmest thanks for their handsome New Year's gift. The honorable gentleman seemed to be in good spirits, but looked very much worn from the effects of his imprisonment. He expressed a wish that the ladies would continue their exertions in aid of the Prisoners' Maintenance Fund, as a much larger sum will be required. The chest was handsomely mounted in brass, with his crest, and a suitable inscription on top.

BRUMMAGEM GODS.— Pious and benevolent people who contribute money towards the conversion of the heathen will be rather surprised to learn that civilized England is offsetting some of the work of the missionaries by sending manufactured idols to India to be forwarded to worshippers of Buddha. At least this is the story that a New Yorker, who is fresh from the countries where idol worship is at its height, tells a reporter. These idols are made in Birmingham, and are called "Brummagem gods," and find a ready market among the Hindoos. They are ranged along the shop shelves, and are just as much a recognized article of commerce in that country as children's toys are in this. The gentleman says that vessels arrive in the ports there with boxes of heathen gods on one deck and Bibles on the other. It will strike the average reader that the missionaries would do well to put in some hard work in Birmingham first, and then perhaps their labors would be less arduous in the heathen countries.

THE POPE received the Cardinals and Bishops who were in Rome for the canonizations, and addressed to them an Allocution, in which, amongst other things, he said:— "The Roman Pontificate ought at least to be protected, when we consider the benefits for which the nations are indebted to it. God grant that the Italian people may be the first to understand that every demand for the liberty and the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff, far from being a danger for Italy, is for her a source of greatness and prosperity."

THERE are said to be 30,000 children in England who go to no school at all, because they belong to travelling caravans.

THE *London City Press*, not ungraciously or inaptly, recalls at the present time an instance wherein Ireland was not, as of late, the recipient of English charity, but was herself England's benefactor. A recent report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts details how, when terrible suffering existed in London after the great fire, the Irish (at the suggestion of the Duke of Ormonde) subscribed 20,000 head of cattle for distribution amongst the impoverished. The Corporation petitioned Parliament for permission to accept the gift.

OF eighty-one agrarian offences tried at the Winter Assizes of Ireland, fifty-six resulted in conviction. In eleven the accused were acquitted, and in fourteen the juries disagreed. The average of acquittals is about the same as in an English assize; and there are not more than two of them in which any miscarriage of justice was complained of by either the judges or the counsel for the Crown.

THE new census of Paris has appeared. Whatever be the fluctuation of population in the rural districts of France, the cities are fully maintaining their progressive character. In 1876 the capital had a population of 1,988,809, and since then there has been the remarkable increase of 237,100—almost equal, in five years, to the proportion acquired by New York in ten. The increase is distributed pretty generally, but most strikingly in the industrial quarters.

THE phrase "Going to Canossa," which is frequently used now to designate the surrender of Bismarck to the Pope, is an allusion to the pilgrimage which Henry IV., of Germany, after his excommunication by Hildebrand, made to the Italian city of that name, in order to obtain his pardon, which he secured by public penances.

THE *London Echo*, one of the cheap and widely circulated dailies, sees what most people do not yet. It says: "The land question is not only an Irish question actually, and an English and Scottish question prospectively, but it is evidently becoming the European question in every country where there is a great territorial aristocracy."

HENRY GEORGE says that if a tithe of the arbitrary acts done in Ireland were attempted by the same government in England, there would be a ferment such as has not been seen since the times of the Stuarts.

THE Hibernians will parade in Boston on the 17th of March.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY is to be celebrated in Worcester by a parade and a concert in the evening.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY is a Holy Day of Obligation in Ireland, but not elsewhere.

GUITEAU FOUND GUILTY.—The jury in the case of the murderer of the late President Garfield found the culprit guilty. The jury were out only five minutes. The jurors were unanimous for his conviction of murder in the first degree. He has been sentenced to be hung on the 30th of June, 1882.

OF the late Patriarch Prelate, John of Tuam, a poet sings:—

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long;
Even wondered at, because he dropped no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more;
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

THE bodies of the late Emperor Napoleon and Prince Louis Napoleon will shortly be removed from Chiselhurst to Farnham, where the Empress has had a chapel specially erected for their reception.

WHILE England is congratulating itself on the national income during the past year, she is completely distanced by the French, whose excess of income over estimate is very nearly nine millions sterling.

A MAN worthy of passing note has just died at Bale City, in Switzerland. His name was Hafelin. He was one of a family of twenty-nine children, and his father lived to the age of 103 years.

STEAMER *Servia*, of the Cunard Line, from New York, Jan. 18, arrived at Queenstown Jan. 27, making the passage in 7 days 12 hours from Sandy Hook, being the quickest trip on record by ten minutes.

REDUCING THE RENTS.—George H. Pentland, Esq., of Black Hall, county Louth, has agreed to give his tenants on the Carstown estate, on his own proposition, a reduction in the rents of from 20 to 30 per cent., and to have same made a rule of the Land Court.

THE NATIONAL BANK.—The report of the directors of the National Bank held in London, January 26, shows that this great national institution is sharing very little in the depression which other public companies in Ireland complain of experiencing. The financial principles on which its operations are conducted, aided by the enterprise and business skill of its head and local managers, have secured for its shareholders a dividend of 11 per cent, a not unsatisfactory outcome of the half-year's working. The profits for the period have been £95,345 1*s.* 9*d.*, of which £82,500 is absorbed by the dividend, while a portion of the balance goes to add greater stability to the already large rest fund, which will now stand at £206,045. The company has, since its last meeting, been registered as a limited liability company, but the accounts now presented deal with the bank as an unlimited company, as it was up to December 31. This is the bank Mr. Donahoe draws his bills of exchange on, which are payable free of discount at all its branches throughout Ireland.

BOYCOTTING has of late been resorted to with some success in Germany. The case was one in which Catholic people had been greatly injured in their feelings. A monastery, situated at Olobok, in Prussian Poland, had been confiscated by the Government, after its lawful inmates had been turned out. The robbers sold it to two Jews for the purpose of pulling it down. But lo and behold, when it came to beginning the work, there was not a man to be found in the place to lend a helping hand! They managed to get some men from another place to pull the building down; but when it was done, not a man in the whole district was to be found to cart the rubbish away. There the matter rests. The beauty of it is that the contractors are bound, in a severe penalty, to have the whole of the work done by a certain time; and so, instead of being gainers, they will find themselves great losers in the filthy bargain.

THE ENORMOUS IMMIGRATION OF 1881.—The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the total number of immigrants arrived during the year ended December 31, 1881, as far as reported, was 716,868. Of this number there arrived from Germany 248,323; England and Wales, 77,750; Ireland, 70,896; Scotland, 16,441; Dominion of Canada, 94,159; Austria, 19,667; Norway, 26,824; Sweden, 55,805; China, 20,628; all other countries, 86,375. It is probable that returns yet to be received will show the total number of immigrants arrived during the last calendar year to have been about 719,000.

EDMUND BURKE, who died at Newport, N. H., Wednesday, Jan. 25, was born in Westminster, Vt., Jan. 23, 1809, the sixth of nine children of Elijah and Grace Jeffers Burke. His father was a prominent farmer, and one of the first importers of the Merino sheep into Vermont. His grandfather was Captain Jesse Burke, who was the greatgrandson of Richard Burke, of Sudbury, Mass., the first Burke known in this country, about 1665, who sprang from the De Burgh family in Ireland, and was represented in the families of the Earls of Mayo and Clanricardis, both of which had the De Burgh blood in their veins. The mother of William the Conqueror was also a De Burgh, and while the family had been numerous and illustrious in Normandy, after the conquest it became equally so England and Ireland. Captain Jesse was a stanch patriot in revolutionary times, and was a bosom friend and confidant of Ethan Allen and other prominent patriots.

THE BOSTON SHAW GUARD, which is composed of colored men, feel slighted, because, while the colored officers of Rhode Island were invited to the Tigers' Ball in their city, none of their officers were asked to be present, and they wish to know if a Rhode Island negro is superior to a Massachusetts one. Well, in a way he is. Owing to the bigoted laws of this State, our colored men, most of whom were born in the country, take precedence of a white citizen who had the misfortune to be born elsewhere, in the matter of voting, the former being entitled to a vote without property, and the latter having to own $134 worth of land before he can drop his ballot. No Massachusetts negro can claim that distinction, which, it seems, entitles our colored soldiers to dance with the belles of Beacon Hill, in addition.—*Weekly Visitor, Providence, R. I.*

THREE MISSIONARIES MURDERED.—According to intelligence received in Paris from Algiers, the following is how three French missionaries met with their death: It appears that they arrived safely at Ghadames, where, having been warned that the Touareks occupied the surrounding country in considerable force, and that some had been seen in the immediate vicinity of Ghadames, the Fathers were about to abandon their enterprise, when three Touareks presented themselves, offering to conduct the Missionaries in safety to their destination. Father Richard, with two other Missionaries, the Fathers Morat and Poufredat, trusted their lives to these Touareks, who turned out to be spies. They placed them in the hands of their tribes, by whom they were massacred.

PERSONAL.

MRS. GENERAL SHERMAN, who is known to be an earnest Catholic, has received from His Holiness the Pope the Golden Rose, generally reserved for crowned heads.

DR. SCHLOEZER, the expected plenipotentiary of Germany near the Holy See, is expected very shortly in Rome, when he is to present his credentials at the Vatican.

JOHN P. MANNING, Esq., clerk of the Superior Court for criminal business, has been appointed by the judges of the court a commissioner to take bail in criminal cases in Suffolk County, Boston.

AMONG the ordinations recently held in Troy, N. Y., occurs the name of the Rev. J. J. Waters, who received his ordination from the hands of the Rt. Rev. Francis McNeirney, Bishop of Albany. The Rev. Fr. Waters is second eldest son of Dr. J. C. Waters, of Indianapolis, Ind., and formerly of Dublin.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M. P., lately held his maiden brief in the Westminster County Court, England, and, as might have been expected from his performances in Parliament, made a highly successful *debut*. He intends to devote himself exclusively to the law, thus following the example and precedent of Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P.

HON. W. J. ONAHAN AT BAY VIEW.—We learn from the *Milwaukee Citizen* that Hon. W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, recently lectured at Bay View to a large and attentive gathering in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Mr. Onahan has a reputation throughout the Northwest as an able lecturer, his discussion of Catholic subjects being particularly interesting. The subject of the lecture was: "The Catholic Church and Popular Education."

ON Sunday, Jan. 8th. the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin was present in state at High Mass in the cathedral, Marlborough Street. His Lordship was accompanied by his chaplain, his secretary, the town clerk, the city marshal (Mr. J. Carroll), the mace and sword-bearer, and other civic officers. Accompanying the Lord Mayor, who wore his robes of office, were the high sheriff (Mr. E. D. Gray, M. P.), and most of the Catholic members of the corporation in their robes. The cathedral was crowded. His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin presided at the ceremonies. The Lord Mayor was greeted with loud cheering by the crowds assembled outside the cathedral.

WE had the pleasure of a visit from Rt. Rev. Bishop De Goesbriand, on the twenty-sixth of January. The Rt. Rev. Prelate is in excellent health.

M. HERBERT, the celebrated French painter, has chosen for the subject of his masterpiece at the next Paris Academy "The Genius of Erin." It will represent a pensive Irish maiden playing on a harp, and the while gazing mournfully heavenwards.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P., encouraged, no doubt, by the great success he has achieved with the "History of Our Own Times," is preparing for the press another volume, entitled "Epochs of Reform, 1841-1850." This book will be published with the series now in course of production by Messrs. Longman, called "Epochs of Modern History."

VERY REVS. MGRS. WILLIAM QUINN and THOS. S. PRESTON, Vicars-General of the Archdiocese of New York, have been raised by the Pope to the dignity of "Domestic Prelates of the Papal Household." A number of people called on Thursday at the residence of Mgrs. Wm. Quinn and Thomas S. Preston to congratulate those venerable ecclesiastics. The dignity conferred entitles them to wear the colors and garments of a Bishop, but not the ring and cross. They are brought nearer to the Pope as officials, and when in Rome will have ready access to him. The honor is a merited reward of their long and faithful service to the Church.

THE distinguished Celtic scholar, M. D'Arbois de Joubainville, has had the honor of filling the new Chair of Celtic Literature in the College of France conferred upon him by decree of the French Minister of Instruction. The competitors for this high post were not so numerous, we believe, as formidable,—amongst the names being those of two very eminent students of Celtic, M.M. Henri Martin and Gaidoz. M. de Joubainville differed, however, from most other Frenchmen who have made Celtic literature their study, in that he had to a great extent carried on his researches in the chief country of the Celts,—Ireland, to wit. It is not long since the distinguished *savant* took his departure from Ireland after a prolonged sojourn, during which he explored a large number of valuable treatises, and had the advantage of personal inquiry into the habits of the people and the traditions of many spots of historical interest. He is expected to give the world a valuable result of his labors in a very short time.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Catholic Publication Society Co., N. York.

"STUMBLING-BLOCKS MADE STEPPING-STONES" By the Rev. James J. Moriarty, A. M., Pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Chatham, N. Y. 1 vol., 12mo. Cloth extra, $1.25 net. Cheap edition sent postpaid for 30 cents. For sale by the author.

Five editions of this book have been already sold, showing the great estimation in which it is held. A contemporary remarks: "The doctrines of the Catholic Faith are set forth with knowledge and temperance in 'Stumbling-Blocks Made Stepping-Stones on the Road to the Catholic Faith.' Father Moriarty treats of the Mass, the Confessional, Purgatory, Infallibility, the Saints, and the Blessed Virgin. He says he puts no faith in mere controversy, but believes in clear explanations, and his volume is composed according to this view." The author of this work was favored with the special Apostolic Benediction of the Holy Father Leo XIII.

Benziger Bros., New York.

AN INSTRUCTION ON MIXED MARRIAGES. By the Rt. Rev. William Bernard Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, England.

This is an excellent discourse upon a subject that should interest every Catholic family — more particularly those who are, or about to be, married to those outside the Church. Clergymen would do well to circulate this book among their people, to guard them against the evils of mixed marriages.

COUNSELS OF A CATHOLIC MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER. From the French.

This is another very useful and instructive book, issued by the Messrs. Benziger. Buy it, mothers, and read it to your daughters, if they will not read it themselves. The book should be in every family. The price is 60 cents.

J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia.

IRELAND OF TO-DAY: The Causes and Aims of Irish Agitation. By M. F. Sullivan. With an introduction by Thomas Power, M. P.

The subjects treated of are,— What is this Irish question? Ireland prior to the land war. How the people lost the land. The reason Ireland has no manufactories. How the people lost their parliament. A lettered nation reduced by force and law to illiteracy. The Irish tenant to-day. The peasant-farmer in other countries. Peculiar features of Irish landlordism. The landlords sow the seed of the land league. The men who gathered the crop. A peaceful and constitutional movement. A landlord's agent goes into the dictionary. Driven from home by famine and law. Liberty and crime in Ireland. The land laws. What is the end to be?

The book is illustrated by portraits of Parnell, agitators of the past and present, including that of the mother of Mr. Parnell. There are many other illustrations.

The author of the book, Mrs. M. F. Sullivan, the most talented Irishwoman in the country, has done a noble work, and the publishers have brought out the book in fine style. Price, $2.

Joseph A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.

Mr. Lyons has given us a splendid volume of Catholic poems, from Chaucer to the present day. It is a large, handsome volume. The price to subscribers is $5. A cheap edition, $2. A further notice in our next.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THE YOUTH'S CABINET.

This is a new illustrated publication, published by P. O'Shea, for the benefit of the young. It will be devoted to choice stories, interesting biographies, and useful information. It contains 32 pages, and is issued at $1 per year. The present number is a very interesting one. We wish the *Cabinet* an abundance of success.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," Song, arranged by Kraigne. "Farewell," Song, words by Louis Elson, music by F. Parlo Tosti. "The Beautiful Night," Vocal Waltz, words by Earl Marble, music by Will Frost. "Uncle Tom's Gwine to Stay," Song, words by Geo. Russell Jackson, music by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "Racquet Quadrille," by Wm. E. Greene. "Beautiful Bride's Wedding March," by Chas. D. Blake. "The Angel's Greeting," Reverie Angelique, for four hands, by same author. "Little Beauty March," by Claude Haven. "The Beautiful Night Waltz," arranged by same.

"Golden Stars," Waltz, Schottische, Quadrille, and Galop, all by L. Streallog. "Robin's Song," and "Whip-poor-will's Song," both for piano-forte, by T. P. Ryder. "Tinkling Bells," Caprice Brilliante by Fred. T. Baker. "Day and Night," Potpourri de Concert, from opera by Lecocq, arranged by C. D. Blake. "When the Leaves Begin To Turn Waltz," arranged for orchestra, by J. H. Wadsworth.

Music Books.—"Five Finger Exercises," by Al. Schmitt. A collection of very useful studies for piano-forte, issued in attractive style. "The Pretty Cantineer," Comic Opera, music by Robert Planquette, text adapted and rewritten by J. W. Norcross, words translated and set to music by Louis C. Elson. A very neat and attractive edition of a pretty and sparkling little operatic work by a well-known composer, who has some fine work in that line.

Spear & Dehnhoff, New York.

Vocal: "The Leaves Have Fallen To The Ground," Rural Ballad, words by Daniel B. Lucas, music by C. T. De Coenial. "Oh, Dear! What Will My Wife Say?" Comic Song, words and music by F. Whittaker. "Roses Perish in the Snow," Song, words and music by J. D. McCarthy.

Instrumental: "Stolen Glances Waltz," by W. M. Ely. "Stella Waltzes," by C. M. Florence.

Mr. Michael Davitt was visited by friends in prison at Portland. He is in good health, and his lung affection has considerably subsided. He had not heard anything whatever of what was passing in the outer world since he was visited by the Archbishop of Cashel last July. The first question he put to his visitors, and which he asked with apparently very earnest anxiety; was whether any outrages were occurring in Ireland. On learning that there were, he exhibited much excitement, and said, "From the moment I came back from America I set myself determinedly to stamp out conduct of that kind. As for outrages on brute beasts, those who perpetrate such crimes are cowards and miscreants. I know no punishment that would be too severe for them." Mr. Davitt expressed himself pleased with the consideration shown him by the governor and other officials.

The Christian Brothers, through the great efforts of Rev. Patrick Healy, have established a school in Chicopee, the first established in Massachusetts.

A Tenth Child.—On the twenty-first day of last November, the wife of Councillor Stevenson, of Ripon, presented him with a tenth child, who happened to be the eighth son. About eleven years ago Councillor Stevenson, along with the Mayor of Ripon and other Mayors of England, was presented at the Palace, Brussels, to the King, Leopold II. Subsequently Councillor Stevenson ascertained that it is the custom in Belgium for the King to stand as godfather whenever an eighth son is offered to receive the holy sacrament of Baptism in his dominions; and, taking advantage of his former introduction, he made an application to his Majesty to become sponsor for his eighth son. King Leopold graciously consented. The ceremony took place on the fifth of last month, at St. Wilfrid's Church, Ripon. A Belgian priest, Father Geuden, of the Order of St. Norbert, performed the ceremony, Mr. John Stevenson being proxy for the King. The child was named Leopold Ignatius. A beautiful present to the child arrived from his illustrious godfather, consisting of a handsome morocco case containing a silver cup, napkin ring, silver spoon and fork, also silver egg-cup and spoon, all elegantly ingrained.

Chicago, 1881.

Editor Donahoe's Magazine:—I do not think we can put too often before our young Irish-Americans the record of what Irishmen have done in this country.

If Irish publishers do not do it, *no one else will;* your magazine is destined to become a general depository of matter interesting to Irish people in this country. I wish you would urge on all your readers that, whenever in their reading they run across anything of interest to our race, they should make an abstract of it and send it to you. If so, the magazine would soon become a storehouse of Irish-American history. I send you some abstracts. Ever yours, E. F. Dunne.

Tallahassee, Florida,
Dec. 21, 1881.

My dear Mr. Donahoe,—I send you three abstracts prepared last summer; my best one, on Barry, I see, has been anticipated by some one. These got mislaid in my moving to Florida, and turned up only this A. M. Ever yours,

E. F. Dunne.

One of the articles referred to appears in our present issue.

A fac-simile of the statue of St. Peter at Rome has just been executed at Paris by M. Froc-Robert, being a gift by the Pope to the French Church at Boston, for the benefit of which a fair is now being held at the church on Beacon Street.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

REV. BERNARD CLARK died at Hornellsville, N. Y., on January 3.

REV. FREDERICK STEFFEN died at Rochester, Pa., on December 30.

REV. JAMES C. MCMANUS, of Batavia, N. Y., died on January 11.

REV. ANTHONY VAN GROOTEL died at De Pere, Wisconsin, on January 9.

REV. NICHOLAS GALES died at Himmelgarten, Mercer County, Ohio, on January 1.

REV. M. J. MITCHELL died at Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., January 11.

REV. M. J. RICE died at Augusta, Ga., on Friday, December 23d.

REV. JOSEPH NIEDZIELSKI, of St. Casmir's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., is dead.

REV. LOUIS MUSARD died at the Convent of Mount St. Vincent, New York, on December 27.

REV. FRANCIS MARECHAL, S. J., was killed at Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y., in a collision of cars on the New York Central Railroad.

VERY REV. JOHN O'DONNELL, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception of Nashua, N. H., and for many years Vicar-General of the Diocese of Portland, Me., died at his residence in Nashua, on Sunday, January 22d, after a short sickness, of pneumonia. Father O'Donnell was a native of Ireland, and in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was ordained at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., and soon afterward he was stationed at Eastport, Me., where he remained two years. He was then transferred to Portland, Me., where he remained seven years. Twenty-seven years ago he was assigned to Nashua. At that time there was no church in the city, and he attended to the spiritual wants of the Catholics of other places, his congregations meeting in public halls. He succeeded in raising the money necessary to build the handsome church of which he was the pastor at the time of his death. He was a public-spirited man, and was much respected by all who knew him. The funeral was largely attended. Archbishop Williams was present on the occasion.

REV. P. HASTY died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Norfolk, Va., on December 28.

ON the Feast of the Holy Innocents, December 28, aged 81 years, one month, and one day, Rev. John Joseph Gallagher, of Mercer, Pennsylvania, the oldest missionary in the diocese, passed away from earth, as we hope to heaven, to receive his reward from that Master whom he had served so long and so faithfully.

REV. JAMES MCPHELEMY, lately assistant pastor at Bradford, Pennsylvania, and surrounding missions, died at Bradford, on the 6th of January. The deceased was a native of Ireland, but came to this country at a very early age, and lived the greater part of his life in Connecticut.

AT Ballynahown, Killmallock, on the 22d of December, at the early age of 42 years, and the 18th of his sacred ministry, Rev. Patrick Tracey, exemplary pastor of Newton-Hyde, diocese of Shrewsbury, England, breathed his last. After a zealous and useful career in Birkenhead, Stockport, and the scene of his late labors, where he spent twelve years, broken down in health, he came back to Ireland to have his bones laid in the old churchyard of Ballinagaddy.

SISTERS.

SISTER CRESENTIA, O. S. B. (Miss Mary Ann McDonnell), died at St. Joseph, Minnesota, on January 2d.

SISTER MARY ASSUMPTIA (Miss Conroy) died in Indianapolis, Indiana, on Monday, January 2d.

SARAH E. O'BRIEN — in religion Sister Rose Perpetua — daughter of Ann and the late Patrick O'Brien, died at the Convent of the Holy Cross, 42d Street, New York, on January 9th.

JANUARY 15, Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque, professed Sister of Charity, at the early age of twenty-three, departed this life at St. Patrick's Female Orphan Asylum, near the Cathedral, N. Y. She was known, previous to her entrance into religion, as Miss Bridget Kennedy, of Loon, Castlecomer, county Kilkenny, Ireland, niece of the Rev. Brother Jasper, of Manhattan College.

SISTER GENEVIEVE, of the Order of Charity, died at New Orleans on the 23d of January. She was a native of Italy.

SISTER IGNATIUS, of the Order of Charity, died at New Orleans on the 28th of January. In the world her name was Julia Buckley. She was born in Ireland in 1843.

BROTHER.

CHRISTIAN BROTHER Edward Fogarty, a native of Prince Edward Island, died at San Francisco on the 21st of January.

LAY PEOPLE.

DANIEL BRODERICK died Dec. 22, after a short illness, at the residence of his son, Michael Broderick, in Petersham, Mass., surrounded by his children and grandchildren, at the age of 93 years. He was born in Rathormac, county Cork, Ireland. Rev. Joseph Coyne accompanied the funeral to Calvary Cemetery, in Athol, and read the burial service. May his soul rest in peace!

DIED, in Taunton Mass., at his residence, Dec. 26th, of pneumonia, Mr. John Smith, aged 61 years, a native of the county Cavan, Ireland, having emigrated to this country in the year 1840. Since then he has been a citizen of Taunton. He leaves four sorrowing children and numerous friends to mourn his loss. He was connected with the Catholic book and emigration business for a period of over 20 years, through which he gained many friends. He was a member of the Benevolent Society, in which he held different offices. He died fortified with the rights of the Catholic Church. High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Fogarty, of St. Mary's Church, and was attended by the Benevolent Society. May his soul rest in peace!

DIED, at East Whately, Mass., at the residence of her son, Nancy Heaphy, aged 83. The deceased was born in the parish of Comeragh, county Waterford, Ireland. May she rest in peace!

MISS MARY F. DONOVAN, sister of John B. Donovan, Esq., of Biddeford, Maine, died at her home in Lisbon Me., on Jan. 3d. She had been in failing health for several weeks preceding her death, although she apparently showed considerable vitality till the Thursday before her demise, from which time she gradually failed, till death relieved her sufferings. Her attending physicians, Drs. Donovan, of Lewiston, and Foster, of Lisbon, did all in their power, but of no avail. The deceased was 21 years, 5 months, and 12 days old. She was much beloved and respected by all who knew her, and breathed her last in the midst of devoted friends, calmly and peacefully. The funeral services were held at St. Joseph's Church, Lewiston, where a Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father Wallace, for the happy repose of her soul. The remains were interred in Mount Hope Cemetery, Lewiston. *Requiescat in pace!*

IT is very rarely indeed that such an event has to be chronicled as the death of a man who has lived 115 years, yet such is positively reported to be the age of Mr. Charles Crowley, who was recently buried at Coachford, in the county of Cork. The venerable centenarian was borne to the grave by the Nationalists of the district, who would not permit other hands to give back to the clay one whose life was congenial with their own aspirations. Mr. Crowley was somewhat of a lucky man during his existence, for we are told that he fought in the insurrection of 1798, and was again in action in 1848, though at the latter date he must have been 82 years old. There is a character named Phil Morris in Kickham's delightful "Knocknagow," and if the author did not draw it from the deceased Mr. Crowley, he must have known or conceived a striking counterpart.

BY the death, at the advanced age of 76, of Mr. Justice O'Brien, who has for twenty-three years occupied a seat in the Dublin Court of Queen's Bench, a truly excellent judge is lost to Ireland. Judge O'Brien was considered a very able lawyer, and was all through life a Liberal in politics, in which, however (though he sat in Parliament for a few years), he never took a very active part; and he never was a law officer of the Crown. He was a merciful judge, and always took care that prisoners should have fair play. During the trial of Mr. Parnell and his friends, a year ago, Judge O'Brien more than once gave important help to the defence,—that is, as far as he could consistently with his duty as a judge. He was a truly practical Catholic, and most generous in supporting all works of charity.

IT is with deep sorrow that we record the death of Mr. Eugene Cummiskey, of Philadelphia. The name carries the mind back to the early struggles of the Catholic book trade in this country, when Catholics were few and scattered. His father was the first settled Catholic publisher, beginning by issuing Haydock's folio Bible, a quarto and octavo Bible, prayer books, and others needed by the faithful some sixty years ago, so that for more than half a century the name of Cummiskey has been constantly an imprint on Catholic books. The son, trained to the business by his father, carried it on with ability and judgment, winning respect by his modest and unobtrusive merit, and known by the high character of his publications, and the creditable style in which they were produced.

THE DIOCESE OF CLEVELAND.

In a pastoral letter to the faithful of the Diocese of Cleveland, Bishop Gilmour, after a survey of the material progress and social improvement of the Catholics of Ohio, says: "Nor has the growth of religion in the diocese been less marked. The twenty-seven churches and fifteen priests that the saintly and weariless Bishop Rappe found on his arrival in 1847 as the development of his diocese, have been augmented to 176 priests and 206 churches and 20 chapels. Instead of the now abandoned St. Mary's on the Flats, then cathedral and sole church in the city and county, there are now 22 churches in the city alone, many of them not only ornaments to Cleveland, but ornaments to religion. Besides this there are hospitals, asylums, homes for the aged, the sick, the fallen, together with the precious legacy of over seven hundred orphans left to our generous charity and Christian care. With the churches have risen side by side the schools, in which are educated, at our own expense, twenty-five thousand children. Six hundred female religious minister in the hospitals and asylums, or devote themselves to the education of our youth. With the exception of a House of Refuge for boys, nearly every needed charity is provided for. Add to this, what we are sure will be gratifying in the extreme, that notwithstanding this rapid and wonderful growth of religion, there remains of an unpaid debt less than *ten per cent.* of the *cash value* of the property of the diocese. We do not state these things in a spirit of boasting, or for vain display, but as a simple recognition of work that has been done, and to acknowledge the liberal generosity of the faithful and the zeal and prudent management of the clergy."

During the year 1881, 2,039 vessels were lost at sea, and in them was sunk property estimated at £280,000,000. Of this sum £180,000,000 was owned by British people at home and in the colonies. 820 ships were lost off the coasts of the British Isles, three-fourths of which belonged to native owners.

John Dillon's Answer to Forster. —Dublin, February 1. — John Dillon writes from Kilmainham Jail as follows to Mr. Forster, Chief Secretary for Ireland: "I have received your message, that if I desire to go to the continent the gates of Kilmainham prison are open to me. I do not know why the message was sent to me, as I have made no communication to you. If any representations have been made by my friends, they are without my consent or knowledge. I must request that you will not address to me any further communications."

KING HUMBERT TO QUIT ROME.

Once more the restoration of the Temporal Power of the Pope has assumed its place as one of the prominent questions of general European interest. The remarkable words of Prince Bismarck on the dangers which threaten the Savoy dynasty have been commented on by both foes as well as friends of the Holy See.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, whose communications often serve as vehicles for the transmission of the views of those in higher place and power on the continent, writes that the departure of King Humbert from Rome to fix on some other city as his capital has been "the subject of repeated conversation in circles where repeated conversations on such a subject indicate early if not immediate practicability." Monarchial Europe, we are told, feels that every blow struck at the Vatican is a blow directed against the principle of authority and Christian Governments. This is what the Holy See and the Church has been inculcating for centuries. It is significant to see such admission in the *Times*. Would that the Governments of Europe had recognized their truth twenty years ago!—*London Tablet.*

Count Nugent, of Paris, has gone over to the majority. The descendant of one of those "wild geese" whose deeds are blazoned in the chronicles of so many Continental struggles, a gallant soldier, an elegant poet, a courtly gentleman, he died full of honors and of days. In the ranks of the *Anciens Irlandais* he has left a gap which will not be easily filled.

Hussars Cheering Parnell.—A correspondent of *United Ireland*, writing from Dundalk, says:—"The inspecting general of cavalry for Ireland was recently inspecting the 19th Hussars, stationed in this town, and at the conclusion of the inspection the troops were drawn up to hear from the general his opinion on their general bearing and appearance. At the conclusion of his address, passing a very marked expression of approval at their general efficiency, three cheers were called for and given for the Queen. Three more were called for and given for the general, which were followed by three more for the colonel and officers. A slight pause ensued, and then a loud voice rang from the centre of the regiment for three cheers for Parnell, which was heartily responded to by a lusty cheer from the throats of not a few. The general and officers were dumbfounded, and the general, in trotting off the ground, said to the colonel: "I always knew you had a lot of those d——d Fenians in your regiment."

THE ISLE OF PATRICK'S LOVE.*

ERIN, weep no more
Thy beautiful and brave;
Flowers are growing o'er
Every hallow'd grave.
Ope thy lustrous eye,
Pure as vestal hymn;
Tears nor agony
Can that lustre dim.

Raise thy noble brow,
With full freedom crown'd;
Thou, and only thou,
Faithful still art found.
Lo! on bended knee,
With abated breath,
Strangers sue to thee,
Asking back their faith.

Far o'er ocean's foam
Shines a land so fair;
Many a sunny home
Calls thee mother there.
See, the shamrock goes
Speeding to the West;
Well its way it knows
To each Irish breast.

Hark! from Tara's steep
Swells the hymn on high.
Hark! the circling deep
Thunders back the cry.
Broken is the chain
Tyranny hath wove.
Strike the harp again,
Isle of Patrick's love!

WE are pleased to notice that there is increasing improvement in the ability and appearance of *The Catholic Tribune*, published at St. Joseph, Missouri. The new heading is among the improvements.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, BOSTON.—The following are the receipts of the Fair which was held a short while since in the basement of this church: Temperance Table, $1,297.88; Married Men's Sodality, $1,800; Sisters' School, $3,032; Parish, $1,720; Sunday-school, $6,055; Young Men's Sodality, $2,407.37; Fenwick Court, $1,010.02; Married Ladies' Sodality, $1,360; Conference, $710; Young Ladies' Sodality, $1,631; Sanctuary, $690; Sacred Heart, $1,547; Fitzpatrick Court, $576; Fishermen's, $1,646; Refreshment and admittance fees, $979.07. Total, $26,731.34. Expenses, $661; net receipts, $26,070.34.

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* "On St. Patrick's Day (March 17th) the custom of sending the shamrock from Ireland to friends in America and elsewhere is well known. Thousands of leaves cross the Atlantic every year."

THE CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

From *Sadlier's Catholic Almanac* for 1882 we learn the following particulars:—

The great Catholic annual, by its constant increase of size, shows the spread of the Church in English-speaking countries. Of the eight hundred and sixteen dioceses in the whole world of the Latin rite, one hundred and fifty, or nearly one-fifth, are represented in this single volume. The publishers from time to time give reports from India and Australia, so that their issues present to the reader the wonderful spectacle of the recuperative power of Catholicity since the Reformation.

The record of Catholic events shows how the Church has prospered in the last year; how those who have been warring against her are gradually conscious of the folly of their course, seeking a truce that will save them from contempt.

The Church in the United States shows reports from two new dioceses, Davenport and Trenton.

The summary shows 13 archbishops, 72 bishops, 6,366 priests, more than 1,500 candidates for holy orders, 5,975 churches, and an estimated population of about six and a half millions.

The British Provinces in America come to second this with 6 archbishops, 27 bishops, 1,981 priests, 1,386 churches, and three and a quarter millions of Catholics.

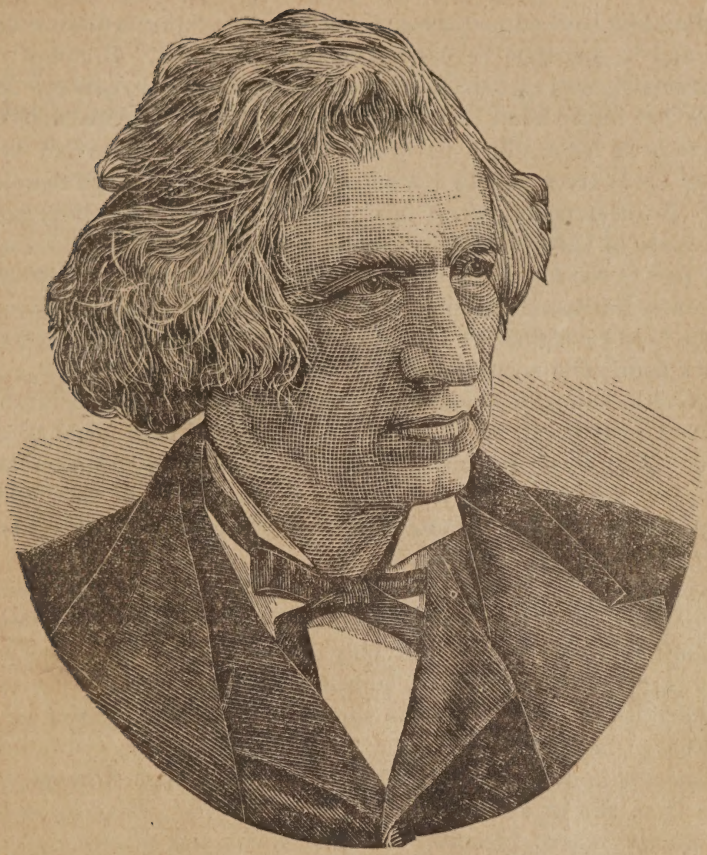
Independent, therefore, of Spanish and Portuguese-America, the Church in the portion of the continent where the English language prevails has more than eight thousand priests, more than seven thousand churches, and nearly ten millions of faithful children.

And yet a hundred and fifty years ago the Church in these same parts of America was utterly insignificant and ignored; too trifling to attract attention.

The *Almanac* is well and clearly printed, and forms a volume of 856 pages; the reports from England, Ireland, and Scotland, all furnished from the dioceses, occupying 184 pages. This part is of great importance to clergy and others who have occasion to write to pastors in the Old World, as is frequently the case.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a publication that surprises us every month with its wealth of judiciously-selected contents; and now that Father Ryan contributes regularly to its columns, there is assurance of unceasing nerve and vigor, as well as originality and dauntless independence. In the February number, the leading article on "Some of Our Weak Points" is keen as a scalpel, and will doubtless open many eyes.

New Orleans Morning Star.



HON. WILLIAM E. ROBINSON.

MEMBER OF CONGRESS FROM BROOKLYN, N. Y.

William Erigena Robinson was born at Omagh, near Cookstown, in the county of Tyrone. His father, Thomas, and brothers, John and James, were engaged in the dry goods business in Cookstown, Coleraine, and Ballymoney, and his father intended that he also should engage in the same occupation, but he wished to obtain a college education, and for this purpose, unknown to his father, borrowed money from his school teacher with which to buy the necessary Greek and Latin books, and pursued his studies of the classics after all the rest of the family had gone to bed, usually studying till near daylight. But this clandestine pursuit of learning was finally discovered by his father, who one morning found William asleep, with his candle burned out, and his head resting on Ainsworth's Latin Dictionary.

Finding him bent on preparing for college, his father withdrew his opposition, and in due time he entered college at Belfast. In a few weeks he was taken sick with typhoid fever, from which he slowly recovered, and was compelled to return home and abandon his studies. He remained for a time on his father's farm, which he ornamented by making graveled walks and planting forest trees and hawthorn hedges, which now adorn the old homestead. He also undertook, in his youthful love of education, to build a school-house of vastly superior pretentions to anything that had been erected in that part of the country, and made successful personal applications to the local gentry for liberal contributions, and obtained a handsome subscription from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. This splendid and costly school-house is now a flourishing memento of his taste and energy.

His health, however, was not fully recovered, and the physicians doubted its perfect restoration, but suggested that a sea voyage might be of much benefit. Accordingly in June, 1836, he left his home, and after a tedious and perilous voyage arrived in New York in September of that year. The first thing that attracted his attention on landing was the funeral of Aaron Burr from Staten Island to Princeton.

His detention at Belfast, Liverpool, and on the voyage had drawn so heavily on the purse with which he started from home, that on landing in New York he found himself with only one sovereign; but feeling too independent to write home for more, he managed by his own exertions with the pen and otherwise, to double his capital, and with ten dollars he entered Yale College in the fall of 1837. He graduated in the class of 1841, of course deeply in debt, which he afterwards paid, though in some cases the interest was almost as much as the principal. In college he made many acquaintances whose friendship he still retains and prizes: among them, Chief Justice Waite of the Supreme Court of the United States, William M. Evarts, &c. While in college he founded the Yale Chapter of the Psi Upsilon Society, and started the publication of the *Yale Banner*, which is still continued. He wrote much of the editorial matter for the New Haven *Daily Herald*, for which he received enough money to pay part of his expenses in college.

After graduating he pursued his studies two years in the Yale Law School, but accepted many invitations to deliver lectures on Ireland and the Irish before the Young Men's Associations in the leading cities of the Union. At Utica, Senator Kernan, then a young law student, and at Schenectady, General John Cochrane, were the secretaries inviting him to lecture. At Albany he was voted the use of the Assembly Chamber, and the Governor, Attorney-General, &c., were present. At Providence and Boston the Governors of Rhode Island and Massachusetts attended his lectures. At Washington the venerable George Washington P. Custis, of Arlington, the adopted son of President Washington, presided at his lecture, and at Lexington, in Kentucky, the illustrious Henry Clay introduced him to the

Continued on page 342.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. VII. BOSTON, APRIL, 1882. No. 4.

"There can be no authority where there is no justice."—*Leo XIII.*

"A Catholic paper is a perpetual mission."—*Leo XIII.*

When an unfaithful priest or religious leaves the Church, "there is one traitor less in the camp, one coward less in the army of Christ."

The fervent and persevering prayer of one sinless soul before the throne of the Almighty, the quiet, steady usefulness of a good man in his own sphere, the irresistible influence of his good example upon his fellow men, the simple words of heavenly wisdom that fall from his lips, and, like seed blessed by heaven, sink deep into the hearts of many, contribute more certainly and effectively to the advantage of humanity, and to the welfare of the Church, than the blood-stained victories of the conqueror or the noisy words of the haughty orator or statesman.

SOME MORE OF OUR WEAK POINTS.

WELL, we know that it is very disagreeable to write as, in honesty, we are obliged to write. But some one must do it.

"This is the best Government the world ever saw," —a fine political phrase, but false. "The Catholic Church is better off in these United States than anywhere else," — a fine ecclesiastical phrase, but somehow meaningless. There is political persecution masked, in every political party, against our persons and our beliefs, but not against our votes. Ah, no! votes tell even when the voter is the object of prejudice; that is, the vote is better than the voter. Republican or Democrat, why it is all the same! There is social prejudice against the Church all over the North; somewhat, yet not so much, down South. The ministers of non-Catholic denominations eat bread which is baked by the hot fire in the furnace of religious prejudice, to keep themselves and their families alive. In the natural order, we Americans are the sharpest, shrewdest, smartest, most enlightened people on the face of the globe; but in the supernatural order we are the dullest and blindest of people, save the heathens and Pagans. In spiritual matters we are always *guessing*. The American religion is a guess of the mind or a gush of the heart. The guess and the gush are always against our Church. Direct persecution would be much better for us.

Persecution makes men brave. Its absence makes them lax, and cowards. This country is full of unpractical Catholics. An unpractical Catholic in the logic of error, is a living syllogism against his Church; for error never did, and never will, because it never can, reason logically. The unpractical Catholicity of tens of thousands is one of our very greatest weaknesses. It

is an evidence of the weakening of faith. Whenever and wherever faith grows weak, true charity begins to fail. When charity fails, selfishness complacently sits on its ruins. Go from Catholic to Catholic in any city or congregation (the exceptions, if any, are few) to collect money for the Church, or the orphans, or any other Catholic interest, and what? Some will give gladly, and at once, God bless them! The most will listen, with an awkward hesitation, to your appeal, and give, if they give at all, grudgingly; and many will first rebuff, and then refuse.

Then, organize a fair, with all its pleasant enjoyments; have a picnic, with its pretty fascinations, or a grand ball, with its sensuous dances, and lo! come a throng opening their purses, not out of pure charity, but out of natural generosities, in proportion as you open to them the gates of worldly, and sometimes questionable attractions. Every one knows this. It shows the weakness of charity, as the unsacramental life reveals the faith that is failing. Herein — and priests know it well — lies a lamentable weakness. Again — we write just as if we were talking — Is there not too much money-talk in sermons almost everywhere? Does such talk strengthen the Word of God when preached? Is it in accord with the spiritual tones of the holy place? Sunday after Sunday, pew-rents hold a conspicuous place in the half-hour or hour in which the Gospel is preached, and in presence of the Blessed Sacrament. Why not talk business in the parochial parlor, or in some hall? The people are getting tired of sermons that jingle with the sound of money, and the doors of some churches are guarded by money-changers. Like the tent-doors of the circus, or the entrances of theatres, men stand asking an admission fee from those who come to assist at the great Sacrifice. Is it right? Some years ago we read a letter from the Propaganda sent to a Southern Bishop, and we reckon the rest of the Bishops received a copy of the same, condemning, in terms by no means mild, such an un-Catholic custom. Yet still the same practice prevails in some places. Once, some years ago, a cathedral in the South was to be dedicated with unusual pomp. In order to enter the church, each person was obliged to have a ticket costing several dollars. The day came: in went the Bishops and priests; only a few of the people were in the church; they stood silent on the sidewalk, and let the grand procession pass.

And that church had been built by the money of the poor, but they were barred entrance unless they paid. Of course the rich could come and enter, and grace with their moneyed presence the temple mainly built by the poor, but the poor were obliged to take the back seats or to stand outside. Are we imitating our Protestant brethren? In their religion the secular element is strongest. In ours the spiritual element is, and ought to be, the strongest. This, we reckon, is enough for to-day. Short articles stir, and make people think. Long-drawn articles, in these quick days, make readers drowsy. We want to keep them awake. A. J. R.

IRISHMEN IN AMERICA.

Compiled by Judge E. F. Dunne, for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, from Frost's American Naval Biography.

CAPTAIN BLAKELEY.

JOHNSTON BLAKELEY was born near the village of Seaford, in the County of Down, Ireland, in the month of October, 1781. Two years afterwards his father, Mr. John Blakeley, emigrated to this country, and after residing at Philadelphia a few months, left it for Charleston, South Carolina, with a view of engaging in business; afterwards moved to Wilmington, North Carolina, where soon after he was deprived by death of his wife, and, one by one, of all his children, except his son Johnston, who, in 1790, was sent to school at New York, hoping to save his life by change of climate. Johnston remained there till 1796, when he was placed at the University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, in Orange County, to fit him for the law. In one year after, his father died, leaving poor Johnston alone in this country, the last of the family. He chose for his guardian a Mr. Jones, an eminent lawyer of Wilmington, to whom he was much attached. In 1799, when Johnston was but eighteen years of age, by some mishap, not accounted for by his biographers, he was deprived of the support derived from his father's estate, and was thus compelled to withdraw from the University and abandon the project of fitting for the bar. His inclination, however, had been for the navy, not the bar, but, with what his friends characterize as heroic filial devotion, he never even hinted to his father his dislike for the bar, being willing to gratify his father's ambition in that respect. As fate seemed now to favor his real desire, he, through the influence of Mr. Jones, obtained a midshipman's warrant in the year 1800, and thus entered on his naval career at the age of nineteen. He was in the United States brig *Enterprise* May 9th, 1811, and until 1813, when he was made a Master-Commandant, and appointed to the *Wasp*. In this vessel he fell in with, in latitude 48 degrees 36 minutes North, His Britannic Majesty's ship *Reindeer*, mounting sixteen twenty-four pound carronades, two long nine-pounders, and a shifting twelve-pound carronade, and having a complement of one hundred and eighteen men. An action commenced, and, in nineteen minutes, ended in the capture of the *Reindeer*. The loss of the Americans was twenty-one killed and wounded; that of the enemy sixty-seven. The *Reindeer* was cut to pieces in such a manner as to render it impossible to save her, and she was accordingly set on fire. After this the *Wasp* put into L'Orient, from which port she sailed the 27th of August, and four days afterwards falling in with ten sail of merchantmen, under convoy of a ship of the line, she succeeded in cutting off one of the vessels.

The evening of the 1st of September, 1814, she fell in with four sail, two on each bow, but at considerable distances from each other. The first was the British brig of war *Avon*, which struck after a severe action, but Captain Blakeley could not take possession, as another enemy was now

approaching. This enemy, it seems, however, was called off to the assistance of the *Avon*, which was now sinking. The enemy reported that they had sunk the *Wasp* by the first broadside, but she was afterwards spoken by a vessel off the Western Isles. After this we hear of her no more, and though her fate is certain, the circumstances attending it are beyond the reach of discovery. An impression is that the *Wasp*, very shortly after being spoken off the Western Isles, had a severe engagement with a British frigate, which put into Lisbon in a shattered condition, and reported having had an action in the night with a vessel, which was not seen next morning, although the whole night had been calm.

But whatever may have been the fate of Blakeley, this much is certain: that he will, to use his own expression, "be classed among those names that stand so high."

"The lustre of his exploits, not less than the interest excited by those who remember how, in his very boyhood, he was left, as he says, without a single being around him with whom he could claim kindred blood, how, by his merit, he obtained friends and conferred honor on that country which was not only his parent, but which has become the parent of his only child, and how, last of all, he perished, God only knows how or where, has all given to his character, his history, his achievements and his fate, a romantic interest, marking the name of Blakeley for lasting and affectionate remembrance."

In person, Captain Blakeley was rather below the middle stature; his eyes black, expressive, intelligent and animated; his manners mild, manly, and unassuming; and his person handsome. Notwithstanding his professional duties, which were scarcely interrupted from the time of his obtaining a warrant, his literary and scientific acquirements were very respectable, and among his brother officers he was always considered as a man of uncommon intellect as well as of great courage and professional skill. He was married in December, 1813, to Miss Jane Hoope, the daughter of his father's old friend, Mr. Hoope, of New York, in whose care he had been placed when sent there to school when he was only nine years of age. He left an only daughter, who received one of the most noble, substantial and affecting tributes of national gratitude which has occurred in the history of this country.

The Legislature of North Carolina, on the 27th of December, 1816, after prescribing the destination of the sword they had voted to Captain Blakeley, "Resolved unanimously that Captain Blakeley's child be educated at the expense of this State, and that Mrs. Blakeley be requested to draw on the Treasurer of this State from time to time for such sums of money as shall be required for the education of the said child."

Mr. Frost comments on this generous action, creditable no less to the family of Captain Blakeley than to the "Old North State," and refers to the "Analectic Magazine, Vol. ix.," for further details, we suppose.

THE JESUITS AND THEIR PERSECUTORS.

III.

France.

"Louis XIV. had reigned sixty-two years, and this long period had been filled with great events, and had witnessed an entire revolution in the tone of society. When he mounted the throne, the nobles and gentry still lived in that rude territorial independence which had sustained the war of the Fronde, and the Parliament claimed and held a certain degree of political importance. All this had been changed under the influence of Louis's principles of absolutism. The gentry were greatly impoverished, and the nobles had become mere dependants on the court; while the Parliament was reduced to its judiciary functions, and was not even allowed the liberty of remonstrance before enregistering the king's edicts. The municipal bodies had undergone the same fate; their offices and charges had become mere honorary distinctions, while they had power to act only according to the orders they received from the court. The spirit of resistance seemed thus to have departed from all classes of society, while it had been the labor of a long reign to multiply the means of repression." *

Thus writes the Protestant historian, and his words describe fairly well the quiescent state to which the policy of Louis XIV. had reduced all ranks in France. "*L'état c'est moi!*" and "*après moi le déluge*" are phrases which have become proverbs, but there can be no doubt that, in figurative guise, they convey a truthful description of the state of things which existed during the reign of Louis, and which were to continue, with only an alteration of the personification of authority, after his death. He made his power virtually autocratic and his will predominant. He lived in an atmosphere of adulation, and encountered nothing but obsequiousness. The man had come at last to think himself almost more than human, for, from the time when, but seventeen years of age, he strode, booted and spurred, whip in hand, after a hasty ride from Vincennes to Paris, into the hall of the parliament, and commanded that body to do his bidding, to the day when, seventy-seven years of age, he died at Versailles, he never encountered a Frenchman whose will was successfully opposed to his. He raised a cloud of glory, but, at the same time, a solid pyramid of debt. Possessed of many talents, and some virtues, but cursed with many vices, he left his crown to a son who, devoid of his abilities, could only exaggerate and copy his improprieties. Had Louis XIV. left a capable successor, the fabric he had organized at the cost of so many exertions, so much blood and treasure, might have survived longer than it did; leaving, however, his crown to one whose life was to be as degraded as a Sultan's, it is little wonder that the reign of Louis XV. virtually witnessed its demolition. Louis

* Wright's History of France, Vol. II., page 241.

XIV. found France a feudal monarchy: he left it an absolute one. He found the nobles wealthy, powerful, and independent; at his death they were impoverished, weak, and subservient. This result of his policy was that which, perhaps more than any other, tended to produce the terrible degradation of the peasantry, which lent so much apparent justification to the acts of the revolutionary party in the subsequent years; for, while a feudal noble, anxious for the maintenance of his own position, might be autocratic and arbitrary, he was nevertheless compelled, even in pure selfishness, to protect and consider the interests of his tenants, while a noble, removed from his own baronial court to that of the monarch, drawn into the dissipations and extravagances of a luxurious city, such as courtly Paris then was, could have little care for aught but the extraction of revenue and tribute from his people, and, perforce, left them exposed to merciless underlings. During the reign of Louis XIV. the powers of the parliaments were studiously curtailed, and every effort made to develop the theory that the rights of the people were to be measured by the bounty of the king. The Church was sought, too, to be brought under kingly domination, its benefices were given only to those who professed Gallican doctrines, and who, on trial, would be likely to prefer the will of the King to the decision of the Pope. In point of fact, every effort of Louis during his long reign tended to make his palace the chief bureau of France. At his death he left all France looking to Versailles for guidance and government, but he left Versailles in the possession of a child. France was like an overladen vessel on a threatening sea, with the only fit hand for the helm lost.

That astute *débauché*, Phillipe d'Orleans, Regent of France, never pretending any respect for religion or morality, was the stanch friend of the Jansenists, and therefore the determined enemy of the Jesuits, but, withal, the Order endured comparative quietude during the season of his power. It was not until the Court of Paris was reduced to the moral level of that of Constantinople, until the pseudo-philosophers and wits united with the Jansenists and Gallicans in assailing the Jesuits, that the machinations of the enemies of the Society were to bear fruit. The Jesuits were assailed because of their fidelity to Rome and their importance to Catholicity; "principally because," as Ranke puts it, "they asserted the supremacy of the Roman See," and because "the annihilation at one blow, and without the slightest preparation, of that Society which had made the education of youth its chief employment, and which had extended its operations over so wide a field, could not fail to convulse the world of Catholicism to its very foundations, even to that basis of society whereon the new generations are formed." The Order was overthrown, to again quote the words of the German historian, in the hope that "since the outworks had been taken, a more vigorous assault of the victorious opinions on the central stronghold would inevitably follow." That the assailants of the Jesuits were actuated by a secret design, and that many of the supposed causes of their enmity towards them were but the pretexts of justification which they gladly seized,

there can be no doubt at all. That the real object of the philosophers was the destruction of Christianity, and that the spirit which expelled the Jesuits in 1764 was the same which desecrated the altars of Notre Dame nearly thirty years later, cannot be questioned.

Besides the enmity of the philosophers and the Jansenists, the Jesuits had to encounter that of Madame de Pompadour, whose influence with the king was unceasingly used to their detriment. Private intrigues and public assaults paved the way for the attack which the enemies of the Society meditated, and to commence which they but needed the slightest pretext. This pretext they unfortunately could pretend to find in the well-known case of Father de Lavalette. This clergyman was Superior of the Jesuit house at La Martinique, which, on his elevation to that office, he found encumbered by a heavy debt. This debt he hoped, by certain commercial transactions in which he engaged, in entire defiance of the provisions of his rule, to erase. Drawn almost imperceptibly from one entanglement into another, meeting one debt by incurring another, clearing off old liabilities by adding new ones, disaster followed disaster, and loss after loss, until at last Father de Lavalette had to face his creditors and reveal his errors and misfortunes. That the Father's commercial involvements arose entirely from his acting in opposition not only to the canons of the Church, but to the rules of his Order, there could be no doubt; for this was clearly proved, and, indeed, expressly admitted by the poor priest himself, after his expulsion from the Society. His own words were as follows: —

"I sincerely recognize, in all its points, the equity of the sentence passed against me, although it was from ignorance and thoughtlessness, and by a kind of chance, that I embarked in commercial transactions, which, however, I abandoned as soon as I heard of the disturbance these transactions caused in the Society and in Europe. I also attest on oath that among the Superiors of the Order there is not one who has either authorized, advised, or approved me in the commerce I undertook, that there is not one who in in any way participated in or connived at it. Therefore, filled with regret and confusion, I implore the Superiors of the Society to make my sentence public, as well as this avowal of my fault and repentance. Lastly, I take God to witness that I am led to make this confession neither by force, threats, flattery, or other means, but that I make it of my own free will, with perfect liberty, in order to render homage to truth, and to withstand, contradict, and annul, as far as lies in my power, the calumnies which, through my fault, have been cast upon the Society.

"Written in the chief residence of the mission of Martinique, April 25th, 1762. "ANTOINE DE LAVALETTE, S. J."

"By a kind of chance," no doubt truly enough, as it seemed to him, did Father Lavalette describe in such words the growing up of his entanglements, for "by a kind of chance" do the embarrassments of many seem to

come, and from acts of omission, as often as of commission, through "ignorance and thoughtlessness," many other involvements of various kinds have come. It is the fate of men not to be able to see far down the road of life; scarcely to know, many a time, whether they should keep to the right or to the left, and thus, seemingly, "by a kind of chance," even when they act in pure disinterestedness, it sometimes comes that their efforts at disentanglement lead but to further errors; and yet, as it also often seems, that he who has erred is he who is smitten sorest, and who has gained least by any act of the past; so we may, perhaps, assume that when an error perforce injures the wrong-doer most, it has been committed "in ignorance and thoughtlessness," rather than in malice.

When Father Lavalette's bankruptcy became known, the Jesuits decided to pay or satisfy all claims against the Martinique branch of the Order, but some of his largest creditors, more rapacious or pressing than the others, insisted upon prompt and complete discharge of their debts. This was to demand an impossibility, as well as—from the French Jesuits—an illegality, because, according to custom, which, through usage, was tantamount to law, the French Jesuits were not liable for the debts of any of the branches of the Order, but they had to defend themselves before prejudiced judges, who were actuated by the seemingly contagious feeling of antagonism to real Catholicity, which was spreading amongst men of their station. The Parisian Jesuits were willing and anxious to pay the debts incurred by Father Lavalette, but they did not deem it just that they should be coerced by an illegal decree to meet at once an overwhelming demand, and therefore appealed to the Parliament, too rashly, as was afterwards proved, assuming that it would exercise its jurisdiction and justice simultaneously. The Parliament and the Minister, the Duke of Choiseul, were, however, both determined to find some pretext for assailing the Order, and to leave no effort untried to attain their object; therefore, although the Jesuits had only appealed to the assembly with reference to their liability for Father Lavalette's debts, that body demanded a copy of the constitutions of the Society, so that it might inquire into its aims and principles. The unfortunate error into which the Jesuits had fallen in appealing to the legislative body was now clearly apparent, because the hearers of their appeal had a plausible excuse for their demand. It was at once manifest that the whole point of the contention lay in the question whether or not the rules to which Father Lavalette had vowed obedience forbade his engaging in mercantile or other transactions for pecuniary gain; because, if they did so forbid the action he had taken, then, of course, the Jesuits should not be held liable for the debts or conduct of one who deliberately broke rules he had voluntarily vowed obedience to, while, on the other hand, any laxity or omission in their written rule would be certainly construed unfavorably for them. Their rules were, however, perfect, and there was no apparent reason why they need hesitate to submit them to any scrutiny; but those who cared to look beyond the surface, knew well that the Parliament of Paris demanded the production of

the constitutions of the Order, animated by a determination to cavil and condemn. In Parliament and out of it a shower of calumnies were hurled at the Society, its rules were quoted only to be perverted, its doctrines only to be maligned. Philosophers and parliamentarians, Jansenists and infidels, united in assailing the sons of St. Ignatius.

At Minden as at Quebec, at Lagos as at Quiberon, the soldiers and sailors of France had encountered only defeat; and while the wasting expenditure of a great war drained the coffers of her treasury, the bravest of her youth were sacrificed at the insatiable shrine of Mars. Seldom throughout the long and chequered record of her past history could entries so consistently disastrous be found as those which her historians had now to make. At such a moment the case of Father Lavalette came opportunely; for the strange allies who misgoverned France, and "Madame de Pompadour and the Duke of Choiseul, seized with joy the occasion of displaying their power, while they hoped by this great process of the Jesuits to turn public attention from the disasters of the war, to obtain popularity by flattering both the philosophers and Jansenists, and to obtain money for the expenses of the war by the confiscation of the goods of an Order which was believed to be very rich." * The hand of power was outstretched to grasp the imagined wealth of the Jesuits; and to hide its motions, a veil of misrepresentation, hardly yet penetrable, was raised up, but in the darkest hour of their sorrow the Fathers were not to be deprived of all solace, for the Episcopacy of France, in solemn assembly, in November, 1761, affirmed the absolute orthodoxy of their theology and the thorough completeness of their rule. And yet, again, the clergy of France, in May, 1762, through the lips of the Archbishop of Narbonne, told the king,—

"Sire, everything speaks to you in favor of the Jesuits: Religion recommends to you her defenders; the Church, her ministers; Christian souls, the confidants of the secrets of their conscience; a large portion of your subjects, the revered masters by whom they have been educated; the youth of your kingdom, those who will form their minds and hearts. Do not reject, sire, these desires; do not permit that in your kingdom a whole Society should be unjustly destroyed in defiance of the laws of justice, of the laws of the Church, and of public right. The interest of your authority itself demands this, and we are as jealous of its rights as of our own."

"The interest of your own authority itself demands this"; well had it been for his hapless successor if Louis XV. had given lasting credence to these prophetic words, and adhered to the determination he for a time expressed to defend the persecuted Order; for, in the words of Macauley,—

"The first great warning-stroke was the fall of that Society which, in the conflict with Protestantism, had saved the Catholic Church from destruction."

* Wright's History of France, Vol. II., p. 352.

Because the days were close at hand when, in the words of the same great essayist,—

"The churches were closed; the bells were silent; the shrines were plundered; the silver crucifixes were melted down. Buffoons, dressed in capes and surplices, came dancing the *carmagnole* even to the bar of the Convention. The bust of Marat was substituted for the statues of the martyrs of Christianity."

The darkness of a terrible storm, of a great tumult, was gathering over France, and neither king nor nobles would recognize the warnings which came forth from the very centre of the doom-laden clouds, and therefore, in spite of eloquence, truth, and the occasional triumph of the king's conscience, the Parliament was permitted to persevere in its course of wrong-doing and spoliation, to, on August 6th, 1762, declare the Jesuits guilty of the crimes and errors of Arius, Nestorius, Luther, Calvin, Wyckcliffe, Pelagius, and other heretics; to have encouraged murder, parricide, usury, vengeance and cruelty; to be guilty of having promulgated doctrines destructive of the divinity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and insulting to our Lady and the saints, and to be therefore worthy of dissolution and exile. How any sane person could compose such a document as this decree puzzles any who read it now; for, if it was not terrible to contemplate the malign, satanic hate, which must have prompted the pens it came from, it would be ludicrous in its absurd obliviousness of history.

The Jesuits of France, as an Order, were suppressed, but this was not all. "As a last insult, they were informed that in order to reside in France, even as private individuals, they must promise on oath to defend the liberties of the Gallican Church, and never, under any pretext, to observe the rules of their Institute; moreover, they were required to recognize the truth of the calumnies contained in the *Extraits des Apertions*. Thus four thousand men, who had spent their lives in the hospitals, on the battle-fields, in the plague-stricken cities of their country,—men whose name had been for the last two centuries inseparably linked to her scientific and literary glories,—were charged with every crime and every heresy ever known; and, untried and unconvicted, were placed between the alternative of treason to their Order or starvation." *

Edicts and persecution could not, however, obliterate in many localities the popular remembrance of the labors of the calumniated Fathers; for, endeared to many hearts by the memory of those kindnesses which the members of the Order of Jesus are ever ready to offer those who need them, blessed for the manifold blessings they had brought to many who suffered in soul or body, beloved for a thousand sacrifices, for a thousand glorious acts of heroism, not even the enactments of the Parliament of Paris could sever at once the bonds of the past; and it was not, therefore, until 1767, when Spain also turned a parricidal hand against the Society, that the Jesuits were entirely expelled from France.

* "The Jesuits," by B. N., Vol. II., p. 209.

ON A CERTAIN BOOK.

We have been sent for review — we know not why — the latest emanation of a foul press. We shall not do the loathsome production even so much of a favor as would be involved in the writing of its title by an honest pen, and we should not now notice it at all, but that we think we may rightfully make a few remarks upon it, the hideous spirit it betrays, and the disgusting degradation of the mind whose foul fermentation spewed it forth.

When a man deliberately turns against his God the talents or gifts of any kind which a beneficent Creator bestowed upon him, we pity the poor creature whose own action has severed him from the source of all light and truth; but what are we to say to the miserable outcast who, not content to wallow alone in the filthy mire he has chosen himself to plunge into, seeks to drag others after him, or, failing in this, hurls the dirt of his resting-place at those who stand on firm ground? What are we to say to the man who deliberately sits down and writes page after page of filthy blasphemy, every word and line of which he knows to be false, wrong, and sinful; who dares to put forth this production, to print it, to "*revise*" (?) the proofs, to send it out upon the world careless of the wrong he perpetrates; who, with wildly devilish sneering at faith, and purity, and truth, utters the filthiest of filthy blasphemies, and then scatters them broadcast under some tricky title? What are we to say to this — this — what shall we call him? Can we degrade the name of humanity by applying its distinguishing title to this being? Surely, surely no. What he is, he is. What is he? Lunatic, atheist, infidel, or devil? Only himself perhaps can say exactly; but that he knows it, realizes fully and entirely his own lowness, the full depth of the degradation wherein he grovels, who can doubt? for no pen save that of him who feels the cruel bitterness of grievous loss, of him who is stung by the sharp goads of distraction and despair, who sees the yawning depths of fathomless darkness before him and the light of faith, and purity and truth dying away behind him, could indite the bitter and satanic words, the Mephistophilean sneers, which go to make the book which calls forth these words. Yet this creature, knowing the full degradation of his own life, all he has lost, sends forth his hideous productions, careless where they may fall; careless that they may come to blast the glorious faith of childhood, the reverence of youth, or to render dark and barren the paths of age. What are we, what is any honest man to call this creature? How should we, how should any honest man treat his book? We need not ask our first question, and, as regards our second, we can best answer it by telling how we treated his book ourselves. We served it as the backwoodsman does the noisome, deadly reptile he has slain in its slimy haunt; we dropped it, holding it afar for very fear of contamination, into a hissing fire.

We have said all we intend to say upon this subject, and shall only add that we do not think these words of ours are half strong enough or sharp enough to scourge those miserable beings who utter works of the kind sent us.

W. F. D.

AN IRISH GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA IN 1768.

William J. Onahan.

The Province of Louisiana experienced many and curious alternations of rule and vicissitudes of fortune, from the time when La Salle first laid claim to it, "for God and for France," in 1682, down to the period of its final cession, or sale, to the United States by Napoleon in 1803. First settled and held by the French, it remained under their control and dominion until 1762, when it was ceded to Spain. In 1800 it was retroceded to France, and in 1803 was sold by Napoleon to the United States for $15,000,000. The Governor sent in 1768 to take possession of Louisiana for the Spanish king, was Don Alexander O'Reilly. The title of this Irish Don ran as follows: "Don Alexander O'Reilly, Commander of Benfayon, of the Order of Alcantara, Lieutenant-General of the Armies of his Most Catholic Majesty, Inspector-General of Infantry, and, by commission, Governor and Captain-General of the Province of Louisiana."

Certainly a very distinguished string of titles and honors.

The first duty of the new Governor was to provide a code of laws for the province, and to define the jurisdiction as well as the duties of the courts and various officers.

Many of these laws are very curious. The form of oath laid down in these statutes to be taken by the "Governors, the Alcaids, and the other Judges when taking possession of their offices," is well worth quoting, and I give it as taken from a copy of the original: —

"Don N., elected Governor or Alcaid, etc. (according to the employment or office). "I swear before God, the Holy Cross, and the Evangelists *to uphold and defend the mystery of the Immaculate Conception of our Lady the Virgin Mary*, and the royal jurisdiction to which I am attached by my employment. I also swear to obey the royal ordinances and the decrees of his Majesty, faithfully to discharge the duties of my office, to decide according to law in all cases which may come before my tribunal; and for the more certain attainment thereto, I promise to consult with such as are well informed in the law whenever opportunities may occur in this city; and, lastly, I swear that I will never exact other fees than those fixed by the tariff, *and that I will never take any from the poor.*

"DON ALEXANDER O'REILLY.

"Printed by order of his Excellency.

"Francois Xavier Rodriguez, Scrivener of the Expedition."

Under a regulation issued by O'Reilly, the most liberal provision, as to grants of land, etc., appears to have been made for colonists coming "from whatever country"; while at the same time stringent rules were laid down for the improvement of such grants, and for the increase of horses, cattle, sheep, and other animals, showing a just solicitude for the prosperity of the province and for the success of the settlers.

These laws and regulations are dated "At New Orleans, Nov. 25th, 1769."

I am indebted to my friend Mr. D. G. Power, of Milwaukee, for the "scrap of history" embodied in the foregoing, as he first called my attention to it in a volume of the "American State Papers."

Many of your readers will be interested in a more extended account of Gen. O'Reilly, which I have obtained through other channels.

He was born in 1722, at Baltrasna, in the county of Meath. He entered the Spanish service in the rank of Lieutenant, and served in Italy, where he received a wound, which, though it lamed him for life, did not incapacitate him for service.

In 1757 he resigned his commission, and passed over into the Austrian army, and distinguished himself against the Prussians at Hochkirchen in 1758. The following year he entered the French service, and assisted at the battle of Bergen (1759) and the taking of Minden and Corbach. He re-entered the Spanish service, was made Lieutenant-General, and in the war against Portugal defeated the army of the latter power at Chaves in 1762.

The advent of an English army under Burgoyne checked the Spanish successes, though it gave O'Reilly opportunity to face the foe he hated most; but the peace of Paris, 1763, put an end to the war, and deprived him of active military employment. In 1765 he saved the life of the king, Charles III., in a popular tumult in Madrid. Restored to rank and position in the army, he proceeded to remodel it, and introduced the tactics and discipline which he had observed and learned while in Germany.

Promoted to be Field-Marshal, he was subsequently sent to Havana, which he newly fortified and strengthened, and later was sent, in June, 1768, to take possession of Louisiana, ceded to Spain by France under the treaty of 1762.

On his return to Spain he was made Governor of Madrid, and was later selected to command an expedition against Algiers. He was subsequently appointed Governor of Cadiz, and Captain-General of Andalusia.

In consequence of a cabal raised against him by native officers, O'Reilly, in 1786, was deprived of all his offices and employments, and reduced to a pension. He, however, was again restored to his position and command, and in 1794, being then 72 years of age, he was appointed to the command of the Army of the Eastern Pyrenees, but died on his way to the camp, near Chinchilla, the 23d of March, 1794, fully vindicated, crowned with years and honors.

The career of another Count O'Reilly, who achieved the highest distinction in the Austrian service from the wars of Maria Theresa to the wars against Napoleon, attaining the rank of Field-Marshal and the title of Count, was scarcely less romantic; but I shall reserve that story in detail for a more convenient opportunity.

THE FALL OF GAMBETTA.

Leon Gambetta has ceased to be Prime Minister of France! He has been beaten in the Chamber returned to support him. He has been struck down by his own party. He has fallen with a crash as great as his rise was brilliant. He has fallen, and the great question is, has he brought the Republic down with him? Only a couple of months ago Gambetta was the Supreme Ruler of France. The General Election was a great demonstration in his favor, and he was called to power as the head of a powerful, a compact, and an enthusiastic majority. But the moment he grasped power, all the good fortune, all the cleverness which had helped him to it, seemed to desert him. In the first place, instead of making terms with the best men of his party, he surrounded himself with Ministers who were only creatures of his own. A number of gentlemen who, a few days before, had been writing paragraphs for Gambetta's paper, suddenly appeared as the Cabinet Ministers of France. One only of these men was known to fame—M. Paul Bert—and Gambetta had chosen this *savant* as Minister of Worship, because his railings against Christianity had disgusted all religious men, and his hideous experiments on living animals, all humane men. But the last and greatest error remained to be committed. Gambetta attempted to force on the Chamber the *scrutin de liste*, a method of voting which would enable him to, at any moment, dismiss the present House, and have creatures of his own returned. The result was that Gambetta found himself confronted with one of the greatest combinations in Parliamentary history. For once, the handful of noblemen and gentlemen who call the Count de Chambord king, the larger body who plot for an Imperialist restoration, the moderate Republicans who follow Leon Say and Jules Simon, and the Reds who obey Clemenceau, made common cause against the Dictator. January 26th, the long-expected debate came on, and the Government was crushed to powder. It was beaten in a Chamber where it boasted a few weeks since of a large majority—it was beaten by 305 votes to 117. The disaster was crushing, and Gambetta instantly placed the resignation of the Ministry in the hands of the President. He may resume office, but he cannot ever again resume power; the disaster was too overwhelming—the disgrace too complete. The question which arises is, "What next?" The Republic has tried ministry after ministry in vain. In placing Gambetta at the head of affairs it played its last card—it ordered up its last reserve. It was believed that the great demagogue, backed by popular devotion, would have a long and powerful reign. A few weeks pass, and the idol is overthrown. What next, then, we repeat? Some days must elapse before we can see the true bearing of this great event; but it may turn out that an institution has fallen as well as a man, and that the days of the third French Republic are numbered.—*Dublin Freeman.*

SERMON ON THE PASSION.

Rev. Father Burke, O. P.

"At that time Jesus said unto the multitude of the Jews, Who is amongst you that can convince me of sin?"

THESE words, beloved brethren, are taken from this day's Gospel, which is also derived from the 8th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John; and they are the grandest words, the most significant and striking words that ever the Son of God uttered during His sacred life amongst men. Oh, dearly beloved, how seldom the meek and humble Jesus asserted Himself. Though he was accused of many crimes, He never pleaded "not guilty" to one of them. They said He was a malefactor and a seducer of the people, and He, instead of vindicating His character and His innocence, was silent. He was patient as the lamb before the shearer. They accused Him of every crime under heaven except one — not even the devil himself ever thought of accusing Him or one of his apostles of the sin of impurity — but of every other sin our Saviour was accused. Yet still He remained silent, and urged not a word in self-defence or in denial of their charges. But lest we might perchance imagine, my beloved brethren, that this silence of our Lord implied in any degree a confession of guilt — lest we might imagine that because men were accusing Him of every sin that He was guilty, or even capable of being guilty, of any imperfection — behold on this day, on this Passion Sunday — the Sunday when the Church of God is about to enter on the commemoration of His passion and sufferings — the Sunday when all her images are draped in sombre hues of mourning — when every sign of gladness and joy is extinguished and put aside — the Sunday when, with sorrowful and pensive thought, she enters on the commemoration of the greatest of all mysteries, that of man's redemption by the Immaculate Son of God, the Sunday when she enters on the consideration of that mystery of the Passion in which we shall behold Him — Him, the eternal Word, Him, the Son of the Virgin Mother, loaded with all our crimes, going to break His heart on the cross at Calvary, upon this Sunday, lest any one should misinterpret, misapprehend, or misunderstand His action — lest any one should think, because of the greatness of His sufferings, and his uncomplaining nature, that there was anything sinful in Him — the Church of God places Him before us as He stood in the midst of the Jewish people in Jerusalem. A crowd was around him — a crowd, like all crowds, unthinking and easily swayed. But nearer to Him there was a ring of Pharisees and Scribes — His enemies; men who had a personal spite against Him; men who were even sworn to put Him to death; men determined to destroy Him. And there, in presence of friend and foe, in presence of priest and people, the Son of God towers above them all — He stands there in the grandeur of His infinite sanctity, and says, "Behold, you have seen Me — My life and actions are before you, My very thoughts are before you — every speech, every word, every action of My life has been before you: you have watched Me — some with admiration and some with hostile and wicked eyes — and now I say unto you all, friends and foes, saints and sinners alike, Who is there amongst you that can convince Me of one sin?" Oh, grand word — oh, grand word! I am proud of my Lord God; my heart swells within me with joy when I see the Immaculate Son of God thus once in His whole career asserting Himself, and challenging the whole world if there be one

amongst them all to convince Him of sin. Oh, noble, splendid word,—oh, word never before uttered by the lips of man, never since uttered, and never to be uttered to the end of time; for there never was a man in this world since Adam fell, and never will be to the last being that shall ever live on the earth, one that can say to his fellow-men fearlessly, nay, more, could say to the angels or to the devils, or to God Almighty Himself, "Who is there in heaven or on earth that can find sin in me?" Christ, Jesus Christ, He alone — the Son of God, made Man — He alone was able to say it, and He alone said it.

Oh, what a magnificent testimony did He bear, not to Himself, but to His enemies. Remember who they were that were looking at Him and listening to Him. They were not only the multitude, the crowds of Jews, but the plausible men of learning and law; the men who spent all their lives studying the Mosaic law; who were prepared to split a hair on any point, they were so learned and so wise. There were men like him who was so learned, that, instead of kneeling down in the temple, like others, he strode up to the altar and said: Lord, I give Thee thanks I am not like other men; I am a good man, I am a holy and a charitable man, and pay tithes, and I am not like that wretched publican; and who, in saying this, in thus proudly boasting, pointed to a poor man, bowed down near the portico of the temple — the stones wet with his tears, and whose voice, broken with sobs, cried out — "O God be merciful to me a sinner!" And God forgave that sinner, and cursed the Pharisee. The Pharisees, my brethren, were there —they who knew every tittle and iota of the law; who had been watching Him night and day for three years; and He turns to them, and says,—"You know the law; you know all God commanded; is there a man amongst you that can convince me of sin?" These were the very men who had brought to Him a woman caught in the very act of adultery. Now, according to the law of Moses, that woman should be put to death. They came to our Saviour, and said, "Master, we found this woman in the act of sin, and according to the law she is to be stoned to death. What dost thou say?" And He looked around at them, and according as that awful eye of the Son of God fell on each man, each man felt that the Lord God read his very soul and conscience; that every foul thought that ever flashed through their minds was made visible; that every foul action they had committed in the darkness of night, and, as they imagined, unseen by God or man, was exposed to His view; and he slowly said to them, "Well, if this woman is to be stoned to death, all I say is this: Let him that is without sin amongst you take up the first stone and cast it upon her." Oh, my dearly beloved, under that eye they quailed, and with that voice re-echoing in their ears, every man knew himself, and they turned round one by one and covered their faces and walked out, and not one of them was found to raise the stone, for the Judge of Sinners had challenged them. He it is, my brethren, who now makes an appeal to His own sanctity in this day's Gospel. Again, I say my heart within me swells with joy when I contemplate my Saviour thus challenging heaven, and earth, and hell, to convince Him of sin. How wonderful was that sanctity He possessed as man! Remember, it was as a man He lived on earth. He worked amongst his fellow-men — discoursed with them — had transactions with them, although, if he chose, He could have been wanting in any of those relations of man to man. As man they knew Him, and as man they dealt with Him; and, therefore, it was as true man He spoke when He said, "Who is there amongst you

that can convince Me of sin?" What wonderful sanctity is this! Oh, what a grand and sublime position is this which the Son of God made man holds amongst His fellow-men, as described in this day's Gospel! He is not above the contemplation of the lowest mind amongst us; and let us contemplate Him — Him, the "first-born of many brethren," as we will see — contemplate Him and take glory in the grandeur of our human nature in remembering to what a height it was raised in the Son of God when He was able to challenge all in heaven and earth, and defy them to convince Him of sin. But there was a far greater depth of sanctity in Jesus Christ than that involved in His mere humanity. Oh, my beloved, when He spoke, the words He used were: "Which of you can convince Me of sin?" Mark the word "Me." That word described His person — Himself — "Who is there amongst you that can convince Me?" and the moment we contemplate Him in that light we are carried out beyond the sanctity of His sacred humanity; beyond all the gifts and graces that human nature was endowed with in Him; and we are carried at once into the unfathomable ocean of His Divinity. Who was that Me? It was the Second Person of the Adorable Trinity — it was the Eternal Word of God — true God and true Man — the eternal conception of the Father's mind — equal to the Father in all things, the very figure of His substance and the splendor of His glory; it was God who spoke, and as God He spoke when He said, "Who is there that can convince Me of sin?" Oh, dearly beloved, we are launched into the unfathomable depth of the sanctity of Him who from all eternity was not only all holy, but all holiness — Him who was the centre and source of all that is holy. Whatever is holiest in heaven or upon earth is but as a single ray of light, a single scintilla of His infinite holiness.

The Virgin Mother, the Queen of Heaven, in whom is concentrated all that is glorious in holiness, of all that God created, what is she? She is, in comparison to Him, but as a single ray of light is to the sunshine; as the sunshine is to the great sun itself in heaven. The splendor of her sanctity filled the earth — it fills heaven to-day — and yet she is but as a glance of the eye compared with the infinite holiness of God. She is the Queen of Heaven; but the holiness of God is that holiness which for thousands and thousands of years the angels in heaven are wrapped up into the ecstasy of joy at beholding it. The saints for two thousand years are wrapped in an ecstasy of exquisite joy in simply beholding the holiness of God; we, too, hope to contemplate it in heaven; and when thousands and thousands of millions of years shall have passed away, angels and saints will only be taking the first taste of the overflowing cup of inexhaustible joy that will still foam forth for them in the sublime vision of the holiness of Jesus Christ. And it was to this he bore witness when he said, "Who is there among you can convince me of sin?" "Not I," exclaims the Eternal Father, "for thou art Myself, — this is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; let all men hear Him." "Not I," exclaims Gabriel, in the name of all the angels, "for, Lord, when I came to tell the Virgin of Thy coming I said, 'Hail! the One that will be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.'" "Not I," exclaims Lucifer, Prince of Hell, "for I was king of the whole world, and thou didst crush me by simply appearing before me, my Lord and my God, whom I can never love." What does all this mean, my dearly beloved? Why does the Church of God put this grand word, this magnificent assertion of the Son of God, before us this day, — on Passion Sunday? Why does she ask us to-day to contemplate Him, adoring Him, loving

Him, in whom neither heaven nor earth, nor hell could find fault, or any shadow of sin? Why? For two reasons, and two most significant reasons. The first is, because, my dearly beloved, at this particular time of the year — within a fortnight of Easter Sunday, within seventy days, or less, of Ascension Thursday, when the Paschal time closes — every Catholic man and woman in the whole world is bound, under pain of mortal sin and the threat of excommunication, to make a good Confession and a worthy Communion. Let me repeat it again to you: At other times of the year the Church asks you, and she requests you, and she even implores of you, as if she was on her bended knees before you, to make a worthy Confession and Communion, in order that all should be free from sin and be united to God. But at this special time of the year it is no longer the voice of entreaty, it is no longer the beseeching voice of one asking and imploring,— it is the voice of a mother armed with the authority of the father of the family, who is no other than Christ our Lord, with the scourge of excommunication in her hand, and declaring to her children that whatever you may have done hitherto — whatever you may have done at other times— you must prepare within the next few days for a good Confession and a worthy Communion. Let no man here to-night, or woman, misunderstand the Church's mission. At other times of the year I and the like of me can only implore and beseech of you — we can only put forward before you in your contemplation the advantages of the sacraments — and urge upon you the necessity of worthily preparing for them. But now all this is changed. I no longer put forth the word of entreaty — I no longer put forth the word of command or advice — but I put forth, the Church puts forth, the word of command — and I tell you, the Church tells you, at the peril of your eternal salvation — at the peril of your very communication with the Church of God, as her children, as living members, that you must, within the next few weeks, make a good Confession, and a worthy Communion. You may ask me what connection has the Gospel of to-day with this? Oh, my dear brethren, it has this sublime and magnificent connection.

I have endeavored to show you who and what He is who to-day challenged his fellow-men, — who challenged heaven and earth to convince Him of sin. You have seen how grand is His holiness; how resplendent His sinlessness; in whom all that is holy in heaven and earth was centred as its primary cause — for He was the Incarnate God. Now I am about to announce to you a great mystery. Wonderful as is the holiness of Jesus Christ, He asks every Christian man in the world to come to him, to enter into Him, and to clothe himself with the very sinlessness and holiness of the Son of God. Reflect on the mystery of the Incarnation. Think how God, when he became man, and as man, set Himself to redeem His fellow man; think how completely and magnificently Almighty God fulfilled this mystery of mercy. There were no half measures, no compromise. What God did He did thoroughly, substantially, really. Man could only be saved by his fellow-man. As the Psalmist expressed it, — "A mere brother will not save thee, yet a man he must be who will save thee." And instead of taking a mere body of air, as He might have done, instead of appearing as Gabriel did in the form of man when he spoke to the Virgin, or as the angels did when they spoke to Lot to warn him, or to Abraham; instead of this, keeping Himself aloof, wrapped up in the splendor and exhaustible glory of His own divinity; instead of taking a mere body in which He might have redeemed us and then dissolved it into

air and gone back to heaven, He came down from heaven in the fulness of His divinity; He obtains the consent of the purest creature ever created in heaven or earth to be His mother; He enters into her womb by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost, taking flesh of her flesh, bone from her bone, blood from her blood, — a human body formed out of Mary, and then as God He breathes into it, the human soul, true man, the Virgin's child. But, beware. The moment that body and soul were united in Mary into a breathing human being, that moment the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity took that body and soul into His own Divine personality, so that it was there, a human nature in all its integrity, a human body and soul and the Divinity united to it in a Divine Person, and he that was conceived of the Virgin Mary and was born on Christmas night was no other than the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, — the Son of God. Man he was, but human person never. Now, my dear brethren, our Blessed Lord took all our infirmities, all our miseries upon himself. When he was without food He was hungry, when along time without drink He thirsted, when he travelled far afield he was weary and would sit down and rest; when they scourged Him He bled; when they put the thorns into His head He was agonized with pain; when they nailed Him to the cross His heart grew fainter and fainter at every successive pulsation, until the head drooped and He died broken-hearted. Yet He was God all the while, and He who bled and shed tears, hungered and thirsted, was Divine. In this immense mystery we see how completely He conformed Himself to our nature and its infirmities; we understand the word of St. Paul the Apostle when he calls Him the first-born of many brethren. Yes, whatever family he belonged to, He brought us into the same family by adopting us as His brethren — He became our own flesh and blood. "Put him not to death, is He not our own brother and our own flesh and blood?" and so it was, the Eternal Son of God, by assuming our humanity into His own Divine personality, making us one with God in Himself — made Himself our brother. He is the first-born, and we are the second birth. "He," said St. Paul, "is the first-born of many." He is the head of our family — the head of every family; He is the first-born amongst us. The awful figure of the Son of God comes before us this day, saying, "I am your eldest brother, and in your name and in my own I say to heaven, to earth, and to hell, 'Who is there that can convince Me of sin?'" Now what follows from all this? Don't forget it, my brethren; don't lose sight of it. All that Almighty God is by nature and by necessity; all that He calls on us to be by participation of grace, and therefore we are called on to share in His sanctity. Therefore we are called on, at this time especially, every one amongst us, to leave sin, to lead such a life as that at the final hour of judgment, when at the moment of death our souls rise from the panting, palpitating, yet almost agonizing body, whilst the tremor of death is in the frame, whilst the film of death is on the eye, whilst the tremblings of animal life are still on the nerves of the dead frame — in that hour of our judgment, when Christ the Lord will come to judge us, and hell is open to produce witnesses against us, oh! that our souls may be able to turn to God, to the angels of heaven, and to hell, and say, "Who amongst you can convince me of sin?" Oh, Great God! who will be able to do it? Oh, Great God! is there in this church to-night one who, if he died this moment, would be able, standing on the threshold of eternity, to say, "Who will convince me of sin? Who shall keep me for one moment from that joy prepared for those who

truly love God?" And yet into this sanctity the Son of God calls us, and says, "I am your brother — the first-born of many brethren, for we are all children of one Father, for the Father that begot Me from all eternity, the same has adopted you, and, therefore, you are but My younger brother." And then, turning to His disciples, He says, "Let the light of your holiness, of the purity of your lives, the holiness of your conduct, shine before men, that all men may recognize your good works, and that they may all give glory to your Father that is in heaven." These are the words of Christ. As even He was able, as Son of God, to challenge all the powers to convince Him of sin, He calls on us to enter into His sinlessness, and thus give glory to His Father, and ours, that is in heaven. How are we to do this? This, mark you, is the first reason why the Church of God puts these words of our Saviour before us today. She seems to say to us, "Children, I must, under pain of mortal sin, under pain of excommunication, oblige every child of mine to make his or her Easter Communion." Look, then, to your eldest brother — look to Him, the first-born of many brethren — you who are of the second birth. He was able to say to heaven, earth, and to hell, Who can convince me of sin? And so you are to enter into the sinlessness of Jesus Christ. How is this to be done? That absolute holiness, my brethren — that holiness, the very vision and contemplation of which is the happiness of the elect and of the angels for all eternity — that is beyond your reach and mine. Nay, more, the vast majority of us have by our sins put away from us the highest, the brightest crowns of heaven.

The highest and brightest crowns are reserved for the virgin brows of those who have never sinned against their God. That, however, is beyond the reach of many amongst us; and yet to the most hardened, the most degraded sinner listening to me this night — and perhaps that sinner may be in this pulpit — you and I can enter into the sinlessness of Jesus Christ by making a good Confession. Yes, dear brethren, by making a good Confession, by laying our frailties down at the feet of Him whose sacred feet bled to wash those sins away; by kneeling down and saying to Him, through the ear of the priest, "O Lord, Thou were crucified for such and such things, but the actions were mine; mine were the sins that pierced Thy precious heart." This humble Confession will bring one tear to our eyes, perhaps, or at least to the eye of the soul. It will bring with it one drop of that crimson rain that fell on Good Friday from the five wounds of the Christ God, and by that one drop of the Blood of Jesus Christ, if our sins were numberless as the sands on the sea-coast, if they were red as scarlet, our souls will rise from the feet of the Lord, from the priest in the confessional, as Mary, the public sinner, arose from the supper hall at Jerusalem, and the angels of God in that case wondered that one so foul and degraded should become so holy as to rival them all in the brightness of her purity. But the Confession must be made. It must be prepared for; it must be prepared for in humiliation and sorrow. And we must with humiliation and sorrow form an earnest, and true, and practical resolution to avoid sin for the future. That resolution must be not only adopted, but enforced and practised in our future lives, if we would enter into the sinlessness of Jesus Christ. Now, dear brethren, I told you there were two reasons why the Church put these words of our Lord before us this day. The first reason I have already laid open to you briefly, yet I hope intelligibly, namely — as an invitation by the Church to enter into His sinlessness. I will give, shortly, the second reason. It is this: For the next fortnight you will behold our Lord, as commem-

orated in the office of the Church, going through all the stages of His Passion. Oh ! blessed be God, it is something awful to think of. He who was able to say in the face of heaven and earth, and hell, "Who is there that can convince me of sin or accuse me?" He, for the next fortnight, will be before us, before the contemplation of our mind in His Passion. How will we see Him? Pleading His innocence, saying to God, to the angels, and the devils — "Who is there that can convince me of sin?" Oh! no, not so will we see our dear Redeemer for the next fortnight. No. We will find Him prostrate in the Garden of Gethsemane, writhing in His agony like a worm that had been trodden on, with faltering voice making humble confession, crying, for the sins of the world, "Father, I have committed them all," as the ocean of our sins rolls in successive waves over Him. Oh, great God, to think of it! The Son of God waiting prostrate in the garden, and every sin that ever was committed, from the sin of the first man down to the last, every sin that ever you or I committed, distinctly coming and falling upon Him like a new curse, a new accusation. And the Eternal Father in heaven said,— "Oh, My Son, art thou guilty? Was it Thy hand that shed the blood of Abel? Art Thou Cain? Oh, My Son, art Thou guilty of all the horrors, all the sins, and abominations of Sodom and Gomorrah?" Every sin was thus laid before Him, the Victim, stretched forth there, with His heart breaking within Him with horror at sin,— with a bloody sweat issuing from every pore. Was any able to say, "Lord God, I confess that I have committed them all?" for, in the words of the prophet, the Lord God put upon Him the necessities of us all. Never, my brethren, was such a General Confession made as that made by Jesus Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane; never was the heart of a sinner so smitten with sorrow as was His; never did lips of man confess such horrible iniquity as came from the lips of the Son of God as the torrents of iniquities rolled again over His innocent head. Thus did He make Himself like to us,— not being content with being made like to us in our infirmities, weeping because we wept, bleeding because we bleed, sorrowing because we sorrow.

Not content with this, the Son of God went further, and He bared His innocent bosom to bear the burden of all our sins, and was made like to us as a sinner. He was essential holiness; and He says to us — to heaven, and to earth, and hell — "Who is there that can convince Me of sin?" Now, what does the Church mean by putting Him before us loaded with the sins of men,— loaded with the anger of His Eternal Father, who forgot Him and smote Him, even though the victim cried out, with lips quivering with thirst, and with death in His eyes, "O God, my God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" Why, my brethren, does the Church to-day, on Passion Sunday, place Him before us? I will tell you. Because as He conformed Himself to us in the work of Confession, so we are called upon now to conform ourselves to Him in the glory of His purity, in the grandeur of His purity and greatness, by the same sorrow, the same humble Confession. For, remember, that when the patriarch Jacob of old was dreaming he saw the ladder coming from heaven, angels were coming down and up; but it was by the self-same ladder — some ascending, some descending — even so, as the Son of God saved us by condescending to come down and take our sin upon Himself, so must we rise by the same ladder of Confession and sorrow — sorrow heartfelt, sincere and abiding — by humiliation, and in order that we may enter into His sinlessness, and win for ourselves a place in the kingdom of heaven; this is the more emphatically put before us by the

Apostle, who says,—"No one goes up to heaven except him who descends from heaven." Millions and millions go to heaven,—all the saints have gone, and we hope to go; yet we are told by the Holy Ghost that one alone goes, and who is He? He who came down; namely, the Son of God. Now Saint Augustine explains it thus: Our Blessed Saviour came down sinless, and it is only by His sinlessness we can enjoy the happiness of a place in heaven, and thus it may be said that He alone ascends, for we ascend with Him and by Him. And now, my dear brethren, is there a man here to-night, who, hearing what I have said under the correction of our holy mother the Church—is there a man, I say, who, believing all I have said, will wilfully, foolishly, maliciously, wickedly refuse to enter into the sinlessness of the Son of God—to "put on the Lord," and clothe himself with Jesus Christ? It is easily done, my dear brethren. A few words, a few acts of sorrow, one good resolution to be everything that is good and pure and holy and unsullied for the future, and not to waste precious time in the frivolities that lead but to hell,—and it is done. Then, my brethren, many shall behold us, and wondering at our good works, our good example, our pure and holy lives, will give glory to God in heaven; then when the end is come, then when the hour of dissolution is at hand, we will be able to say—Oh! words of Christian triumph—unto the accusing spirits of hell, unto the accusing angels of God, and, above all, unto our own consciences, "Who amongst you can convince me of sin?" And if amongst all those any one propounds any accusation, if in answer to that appeal a word of accusation is raised against us, all we have to do is to turn to our Lord God and say,—"Oh, Lord Jesus! do you remember the day, the happy day, when I sorrowed for that sin and confessed it in humility and deep contrition?" And He will let us know that that sin has been sent into the fathomless lake of His mercy,—He will say to us, with forgiveness and joy, "Pass on; the guilt confessed, sorrowed for, and forgiven once, shall never be punished by Almighty God." Amen.

Time.—Time waits for no one; onward it goes, leaving us to dwell on how we were treated by it. Some wish it to go fast, others would prefer it to go slow. But of their wishes and entreaties it takes no heed. No man can quicken its speed nor curb it in its unmanageable course. When men are young, and think the world all beautiful and fair, they are enchanted with the majestic roll of time. But, alas! in years to come, when they see the hopes that were so bright withered and dark at their feet, "Ah!" they will say, "time was too quick for me; if I could but recall the time that has passed, those hopes which are now so dark would be as bright as the sun of a summer's day." But their grievings are all in vain; for too true it is that "Time and tide wait for no man."

Revolutionary France. — The French Chamber, by 290 to 128, passed a Bill introduced by M. Raspail, secularizing the Church of St. Geneviève, better known as the Pantheon. The fate of this church has been very peculiar. Built by Louis Quinze as a thanksgiving monument for his recovery from small-pox, it was, under the Revolution, made into a funeral monument for the heroes of that period. Marat was buried there. Under the Restoration it was reconsecrated as a church, and once more secularized under Louis Philippe. It was consecrated again under the Empire, and now the Third Republic has once more deprived it of its religious character. It may thus be regarded as an emblem of the vicissitudes of Revolutionary France.

THE HAPPINESS OF CONFESSION.

THE following authentic story has lately been circulated in France, and may be of use in our country, where the dread of the confessional is one of the weapons most employed by the devil to keep Protestants from being reconciled to the Church of their fathers.

One evening, during the gay and busy reign of the late Emperor of France, a well-known priest in Paris left his presbytery about eleven o'clock at night, to administer the last sacraments to a dying man. On his return home he was accosted by a gentleman, quite a stranger to him, who asked for a few minutes' conversation. The priest somewhat demurred, and alluded to the lateness of the hour.

"True," replied his interviewer; "I have been in bed, and risen again from it; there is something on my mind that prevents my sleeping. It is not care or anxiety for the morrow. I am rich, and have a great name; indeed, I pass for a spoiled child of fortune; youths who have been three days in Paris are familiar with the story of my successes; but for all that I am little to be envied, and amongst all my friends and acquaintances there is not one to whom I can confide the secrets of my heart. I would give all I possess in exchange for one to whom I could reveal without fear of indiscretion the trouble that is eating into my soul!"

These words were the preface of a long story, in which the stranger told, with the poignant eloquence of sorrow and genius, things that will never again be known till the day of the great judgment.

Several hours passed, and many a street and boulevard was traversed by the earnest talkers, till at last the torrent of confidences ran dry, and the man of the world took the hand of his newly-found friend.

"I fear," said he, "that I have too long trespassed on your sympathy and patience; but I will never forget what you have done for me to-night: you have brought back to me a peace of mind which had long departed."

"Sir," replied the priest, "I have not only a share in your present happiness, but also the pleasure of having performed a duty dear to the Heart of the Great Consoler Whom I serve; there is only one thing which would complete my satisfaction, that is to be able to couple your name and its associations with the remembrance of one of the most memorable nights of my life."

The unknown one turned his face earnestly to his questioner, and after an instant's hesitation, replied: "I will tell it you, and I feel sure you will pray sometimes for the frivolous, unhappy child of romance,—Alexander Dumas!"

How curious that the author of so many voluminous lives of fictitious persons should have suffered so much in keeping silence about his own! that one who wrote so lightly of the confessional should have supplied such an argument in its favor! Surely the greater the genius and the keener the intuitive faculty a man possesses, the more does he loathe the sinful past to which he may be chained — as Mezentius chained the living to the rotting dead — and the more does he yearn to cast it from him. No one has known the human heart so well as its Maker, and no human trouble is beyond the reach of the sacraments He has provided for its cure.

IN India a *lac* of rupees is wealth; here a lack of pence is poverty.

IT seems no more than right that men should seize Time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls all their hair out.

TRUE TO HIS MEMORY.

Justin F. McCarthy.

CHAPTER V.

Now conscience wakes despair
That slumbered, wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be.

KATHLEEN BRADLY was in happy ignorance of the evil tidings that had flown so rapidly over the city. On the evening of the day that brought the confirmation of the sad truth she was sitting at her window and gazing at the broad expanse of ocean which the view from Heather Hall commanded. She was looking dreamily at the purple glow in the west which found a mirror on the placid waters, her head rested on her hand, and her thoughts seemed far away. Her brown eyes gazed into the distance, but she saw not the objects there; she brushed back the fair rippling curls from her forehead and a tear glistened in her eye. The expression of her pale features was sorrowful and grieved, and rendered more mournful by her black dress, which she had worn since Mahon's departure.

"Oh, Mahon, Mahon," she sighed wearily, "when will you come back to me? Two months have scarcely passed since I saw you, since you left me, yet it seems an age; two short months. Ah, two years added to my life! Would that I could rest, would that I could sleep on until your loving voice came to wake me to life and happiness. Oh! God give me strength to bear my burden."

There was a knock at the door, and some one entered the room, but she heard not; her eyes were still listlessly turned toward the sea. It was her brother John who had come in, followed by Mark Jermyn. They came to break the news to her, and almost dreaded the consequences.

John Bradly went over to where Kathleen sat, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed, "I did not know you were here. Have you been long in the room?" she inquired, looking from one to the other.

"Not very long, Kathleen," answered her brother, softly; "but why do you look so sad this evening, sister mine?"

"I cannot explain, John," she replied wearily, "but the sea,—the sea has a strange attraction for me this evening. I cannot tell why."

Her brother did not speak in response. A strange feeling of pity and compassion stole over him, as he saw the wreck that blighted hopes had left behind, as he beheld the sorrow-stricken face of Kathleen, while the sun played amid her golden tresses as she leaned her head heavily against the window-frame. He almost blamed himself for Mahon McMahon's death. He seated himself beside Kathleen, and took one of her hands.

"Kathleen," he said softly, while his hands trembled with emotion, "Kathleen, will you be able to bear some bad news I have to tell you?"

"I will," she answered mechanically, as if she scarcely understood the meaning of the words addressed to her; her eyes sought the dim horizon, and her mind seemed lost in thought.

"'Tis Mahon McMahon I am about to speak of," he exclaimed. "I have heard something about him which I think it only right you should hear."

McMahon's name immediately aroused her attention, her pale face flushed, and she grasped her brother's hand nervously. "Has he come back to me,—is he here? Oh, tell me, Mark, tell me," she entreated, turning to Doctor Jermyn's son. "Let me go to him."

She attempted to rise, but her brother's hand kept her back. "No,

he is not here, Kathleen. For heaven's sake calm yourself until you hear what we have to say."

"Yes, yes," she answered mournfully, "you are right, John, I will be calm. You cannot add by anything you tell me to my present misery."

For the first time, John Bradly realized the terrible wrong he had inflicted on his sister, and he thought if the past could be recalled, oh, how gladly would he act differently; but it was too late now.

"I fear what I have come to tell you, Kathleen, will indeed add to your sorrow," he said. "I fear Mahon will never come back."

She did not exactly understand the full force of his meaning, and cried confidently, "It is not true; he promised to come back, John, and I would rather doubt myself than think Mahon false."

"Kathleen," Mark interposed, "your brother is right; he did not say that Mahon was false to you, but he can never come back. Something has occurred which must prevent him."

"He is not dead?" she asked, strangely calm.

"We fear so," was her brother's answer.

She looked at each, and the solemn expression of the two faces before her assured her of the fact.

Mark placed the newspaper he had read that morning before her, she read the few words that told her all, and handed it back to him. Her features were as cold and placid as marble, and no exterior expression was visible to show the workings of her heart. Outwardly she was calm and undisturbed, inwardly her very heart was bursting with suppressed emotion.

The wild outburst of grief, the anguished cry of sorrow and despair, is awful and terrible to behold, still it brings some relief to the sufferer; but the silent sorrow that finds no outlet in tears is far more terrible to see, much more agonizing to bear.

She left her place beside her brother, quitted the room, and sought the solitude of her chamber. There her sorrow found relief in tears; there, apart from all intrusion, she poured forth the torrent of her sorrow and grief, and prayed undisturbed for strength and fortitude.

. . . . . .

Four weary months had passed since Kathleen bade adieu to all her happiness. He in whom she had centred all her love had gone from earth, and all her hopes of earthly happiness had gone with him.

Mark Jermyn, influenced by his father's persuasion, had begun to pay marked attention to Kathleen. By kind and gentle words he had in some manner soothed the poignancy of her grief, and broached, after a time, the subject of a fresh attachment.

"No, Mark," said Kathleen; "when I meet another like Mahon I will then marry, but not till then."

"Ah, Kathleen," he answered, "time will soothe your sorrow, and you will think of Mahon differently from what you do at present."

"No," she said, "even if he lived and we were separated I would be true to his memory still, but when he is dead, I consider the pledge I gave him more sacred, more binding, and if I were to marry, my heart would still be his."

Still, despite her objections, Mark Jermyn was a constant visitor at Heather Hall, and greatly favored by Kathleen's brothers.

Time wore on, and the name of Mahon McMahon was buried in the grave of the past; few ever thought of him, and none mourned him, save the one faithful heart, which clung still, with all the ardor of a first love, to the memory of his worth and goodness. Kathleen alone, of all that knew him, wept in spirit over his unknown grave, and sighed for his untimely fate.

Twelve months passed, and Mark Jermyn, who was in constant attendance on Kathleen, found himself

sincerely attached to her. Overcome by her brothers, who urged the foolishness of a useless attachment to the memory of the dead, Kathleen had at last yielded and listened, Heaven knows how reluctantly, to Mark Jermyn's passionate words of love.

"I should not mind you being so steadfast," said her brother John, "if Mahon was living. In fact, if he were alive to-day I would consent to your marriage with him, but I cannot understand why you should cling to a memory that cannot possibly bring you anything but bitter reflections, when a brilliant future is before you as the wife of Mark Jerymn. I may tell you, Kathleen, that we have found that we have made a mistake in parting with Mahon McMahon. Business has not been so prosperous, since he left, as we could wish, and our anxiety now is for your welfare.

Mark Jermyn saw how coldly and almost unwillingly Kathleen received his advances, but attributed it to her fondness for, and constancy to the memory of her old love, and persuaded himself that time, added by his own influence, would soften the sting, and, perhaps, heal the wound left by the unhappy fate of her first and only love.

Alas! Mahon McMahon was now only remembered in name by the many who called him friend twelve months ago. Kathleen Bradly alone was the only one who treasured his memory with a holy love, and sighed in vain for the true heart she had so early won, so early lost.

Twelve months had passed away, when, one morning, a letter with a foreign post-mark was handed by the butler to mark Jermyn.

"Heavens! what can it mean?" he exclaimed, as he nervously tore open the envelope, and a death-like pallor covered his face. "Can the sea give up the dead?"

He had recognized the handwriting. The letter was from Mahon McMahon, and dated from a Chinese seacoast town.

"What am I to do?" he asked himself, after he had read in it the story of Mahon's wonderful escape. "Am I to show it to Kathleen, and thereby awaken in her heart every hope, every pang that has long since slumbered? Am I, by my own act, to throw aside the golden opportunity that a marriage with her presents to me? Am I to annihilate every affection of my heart that has sprung into existence within the past few months? Am I to dash to the ground every hope, every desire, aye, the very honor of my father, who has warded off, with many a self-sacrificing effort, the evil hour of ruin on himself and me; and for what?" His evil genius prompted him. "For a man who has left his betrothed under the impression — the false impression — for twelve months, that he was dead; left her to form new ties, new affections, and never, even for a moment, until now, wrote to her, showing that the slightest consideration for her feelings never influenced him in any way; and after all, if he was never supposed to have been drowned, her brothers would not permit him to marry Kathleen. Never, I say. By every law, human and divine, she is mine; she is engaged to me, and no one would expect me to ruin my every hope on earth for a man who has neglected grossly the girl he is engaged to, and who, after all, may never be permitted to marry her."

Such were Mark Jermyn's thoughts after reading Mahon McMahon's epistle; but, after a while, his good angel came to his aid and whispered, "Who is Mahon McMahon? Is he not the man who saved you from death? Do you not owe him everything, owing him your life? Have you kept the trust promised to him faithfully and solemnly? Could he have written sooner? who is to say? Could he have written to Kathleen herself when all communication be-

tween them had been cut off? Did he not, by writing, show his entire and unbounded confidence in the man in whom he had placed his trust?"

These were the conflicting thoughts that fought for mastery in his brain. He was undecided, and sought his father's advice and counsel.

"I have some news for you this morning, sir," he said, as his father entered the breakfast-room.

"Good or bad, eh?"

"That is for you to judge yourself, sir," Mark answered. "This letter I hold in my hand, bearing date a week or so back, is from Mahon McMahon; he is not yet dead."

"A very natural consequence, if he wrote that letter," the doctor answered, extending his hand to receive it in a cool, business-like manner; "some one has been playing a foolish and stupid hoax on you, Mark."

"Nothing of the kind, sir, you can see for yourself."

"So I see, so I see," acquiesced Doctor Jermyn, "very satisfactory indeed; all the better for my triumph. I hope he may come back to find you safely settled down as a married man, Mark."

"What if Kathleen hears it?" Mark asked.

"We must not let her hear of it," his father returned decisively; "we will get her out of the way of receiving letters. I shall advise her brothers, this very day, to take her either to Italy or the South of France, for the benefit of her health. She requires change; I would have advised it before, but that I would rather you should have more opportunity of impressing yourself upon her heart. You can visit them after they are settled abroad."

"That will come pretty expensive upon us," remarked Mark. "I fully realize now that every guinea must be an object to you."

"So it is,' said the doctor; "but as the husband in prospective of the great heiress Kathleen Bradly, your credit — and of course mine — will go up, and keep things floating for some time. You then can snap your fingers at the world and laugh at your victory over Master McMahon. Some day I will tell him the story of my wrongs, and make him feel some little portion of the relentless hate I bear his very name."

"But what will Kathleen think of the trick we have played her when she knows all?" asked Mark, cautiously.

"It will be easy enough to settle that when the time comes," returned the doctor; "when your love will be satisfied and the measure of my revenge full to the brim. Ah! Mark, your love is but a pigmy sentiment to the immensity of hate that man has inherited from his father."

So Mark crushed the letter in his hand and thrust it into a corner of his writing-desk, never to see the light, until it came forth, in its crumpled insignificance, the overpowering attestation and uncontrovertible evidence of villany and crime.

In six months more Mahon expected to be home; but if a vessel sailed earlier than the one he calculated he would start in, he would be home probably in a shorter period. Matters should be expedited and the marriage celebrated before his return. Mark could then disclaim all knowledge or receipt of the letter from China. His father's aim would be gained, and his honor still upheld. Still Mark Jermyn's conscience was not easy; though he planned and plotted, his heart misgave him when he thought of his treachery, but his father was continually at his side, arguing and threatening, until Mark threw all considerations to the wind, and went heart and soul to fulfil his father's wishes.

CHAPTER VI.

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.
TENNYSON.

EIGHTEEN months have passed away since the opening of our story.

Rain, rain, rain, the merciless and pitiless rain, had not ceased for days. Flooding the lowlands, wearing deep ruts and furrows in the hilly roads and by-paths, swelling the rivers, filling the scantily furnished attics beneath broken roof-tops, and sending the homeless and shivering poor into unsheltering doorways, or into damp cellars as cold, as cheerless, and as desolate as their hearts. The wind howled round the tottering chimney-pots, seeming to rejoice in their destruction, as the crash on the pavement below told of their downfall. Truly it was a terrible night, and one to be long remembered by the inhabitants of the little rural seaport town, from which the distant booming of a cannon could be heard proclaiming the distress of a ship calling for assistance, where aid was beyond the efforts of weak, mortal man. No boat could reach the doomed vessel or live in such a sea as was then, in all its fury and grandeur, beating on the rock-bound coast. The waves lashed and dashed against the rocks like enraged lions essaying to free themselves from prison bars, falling back from the rocky barrier only to renew again and again their fierce but fruitless attack. Again the sullen boom of a cannon came borne on the wind above the roar of the storm, and many an eye along the cliffs sought in vain to pierce the gloom. Again and again, each time clearer and more distinct, came the cry for help that could not be, and the watchers knew that ere long many a brave heart would find a watery grave, their dirge the fierce yet melancholy roar of wind and water, their only requiem the muttered prayer that ascended to heaven from hearts that stood still with awe to think that no human aid could reach the doomed vessel that was rushing helplessly to destruction.

Eyes look your last,
Arms take your last embrace.

. . . . . .

Next morning the rain had ceased, the wind, tired from his frolic, had abated, or sought in some other quarter of his playground fresh sport, but the sea was still muddy and discontented. Gray waves, high and white-capped, came rolling on the beach and dashing fretfully against the rocks, sending their milk-white foam high into the air. The clouds were still low and black, but here and there a stray patch of blue could be seen, from which the sun gleamed forth as if in mockery.

Numbers of men and women crowded the beach, picking up and hurrying away anything that the hungry waves might disgorge, for as yet the coastguards had not made their appearance. Here and there along the rocks stray figures might be seen peering into crevices and searching the caves farther to the west, for the wind last night was a little in that direction, expecting to find a portion of the wreck, of which the solemn, grim-looking hull, the very picture of desolation, stood on a sunken reef some distance from the shore. One of the masts, broken and shattered, floated on the top of the waves not far off, to which a dead body was lashed firmly.

On a sandy, secluded portion of the strand, surrounded almost with sea-weed covered rock, lay the figure of a man, his arm weak and listless, extended over a spar which lay close by his side, while high above at the back, the tall, earthy and rabbit-burrowed cliff stood frowning down. It was that of a young man, whose face wore the pallor of death; his eyes were closed, his lips firmly set, and his broad, marble forehead almost hidden by a mass of dark tangled hair, damp and clotted with sea-water. His dress was a dark serge body jacket and pantaloons, while his bare feet were nearly enveloped in a mound of mingled sea-weed and sand, heaped there by the receding tide.

The waves were dashing on the sloping bit of strand a few yards be-

low him, as if anxious to regain the prey they had lost. From the cliff overhead a lady was scanning the sea; she was gazing on the battered and torn hulk — a monument of nature's might and man's weakness — which now lay, having keeled over on its side, on a sunken reef, she turned her eyes upon the searchers along the shore, and was about to depart, when, with an exclamation of surprise and alarm, her eyes rested on the figure which lay extended on the strand beneath her. Her cry brought another to her side; a young lad now peered anxiously over the cliff.

"It's the body of a man, Miss Elda, washed ashore from the wreck," he cried. "I'll go and call some of the men." The young lady lost no time in descending a steep path that led down the face of the cliff to the strand, and with some trepidation approached the apparently lifeless figure. A shout from the cliff attracted her attention; it was from the young lad, who had returned with four or five others, who were soon at the bottom of the cliff, and coming rapidly towards her.

"He's alive, miss," said one of them, as he bent down and placed his hand over the region of the heart of the prostrate figure. "There's the laist taste of life left in him; it's a cruel world, Miss Elda; come, boys, make a lift of him, the poor crayter."

"Give him a thimbleful of this, first, Murty," said another, coming forward with a flask in his hand.

Murty did as he was directed, but did not confine himself to the limited allowance of a thimbleful. A slight twitching of the eyelids was all that showed returning animation, or that the poteen had the desired effect. They lifted the body between them, and with some difficulty bore it up the narrow and rugged pathway to the summit of the cliff, Miss Elda following in their wake.

For three days, with a sister's devotion, Elda Ward watched by the bedside of the man she had rescued, relieved occasionally by Mrs. Mintern, the person who kept house for Elda Ward's father. Mr. Ward was a widower; his wife had died years and years ago, leaving to her only daughter barely the remembrance of her kind, loving ways and gentle disposition. Elda's brother had been drowned some few months after the death of his mother; premature old age had taken possession of her father; a settled melancholy had taken possession of the house; day after day, in dreary monotony, passed away unheeded and unmarked by any incident until the coming of the stranger, the only one who had been rescued from the ship. For three days a deathlike stupor had taken hold of her patient, the heaving of his breast and his slow irregular breathing alone showing the presence of life. On the fourth day the doctor who had been called in forbade her attending any longer in the sick-room, as fever had set in. The services of an experienced nurse were called into requisition, and every care taken against the infection spreading.

"How is your patient to-day, Elda?" said her father, about four weeks after the wreck.

"We've dismissed the nurse since yesterday," answered Elda, quite joyfully, "and Doctor Barry says the fever has left him, though he is still too weak to give any explanation."

From that out Elda watched and tended the young man; she provided with her own hands every delicacy to entice his returning appetite, and no sacrifice of ease or comfort on her part was too great to anticipate his every wish or desire. As yet he evinced no inclination to enter into any explanation about himself, and Elda's delicacy refrained from asking one.

One morning Elda and Mrs. Mintern were in the sick-room, Elda sitting reading near the bedside, Mrs.

Mintern engaged in arranging the various medicines at a side-table, when the patient turned his head and fixed his large blue eyes on the figure by the bedside. He beheld a vision of loveliness in Elda Ward. She was small and delicately made; a pair of fair rounded cheeks glowed with the rich blood of health beneath two eyes of dark, dazzling brightness; her auburn hair was combed tightly back from her forehead and coiled in a knot behind her well-shapen head; the entire expression of her face was genial and good-natured, while wit and vivacity sparkled in her eyes.

She had been reading the beautiful, soul-inspiring melodies of our Irish bard, and laid down the book.

> The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
> Is always the first to be touched by the thorns,

she repeated; the sweetness of the lines had attracted her attention, and clung to her memory. This was one of the roses which impressed itself on her heart in wandering through the poetic garden of Moore's sweet melodies. The metaphor seemed very applicable to herself. She was to-day weary and depressed, for poetry, be it ever so gay, always made her feel sad. The turning of her patient's head aroused her, and her heart bounded with surprise and admiration as she beheld the handsome features, though pale and wan, lit up with the pair of large blue eyes which were fixed upon her, for the first time, with the light of reason.

"Do you feel better?" she asked timidly, feeling that she should say something.

"Oh! much better, thank you," he answered; "are you the good angel who hovered round my bedside all the time I have been ill? How can I ever repay your kindness, for I know I must have been ill for a considerable time?"

"By never speaking of the matter," she answered, evading his first question; "we have but done our duty."

"To whom am I indebted for all this kindness?" he asked.

"My father's name is Norman Ward; this is Mrs. Mintern here, who deserves any thanks, if they are at all necessary, and my name is Elda," was the modest answer to his inquiry.

"And my name is Mahon McMahon," he said; "oh, tell me how many have been saved from the wreck?"

"None, unfortunately, but yourself," she answered, sadly but pleasantly, at the two last words.

"Could you let me have pen and paper?" he asked. "I would wish to write a letter to a friend."

"A friend?" she repeated.

"Yes," said he, sorrowfully, "a friend; I have no relatives; I am alone in the world, and there is only one to whom I can apply the sacred term 'friend'; and I have intrusted all I hold dear on earth, all that can make my life one dream of joy, to him."

"To *him*," she murmured to herself, and a light like sunshine illuminated her face that had been dark and desponding while he spoke, and she left the room to comply with his request.

"Norman Ward," muttered Mahon McMahon; "surely I have heard that name before, but where?"

To be Continued.

If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; if you would not have a thing known of you, don't do it.

In modern days people are accustomed to earn their *living*, but in former times it was usual for them to *urn* their dead.

He is a first-rate collector who can upon all occasions collect his wits.

DOGS IN LITERATURE.

Catholic Progress.

THERE is not perhaps in the whole animal kingdom a creature that has been more immortalized by poets, historians, and novelists, for fidelity, than the dog. Crabbe describes him as

The only creature faithful to the end.

Pre-eminent for his love of the canine race is Sir Walter Scott. Camp and Maida, his two favorites, will be inseparably associated with the great writer's memory. Camp lived his whole life with his dear master, and we read of him when old and sick dragging himself to the door to welcome him; and that the affection was mutual is fully testified by Mrs. Lockhart, who says: "The saddest expression I had ever seen on my father's face was on the occasion when all the family stood in tears round the poor old dog's grave, and my father smoothed down the turf over Camp." She also adds that on the day of his favorite's death he declined an invitation to dinner on the plea "of the death of an old friend." But to Maida perhaps the palm of favoritism must be given, for to him we owe nearly the proverbial expression,— "Walter Scott and his dog." "Maida, the grandest dog ever seen on the Border since the days of Johnnie Armstrong," would lie stretched for hours at his master's feet, or lay his head across his knees to be caressed or fondled. We often see them together in the same picture, "so pleasant were their lives." So common was Maida's likeness that a friend of Sir Walter's bought a snuff-box at Munich for one franc with Maida's portrait on the lid. But to write a life of Maida, says a modern writer, would be to write a life of Scott. A statue of the faithful animal was erected at Abbotsford; when he was old and ill, he was faithful to the last to the master whose hand he licked when he visited him and condoled with him on his being "so frail." He died of extreme old age, and the epitaph written in Latin by Lockhart and translated into English by Scott is familiar to most of us: —

Beneath the sculptured form which late you bore,
Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

Scott told Lockhart that Maida was worthy of an epic, and Scott's biographer winds up by saying: "So died his faithful friend and servant, Maida, the noblest and most celebrated of his dogs,— might I not say of all dogs that shared the fellowship of man?"

Less conspicuous, but still worthy of honorable mention, is Spice, one of the "mustard and pepper" family. Scott, in giving the latter his name, says he will "stick to the cruets." Hence we hear of Spice, Ginger, Catchup, and Soy, all more or less distinguished for their faithful attachmeut to the man whose love for dogs was hardly ever equalled, certainly never surpassed. Of all the works he wrote, I believe not one is without some mention of dogs. Adolphus remarks: "Wherever it is possible for a dog to contribute to the effect of a scene, we find there the very dog that is required in his proper place and attitude." Bevis, in "Woodstock," is "the favorite hound of Sir Henry Lee, and protector to his beautiful daughter Alice" — in the beginning of his career "a mastiff in strength, almost a greyhound in form and fleetness"; at the end "his eyes dim, his joints stiff, his head slouched down, and his gallant carriage and graceful motions exchanged for a stiff, rheumatic gait." Scott here pictures his favorite Maida. Sir Kenneth, in "The Talisman," is surpassed in fidelity by

Noswal, faithful nearly to death, and the detector of the false Conrad. What would Gurth in "Ivanhoe" be without the faithful Fang? and Juno, too, in the "Antiquary,"—type of womanhood? And indeed a faithful dog is a type of a good woman,—tender, loving, and true; never more so than in misfortune, though the exclamation of Mr. Oldbuck was in that instance more of a jibe than a panegyric. Then we have the jealous Wolf ("the jealousy born of love," and for which most of us have some respect, as it is very different to the jealousy born of envy), of Avenel Castle, who was so jealous of the love of his mistress for the small Noland, whom he had saved from drowning; Harry Bertram's Wasp, who accompanied him in all his perilous wanderings, and also to prison; Dinmont's Yarrow; Colonel Mannering's Plato; Hobbie Elliot's Kilbuck; Captain Clutterbuck's dog; Fitzjames's hounds "swimming with whimpering cry behind their master's boat"; the English deer-hound who flew so furiously at young Buccleuch; Cedric's dogs, hungry and impatient, but with the intuitive delicacy of their race, forbearing to intrude on the gloomy silence of their lord; the Branksome stag-hounds "urging in dreams the forest race" by the touching sweet singing of poor daft Davie Gellatley; and last, but not least, Sturmah. Who has not seen the beautiful picture of Sturmah, "the chief mourner," Duncan's dog, at the bier on which is laid the dead body of his loved master? All these, and more, gave Scott subjects for some of his most telling passages.

Byron, too, though in a much less degree than Scott, loved and was beloved by his dogs; but Boatswain has been immortalized by the epitaph on his tomb, which may still be seen at Newstead Abbey:—

Ye who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on; it honors none you wish to mourn.
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise.
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Boatswain was one of a singularly noble nature, as the following anecdote will show: Mrs. Byron had a small terrier called Gilpin, who possessed a snarlish and vixenish temper, and was peculiarly trying to Boatswain, who had to protect himself from the snappish attacks of the little cur. Byron, fearing that Gilpin's days would be shortly numbered if the dogs were not separated, sent him to a tenant at Newstead, leaving for Cambridge at the same time. Boatswain was confided to the care of a servant. To that domestic's dismay Boatswain was missing for the whole of the day, but in the evening he walked in, bringing with him his old foe. Placing him by the fire, he lavished on him the most endearing caresses, and by his manner conveyed the most extravagant joy and triumph. Never afterwards did he resent any of the little cur's insolence, and on every occasion took his part against any other dog Gilpin might have provoked. Another story told by Byron is that often when in his boat he would tumble into the water in order to give Boatswain an opportunity of dragging him out. The prose epitaph of this dog runs thus: "Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of—Boatswain, a dog."

It seems that we have an Irishman in the speaker's chair at Washington. Keifer's true name turns out to be McKeever, and he is a son of the Emerald Isle. McArthur and McKeever make a very good showing for the Macs; the O's will be heard from when Kilmainham is emptied. —*Western Watchman.*

OUT OF DEATH, LIFE.

D. J. Donahoe.

I was walking in the orchard when the sun was sinking low,
And the pallid moon was rising in the sky;
On the hillside by the hedges lay a line of drifted snow,
And the streamlet swelled with rain went roaring by.

On an apple-bough above my head a robin piped his song,
Sweetly sang in gentle cadences and slow;
With a dreamy, mellow richness on the air the music rung,
And I could but listen as I walked below.

Sweet the voice above the streamlet that went rushing down the glen;
To my soul the simple song did plainly say,—
Why should care o'erpower the spirit, why should sorrow dwell with men?
Life from death, and beauty springeth from decay.

When the sun set and the shadows came the pallid moon grew bright,
And she soared on silver wings along the sky;
And a thousand stars were sparkling in the azure crown of night,
And a thousand added glories met the eye.

And from out the hollow tomb I saw the flowerets rise again,
Quickened into life and beauty by the ray,
And the sacred truth o'ercame me,—Why should sorrow trouble men?
Life from death, and beauty springeth from decay.

"PRIESTS!"

No one knows beyond themselves what great duty devolves upon priests. People will question them, and wrongly question them as to why they did not do this, or why they did not do that. The first rule a great priest observes is obedience,—the rule of obedience. Magnificent beyond all that the world can think is that duty in the heart of a priest. It is the first engagement of his wonderful rank,—a rank God-given, not man-given! When he clings to it, when he keeps fast hold of it—who blesses him, the priest—God the Father! If in the pride of his heart he turns away from the spirit of obedience, who blesses him? We have made our error—it is, who curses him? God keeps him. It is in God's hands the priest is. He keeps the priest, and he disposes of him, both in this world and the next. There are some people in this world who think the priests ought to be talking for them in meetings which are political, or sensational, or very often useless. They drag them there, and very often they leave them there. A priest cannot be always at the world's command. They are above them, but if they choose to exercise their right of attending to their duty, they are very often maligned, very often calumniated, very often abused atrociously. The sacredness of their grand character is forgotten. The grave and serious calling which is theirs is forgotten. Its memory remains only in the heart of the angels. One will go here and the other will go there to vilify the priests. The priest, personally for the human race, undergoes the most terrible and anxious deprivations, and men who are unwilling to undergo any, who follow the bent of their passions day after day, are anxious to spit and spume upon a priest. If the world lets the priest alone, the priest can do without it. But the world can never do without the priest.—*The Central Catholic Advocate, Louisville Ky.*

DEATH.

Cardinal Manning.

The life of a good Christian and faithful Catholic will, from the time he has reached the age of reason to his dying day, be a preparation for death. His life will be a life of piety, of charity, of purity, of mortification; he will be regular in his reception of the Holy Sacraments; and, more than this, he will accustom himself to think habitually on death. He will always have a foresight of death; his latter end will often engage his thoughts; he will remember that the day and the manner of its coming is most uncertain, and he will never fear to speak of death. Strange it is, yet most true, that the world cannot endure to hear that word death. It never says "Such-a one has died,"—no, it says, "Something has happened." It shrinks from the word death appalled and frightened. What cowardice is this! In the world if a man should speak of death, a gloom overspreads the countenances of all. In a room the mention of the word death is followed immediately by a complete silence,—as though every one were sensible of the entry of some terrible, but invisible stranger. The hearts of all are chilled by the mention of that little word. Not such is the manner in which the true Christian will regard death. He will not, it is true, look towards it with the passionate impatience of the suicide; but he will regard it as the opening to an eternity of happiness. One of the thoughts suggested by the contemplation of death was,—How terrible a thing it is to die if we are not prepared! "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," are the words of the Holy Ghost Himself. Yet how many are suddenly struck down! Even whilst he was speaking men and women were dying, and to how many of these did death come "like a thief in the night"! For the soul really prepared, death has no terrors. If we are faithful through life, the grace to die a happy death—the dying grace, as he would term it—will also be given us, and if we make a mistake in that hour we can never repair it. Upon the manner in which we die depends our fate for all eternity.

GLADSTONE IN IRELAND.

A son of the Premier, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, M.P., after having spent a month in travelling over the western or more disturbed half of Ireland, from Cork to Donegal, embodied his impressions of the country in a lengthened speech in the Town Hall, Manchester.

Among other things he said: A great number of my friends have said to me, "We are very glad to see you back again" (laughter), as if it was a very dangerous thing to travel in Ireland. Now, I will say this with all confidence,—that for a stranger Ireland is a safer place to travel in than England (cheers). Although the people in every case knew who I was, and might not have been disposed, as you may imagine, to welcome one who had supported a policy of which they had disapproved, I received from no man or woman the smallest incivility during the four weeks I was there. (Cheers.)

Mr. H. Gladstone thus states, truly and tersely, the selfish and blind policy of the landlords:

The Government does not receive even the support it has a right to expect from those who, by their position and influence in Ireland, might be supposed to be able and in a condition to help them. I am referring to the landlords. The landlords—and I say this in all confidence, though I admit it makes them very angry—the landlords from first to last of this agitation have failed to do their duty. They have sat still and silent, calling on the Government to help them with its bayonets. What ought they to have done? They ought to have come forward at the beginning of the agitation, when they must have known that the agitation was due in a great measure to rack-renting,—they ought to have come forward, met their tenants, reduced their rents. They ought to have offered fair terms. Then, I admit that if those had not been accepted, it was their duty to join with the Government in taking stronger measures. They did not join the Government in taking stronger measures, though they voted and called for coercion fairly lustily. They sat still, and they still fail in their duty.

ANCIENT SCOTLAND.

Catholic Progress.

THE old traditions of Scottish history have been collected and recorded by the diligence of the celebrated John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, one of the faithful Ministers of State of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, in a very curious book, "De Origine, Moribus et Rebus Gestis Scotorum," published at Rome in 1578. Another edition was issued in 1675, which carries the history of Scotland down to the date at which the work was published. There is in these days such a comprehensive disregard of ancient tradition that there is some danger of the early records of different nations being absolutely forgotten; and we owe a debt of gratitude to writers who, like Bishop Leslie, have been patriotic enough to preserve them to later times. For though it is possible that in the course of ages some admixture of fable may have found its way into the records of events of such very early date, it would be contrary to all reasonable probability, as well as all internal evidence, to suppose that these histories could have been invented wholesale. They must be founded on a substratum of truth. For everybody in every generation wants to know the real facts regarding the early history of the nation from which he is descended, and any fictitious embellishments of it would be sure to be jealously criticised at their first introduction, and could only be admitted with great difficulty. Such embellishments, moreover, are generally easily distinguishable, by the light of historical criticism, from the real facts with which they are intermingled. Give us the story as it stands, and we can each of us form our own estimate of the degree of credit which is to be attached to its different parts.

The Scottish nation, then, according to the current tradition, derives its origin from a certain Gathel, or by abbreviation, Gael, who was a son of Cecrops, the leader of the Egyptian colony in Greece, and either the original or second founder of the city of Athens. Gathel inherited the adventurous disposition of his father, but had less respect for the laws of settled and civilized life, and putting himself at the head of a band of armed followers, he did so much mischief in Greece and Macedonia that he was eventually advised by his father, and compelled by the inhabitants of the country, to return with his followers to Egypt. Here he placed his sword at the disposal of King Pharao, in his wars against Ethiopia, and fought with so much success that he was rewarded with the hand of the Egyptian monarch's daughter, Scota. The Scottish race are descended from this pair, and are to this day indifferently known as Gaels and Scots.

Gathel was a contemporary of Moses, and it may be mentioned, though it has nothing to do with Scottish history, that Moses himself is said, in the Jewish traditions preserved by Josephus, to have taken part in the same war against Ethiopia, in his capacity as an Egyptian prince, and having succeeded in making peace between the two countries, bound the alliance closer by his own marriage with the daughter of the King of Ethiopia. This princess accompanied him in his subsequent wanderings in Arabia, and is mentioned, though not named, in NUMBERS xii. 1. The expectation of human life was in those days half as long again as at present; and the prolonged wanderings of Gathel seem to imply that he probably lived somewhat beyond what is now the ordinary term of mortal existence. This restless chieftain, at the head of a large band of followers, and

accompanied by his wife and family, quitted Egypt and settled first in Numidia, and subsequently in the country now called Portugal, where he founded the city of Bracara, now Braga. Portugal, otherwise called Lusitania, derived from Gathel its now more popular name of Portu-Gallia, or Gathel's haven. The settlement of Gathel in Portugal must have been anterior by some centuries to the foundation of Lisbon, which, as its old name Ulissipo implies, owes its origin to Ulysses, King of Ithaca, who is known to have quitted his island home in his old age, and sailing westward, never returned. It is very satisfactory to know what became of him. This must have occurred some few years subsequently to the fall of Troy in B.C. 1185, and some three centuries later than the time of Moses, who left Egypt B.C. 1491. But this is a digression from Bishop Leslie's narrative.

Finding that his own followers and the inhabitants of the territory in which he had settled did not agree, Gathel once more quitted his abode for the territory north of the river Minho, which is now called after his name, Galicia, and where he founded the city of Brigantia, now Santiago de Compostella. Here he ended his days; but his followers, extending their conquests, carried their arms over the greater part of Spain. Gathel left two sons, Hiber and Hemech, from the former of whom the people of Spain obtained the name of Iberians, by which they were known in the Roman times; and who also gave his name to the river Ebro. But even before the death of Gathel the colonizing activity of the nation had sought out new abodes, and discovered a green and fertile island in the Northern Seas, with few inhabitants, which seem to offer them a home. Gathel sent both his sons to this island, which received from the elder the name Hibernia, or Ireland. Hiber returned to Spain, and shortly afterwards, on his father's death, assumed the sovereignty, and greatly extended the power of his nation by his conquests. Hemech remained in Ireland, which continued for many centuries the northern home of the Scottish nation.

The aborigines of Ireland, who were of the race of the giants, were subdued, but not extinct, and in the course of many centuries they so far recovered their political power as to threaten the existence of the Irish Scots. In this emergency the Scots sent to Milesius, the King of Spain, a descendant of the house of Gathel, requesting to have a prince sent them who could combine their scattered forces and lead them against their enemies. Milesius sent them a valiant prince of the royal house, whose name was Simon Brech, who was accepted as King of Ireland, and crowned on the "fatal stone" originally brought from Spain by Hiber seven hundred years before, and which was always the throne of the Scottish Kings. This stone was conveyed to the country now called Scotland a few centuries later by Fergus, and placed at Scone. All the Scottish Kings were crowned upon it until the time of Robert Bruce, when it was carried away by Edward I. of England, and placed under the chair of state in Westminster Abbey, where it still remains, and is said to bear the following Latin inscription:

Ni fallat fatum Scotum quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem regnare tenentur ibidem.

The inscription may be Englished thus:—

> Fate decrees that Scots shall reign
> Wherever they find this stone.

Another legend says that this is the stone upon which Jacob laid his head at Bethel when he dreamed of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven.* Whether the two stories admit of being reconciled together is matter of speculation. But it may

* GEN. xxviii. 2.

be observed that there exists another stone at Tara, on which the later Kings of Ireland were crowned, and which may possibly have been substituted for the one taken to Scotland by Fergus. It has been asserted that the Tara stone gives out a musical note whenever any of the descendants of Brian Boroimhe, the last great King of Ireland, seat themselves upon it. But in its present state the feat is not easy of execution, for it is a tall cone six feet high, ending in a sharp point.

The coronation of Simon Brech took place in B.C. 695, and for a thousand years after that date the dominant people in Ireland were the Scots. In the early lives of St. Brigit, of Ireland, who died in the sixth century, the inhabitants of that island are invariably designated Scots; and the records state that the number of successive Scottish Kings of Ireland was not less than one hundred and seventy-one.

It was one hundred and eighteen years after the accession of Simon Brech, and in the year B.C. 577, that the Scots made their first entry into the country to which they have since given their name. Scotland was then called Albion, a name which originally belonged to the whole island, and indeed is still occasionally used, but after the British conquest of the southern portion was specially appropriated to the northern division. The Scots occupied first the Hebrides, and afterwards made some settlements in Argyll, the Latin name of which district, Ar-gathelia, contains a reference to their national designation, the Gael. They ultimately occupied all the west of Scotland; but here their progress was arrested by another great and warlike nation who maintained themselves in possession of the eastern portion, and who were called the Picts. The Picts, in the opinion of Bishop Leslie, were a Scandinavian race, who came from Norway and entered Scotland through the Orkneys, whence they landed in Caithness and rapidly overran a great part of the country, their conquests being nearly contemporary with those of the Scots. The city of Edinburgh is said to derive its name from Eth, a Pictish prince, who was either its original founder, or at any rate took possession of it. The Pictish possessions were Caithness, Ross, Aberdeen, Perth, Fife, and the Lothians.

In addition to the Picts, the Scots had also to contend with the Britons of the South, who under their line of kings descended from Brute and Locrine, claimed an undefined supremacy over the whole island, a claim which they were never able to make good. In the year 1302 King Edward I. of England laid claim to the possession of Scotland, in a memorial addressed to Pope Boniface VIII., on the ground that the Trojan conquerer Brute, having cleared the island of its giants, divided it between his three sons, Locrine, Albanaet, and Camber, but on the condition that the younger should hold their portions in fee of the elder brother. Locrine, the eldest, established himself at Trinovant, since called London, and the pre-eminence which he enjoyed was claimed and exercised by all his successors. A copy of this document being forwarded to the Scottish Regency by their envoy at Rome, Baldwin Basset, the Regency replied that they had nothing to do with Brute, or his institutions. They were sprung from Scota, the daughter of Pharao, who landed in Ireland, and whose descendants wrested by force of arms the northern half of Britain from the progeny of Brute. To the Britons, therefore, they owed no subjection.* What the Pope thought of this historical retrospect as bearing on the question under dispute, we are not informed; but the incident proves that a partial and perhaps confused recollection of these remote events

* Lingard, Vol. II., c. 7.

was still extant both in England and Scotland, and was appealed to by the governments of both countries less than six hundred years ago.

The Scots in the west of Scotland, thus involved in difficulties on all sides, sent an urgent request to their fellow-countrymen in Ireland to send them a king capable of directing their movements in war; and in response to this appeal Fergus, the son of Farquhar, King of Ireland — a prince celebrated for his high character and prowess in the field — came over to Scotland, and was crowned upon the "fatal stone," which he brought over with him from Ireland for the purpose, in the year B.C. 330, six years after the accession of Alexander the Great to the throne of Macedon.

The Scots and Picts entered into alliance, retaining their separate nationalities and governments, and thus existed side by side for nearly twelve hundred years, when the Picts, who had been much weakened in their wars with the Romans, were entirely destroyed by Kenneth II., King of the Scots, about A. D. 840, and their capitol, Cameldon, levelled to the ground. The few survivors took refuge in Norway.

The Christian faith was introduced into Scotland in the reign of Donald I., the twenty-seventh king in succession from Fergus, and in the year A.D. 203, Donald, having heard of the piety of the Christians and the wonderful miracles wrought by their saints, sent an embassy to Pope Victor I., asking for Christian teachers. The Pope complied with the request, and from this time the Catholic religion rapidly supplanted all the old forms of paganism, and prevailed in Scotland uninterruptedly until the Reformation. The succession of Scottish Kings continued without break until Mary Queen of Scots, who was the one hundred and sixth sovereign in succession from Fergus, and whose son, James VI., as the descendant of Henry VII. of England, succeeded to the English crown on the death of Elizabeth, in 1603. The names of all the Kings of Scotland, and the principal events of their reigns, are given in full by Bishop Leslie, but are too lengthy for our columns.

THE SISTER. — No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to the family. A sister's love, a sister's influence,— what can be more hallowed? A sister's watchful care, — can anything be more tender? A sister's kindness,— does the world show us anything purer? Who would live without a sister? A sister is a sort of guardian angel in the home circle. Her presence condemns vice; she is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is light and life. Her heart is the treasure-house of confidence. In her he finds a safe adviser, a charitable, forgiving, tender, though often severe, friend. In her he finds a ready companion. Her sympathy is as open as day and sweet as the fragrance of flowers. We pity the brother who has no sister, no sister's love. We feel sorry for the home which is not enlivened by a sister's presence. A sister's office is a noble and gentle one. It is hers to persuade to virtue, to win to wisdom's ways; gently to lead where duty calls; to guard the citadel of home with the sleepless vigilance of virtue; to gather graces and strew flowers around the home altar. To be a sister is to hold a sweet place in the heart of home; it is to minister in a holy office.

A MANUFACTURING wire-worker in an advertisement invites the people to come and *see* his *invisible* wire fences.

WE suppose that a man who never speaks may be said always to keep his word.

DECREE OF ROMAN CONGREGATIONS.

RESIGNATION OF A PARISH.

A PRIEST in the diocese of Ascoli petitioned his bishop to allow him to resign, alleging that his health was failing, that the mission was too poor to support him without unusual labor and inconvenience, which rendered him unfit for practical work, and that he was desirous of completing the full course of his studies. The bishop refused, and the priest immediately appealed to the *Dataria*. After hearing his lordship's side of the question, the Sacred Congregation concurred in the decision given, refusing, as the bishop had done, to accept the proffered resignation. Not discouraged, the priest carried the case direct to the Holy Father, and asked that either his resignation should be accepted, or his case be examined before the Sacred Congregation of the Council. The latter was graciously permitted.

To resign a benefice, and much more a parish, a just and canonical cause is required, and the resignation must also be accepted by the bishop. When this case, however, was brought before the Sacred Congregation, it was shown that the only just and canonical reason alleged was the plea of bad health, and on this point, strange to say, the weight of evidence was against the parish priest. His ill-health was proved to be more imaginary than real. The other two reasons were equally futile. As regards the full course of his studies, that was surely complete enough, since he had taken the Doctorate both in Canon Law and Theology; and as to the poverty of his mission and inconveniences complained of in the discharge of his parochial duties, those were only such as are inherent in the life of almost every parish priest, and especially of those of his own diocese. It was therefore decided in a general meeting of the Sacred Congregation, held September 10, 1881, that the reply to be returned to the petition should be *Lectum*. (*S.C.C.*, 10*th Sept.*, 1881.)

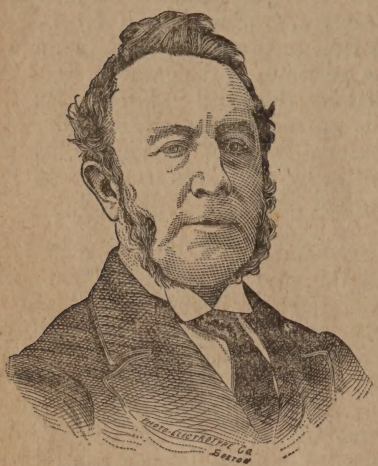
N. B.—The meaning of the word "*Lectum*," when given by one of the Roman Congregations in answer to a petition, is the same as that implied by the word "*Negative*"; but it is considered a milder and more gracious form of conveying to the petitioner that his request is not granted.

IMMORTALITY OF MAN.—Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and that pass away and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around their midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be set out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful being that now passes before us like meteors will stay in our presence forever.—*Prentice.*

ACCORDING to official statistics, 431,239 immigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, during eleven months of the year which has just closed. The statistics for December have not yet been made up, but it is estimated, however, that they will show a total for the whole year of about 450,000. In this migration Germany takes the lead, and Ireland comes next. The year just commenced will probably show a still larger movement.

WHAT is often found where it is not? Fault.

LORD O'HAGAN.



LORD O'HAGAN is now about sixty-nine years of age, having been born in Belfast in 1812. He is the son of Mr. Edward O'Hagan, by the marriage of the latter with Mary, daughter of Capt. Thomas Bell. In 1836 he was called to the bar, and in the same year was married to Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Charles Hamilton Teeling, of Belfast. It may be added, that his Lordship married again in 1871, selecting for his wife Alice Mary, youngest daughter of the late Col. Charles Towneley, of Towneley, near Blackburn. He became Solicitor-General in 1860, and Attorney-General in 1861; and, in 1865, was raised to the Bench. On the return of Mr. Gladstone to power in 1868, he was intrusted with the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland, an innovation no statesman previously had the courage to attempt. He held this exalted office till the defeat of Liberalism in 1874, and was reappointed in 1880. We believe it was Lord O'Hagan's desire to throw off the burden some time ago; but he bore with its weight and inconvenience till the Land Act came into actual operation, and Mr. Law was then free to succeed him. The career of Lord O'Hagan at the bar was a brilliant and unbroken success. Though winning golden opinions in the judgment-seat, he will be best remembered as the eloquent and resourceful advocate. As a special pleader he had no superior. He held a brief in each of the great cases which arose during his period of practice, and in his day "the Counsellor", was popularly esteemed as in some sense a forensic successor to O'Connell. Hence he has won his honors by brains, energy, and high principle. To be created a Knight of St. Patrick is a rare distinction. We are quite aware that ability and character are the highest patents of nobility, and these Lord O'Hagan already possesses; but we recognize that the Knighthood of St. Patrick is a gift on which the givers set great value, and of which the receivers are reasonably proud; and therefore we congratulate the first Catholic Lord Chancellor on the laurels and trusts that have been the rewards of an active and fruitful career.

The *Sunday Union*, of New York, remarks: "This gentleman, who has just retired from the Lord Chancellorship of Ireland, is a man whose career illustrates the nursery tradition of being born with a silver spoon in one's mouth. A Roman Catholic barrister, of ancient Celtic race, entirely unconnected with modern governing families, he has obtained honors without a parallel in the history of Irish lawyers. Mr. Gladstone marked his services in connection with the first Land Act by raising him to the Chancellorship as the first Roman Catholic who had ever held that office, a special act being passed to enable him to take it, and he was subsequently created a peer of the United Kingdom, whereas other Irish Chancellors since the union have not

even been made peers of Ireland, and we believe with the single exception of Lord Clare — rewarded for union services — no other Irish Chancellor has ever received an English peerage. But, as though this were not enough, he now receives an honor never yet vouchsafed to an Irish Chancellor,— the ribbon of St. Patrick,— which is to an Irish noble what the garter, never given to a Chancellor, is to an English one. Lord O'Hagan is a genial, gentle-tempered man, whom every one likes. By his first wife he had no surviving son, but marrying a few years ago a daughter of the great Lancashire family of Towneley, his rare good fortune culminated in an heir to his honors. He now retires with a pension equal to the salary of one of our Supreme Court Judges. His successor in the Chancellorship gets one of the snuggest places in the world — $40,000 a year, with just about half the work of the English Chancellor, who, on $50,000 a year, has further to discharge the duties of Speaker of the House of Lords as well as to preside in Chancery, and the Irish Chancellor is entitled, no matter for how short a time he holds his office, to $17,500 a year on retirement. There are few people in the world more comfortably situated than the Irish Judges,— a dignified position, light work, handsome salaries, substantial pensions."

Lord O'Hagan has been created a Knight of St. Patrick since his return from Rome to Ireland.

A Wedding Tour in a Horse-Car. — A paper speaks jokingly of a young married couple "who took their wedding tour in one of the horse-cars." But was it not a good deal more sensible than to spend all their money in a trip to some fashionable watering-place, and have to return to some garret-room until they could recuperate from the result of their extravagance? It is all right enough to make a wedding tour if money is plenty; but young people of small means act sensibly when they refuse to ape a fashion which their slender purses will not bear. One of the evils of the age is that young people refuse to marry until they get "well off," or "rich enough to support a wife." The old maxim of our fathers and mothers, "marry for love, and work for your money," is kept sadly in the background by the false lights of modern fashionable society. A young man and woman, honest, virtuous, and with health, who marry for love, are on the highway to honor, usefulness, and wealth, and, in nine cases out of ten, twenty years hence will have money to lend to the needy and seedy fortune-hunter of twenty years ago.

How to Create a Love for Reading. — A school superintendent was asked how he managed to advance his pupils in all their studies so much more rapidly than his predecessor had done. His reply is worthy of special note: "I make it a point to bring them along as rapidly as possible in reading. In the primary grades I give more time to this exercise than is customary in other schools, and I persuade or entice the pupils of the higher grades to read books, newspapers, magazines, anything wholesome that will give them practice, and at the same time instruct them. Every day we spend from fifteen to twenty minutes asking and answering questions about what we have read. To excite curiosity, we post the most important caption-lines from the columns of the newspapers. The next morning nearly every one of the older scholars is prepared to give particulars on the subjects of the previous day's bulletins. If I can get our scholars to read, it is easy to induce them to study. By as much as they become more expert in reading, so much is the labor of pursuing their other studies reduced, and their enjoyments heightened."

MERCY.

Most Rev. Archbishop Croke.

What is meant by mercy, and how far may one reasonably reckon on receiving it from God? Mercy may be said to be an unwillingness to punish, or a desire to serve and save. Mercy is the justice of the heart. Practically, the goodness and mercy of God are identical. Theoretically, they are different. Goodness is an active attribute, mercy is a passive one. Goodness is positive, mercy is negative. Goodness prompts God to act, mercy to be quiescent. Mercy cannot be exercised except by a free agent. You do not ask mercy from a falling rock or from a thunderbolt. The condemned felon may sue for mercy from his sovereign or from his judge, but not from the executioner. God is not always free to be merciful. He was not free, for instance, to be merciful to the rebel angels, though, according to St. Bernard, they expected it, and Lucifer's sin, he says, can be explained on this supposition alone. His sin was a sin of pride. He would rival God in greatness. This has been discussed by many of our greatest divines, amongst the rest by St. Thomas; but St. Bernard is thought to have explained it most satisfactorily. Yes, the saint says, Lucifer did know that God was just and jealous, all-seeing and omnipotent; but he also knew that He was merciful. He felt, in fact, what the Royal Psalmist has since sung, that "God's mercy is above all His works," and so he hoped to escape punishment, though reckoning on defeat. God is good and merciful, said the aspiring angel; He loves me so much, and gifted me so highly, that even in His anger He will not abandon, much less destroy me. So said Lucifer; so saying, he sinned, and, having so sinned, he was hurled from the heights of heaven and doomed to the depths of hell, with his unhappy followers, forever. God is always good, then, brethren, but He cannot be always merciful. To whom alone can He be merciful? The Scriptures make answer in almost every page. "Relieve the oppressed, judge for the fatherless, defend the widow, and then come to me," said the Lord; "and if your sins be scarlet they shall be made white as snow, and if red as crimson they shall be white as wool." Search the Scriptures, brethren, from Genesis to Revelation, and you cannot find a single text in which mercy is promised to those who hope for heaven, while doing nothing to deserve it. Many miracles and deeds of charity are recorded of our Divine Lord whilst He lived upon earth; but you will not discover that He performed any one of them in favor of an avowed enemy, or even for the benefit of an unbeliever. The dying thief on the cross and the Publican in the temple asked for mercy with a contrite heart. "Go," said He to the woman taken in adultery, "and sin no more." He was kind, then, and considerate and merciful to all who asked for favors with earnestness and sincerity, but, as we shall see, His choicest gifts and blessings and sympathies were poured out on those whose hospitality He had partaken of, —whose distress had excited His commiseration, or whose generosity and good-will had been somehow made manifest in His regard. What was there, it is often asked, in St. Peter, that attracted to him in so marked a way our Lord's attention, and ultimately caused him to be appointed official chief of the apostolic college? Before his call and conversion Peter appears to have been a weak-minded and vacillating man, of small capacity and humble instincts, plainly unfit to lead others, and but ill-suited to the advancement of any

public cause. But he was good and generous and kind-hearted in the extreme, and ready to do or dare anything for the sake of Christ. Witness his attempt to walk upon the waters, and the pluck and promptitude with which he drew his sword on a memorable occasion, even at the risk of his life, to defend his Master against a host of armed enemies. Magdalen's love and profound penitence had a deal to do, no doubt, with the declaration that "her sins were forgiven her," but is it not plain, also, that our Lord appreciated her generosity in pouring out a phial of precious ointment on His sacred feet, and that this was to her an additional source of Divine favor and benediction? Jesus commenced His miracles at the marriage feast of Cana, in Galilee, by turning water into wine; but He was in the house of a friend, and complied with the request of His mother. He fed five thousand in the desert, but they were His followers. Wholly regardless of self, they had left house and home, and family, without making any provision for the journey, eager only to hear the word of truth, and trusting implicitly to the bounty and benevolence of Him whose mission it was to speak it. Lazarus was His bosom friend. Martha was sister to "him whom He loved." She used to prepare His meals and wait on Him at table when He came on a visit to their house, and died a saint accordingly. All, in short, in whose behalf our Divine Lord performed His miracles, or to whom He otherwise showed special favor, believed in Him, befriended Him, respected Him, were generous towards Him, ceased to do evil, learned to do well,—went, in fact, their way and sinned no more. Ingratitude is the ugliest feature of sin; hence, God has never failed to punish it. He punished it with a vengeance in His rebel angels and in the case of Adam and Eve. Amongst people of the world, if you are a murderer, you are said to be a wicked man; if a thief, they call you an unjust man; but if you requite accumulated kindness with ingratitude, you are universally denounced as a base and unprincipled man. Now they that are notably ungrateful to God will be found, for the most part, I believe, to be ungrateful to man as well. A wicked generation is invariably a selfish one; and the experience of all climes and ages has fully established the fact that we cannot expect much of practical charity, or even benevolence, except from those who are blessed with Divine faith, who recognize the influence, and strive to act up to the precepts of a heaven-sent religion, who love God because God first loved them, and who, if they occasionally transgress His Commandments, do so rather through human frailty than from set malice or perversity of purpose.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES.—The Phœnicians, who were a great commercial people in the young days of the world, are thought to have given the present names of most of the countries around the Mediterranean Sea. The Phœnician language contained the words Europe, Asia, Africa, Italy, Spain, Gaul, Britain, Ætna, Sardinia, and Siberia, as well as many others now used as the names of minor places. Europe, in Phœnician, meant "white complexion," and was applied to the country north of the Mediterranean, because the natives were of lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa. Africa signified the "land of corn," and Asia meant "the middle land," being so named because it was between Europe and Africa. Italy was the "country of black pitch"; Spain was the "land of rabbits"; Gaul, or France, the "land of the yellow-haired"; Britain, "the country of tin"; Ætna, "the smoky furnace"; Sardinia, "a man's foot," because it is shaped like a foot; and Siberia, "thirsty land," because it is so dry.

HAVE YE COUNTED THE COST?

Speranza (Lady Wilde).

Will our Leaders faint and falter
At the foes they have to bind —
The Ignorance and Prejudice,
Bigot heart and shallow mind?
Do they tremble at the ordeal
That is looming from afar —
The battle, and the hero-death,
And vict'ry's fiery car?

Ah! the brave ones! Lion-hearted!
They whose prophet-accents rung,
As if pentecostal fires
Had been kindled on their tongue;
Some with words of soft persuasion,
Melting hearts both stern and strong,
Like the minor chord that waketh
All our tears in Irish song.

Some with glance, like eagles, fearless,
And great thoughts that kindle deeds,
Bowing souls of men before them
As the storm-wind sweeps the reeds.
Will they sink down, pale and weary?
Vain is preaching to the wind,
Burning words and supplications —
Slavish souls are deaf and blind.

Never! Like the protomartyr,
Ages since on Judah's plains,
While around him, furious raging,
Stood the fierce, unbranded Cains;
So, sublime in holy daring,
Stand our Leaders calmly there,
Though such grief their spirit's clouding
As might quickly fade young hair.

Grief for the idiot people,
Who, with suicidal hand,
Strive to bind the fetters closer
On their prostrate, bleeding land.
But a silver cord of gladness
Is inwoven in the gloom —
Through the midnight of our sadness,
Brightest stars from heaven loom.

Morning comes when night is darkest,
Near to evil good will spring,
As the Indian serpent resteth
On the leaf that heals its sting.
Braver spirits will enkindle,
To redeem our abject race;
Noble hearts will beat yet nobler,
To retrieve our past disgrace.

Brighter still, and brighter shining,
Seems the glory of the few,
Who, in face of earth and heaven,
Swear to God they dare be true.
Let the masses pass on scorning,
Seek not courage in their mind;
Self-devotion, patriot fervor,
Spring not from the craven kind.

Abject tears, and prayers submissive —
Have they eyes, and cannot see?
Never country gained her freedom
When she sued on bended knee.
Be our Leaders, then, still daring,
Bold in word, and brave in fight;
And when comes the day of trial,
Then, may God defend the Right!

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LEGAL EXPERIENCES OF A LIMERICK BANKER.

Irish Assize Courts.—The Dock.—The Lawyers' Literature.—An Action for Slander.—An Unhappy Quotation.—A Grave Witness.—Harry Deane Grady.—Speech for the Defendant.—The Jury's Estimate of the Plaintiff's Character.—An Unpopular High Sheriff.—Crooked Paddy.—Agrarian Murder.—Conviction of Three Murderers.—The Extorted Fee.—The Biter bit.—The Noscgay.—The Limerick Banker.—Extracts from the Satire.—An Action for Libel.—Damages £500.

Few places afford a richer field for observation to the student of our human nature than our Irish Assize Courts. From the presiding judges to the meanest prisoner in the dock, the inquisitive spectator can analyze and remark the various tempers, dispositions, characters, modes of action, manner, and qualities of his fellow-men. It has been my habit, during the years I went circuit, to note such peculiarities of individuals —any circumstances, either connected with the cases which came before the Court, or the parties thereto, as appeared to possess more than ordinary interest. My revelations I now offer. That a good idea may be formed of the interior of an Irish Assize Court, while the Judge is trying prisoners, I shall borrow a description from the note-book of a late Queen's Counsel*:

"From the character of the crimes to be tried, as appearing on the calendar, I expected to find in the dock a collection of the most villanous faces in the community. It was the very reverse. I would even say that, as a general rule, the weightier the charge, the better the physiognomy

* Richard Lalor Shiel, Q.C.

and more prepossessing the appearance of the accused. An ignoble misdemeanant, or sneaking petty larcenist, may look his offence pretty accurately; but let the charge amount to a good transportable or capital felony, and ten to one but the prisoner will exhibit a set of features from which a committee of craniologists would never infer a propensity to crime. In fact, an Irish dock, especially after a brisk insurrectionary winter, affords some of the choicest samples of the peasantry of the country; fine, hardy, muscular, healthy-looking beings, with rather a dash of riot about the eyes perhaps, but with honest, open, manly countenances, and sustaining themselves with native courage amid the dangers which beset them, and many of them are, in fact, either as guiltless as they appear to be, or their crimes have been committed under circumstances of excitation which, in their own eyes, at least, excuse the enormity."

Besides the accused in the dock, the witnessess on the part of the prosecution, often eager in their hot pursuit after justice, policemen thirsting for convictions, or parties smarting under the pain of bodily injury, or the deprivation of property, or those appearing for the defence, are subjects for study. These latter may be relatives of the accused, anxious for his restoration to liberty and fair fame by the verdict of "Not Guilty"; they may be conspiring to obtain his release from the dock by a pretended *alibi*, and in their turn demand the attention of the keen investigator. Then the acquirements of the professional advocates on both sides, their mode of conducting their cases, of shaping their questions when examining or cross-examining, their tact and legal knowledge when addressing the Court on points of law, or the jury on matters of fact, often prove a source of interest to the spectator. The conduct of the learned Judge, sometimes patient and reticent, sometimes hasty and garrulous, dull and dignified, quick and ungraceful, learned and pedantic, ignorant yet arrogant, forms not the least prominent figure in the picture. The interest created in the civil trials often equals, sometimes exceeds, that of the criminal. Many of them disclose extraordinary events, and display more romance than is found in many works of fiction. A writer in the *Law Magazine* says,* "If our grave reporters of law cases would adopt a course intermediate between the loose, hurried, and inaccurate reports of the newspaper, and the very grave and very dry professional reports, and with as much practical, living interest as the case admits of, our people would welcome their works and read them."

The writer of the article suggests that such a work should be "executed by a man of taste and discretion, dealing with delicate matters with a careful hand, and drawing out to view the inferences that may be of service in the conduct of life, impressing on everybody the impossibility of shirking responsibility by any other means than the due exertion of prudence at the right time, which is usually a long while before we suffer the consequences, often as severe as they are certain."

Whether I fulfil the ideas of the writer respecting taste and discretion, these pages will tell. In my sketches of judges and counsel I have, I trust, to deal delicately and carefully, yet truthfully; and in my accounts of the trials, whether civil or criminal, I have selected such as might serve as guides in future times of peril, or assist in the due regulation of our conduct.

BRUCE *v.* FREWEN.

An action for slander was tried in the city of Limerick in the year 1790, which excited no small degree of public interest. The plaintiff, Mr. George Evans Bruce, was a man whom public rumor branded with

* *Vide* article on "Lawyers' Literature," *Law Magazine*, August, 1858.

crimes of deep enormity. He was said to have amassed a large fortune by cheating at cards; that he had been expelled from society in London, and, having purchased property in the neighborhood of the city of Limerick, when enclosing his ground, included along with it an angle which his next neighbor, Mr. Frewen, claimed as belonging to him. This was denied by Mr. Bruce, and, in the heat of assertion on the one part, and denial on the other, Mr. Frewen called Mr. Bruce "a rebel, a whiteboy, a blackleg, a swindler, and a knave." These words being considered defamatory, Mr. Bruce took legal proceedings, and the result was a trial in Limerick, when the damages were laid at five thousand pounds. The plaintiff, Mr. Bruce, retained as his counsel Mr. Preston and Mr. Keller, one of the famous wits of the Munster Bar. For the defendant appeared Mr. Hacket, Mr. William Lloyd, Mr. Harry Deane Grady, and Mr. Thomas Grady. Mr. Preston, the leading counsel for the plaintiff, stated the case for his client with considerable ability. He dwelt with much stress upon the injury inflicted upon his client by the defamatory words used by the defendant, and quoted the familiar lines from Shakespeare,

"Whoso steals my purse steals trash,
But he that filches from me *my good name*"—

whereon every eye was riveted upon the ill-reputed plaintiff, and shouts of laughter rose on every side. The mirth was so continuous, so violent, and renewed again and again, that the learned counsel was compelled to sit down in silence, unable to finish the quotation, until the order of "Keep silence!" which the Judge and crier pronounced, was observed.

When Mr. Preston was allowed to resume his address, he continued to urge the injury which would necessarily accrue to the country by conduct like that of the defendant, which would cause the departure of a gentleman who had introduced into it wealth almost immeasurable. Now, as Mr. Bruce was believed to be amassing large gains by lending, at usurious interest, to needy borrowers, this was almost as unlucky a hit as the previous quotation. Sighs and groans now took the place of laughter from the occupants of every spot in Court, and it was not until Jerry Keller, by some quaint drollery, restored the cause of the plaintiff, that he seemed to have any chance of a verdict. Two witnesses were called for the plaintiff. They proved having heard the altercation between the plaintiff and Mr. Frewen, when Mr. Frewen called the plaintiff "a rebel, a whiteboy, a blackleg, a knave, and a swindler." When the examination on the direct of these witnesses ceased, Harry Deane Grady, though only two years called to the Bar, was directed by the senior counsel for the defendant, Mr. Hacket, to cross-examine the plaintiff's witnesses.

This young advocate had already displayed such pre-eminence in this necessary department of professional skill as to give promise of that future success which built up his forensic reputation.

The first witness for the plaintiff was a sharp-looking lad. He was a laborer in the plaintiff's employment. He was dressed in a green jacket, which gave Harry his cue, so he commenced,—

"Pray, my bit of evergreen, in what capacity do you serve Mr. Bruce?"

"I have care of his sheep," was the reply.

"Why, you look more like his sportsman than his shepherd. Don't you look after his *pigeons?*"

This so confounded the witness, he told, without delay, everything Harry Deane Grady sought to learn, as also did the second witness; and Harry, by his rapid fire of cross-examination, his droll remarks upon the dress and appearance of the witnesses, and comments on their an-

swers, turned the tide of feeling strongly in favor of the defendant. Mr. Hacket then addressed the jury for Mr. Frewen. He did it admirably. The formal words of the declaration, in which the pleader describes the plaintiff as being of good name, fame, and reputation, the defendant's counsel, with imperturbable gravity, affected to consider as a material and substantial part of the plaintiff's case. Addressing the jury, he said, "When this brief was put into my hands, gentlemen, I thought it was all a mistake,—that the plaintiff was preparing for another world rather than a Court of Justice, and that this labored panegyric upon himself was his epitaph, and not his declaration. As an epitaph it is an able production, but how far, in a Court of Justice, it will bear the test of investigation, I am a stranger, and cannot tell; but you are a special jury of the county of Limerick, and must decide."

When Mr. Hacket finished his speech, the defendant's counsel called a few witnesses, after which Mr. Lloyd made a most powerful address on behalf of the defendant. Counsel for the plaintiff having replied, the Judge charged briefly. He left the case to the jury, who, without leaving their box, found a verdict: "For the plaintiff, *sixpence* damages."

The defendant, who was sitting at the table directly opposite to the plaintiff, gravely handed him a shilling, and said, "Take the worth of your character out of *that*, *and give me the change*." Tremendous cheering followed the announcement of the verdict both in and out of court. The jury were loudly complimented, and the populace tried to get hold of Messrs. Hacket and Lloyd to chair them, but these gentlemen avoided the compliment, and got quietly to their lodgings.

THE BITER BIT.

In the first year of the present century the office of High Sheriff of Limerick County was filled by the plaintiff in the case just related,—Mr. George Evans Bruce. He had been of some service to the potent Lord Chancellor of Ireland at that period, Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, and, despite the reluctance of the county Limerick magnates to associate with or acknowledge Mr. Bruce as of their order, such was the influence of the Lord Chancellor that he appointed Mr. Bruce a county magistrate. In order to testify their dislike to this justice of the peace, when he appeared on the Petty Sessions Bench, the other magistrates in a body retired, and left him. But Mr. Bruce was not one of your thin-skinned gentry. He had vast riches. How he came by his wealth was darkly surmised, but, gotten fair or foul, he had the money. He became a banker in Limerick, and paid five thousand pounds for two hundred acres of land, situated on the banks of the Shannon, near the picturesque falls of Donan. Here he built a stately mansion, subsequently bought by Lord Massy for twenty thousand pounds.

Mr. Bruce, as already mentioned, was not a popular man. He had, it was reported, connived at, if not encouraged, the progress of disaffection towards the British Government during the Rebellion in 1798, then betrayed his unfortunate insurgents, and thus got credit with Lord Clare and the Irish Government to further his ambitious prospects. This led, as I have stated, first to his being appointed a magistrate, and next High Sheriff of Limerick County. But, unpopular as the High Sheriff was, another individual was still more so; this was Pandun *Bocaugh* (crooked Paddy), *alias* Canty the Hangman. He was the executioner of the extreme penalty of the law upon the prisoners capitally convicted at the Limerick Assizes. Pandun Canty was as ill-looking a sample of humanity as eyes could see. His face was almost hideous in its expression; his eyes glared like

those of a wild beast beneath their shaggy brows; his nose was small, and a tinge of red denoted Pandun's love for stronger liquor than Adam's ale, while his huge mouth, over which a broad grin usually lurked, gave a ferocious finish to his countenance. His figure was misshapen, whence he obtained the Irish sobriquet of Bocaugh, or crooked,—one shoulder being more elevated than the other, while the lower extremities were also out of gear, one leg being shorter than the other. This necessarily caused him to limp when he walked.

It happened, during Mr. Bruce's year of office as sheriff, one of those fearful crimes which show the unfortunate relationship too often existing between landlord and tenant in Ireland, reddened the soil. A landlord, Mr. Going, desired to get rid of some turbulent tenants who were ready to fight or attend races, hurling matches, wakes, weddings, fairs, or funerals, but were by no means so ready to cultivate their farms or pay rent, and, therefore, were considerably in arrears. He served notice to quit as a preliminary to bringing an ejectment. While walking in his domain at two o'clock on a fine frosty day in January, he was assailed by four ruffians, armed with heavy sticks, and beaten while life remained. When he was killed, the murderers departed. His poor young wife was the first to come to the fatal spot. The sight she witnessed thus suddenly deprived her of reason, and she was removed to a lunatic asylum. The hue and cry was quickly raised, and four men, upon whom the murdered landlord had served notice to quit, were arrested under circumstances of grave suspicion. They had been heard exulting "that their land would not be taken from them by their hard-hearted tyrant landlord"; that "he was done for"; and heavy sticks, with the appearance of blood upon them, were found concealed in the thatch of their houses. The magistrates met, a large reward was offered by the county gentlemen for the discovery of the murderers, which was supplemented by the Government, and amounted altogether to five hundred pounds. This caused one of the gang to turn informer, and upon his evidence, strongly corroborated, three men were tried at the Limerick Spring Assizes in 1800 for the wilful murder of their landlord. They were found guilty, and sentenced to be hung on a gibbet not far from the very spot whereon they committed the terrible deed.

As Mr. Going, the landlord, had been murdered within the precincts of his demesne, almost within view of his dwelling, it was not deemed proper to execute the convicts so close to the family seat, but across where four roads met within half a mile of the demesne was the place where the gibbets were erected. Sentence was pronounced at the Spring Assizes held in Limerick in February, 1800, and the first of March was the day fixed for carrying out the dread sentence of the law. The morning dawned with torrents of rain, but, as the day wore on, the rain diminished to a thick drizzle, which veiled Nature in a dense mist. A low, moaning wind stole over the expanse of "Shannon's sheeted flood," and swept in gusts through the streets and lanes of the city. Unpleasant as the day was, it did not prevent a vast concourse of the citizens collecting in the neighborhood of the county jail to witness the departure of the doomed men. The conversation of the expectant crowd, as we may suppose, was not very lively, and their remarks upon the character of the hangman was the reverse of complimentary to that functionary.

"Pity the brave *gossoons** have to die a dog's death!" said one of the crowd. "Bad luck to the vagibone that ties their cravats!" said another. "Here they come, boys! A

*Boys.

groan for the Sheriff!" — and a low growl of antipathy was increased in sound, and, swelling into a hoarse roar like the breaking of multitudinous waves upon a rocky shore, marked the hostility of the crowd to the High Sheriff, Mr. Bruce.

The procession advanced, and soon a fresh object of popular dislike engaged the attention of a fickle mob. "A groan for Pandun *Bocaugh!*" directed attention to the hangman, who was perched, somewhat ostentatiously, on the front of a long cart, in which the three men about to be executed were seated. He scowled angrily as groans and yells from the excited mob reached his ears, and, raising his hand as if to ward off the curses and occasional missiles hurled against him, he muttered "how glad he'd be to hang these boys under his hands on the gallows." The *cortége* crossed the city, and soon reached the open country. The day seemed inclined to brighten, and an occasional rent in the cloudy sky allowed a gleam of sunshine to pierce the gloom. As the procession drew near the cross-roads, a vast crowd was observed to have assembled there, while high over the dark mass of human beings three gibbets rose ominously into the air.

It required the presence of a captain's strong guard of infantry to clear the space necessary for the sad preparations which were needed by the hangman to launch three human beings into eternity. Ere that sharp-witted functionary set to work, he held the following dialogue with the High Sheriff:—

"Yer honor," said Pandun, "what is you to give me for dis job?"

"Your usual allowance—five pounds for each convict," replied the Sheriff.

"I won't take less than tin," said the hangman sturdily.

"Then you won't get it," was the prompt answer.

"Then you'll have to hang the boys yourself, Sheriff, darlint,' urged the insolent hangman, with a sneer.

Mr. Bruce winced. He was quite unpopular enough already, and had no desire to be an amateur hangman.

"I'll commit you if you do not do your duty," he said, sternly.

"Well, do, and see what good that will do you," observed the determined Pandun. "But what's tin pounds to you? By all accounts, you're as rich as Crasis."

While this discussion was going on, the clouds increased in bigness and blackness, and rain commenced falling with that steady persistence that denoted it had made up its mind to persevere. Mr. Bruce looked at his watch, and noted the hour for the execution of the convicts was at hand.

"Come, Paddy," he said, in a tone meant to be coaxing, "say twenty pounds for the three, and go to work at once."

"Not a rap—not a penny under thirty pounds *agirinth caise*," * was the dogged answer.

"I suppose I must agree," cried the Sheriff, in a tone of mortification; "but you must trust me until I get back, as I have not the money with me."

"I'd trust ye no farder than I could throw ye, and that's not far," said the hangman. "Trust *you* indeed,—not I! Maybe the officer there would lend ye the three tins."

The angry Sheriff went to the officer, and he, luckily, was able to hand out three ten-pound notes, which Pandun clutched eagerly. He then leaped from the car, and, taking the unhappy culprits in turn, adjusted the fatal noose. Having, by means of the cart, placed each on their respective gibbet, when the cart was withdrawn the unhappy men expiated their crime upon the gallows. The effect on the immense crowd was solemn. The peasants knelt and prayed silently. Having done so, dark looks from many boded ill to the official whose hands had deprived these men of life.

* "Money down."

Pandun hoped to escape further notice by crouching low down in the now empty cart, around which the guard had formed, anxious for the order to march back, and thus to get out of the rain. Before they left the spot, the High Sheriff called out to Pandun:

"Leave that car, you rascal!"

Pandun, as though uncertain who was addressed, remained where he was.

"Turn that scoundrel out of your cart!" said Mr. Bruce to the driver.

The driver approached to obey the Sheriff, when Pandun called out:

"Oh, Mr. Bruce! shure I'd better go back as I cum, or maybe de boys would hurt me."

"You must take your chance of that!" cried the Sheriff. "Come out with you this instant, or you'll be thrown out!"

"Oh, your honor, you would not have the heart to do it!" cried the terrified hangman, observing the angry looks of the enraged crowd.

"What! are you afraid?" said Mr. Bruce. "Unless you pay for your seat in my cart, out you go this moment!"

"I'm willin' to pay your driver anything in raysin," cried the half-maddened hangman.

"Not so," replied the Sheriff. "I pay *my* driver; *you must pay me!*"

"So I will, your honor. How much?"

"Thirty pounds! — not a rap, not a penny less," said the Sheriff, now in his turn master of the situation.

"Oh, you're joking! Shure that's all I have to depend on. Say five pounds, an' I'll pay it."

"Not a rap, not a penny," persisted the Sheriff, who paid off the hangman in his own coin. While Pandun was hesitating, a blow of a cudgel fell heavily upon his head and settled the matter. The unhappy hangman felt he would never return alive if deprived of the protection of the escort. He therefore returned Mr. Bruce the three ten-pound notes, and Mr. Bruce, having gained his point, directed the escort to close up, and, thus protected, the hangman reached Limerick,— the biter bit.

"THE NOSEGAY" TRIAL.

Before leaving Mr. Bruce, I will relate another case in which he was concerned as plaintiff, and in which Mr. Grady, the junior counsel for Mr. Frewen in the action first stated, figured as the defendant. I also have an account of his speech at the Bar meeting in 1798. This gentleman, Thomas Grady, was near-sighted, and called "Spectacle Grady," to distinguish him from other barristers bearing the same name. He was possessed of considerable abilities, but with an unfortunate propensity for satirical verse. His antipathy, once roused, never slept until it was satiated; and it was supposed some refusal on the part of Mr. Bruce to accommodate Mr. Grady by the use of money from his bank led to the composition of "The Nosegay,"— one of the most ferocious satires ever penned. From the previous account of Mr. Bruce in my pages, some idea of his character may be formed. It was related that, while playing a game called "Quinze" at a London club, with the celebrated statesman and desperate gambler, Charles James Fox, in which the latter lost heavily, he suspected cheating, and, believing the outspread hand of Mr. Bruce covered a substituted five, exclaimed "For a thousand guineas the five of clubs is under that hand!"— at the same time snatching a fork from the supper-table, he drove the prongs through the hand, effectually preventing its withdrawal. The surmise was correct. The five of clubs was under the hand, and the cheater ignominiously expelled from the club. Such was the popular story, but as neither of Mr. Bruce's hands bore any trace of the perforation it was at least apocryphal.

The satire, which afforded grounds for the action for libel, opens with

the supposed trial of the banker for various crimes, and the strength of the satire can be imagined from the following extracts: —

"Come, ——, for tardy Justice takes her seat,
Convicted usurer — convicted cheat;
In every mischief, aider or abettor—
Self-vaunted infidel and tampering traitor!
In daring prime, in principles unbuckled,
Reluctant subject — voluntary cuckold."

. . . . .

"See round the Court, of youths debauched, a group,
Who sucked thy poisons while they supped thy soup;
Who haunt thy dinners, emulous to share
Thy half-digested extracts from Voltaire:
Whose finer taste thy sense could never hit,
Which caught th' impiety, but not the wit.
Dinners, where mischief's never at a stand,
Atheist and sharper joining hand in hand,
Blest from combining to engulf the whole,
To sink the property and damn the soul."

Having continued in this strain, the poem thus refers to Mr. Bruce's charges for the loan of money:

"See on one side some minors, ruined boys,
Whose lands you mortgaged to sustain their joys;
Who pay for nights in these sad vigils spent,
A mild retributive of cent. per cent."

The reference to the before-mentioned incident while playing at quinze with C. J. Fox is thus forcibly stated:

"But see aloft, and near the Sheriff's box,
The black-browed spectre of poor Charles Fox;
See. with one hand his angry eyes he rubs,
And in the other holds the Five of Clubs!
Some fools assert plurality of wives,
Thy doctrine was *plurality of fives;*
And by this doctrine, heterodox and rank,
You built a palace, and you stocked a bank;
But sold the palace, where no neighbor came,
Marked while you lived there — mansion of ill-fame."

This statement about his selling his house on the banks of the Shannon was true. He paid about five thousand pounds to Mr. Waller for the ground, expended at least ten thousand in building a fine mansion, with suitable offices and pleasure-grounds, which he sold to Lord Massy for £20,000.

The terrible satire goes through many episodes of the banker's career —some not fit for our pages. We must be content with the following lines near the end of "The Nosegay": —

"Yet in the dark and dreadful midnight hour,
O God! this caitiff owns Thy sovereign power.
It happened once, by some unlucky doom,
I lay, not slept, in his adjoining room;
'Twas then I witnessed of his soul the pangs,
The stripes of conscience, and of guilt the fangs;
Scared by fierce visions from his feverish rest,
He saw ten thousand daggers at his breast.
'Murder, ye villain! murder!' he exclaimed,
And of his many victims some he named;
Now seemed the pistol's menace to evade,
And parried now the visionary blade:
Now the most hellish imprecations uttered —
Now, half suppressed, the Litany he muttered;
And now, confounding blessed spirits with evil,
Invoked by turns the Saviour and the devil.
Thus pass his nights, which fear and fury spare —
A sad *melange* of blasphemy and prayer."

This scathing satire was at once attributed to Thomas Grady, and an action for libel commenced. The damages claimed by Mr. Bruce were £20,000, and an able Bar was retained on both sides.

The case was tried by a special jury of the County of Limerick in 1816, and O'Connell — who was one of the counsel for the defendant — made a most powerful speech, reiterating the chief accusations which were contained in the satire. After the case had closed, and the jury retired, there was considerable speculation as to the verdict, and some disappointment expressed when they awarded the plaintiff damages £500.

This sum the defendant resolutely refused to pay. He possessed some property in the neighborhood of Limerick, sufficient to support him in exile, and he went to Brussels, where he remained during the remainder of his life. He was the author of many poems, but none made so much noise as "The Nosegay."

To be Continued.

HON. WILLIAM E. ROBINSON.

Continued from page 290.

audience, and entertained him for several days at Ashland, giving him letters to his political and personal friends at Washington.

While in college he became acquainted with Horace Greeley, and soon after the establishment of the New York *Tribune* he became one of its assistant editors, and in the fall of 1844 he went to Washington as the Congressional correspondent of that paper, and for eight or ten years wrote for it a series of letters under the signature of "Richelieu," which attracted much attention all over the country and in Europe. He still delights to commune with the public under that signature.

A description which he gave of an Ohio member lunching on sausages led to his expulsion from the House in 1846. The ludicrous scene and the prominence given to it by the foolish action of the House, led to its reproduction in Europe, with caricatures in the London and Berlin illustrated newspapers, and, on the first day of the following session, he was, by an almost unanimous vote of the House, restored to his seat. Among those who voted for his expulsion and subsequent restoration, were Jefferson Davis, Stephen A. Douglas, and Andrew Johnson. John Quincy Adams voted against the expulsion.

During these eight or ten years of literary labor in Washington, he became intimately acquainted with Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, James Buchanan, John C. Calhoun, John J. Crittenden, Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln, Silas Wright, Lewis Cass, and the leading men of that age, including the presidents, vice-presidents, judges of the supreme court, and cabinet ministers, whose friendship he retained till the end of their lives.

During his stay in Washington the Famine of 1847 occurred in Ireland, and he took an active part in sending relief. Through his friend, Governor Washington Hunt, of New York, he had a bill introduced into the House, appropriating five hundred thousand dollars for the relief of the Irish sufferers. It was delayed by parliamentary tactics in the House. He then got his friend Governor John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, to introduce it into the Senate, where it passed by a nearly unanimous vote. In the House it was indirectly opposed, and kept in committee, where it was finally killed. It was now only a few days before the adjournment of Congress, and he had a bill introduced to send the United States war ship *Macedonian* laden with provisions for Ireland. This was carried, and Commodore De Kay was put in command of the ship, and she landed her cargo in Ireland. This ship was captured by Decatur in the war of 1812.

It was at Mr. Robinson's suggestion that the great Irish Relief meeting was held at Washington, at which Vice-President Dallas presided, and a senator or member from each State in the Union was made vice-president. Daniel Webster offered the resolutions, and made a speech which, in his own handwriting, Mr. Robinson still has in his possession. A national commitee of five was appointed by that meeting to appeal to the whole country for subscriptions. The committee were: Daniel Webster, Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, Senator E. A. Hannegan, Edward Curtis, and W. E. Robinson. It was at his solicitation that Vice-President Dallas, Daniel Webster, and all the other actors at this meeting, attended. For his exertions in this matter the people of New Haven, where he had resided while in college, held a large public meeting, and presented him with complimentary resolutions and a gold medal, on which the *Macedonian* is represented in full sail, at sea, with relief for Ireland.

In the meantime he had become the chief editor of the *Buffalo Express*

and *Newark Mercury*, and in 1849, with Devin Reilly, one of the brilliant writers of the Young Ireland party of 1848, published in New York a weekly paper called *The People*, which attracted the attention of scholars in this country, and of the Republican leaders in Europe.

In 1853 he was married by Archbishop Hughes, in Newark, to a daughter of George Dougherty of that city. She died nearly eight years ago, leaving five children, who still live with him. Soon after his marriage he was admitted to the Bar of New York, residing in 82d Street, and continued to practise for several years. Among his clients were Horace Greeley, Barney Williams, and several prominent men in professional and mercantile pursuits. In Mr. Greeley's first will he made Mr. Robinson one of his executors.

In 1859 he visited Ireland, after twenty-three years' absence, chiefly to see his father, who still survived, over eighty years of age, but shortly afterward died. His wife accompanied him. Cordial letters of introduction from Archbishop Hughes, Horace Greeley, Thomas Francis Meagher, and others, brought many friends to see them. Among those who showed them marked attention in London was Richard Cobden; John Bright visited them at their lodgings. A reception was given them at the Giant's Causeway by the clergy and gentry of Coleraine and Ballymony, where his brother resided; and at a celebration of the 4th of July, 1859, at Killarney, by a large party of Americans, he was chosen the orator.

This 4th of July celebration was a remarkable event in Ireland. It was conducted on the true American model. A salute was fired at sunrise; the American flag, made for the occasion by the ladies of Killarney, and which is still in Mr. Robinson's possession, was twisted on the ruins of the old castle of McCarthy More. A procession of a dozen jaunting cars drove through the throngs at the village Fair, and the party proceeded on horseback through the gap of Dunloe, thence down the three lakes, past the Eagle's Nest, from which a magnificent eagle soared as they passed, the Killarney boatmen throwing up their oars and cheering for America; and down again to the hotel, where an elegant dinner was provided, when speeches were made, and a poem and the oration delivered, with subsequent fireworks, which had been ordered from Cork, which brought thousands of people from the villages and mountains, and roused the neighboring gentry. The festivities were prolonged into the night, with music and dancing on the green, and more speeches from American Protestant clergymen, and Catholic priests connected with the Cathedral of Killarney, all of which was fully reported in the *Tralee Chronicle*. It will be remembered that it was at a previous celebration, the only one which had been held before at this same spot, that the celebrated Irish orator, Phillips, made his eloquent speech, in which he apostrophized Washington as the "boon of Providence to the human race." After visiting Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Baden, Edinburgh, and other cities, they returned to their home.

While residing in New York he ran several times for the Legislature, for Judge, etc., in opposition to the Tweed ring, and was several times prominently mentioned for Congress, coming within one vote of getting the nomination in 1848. The last time he ran in New York was for District Judge, and in his own strongly Democratic ward (the 20th) he ran ahead of the Tammany candidate, on an independent Democratic nomination, over 800 votes.

In 1859 he purchased a summer residence in Bath, on Long Island, where he has lived for twenty-two summers; and in 1862 he moved to Brooklyn, in which city he has since resided. On the passage of the Internal Revenue Law, President Lin-

coln appointed him as head assessor for the Third Congressional District. Though Mr. Lincoln knew that he was a Democrat, and a supporter of Douglas, yet he knew him as an old friend, as an earnest supporter of the Union cause, and he struck out the name which Secretary Chase had made out, and inserted Mr. Robinson's. He was unanimously confirmed by the Senate, and for nearly five years proved an efficient and popular assessor, having some twenty assistants and clerks under him. On the creation of the Eastern District, President Lincoln wanted to appoint Mr. Robinson United States Judge, and a very warm contest ensued, in which the President and Mr. Greeley favored this appointment, and Mr. Raymond and the Congressional delegation from New York favored Mr. Benedict, who was finally appointed. Mr. Greeley and Mr. Raymond had a long controversy over the appointment in the *Tribune* and *Times*.

In 1866 he received the Democratic nomination for Congress in the Third Congressional District, which at the previous election had given James Humphrey, Republican, a majority of six or seven hundred. Mr. Robinson was chosen by about eighteen hundred majority over Simeon B. Chittenden.

There is neither time nor space to sketch Mr. Robinson's career in Congress, or to notice his speeches. He took a prominent position, and was on the Committee on Foreign Affairs. His speeches on reconstruction and on the protection of American citizens traveling abroad, many of whom were then unjustly detained in British and German prisons, and were liberated through his exertions, were published in pamphlet form, and thousands of these sent into all the States and Territories, and into Europe, creating much comment on both sides of the Atlantic. The members of Congress subscribed for large numbers, and one member, after they were out of print, had one of them republished for circulation in his own district.

The result of his exertions was the passage of a law by Congress, and signed by the President, asserting for the first time the right of man to expatriation, which was afterwards adopted by both Houses of the British Parliament, and signed by the Queen, and passed by the German Legislative Department, and signed by the Emperor. When Mr. Robinson entered Congress in 1867, all mankind were slaves under the doctrine of perpetual allegiance or involuntary sertude, and when he left it in 1869, over one hundred millions of mankind had been freed from its thraldom. Judge Wilson of Iowa, Judge Woodbridge of Vermont, and Mr. Judd of Illinois, who had been our Minister to Prussia, all declared in their public speeches that this measure of Mr. Robinson's was the grandest American question ever brought before Congress, the last-mentioned gentleman declaring that he would rather have the credit of introducing Mr. Robinson's measure than of having annexed a hemisphere to our country. His speech on Reconstruction brought him many complimentary letters from eminent literary and political persons throughout the country. On all matters before the Fortieth Congress, Mr. Robinson took a prominent part, and he was always listened to with marked attention.

Since the termination of his term in Congress, in 1869, he has been several times nominated by independent parties for office. The last time he accepted any independent nomination was about four years ago, for Senator, when he polled the largest number of votes given for any other Senator throughout the State, except his opponent. In 1871 he was warmly pressed for Mayor of Brooklyn, and had he accepted, his numerous friends contended he would have been elected.

In 1880 he received the regular Democratic nomination for Congress in the Second Congressional District

of the State of New York, and was elected by eight thousand majority over the same candidate who, two years before, in the same District, with the same nominations and indorsements, had beaten the regular Democratic candidate by over three thousand votes in the previous election. His term of office commenced on the fourth of March, 1881, and will terminate on the fourth of March, 1883.

Mr. Robinson is one of the oldest and most devoted friends of Ireland and her noble cause. In 1841 he was chosen by his class in Yale College their valedictory orator to the Society of Brothers in Unity, and in that oration, which was elegantly printed, he eulogized Ireland. In 1842 he delivered an oration in New Haven on Ireland and the Irish, which was printed in a 64 page pamphlet, and which was extensively copied and reviewed in Irish and American papers and reviews. In 1851 he delivered an oration on the Celt and Saxon before the Psi Upsilon Fraternity at Hamilton College, which was copied into almost all the Irish papers, reviewed in several columns of the London *Times*, quoted in the London *Quarterly Review* and in the House of Lords, and noticed or copied in almost all the American reviews and papers. It was published in all the editions of the New York *Tribune*, daily, weekly, semi-weekly and European, filling eight columns in each; and, in his recent letters under the signature of "Richelieu," he has written some of the ablest sketches of American biographies, genealogies and history, as yet given to the public. He is now engaged in finishing a work on the Irish Element in the United States, showing that the great mass of our American people are Irish by descent, and that the great military and naval heroes, the preachers, founders of colleges, editors, merchants, poets, lawyers, actors, physicians, and others who have made America what she is, were of Irish birth or blood. It will be published in winter or spring.

When the old hall of the House of Representatives at Washington was abandoned for the more gorgeous one in the new wing of the Capitol, Hon. George Shea, Chief Justice of the New York Marine Court, procured the chair which had been long occupied by John Quincy Adams, and, with a number of literary and social friends of Mr. Robinson, presented it to him. Horace Greeley made the presentation speech, to which Mr. Robinson appropriately responded, and other speakers followed.

When Mr. and Mrs. Robinson were about to depart on their visit to Europe, an elegant public dinner was given to him at the Metropolitan Hotel in New York, at which the Mayor and Recorder of that city, the United States Postmaster, and other officials, James T. Brady and other lawyers, Charles A. Dana of the New York *Sun* and other editors, General Thomas Francis Meagher and other eloquent gentlemen, attended and made speeches.

When Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) Hughes visited Washington, Mr. Robinson got John Quincy Adams and all the leading Senators and Representatives in Congress to invite the Bishop to preach in the hall of the House of Representatives. Speaker Winthrop put his room in the Capitol at the Bishop's disposal for a robing-room. The invitation delighted the Bishop, and the Bishop delighted the Congressmen, Foreign Ambassadors, etc.

While in Washington, at the inauguration of President Garfield, he received much attention. The *National Republican* published several columns of interviews with him. A friend of his daughter procured for her album the autographs of the outgoing and incoming Presidents, with their cabinets, the Vice-Presidents, the Chief Justice, the General of the Army, the Admiral of the Navy, George Bancroft, Mrs. General

Gaines, and other distinguished persons and leading members of both Houses of Congress, and almost all of them paid some compliment to her father.

When the Irish State prisoners of 1848 were under sentence of death in Richmond Prison, they procured a splendid copy of Grattan's speeches, with passages relating to Ireland marked, and sent it over to Mr. Robinson. The presentation is in the handwriting of Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher, and headed by William Smith O'Brien. It was dated, in compliment to America, July 4th, 1849. It was also signed by John Martin, Charles Gavan Duffy, and afterward by John Mitchel on his arrival here from Australia. Mr. O'Brien afterward warmly invited Mr. Robinson to visit him at his home in Ireland.

Mr. Charles Sumner was so pleased with Mr. Robinson's oration on the Celt and Saxon, that he wrote to Mr. Ripley for another copy when he lost the one which he had laid away for preservation. It was the first effective assertion of the superiority of the Irish element in America.

While Mr. Robinson has ever proved faithful to the island of his birth, he has proved himself a worthy son of his adopted country. While in Congress he was always on hand to attend to matters of finance, river and harbor improvements, tax laws, limitation of the hours of labor, and always attentive to the interests of the people. It was on his motion that the Brooklyn bridge law finally passed Congress the last day of his term. His speech on the death of Thaddeus Stevens was recently referred to, in an article from Speaker Colfax, as the best of the numerous orations delivered on that occasion. He introduced a resolution looking to the independence of Cuba or its annexation to this country, but his crowning labor was on the protection of American citizenship, which has revolutionized the slavish doctrine of centuries on perpetual allegiance. Before he accomplished this our naturalization laws were a mockery and a delusion.

IRISHMEN AT THE NEW YORK BAR.

IRELAND is well represented in the New York judiciary. On the bench of the Supreme Court are Judge Chas. Donohue, and Judge John R. Brady, both Irish-Americans. The Common Pleas has Judge Chas. P. Daly as Chief Justice, and the same office in the Marine Court is filled by Judge George Shea, the latter, we believe, of Irish birth. The Recorder, whose place is that of the first criminal judge, is Frederick Smith, who, if not a native of Ireland, is of Irish parentage. In the lower courts there are several judges either of Irish nativity or direct Irish extraction. The newly-elected District Attorney, John McKeon, though born in New York, has been identified with the Irish element all his life. Outside of the judiciary, Ireland is also well represented. The Mayor, Mr. Grace, is of Irish birth, a fact of which his opponents made the most at the time of his election. The sheriff, Mr. Rowe, is of Irish parentage. The Commissioner of Jurors, Mr. Caulfield, was born in Ireland, as also, we believe, was the Registrar of Vital Statistics, Dr. Nagle. The Commissioner of Street Cleaning, Mr. Coleman, who has given New Yorkers a clean city at last, is the son of Irish parents. Mr. Docharty, the County Registrar, is of Irish stock, as his name indicates. Of the seven State Senators elected in New York city lately, four are Irish by birth, or their parents came from Ireland. Of twenty-four members of the Assembly, elected at the same time, fourteen are to be credited to the same nationality.

WHEN you hear a politician talking perpetually about "scenting corruption," you may pretty safely conclude that the *scenter* is the *scentre* of it.

O'CONNOR.

In the United States House of Representatives, on the 8th of February, the Speaker called the special order of business, being the memorial tribute of the House to its late member, Hon. M. P. O'Connor, of South Carolina, whose death at his home in Charleston, in April last, caused a pang of sorrow in many a heart,— not only in the sunny South, enriched by the lustre of his eloquence and genius, but from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for in hardly one of the large chain of cities and towns had not his voice been heard or his actions applauded? Mr. O'Connor was ever to be depended upon where the real interests of humanity were at stake, and can be always pointed back to as one of those who have made the name of the Irish race shine so gloriously in the temple of fame. Mr. Samuel Dibble, of South Carolina, had the honor of submitting the resolutions, which were read by the Clerk as follows: —

Resolved, That this House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of the Hon. Michael P. O'Connor, late member of this House from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to his memory the officers and members of the House will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Clerk of this House to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk be directed to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the Senate; and that, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, this House do now adjourn.

Eloquent eulogies were delivered by Representatives Dibbell, Randall, Maginnis, Lindsey, Robinson, and others.

In the Senate, on the transmission of the resolutions of the House to the Senate, Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, offered the following resolutions: —

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. Michael P. O'Connor, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of South Carolina.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for fitting tributes to the memory of the deceased, and to his eminent public and private virtues, and that, as a further mark of respect, the Senate, at the conclusion of such remarks, shall adjourn.

Appropriate remarks were made by Senators Bayard, Butler, Jones, Wade Hampton, and others.

Mr. Bayard said: "My personal acquaintance with the worthy gentleman, whose death we all deplore, was commenced amid the somewhat stormy scenes of a national convention, held in the city of Baltimore, in June, 1872, which he attended as a delegate from the State of South Carolina; and I can well recall the spirited and effective eloquence with which he espoused a course of action in which I did not concur. He subsequently became a member of the House of Representatives, and friendly personal relations were soon established between us, in the course of which I discerned his active, ardent interest in public affairs, and his usefulness as an able and honorable Representative of his State and country. He gained early, and never lost, the confidence and esteem of his associates, without regard to their party affiliations, and his reputation as a capable and faithful legislator will long survive.

". . . . . there was no battle-field, from the Saint Lawrence to the Savannah, but was enriched with Irish blood, shed in the cause of civil and religious liberty. To-day we see them in our midst, honored and beloved by their associates, and valued, not by their constituents alone, but by the entire country. Of this patriotic class was Mr. O'Connor, and whilst we cannot fail to mourn the loss occasioned by his death, we may well cherish the legacy of honest fame he has left us."

DILLON O'BRIEN.

With sincere sorrow we record the death of Hon. Dillon O'Brien, of St. Paul, Minn. His death was very sudden. On Sunday, Feb. 12th, the deceased left his home to attend Mass, a little in advance of his family, that he might have a talk with Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland. It happened that morning that Bishop Ireland had celebrated the nine o'clock Mass, and before he reached the breakfast-room Mr. O'Brien called; the gentlemen meeting in the hall, they entered the reception-room. Bishop Ireland's breakfast was announced as ready, but he was so glad to see his old friend that he asked the person in attendance not to mind the breakfast, although then it must have been near ten o'clock. The gentlemen, seated, continued in brisk and pleasant conversation, the deceased appearing in particularly good spirits, when of a sudden a change settled upon his face; on the instant Bishop Ireland spoke to him, and getting no reply he rushed into the hall, gave an alarm, and then went to his room and got the holy oils, and returning, administered extreme unction. Bishop Grace and a physician were immediately in the room, but in less time than it takes to recite the sad details, the immortal spark had fled, and the mortal remains only were under a roof where he was ever welcomed, and surrounded by those of all others who knew him best, and consequently appreciated him most. Mrs. O'Brien, ignorant of her widowhood, reached the Cathedral soon after the sad event, and was told that she was wanted in the Episcopal residence, which she entered, and Bishop Ireland, as best he could, told her the sad news. Like a true Christian woman, her first care was for the spiritual wants of the deceased, and being told that he had received absolution and extreme unction, she, in that dark hour, expressed herself thankful to Almighty God that the summons, terrible as it was, came in time and place as it had. As soon as the dreadful immediate shock was over, the remains, tenderly cared for, were removed to the home that the deceased an hour before had left with his usual buoyancy.

The funeral services were held at the Cathedral on Wednesday morning, Feb. 15th. The sacred edifice was crowded long before the remains were brought to the church. The assembled mourners represented all the professions and all the walks of life. Within the sanctuary were the Rt. Rev. Bishops Grace and Ireland, and all the clergy of the city who could attend. Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland delivered the funeral sermon. He said: —

"Had we to rest our eyes on this coffin, and see nothing beyond the trappings of sorrow and death, in which are wrapped all that earth now possesses of our loved and esteemed friend, how pitiful a being man must appear! What is life to him, save the dream of a moment, something like the spray which the passing zephyr uplifts from the waters of the stream, almost at once dropping it back into the current, where it forever disappears? 'Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity,' has said the wise man, and we feel this morning the truth of his words. Three days ago Dillon O'Brien stood among us full of life and usefulness. In the twinkling of an eye death seated itself on his brow, and in a few moments all was over. Earth now has nothing for him; he is lost to his friends, to his family; the void in the community which his disappearance makes he will never fill up,— he is dead. And such the earthly career of all of us! What, then, the purpose, the object of life? The world has no answer; and if we but hearken to its unravelling of the mystery we will find it to be but 'a fleeting show, for man's illusion given.' Sadness, despair is our sole resource, and man, with a reason which forces him to inquire, and instincts for continued existence and happiness which clamor to be satiated, is the most miserable and pitiable being upon earth. Who knew him but to admire him, and feel grateful to him for his services to

his fellow-men? He was the true Christian philanthropist. Doing good to others is one of man's noblest prerogatives; it is the surest sign that we partake of the spirit of Him who 'went about doing good.' It was Dillon O'Brien's delight to say a word or do an act that would alleviate suffering or make a man better and happier. He would travel hundreds of miles to speak in favor of a good work. It was his broad-hearted, intelligent charity that led him to become the zealous apostle of total abstinence, which he loyally practised and eloquently advocated during his whole life. There was in his charity nothing sectional or narrow. Yet he very naturally bestowed most of his thought and time on the people of his own race. The passion of his life was to see the Irish people prosperous at home and abroad, free and happy at home, in America worthy of the great opportunities unfolding before them, and of the genial welcome the republic had extended to them. A thorough Irish patriot, he was always far removed from extremes, and his persistent labor for Ireland's honor was the proof and the measure of his patriotism. The Irish people in Minnesota have in his death sustained a great loss. He was a type of the Irishman to which they could look up with pride, and a warm friend and benefactor from whom they could expect any service. With the record of his Christian life we remit him into the hands of his Maker and his Judge, confident that a rich award awaits him, and finding in this thought full consolation for his departure from us."

The various Catholic societies attended the funeral. The Chamber of Commerce held a meeting and passed the following resolve:—

Resolved, That the Chamber of Commerce has learned of the death of Hon. Dillon O'Brien with profound sorrow, and in his death recognize the loss of an upright and public-spirited citizen, a devoted philanthropist, and a Christian gentleman.

Dillon O'Brien was born in June, 1818, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland. His family were possessors of large estates in this, as well as in the county of Limerick. He was educated in Judgwood College, Dublin, from which institution he graduated during the year 1842. In 1855, he emigrated to this country. In St. Paul he became the principal promoter of the work of Irish colonization, taking in it always a most active part. He was twice deputized by the Minnesota Irish Immigrant Society for colonization to go to the East for the purpose of inducing immigrants to come to this State, and to lecture also upon the benefits derived by their coming.

For several years he was secretary of the Catholic Colonization Bureau of St. Paul, established under the auspices of Bishop Ireland, and in this capacity he exhibited rare prudence and energy. The organization of the Irish Catholic Colonization Association of the United States was to a great degree Mr. O'Brien's suggestion; he and W. J. Onahan, of Chicago, having together arranged for the meeting on St. Patrick's Day which led to the formation of the association. One year ago last summer he went to Europe, at the invitation of Mr. John Sweetman, of Dublin, to assist in organizing the Irish-American Colonization Society. Providing homes for his countrymen was the one feature of his life, and many homesteads exist in this and other States as living monuments to his memory. Total abstinence was another subject which occupied much of his attention, and, at the time of his death, he was president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the diocese of St. Paul. Indeed, no movement occurred connected with religious or Irish matters in which he was not a leading spirit. — *Northwestern Chronicle.*

A MAN and his wife are generally alike in features, never in disposition. Probably the reason of the resemblance in face is that every man thinks himself the handsomest person in existence, and so, in looking out for a wife, chooses the woman most like himself.

"MARY, I am glad your heel has got well." "Why?" said Mary, opening her eyes with astonishment. "Because," said Jane, quietly, "I see it is able to get out." Mary's stocking had a hole in it.

PALM SUNDAY.

Rev. Frederick Oakely.

WHAT sweetly solemn pomp is this,
Where joy and grief unite —
The suckling's praise and Judas' kiss
Blent in one common rite?

The Church's range, to stranger's eye,
Shows like a forest now,
As priest and people lift on high
The consecrated bough.

Anon they move to measured strain
Of deep pathetic psalm,
In long procession, twain and twain,
Arm'd with the peaceful palm.

Not blithe, as when the fickle crowd
Strew'd branches on the way
Of Him, whom in their rage they vow'd
When next they met to slay:

For how should Holy Church be glad,
Who views with equal eye
The triumph and its issue sad,
So various, yet so high?

We linger at the Temple gate
To chant Thy praises, Lord;
For while we pause, the "Historian" waits
Thy Passion to record.

Stand at your posts, ye faithful bands,
And mark the Gospel words;
And as they sound, with trusty hands
Upraise your leafy swords.

'Mid error's strife and war's alarms,
Prepare to do your part;
Ye bear in hand the Martyr's arms,
Then nurse the Martyr's heart.

THREE GREAT APRIL ANNIVERSARIES.

ABOUT a hundred years ago the illustrious Irish patriot, Henry Grattan, won, upon the sixteenth of April, 1782, by indomitable energy and by matchless eloquence, the admission from England that Ireland had a complete right to her own parliament, and thus to have her own laws made upon her own soil. Grattan's victory produced a senate which died in eighteen years, for it was (against his will) exclusively Protestant. Had Ireland been an emancipated nation then, the Irish Parliament would never have died.

Let us pass on to 1829. Catholic Emancipation became law upon the thirteenth of April in that year, when George IV. most reluctantly signed the measure which (with some drawbacks) gave a large amount of liberty to the Catholics of the whole British Empire. The genius and perseverance of O'Connell won this glorious victory. He could not brook the thought that Catholics (especially in Ireland, where they were seven-eighths of the population) should be in an inferior position. He toiled nobly for religious freedom, and overcame both king and ministers. Of him it may be truly said (as Byron said of Napoleon) that he,

"Though born no King, made monarchs draw his car."

Let us pass on to 1838. On the tenth of April in that year a few people were gathered together in the school-room behind a small Catholic church in Cork. A good and holy friar addressed them on the blessings of temperance. That was the good and great Father Mathew. He had become convinced that, for many, the safest temperance plan was total abstinence. So he, on that memorable day, opened a pledge-book, and, having blessed himself, he said, "Here goes, in the name of God," and added the glorious signature — THEOBALD MATHEW.

Thus we have glanced at the emancipation of a parliament, the emancipation of a creed, and (greatest of all) the emancipation of the soul of man by liberating him from a debasing propensity, which destroys his happiness here and his salvation hereafter. These three great anniversaries typify political, religious and moral liberty, and they all well deserve to be remembered.

THE only man we know of who doesn't want credit for the work he does is the burglar. He is quite willing that some other fellow should have the name of doing his work.

AN EASTER SONG.

Ring the bells for Easter!
Happy Easter day!
Hearts are full of gladness,
Tears are wiped away.

Joy and peace are dwelling
Where was sin and gloom;
Love has won a victory,
Christ has burst the tomb.

Praise and alleluias
Be to God our King!
Christ has truly risen,
And with hope in Him.

Ring the bells with gladness!
Crown the Cross with flowers!
Fill with joy and brightness
Easter's happy hours!

DON'T GO TO IT.

Lent is God's tithe of the year. While it lasts Christians should manifest in most emphatic ways their hatred of the world, the flesh and the devil; they should spend it in prayer, in self-denial, in alms-deeds, and in the practice of every other virtue. Lent is no time for revelry. Festivities then are a mockery of the Crucified.

Bishop Wigger urges the clergy of Newark, N. J., to impress upon the people "that frequentation of theatrical representations, attendance at balls, dances, parties of pleasure, or other similar attainments, is a profanation of the Lenten observance, and that the conduct of Catholics who, in conformity with the fashion of the time and manners of worldly society, participate in these unseasonable amusements, is unsatisfactory and reprehensible."

Now, if any Catholics should give the scandal of getting up a public ball in Lent, they should be left to enjoy their horrible mirth alone. Think of them dancing and drinking when the Church beseeches them to meditate on the Passion of Christ! Instead of sympathizing with His sufferings, they add to His pangs, as it were, by sinning themselves and causing others to sin. All true Catholics should keep away from their ball. Let it be a failure! — *Catholic Mirror.*

Ireland's Influence in English Affairs. — The London *Tablet*, in the course of an editorial review of the despatch sent by Mr. Blaine to Mr. Lowell, the American Minister in England, respecting the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the contemplated canal across the continent, makes the humiliating admission that England will be forced to accept America's terms, for the following reasons: "When the Alabama claims were settled we were told that 'all grounds for controversy' were removed. Then came the Newfoundland fishery question, and again we were told the same thing. Lord Granville may fence with the question in his usual clever way, and may succeed in gilding the pill England will have to swallow. *But until England conciliates Ireland*, and we fear there is little chance of that just now, *she must yield to America on every point the latter demands*. Our own statesmen, as well as those in the United States, are fully aware of this. And the *Daily Telegraph* is already preparing the minds of its readers for inevitable humiliation; 'Lord Granville,' it says, 'will not be excused if he gives up *without an effort* all that Mr. Blaine has claimed.' Even surrender may be sometimes accompanied by a certain dignity, and this at least should not be wanting."

Dull Boys. — Don't be disheartened. Slow growth is often sure growth. Some minds are like Norwegian pines,— they are slow in growth, but they are striking their roots deep. Some of the greatest men have been dull boys. Dryden and Swift were dull, as boys; so were Goldsmith and Sir Walter Scott. Napoleon, at school, had so much difficulty in studying Latin, that the master said he would need a gimlet to get a word into his head. Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his boyhood, that at nine he was scarcely able to read.

1782—1882.

Historical Sketch of the Organization and Achievements of "The Irish Volunteers."

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

THERE are few events in the otherwise melancholy annals of Irish history which serve to excite in so great a degree the patriotic exultation of Irishmen as the memorable "Dungannon Convention," held Feb. 15, 1782. The action of this convention laid the foundation for the only practical measure of independence and legislative freedom vouchsafed in many centuries to that unhappy country. During the eighteen years following, Ireland enjoyed a degree of prosperity never before known. Under the influence of the laws enacted by an Irish Parliament, then, for the first time, free and unfettered, the trade of the country revived, commerce was restored, and industries, long dormant and languishing, were encouraged and reinvigorated. The penal laws were relaxed, and the disabilities under which the Catholic and the Dissenter rested were, at least in great part, removed or abolished. The restrictions on education were sensibly mitigated, so that it became possible to open Catholic schools; and even Trinity College, the rock and strong tower of the Protestant Church in Ireland, admitted Roman Catholics to the privileges of its curriculum, though its honors and rewards were denied them; in a word, the actions of the Irish volunteers, through their representatives assembled at Dungannon, and the result of their deliberations and their power, effected for Ireland practical independence. It has justly been said that the Dungannon Convention was a logical consequence of the surrender at Yorktown. England, crippled and embarrassed by her struggle to maintain her hold on the American colonies, menaced and threatened by France, was unable to guard Ireland from invasion.

British Troops had been drawn away to guard and defend her possessions in the Indies and in America. Ireland was left defenceless. Not a regiment, scarcely so much as a company, of regular soldiers remained on the island. More than once a French fleet hovered near the Irish coast, and a descent was in one instance actually effected. In this juncture, the people of the North of Ireland determined to defend themselves. The citizens of Belfast were the first to arm and organize volunteer corps for the defence of the island. The movement became epidemic throughout the country, and soon the government beheld, not without dismay, the spectacle of a citizen soldiery, nearly one hundred thousand strong, filled with ardor and enthusiasm, confident in their numbers, resolute in their purposes, and defiant in their attitude. From seeking merely to save the island from the dangers of invasion, the volunteers speedily became animated by the determination that the nation itself must be free. Henry Grattan, Lord Charlemont Henry Flood, Hussey Burgh, the Duke of Leinster, and others, the noblest and the best blood in the land, were at the head of the volunteers. Flood organized and Grattan moved and directed the power of this armed body. As a first measure, Grattan introduced a proposition in the Irish Parliament to abolish the well-known Sir Edward Poynings Law, under the operation of which no law passed by an Irish Parliament had force or effect unless it originated and was first approved by the English Government. This law rendered the Irish Parliament absolutely dependent on England. Grattan succeeded, and Poynings' law was repealed. He next brought in a

bill to remove the restrictions hitherto laid upon Irish trade and commerce. The motion was strenuously resisted by the government, and, when finally carried in the Irish Parliament, was ungraciously assented to by the British ministry. But the great crowning work of legislative independence was yet to be achieved. For this it was determined that a

National Convention

of the volunteers should be held. The summons was responded to with equal zeal and enthusiasm. The Ulster volunteers had the honor of taking the initiative. The fifteenth of February, 1782, was the day fixed, and Dungannon, in the county Tyrone, the place appointed for the deliberations of the convention. Two hundred and forty-two delegates, representing one hundred and forty-two corps, assembled in response to the call. The delegates met in the Protestant church of Dungannon; Lord Charlemont presided. The resolutions, which thenceforward became the Irish Magna Charta and "Declaration of Independence," were drawn up by Grattan, Flood, and Charlemont, though the resolution in favor of emancipation was Grattan's alone. The first declared, "That a claim of any body of men other than the king, lords, and commons of Ireland, to make laws by which Ireland was to be bound, was illegal, unconstitutional, and a grievance"; the second, "That the powers exercised by the privy council of both kingdoms, under color of the law of Poynings, were unconstitutional and a grievance"; and the third, which was the one framed by Grattan alone, was as follows: "That we, the volunteers, hold the right of private judgment in matters of religion to be equally sacred in others as in ourselves; that we rejoice in the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, and that we conceive these measures to be fraught with the happiest consequences to the union and prosperity of the inhabitants of Ireland." These resolutions were enthusiastically ratified by the convention, and went out in Charlemont's name as the solemn and determined resolve of the armed representatives of the people. The demands were echoed and re-echoed again throughout the island. The Leinster volunteers, assembled in convention in Dublin, Henry Flood in the chair,

Indorsed the Action

and resolves of the Ulster brethren; the Munster corps indorsed it with like unanimity at Cork. The volunteers in the western counties, Connaught, assembled at Portumna, and there ratified it. The public bodies and meetings everywhere applauded and cheered the resolves; and, finally, Grattan, having at his back this mighty power, "the armed majesty of the people," brought forward in the Irish Parliament his motion declaratory of Irish rights. "Never," says Mr. Lecky, "had a great orator a nobler or a more pleasing task. It was to proclaim that the strife of six centuries had terminated; that the cause for which so much blood had been shed, and so much genius expended in vain, had at last triumphed, and that a new era had dawned upon Ireland. Doubtless on that day many minds reverted to the long night of oppression and crime through which Ireland had struggled toward that conception which had been as the pillar of fire on her path. But now, at last, the promised land seemed reached. The blessings of independence were reconciled with the blessings of connection; and in emancipated parliament the patriot saw the guarantee of the future prosperity of his country, and the shekina of liberty in the land." It was then that Grattan, glowing with the fervor of a noble cause, stirred by the enthusiasm of an enraptured audience, and the majesty of the great occasion, broke forth in a strain of unrivalled

eloquence in support of his motion. "I am now," he exclaimed, "to address a free people. Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by such an appellation. I have spoken on the subject of your liberty so often that I have nothing to add, and have only to admire by what heaven-directed steps you have proceeded, until the whole faculty of the nation is braced up to the act of her own deliverance. I found Ireland on her knees; I watched over her with a paternal solicitude; I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift; spirit of Molyneux; your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation. In that character I hail her, and, bowing in her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*"

The Declaration

moved by Grattan was "that the kingdom of Ireland is a distinct kingdom, with a parliament of her own the sole legislature thereof; that there is no body of men competent to bind the nation but the king, lords, and commons of Ireland; nor any parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatever in this country, save only the Parliament of Ireland; to assure his Majesty that we humbly conceive that in this right the very essence of our liberty exists, a right which we, on the part of the people of Ireland, do claim as their birthright, and which we cannot yield but with our lives."

When Grattan's declaration was seconded, "the whole house," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "in a moment caught the patriotic flame. All further debate ceased. The speaker put the question. A unanimous shout of 'Aye' burst from every quarter of the house. He repeated the question. The applause redoubled. A moment of tumultuous exultation followed; and after centuries of oppression Ireland at length declared herself an independent nation."

Within a month Ireland's ultimatum was reluctantly accepted and conceded by the British ministry. The work of the Irish volunteers and the Dungannon Convention, of Grattan, Flood, and Charlemont, was crowned and consummated.

1882.

The event was celebrated in New York under the auspices of the Eighth Ward Branch of the Irish National Land League. The hall was crowded to the doors, and even many ladies were compelled to stand. Irish and American flags decorated the walls. When Mrs. D. S. Parnell entered the hall she was received with a storm of cheers. Ex-Senator Ecclesine was also warmly applauded. Father Leonard P. McKiernan, O. S. F., called the meeting to order with a few appropriate remarks. The mention of the names of Mrs. Parnell and Charles Stewart Parnell was the signal for renewed cheering. Ex-Senator Ecclesine was the first speaker of the evening. The fifteenth of February, 1782, was an epoch in Irish national history, and the volunteers of that time accomplished what the Land League is trying to accomplish to-day,—the establishment of an Irish Parliament. While he believed in the Land League, he feared that not until another army of volunteers was placed in Ireland would there be a Parliament in College Green. Then will the leagues be changed to battalions, and the march of armed men be heard in the land. The Land League has united all Ireland, and all sectional animosities are sunk.

Mrs. Parnell was the next speaker. She said that Ireland in this, her great struggle, will gain not only independence, but her absolute freedom forever from British rule or misrule. The Land League is the post that points the way to Irish independence. She believes that the day will come when Ireland will be

master of England. All the world over the Irish race are joining together, and their bayonets are bristling. When the proper time arrives they will present a bold front to England. She believed that for England the Judgment Day was near at hand, and Gladstone, that master of humbug, was beaten, and his old legs were shaking under him. [Cheers.]

In Chicago there was a grand celebration; such men as the Hon. Cyrus N. McCormack, the renowned inventor of the McCormack reapers, a gentleman of great wealth, heads the list. Hon. Jos. Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, Hon. Thomas Hoyne, Gen. P. H. Sheridan, J. C. McMullin, General Manager of the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad, Robert C. Clowry, General Manager of the Western Union Telegraph, Judge Thos. Lyle Dickey, of the Illinois Supreme Court, Jno. R. Walsh, President of the Chicago National Bank, and also President of the Western News Co., S. H. McCrea, late County Treasurer and ex-President of the Board of Trades, Gen. A. C. Ducat, the agent of the Home Insurance Co. of New York, Gen. A. C. McClurg, of the great book and publishing house of Jansen, McClurg & Co., Francis Adams, counsel to the corporation, and at least two or three score of other leading merchants and capitalists, whose names are well known in the West, all Irishmen, or the sons or descendants of Irishmen. Among the active men who inaugurated the celebration, was our distinguished friend Wm. J. Onahan, Esq., from whose pen will be found two extremely interesting articles in this issue.

In Washington, D. C., the day was observed by the Clan-na-Gael in fine style. Many Congressmen were present, including Hon. Mr. Orth, Chairman Sub-Committee of Foreign Relations, Hon. Mr. Lord, of Michigan, who, when Consul at Manchester, visited Capt. Condon, then under sentence of death for the "Manchester Rescue," Hon. Nich. Ford, of Missouri, Hon. W. E. Robinson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and others.

In Boston, the celebration took place on the fifth of March. The Hon. W. E. Robinson, M. C. for Brooklyn, N. Y., was the orator on the occasion.

The day was also observed in many other places.

AMUSEMENTS IN LENT.—The Rt. Rev. Tobias Mullen writes: "During the holy season of Lent every amusement is not lawful or innocent that might be so at another time. Thus, under proper circumstances, no lay person could be condemned for visiting the theatre, or going to the opera, or attending a party, or giving one, or accepting an invitation to a public dinner or supper, or joining in a not indecent dance, outside of Lent. But to do so during that time would be very un-Catholic, highly improper, and most probably more or less sinful on account of the dissipation thus occasioned, and the grave scandal caused by such conduct,—we should say misconduct, for that is the proper word. For Lent is a time not only of penance, but prayer, and it requires no great effort of the understanding, and indeed no wide range of experience, to perceive that the mortification so essential to penance, and the recollection without which prayer is simply a mockery of God, can have no place in the heart of one whose time and attention are taken up by vain and worldly amusements, however innocent and sinless in themselves at other seasons of the year."

"YES," said the Denver editor, "I think I must have got out a very readable paper this morning. I've been licked by three prominent citizens to-day, another chased me with dogs and a gun, and the police had hard work to keep a mob from wrecking my office."

SICK CALLS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.

"The Good Shepherd Lays Down His Life for His Sheep."

Rev. John Walsh, of Memphis, died at Jackson, Tenn., on February 19th, of small-pox. He came to this country in 1879, and was in Memphis at the outbreak of the yellow fever in that year. He re-established Camp Father Mathew while Rev. William Walsh, the hero priest of the fever of 1878, was in Ireland, and maintained charge until Father William returned. Father John was lately made Assistant to Father William at St. Brigid's Church, Memphis. He said before his death that he caught the disease from an Irishman known as Pinch, in Memphis, who had the disease so badly that he had to guess at the location of the dying man's eyes in anointing him. Father Walsh feeling somewhat ill, went to see Father O'Brien, with whom he came to Tennessee from Ireland four years ago. He passed through the yellow fever epidemic at Memphis in 1878 and 1879, and was the only priest that escaped having the disease. Since 1873, twenty-two priests have died in Memphis, while only one has died elsewhere in the State, and that one at McEwens, Middle Tennessee. All the younger priests have been swept away. Father Walsh was regarded by Archbishop Teehan, of Chicago, as being one of the most promising priests in the country.

Another priest was stricken down with the disease in Kentucky. The nearest relative of the patient had fled, terror-stricken, and did not expect that a priest would venture to see him; but the poor man kept on begging for a priest. McLean county being in the parish of Rev. Jas. Pike, the Rev. Father set out at once to assist the man for death. He administered the last sacraments, shook hands with him, and said: "I have done all that I could for you." The patient died the next day, and Father Pike laid down the next week infected with the small-pox. "Bonus pastor." A good shepherd will lay down his life for his sheep. The people for miles around were so frightened, that on the following Sunday there were not a dozen persons present at both the holy Masses. Indeed, they were looking for all the boarders and Sisters of St. Joseph's Academy to catch the disease. But, thanks be to God, it is now two weeks since Father Pike took sick, and though he was a long time in a very critical condition, he is now recovering fast, and all have been spared. On the 18th of February, therefore, and every year hereafter, a memorial thanksgiving Mass will be celebrated in honor of St. Joseph, all the inmates of the institution going to Holy Communion on that day.

The *Baltimore American* of Jan. 22d relates another case: Dr. Chas. W. Chancellor, Secretary of the State Board of Health, returned home recently from Charles County, Md., where he went a few days ago to look after the small-pox patients at Cox's Station. The reports of the sad plight of the victims of the dread disease, he ascertained, were in nowise exaggerated. The patients, three in number, all of whom were colored, whose cases were first reported, were found lying in a miserable little cabin about three miles below Cox's Station, and near the terminus of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad. Their condition was pitiable in the extreme. From the day on which rumors of their being sick spread through the neighborhood, they were left helpless, to die or recover, as Providence might will. It was not until they had been sick several days that information of their helpless condition reached Father McSwyney, the Catholic priest of the

parish, who promptly took measures for their relief. Regardless of the fact that he had never had the disease, he at once proceeded to the cabin of the sufferers, and did all he could to make them more comfortable. When it became known that the priest had been to the infected house, he was generally avoided, and it was only by much persuasion that he could obtain the most trifling articles for the comfort of the afflicted men. Although virtually forbidden to enter any house in the vicinity, Father McSwyney persevered, and day after day visited the little cabin in the woods, bearing such delicacies and medicines as he could procure from the alarmed county residents, who avoided him on all occasions. Dr. Chancellor speaks in warm terms of Father McSwyney's devotion, which, he said, was more apparent in view of the fact that the priest was the only one in the vicinity, physicians included, who could be induced to go to the aid of the patients. One of the colored men died, and had it not been for Father McSwyney the body would have remained unburied until the arrival of Dr. Chancellor and his assistants. When death claimed the victim, the priest induced a man who had once been afflicted with the disease to assist in burying the corpse. The priest and his assistant dug the grave near the cabin and laid the body to rest, after great difficulty. thus, probably, preventing the spread of the disease among the neighbors, who so persistently declined to aid in the work. Dr. Chancellor says that when Father McSwyney was questioned about his humane course, he simply and modestly remarked that he could not allow the men to suffer and die without doing something to help them.

EASTER.

The Jews always celebrated the Passover on the fourteenth day of Nisan, the first month of their ecclesiastical year. To avoid agreeing with them in our celebration of Easter, it was decided at the Council of Nicæa, in A. D. 325, that the latter should be celebrated the first Sunday after the first full moon that set in after the twenty-first of March; according to which, Easter cannot be earlier than the twenty-second of March, nor later than the twenty-fifth of April. By the Gregorian style (so called from Pope Gregory XIII.), the mode of reckoning Easter is not the astronomical, but rather the absolute mode, in order that the celebration may take place the same day throughout the entire Church, which, owing to the difference of time between countries far apart, could not happen if the astronomical mode were followed. Still, for all, the Gregorian mode is not wholly free from faults. A somewhat defective cycle in regard to the months was selected on account of its great simplicity, which clashes very considerably with the astronomical computation, for by the latter mode the Easter full moon may rise two hours after the time calculated by the calendar. Thus, it may be at one o'clock on Sunday morning, whilst announced to take place at eleven o'clock by the calendar; in which Easter would be celebrated on that same Sunday, when it ought not to be till the Sunday following. The Gregorian Calendar, too, in some very rare cases, makes our Easter and the Jewish Passover agree; as, for example, in the year 1825. It is impossible, in fact, to avoid an occurrence of this kind now without upsetting the whole new style of reckoning.— *Father O'Brien's History of the Mass.*

A Frenchman claims to have invented a language every man in the world can understand. Two of the most familiar phrases are: "What'll you take to drink?" and "Lend me five shillings till Saturday." Tout le monde comprenons zees two tings tres bully.

DEATH-WARRANT OF JESUS CHRIST.

Of the many interesting relics and fragments of antiquity which have been brought to light by the persevering researches of modern research, none could have more interest to the philanthropist and the believer than the one given below.

"Chance," says the *Courier des Etats*, "has just put into our hands the most imposing and interesting judicial document to all Christians that has ever been recorded in human annals, — that is the identical death-warrant of our Lord Jesus Christ." The document was faithfully transcribed by the editor, and is *haec verba*.

"Sentence rendered by Pontius Pilate, acting Governor of Lower Galilee, stating that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death on the cross:

"In the year seventeen of the Emperor Tiberius Cæsar and the 25th day of March, the holy city of Jerusalem, Annas and Caiphas being priests, sacrificators of the people of God, Pontius Pilate, Governor of Lower Galilee, sitting in the Presidential chair of the Practory, condemns Jesus of Nazareth to die on the cross between two thieves; the great and notorious evidence of the people saying: '1st. Jesus is a seducer. 2d. He is seditious. 3d. He is an enemy of the law. 4th. He calls himself falsely the Son of God. 5th. He calls himself falsely King of Israel. 6th. He entered into the temple followed by a multitude bearing palm branches in their hands.' Orders the first Centurion, Julius Cornelius, to lead him to the place of execution. Forbids any person whomsoever, either poor or rich, to oppose the death of Jesus. The witnesses who sign the condemnation of Jesus are: 1st. Daniel Robani, a Pharisee. 2d. Joannus Rerobole. 3d. Raphael Robani. 4th. Capet, a citizen.

"Jesus shall go out of the city of Jerusalem by the gate of Struenus."

The above sentence is engraved on a copper-plate, and on one side is written this: "A similar plate is sent to each tribe." It was found in an antique vase of white marble, in the excavations of the ancient city of Aquila, in the kingdom of Naples, in the year 1850, and was discovered by the Commissioner of Acts of the French Army.

At the expedition of Naples it was enclosed in a case of ebony at the sacristy of Chertrem. The original is in the Hebrew language.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Mullen, of Erie, Pa., seems to approve the opinion of the *Catholic Mirror*, that the people should have some say as to the incurring of debts which they must pay, for in an official communication to the brethren of Erie, he writes: "In our visits to the churches we have mixed freely with all classes, and have been accessible to all who chose to call upon us. Yet nowhere and on no occasion do we remember to have heard a word of complaint or dissatisfaction regarding the manner in which any of our clergy conduct the temporal and spiritual affairs of the congregation over which he is placed. In two or three instances, with our consent, however, *and that of the congregations interested*, churches were built and property purchased, which, for a while, sorely taxed the energy of the pastors and the resources of their flocks. But the debts so contracted have been, by good management, at last reduced to a figure which can cause no further embarrassment." The italics in the above quotation are ours, and the clause thus emphasized was read by us with much delight.— *Catholic Mirror*.

On a rainy morning a small boy, who has exhausted all his excuses for not putting in an appearance at school, opens the door and says to the astonished teacher, "Sir, ma says I can't come to school to-day; it's raining too hard."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE LITTLE FARMERS.

Rosa Mulholland.

CHAPTER VI.

LITTLE BUSY BEES.

By six o'clock next morning three little pairs of feet were pattering down the small wooden staircase, and as soon as breakfast was over, to work went everybody to rub up the furniture for the parlor and make it look its best. When this was all done, Bessie's mother invited the boys to go with her to her house, about a mile away, to see her hens and ducks, and to get the loan of a rake and hoe for the garden beds and the gravel paths.

"My good man can buy you a set for yourselves the next time he goes to the town," said she; "but, in the meantime, you can have ours to make the place look nice before your mamma arrives. My boys will come back with you after school-hours, and help you to trim up the garden."

The boys went off with her in high glee, and Eily was very glad of this, for there was nothing more that they could do to help in the house at present, and it was very hard to get the parlor arranged while they kept leaping over the furniture, and dashing in and out at the windows. Bessie now measured the carpet, and found that it was much too long for the room.

"Oh, Bessie!" said Eily, "I know what we can do. Leave a yard of bare floor all round, as they often do in dining-rooms. This brown wood looks very nice, and we can polish it up with a little wax. Then we shall perhaps have enough carpet left to make a small one for mamma's room."

This was done, and Bessie and Eily made the carpet very neatly, and nailed it down; and you can't think how nice it looked when the border of floor was polished. Then the curtains were put up, and the long green velvet sofa placed by the longest wall, and the chairs and little footstools set about, and the nice bright table-cover spread on the table. When the pictures were hung, Eily clapped her hands with delight to see how pretty the place was getting, and then she allowed Bessie to go and see about dinner, while she went about on tip-toe decorating the room with the few little ornaments which she had been able to bring. She was obliged to get up on a chair to place the purple jars on the strange, high mantlepiece; but when there they looked exceedingly handsome, as Eily was delighted to see. Between them she put a pretty clock and the brilliant Indian screens, and when she stepped back on tip-toe to look at her work, she thought she had never seen any mantlepiece look so charming before. She carried the black and gold jardiniere about the room many times before she finally decided that it looked nicest in one of the windows.

"I shall fill it with flowers before mamma comes," she said, "and also the grate; but that will do by-and-by."

Then the tortoise-shell tea-caddy had to be carried about also, but at last found a resting-place on a little side table, which had already been laden with a pile of handsome books. After this came the brackets, which had to be hung against the wall, and some dainty morsels of china which were placed on the brackets. And when the last touch was given, Eily heaved a great sigh of relief, and saw the boys coming racing over the gravel towards the house.

"Oh, I say, Eily!" cried Cyril, "how fast you have done it!"

"*Isn't* it nice?" said Frank, looking round admirably; "and, oh!

doesn't it look like a piece of mamma's bed-room at home?"

They all laughed at this.

"That is because the sofa and table and table-cover all belonged to her bed-room," said Eily; "but the water-color pictures and the carpet and curtains came from the study."

"That came from mamma's bed-room too," said Frank, pointing to a large, beautiful photograph of one of Raphael's Madonnas, which Eily had placed over the high-shouldered mantlepiece.

"Yes, indeed, and the ornaments came from here and there and everywhere. We may say we have a little bit of every place at home in this one parlor; and, oh! I think it's the nicest, charmingest room I ever was in!" cried Eily.

You see it was because Eily had herself taken so much pains to make the room nice that she found it so charming and loved it so much. She had never thought about the rooms in London, because the upholsterer had arranged them, and she had had nothing to do about the matter. When little girls take trouble to give pleasure to others, they are sure to give pleasure to themselves as well.

"I am sure mamma will like it awfully," said Cyril; "but I think Frank and I ought to fall to work now and do something to help. Just think of how we have idled the day away!"

"You are going to begin in the garden now, aren't you?" said Eily.

"Yes; and Bob and Dick, Bessie's brothers, have come back with us, and brought a spade, a rake, and a hoe. And I assure you they are such nice boys, and know such a lot about everything!" said Cyril.

"Awfully nice fellows!" said Frank, "and such rosy cheeks as they have! And they are as strong, as strong—you never saw the like!"

"Of course they are older than us," said Cyril.

"They are at the gravel already," cried Frank, as "scrape, scrape," was heard coming through the windows. "Come along fast, Cyril, and let us join them."

Very soon the four boys were working away in the gravelled space in front of the house. Bob had the rake, because he knew best how to make the gravel smooth, and the others were turning up the weeds and putting them in little heaps at one side. This was a tedious job, and kept them busy all the rest of the evening and a good part of the next day.

The next morning Bessie and Eily began the arrangement of Mrs. Hawthorne's bed-room.

"We must take great, *great* pains with this room," said Eily, "because mother is such a darling, and she likes to have her room nice."

"I shall do all I can to help, Miss Eily," said Bessie; "but I can only do the rough part. You know yourself how to put on the prettiness after I have done."

Well, they made such a nice little carpet for the centre of the floor, and polished the boards as in the parlor; and then they hung up white curtains everywhere, and tied up the pictures on the wall with scarlet ribbon, and decorated the mantlepiece with some tiny ornaments which Eily had saved for the purpose.

"How I wish I had a bookcase," said Eily, as they all stood admiring the room when it was finished.

"Well, miss," said Bob, who, with Dick, had been allowed to come up, both having left their shoes at the foot of the staircase, "I think I could show you how to make something that would do for one. I have a friend who is a carpenter, and I know he made boards for a book-shelf for a young lady who told him how to do it. They were nice bits of board, finished at the corners; and the lady stained them like oak, and she tied them together with ribbons and hung them on the wall. And they did look so nice, miss."

"Oh, Bob!" cried Eily, "could you get your friend the carpenter

to make me a pair of boards like that?"

"That I could, miss," said Bob, "with the greatest pleasure. I'll speak to him to-night when I go home."

"It won't take him long to make them, will it, Bob?" asked Eily, anxiously, for she felt as if she could hardly bear to wait, so eager was she to see if the plan would succeed.

"He'll do them in a couple of hours, miss, or less," said Bob. "That is, if he ben't too busy about other affairs."

Eily could hardly go to sleep that night for thinking about the boards.

"The lady was a great deal cleverer than I am, of course," thought she; "and perhaps I sha'n't be able to make the shelves hold the books."

However, when the boards arrived next day, Eily found that her fears had been in vain. Bob showed her how the lady had tied the boards, and when they were nicely joined together with scarlet ribbon to match the pictures, and hung from the wall by brass-headed nails, they looked as pretty as possible, and held the books quite steadily. Eily chose some of her mamma's favorite books to fill it with, and when all was finished, it made a very pretty decoration for the room.

"Now it is all done," said Eily, "and doesn't the room look pretty? I shall come in and dust it all over twice a day until mamma comes, lest it should get spoiled before she sees it."

The next thing to be done was putting the kitchen and pantry in order. Tins and coppers had to be hung upon the kitchen walls, and china had to be washed and polished, and ranged upon the cupboard shelves. The last thing of all was the laying down of nice white matting on the one little flight and a half of stairs, and on the hall; and then the house was pronounced finished, and there only remained the garden to be worked at.

That was a labor, I assure you. The place had been neglected for a long time, and the beds and paths were all sprinkled with weeds, which flourished along with the flowers, and made wild tangles among the fruit-trees. Eily put on a pair of strong gloves, which Bessie made her wear lest the thorns should get into her hands, and, thus armed, she took her share in the attempt to make the garden as orderly as the house. A large wheel-barrow was found, and heap after heap of weeds was carted away. As one by one the flower-beds were cleared, they were dug up, and watered, and raked. Bob was such a strong fellow that he could break the hardest lumps of mould with his spade, and he was also so gentle that he could be trusted not to cut the roots of the flowers nor to shake them about.

When Bob had broken up all the parched earth of a bed, Dick came behind and broke it small with a hoe, and Cyril came after him and raked it finely, till it looked smooth and nice. Then came Frank with the watering-can, and sprinkled it all over with water, till it looked brown and moist, and delightfully refreshed. Last of all came Eily, with scissors, and shreds of matting for tying up with, and stakes and props of various sorts and sizes; and she raised up the drooping sprays, and snipped off the withered branches, and tied poor straggling bushes into shape. The boxwood which formed the borders was also nicely clipped, and the gravel on the paths raked smoothly up to it.

It was quite wonderful to see what a charming garden it became after a few days of hard labor from five pairs of young hands. The lilies stood out by themselves in clusters, and looked so white; and the roses proved to have full possession of one very large bed, and to be quite able to fill it, and overflow it if properly treated.

"I think we had better transplant some of these roses," said Bob, "they are growing too thick."

"Oh! then I can have some to fill my jardiniere!" cried Eily. "They will grow there nicely as long as they are in bloom; won't they, Bob? And then we can put them back in a new bed by themselves when flowering-time is over."

Bob agreed to this, and afterwards Eily found that many other plants wanted thinning. The consequence was that she very soon had the house overflowing with flowers. Every pretty pot that could be found, and every basket that would hold mould and moss, was pressed into the service. Even ugly pots were covered by clever Bob with twisted rods interwoven with moss and red berries, and looked quite beautiful, holding a plant in bloom.

"Really I think the whole place is as nice as we can make it," said Eily, at last, as she washed the mould from her hands one evening. "And I do so hope mamma will be pleased."

CHAPTER VII.

MAMMA ARRIVES.

"MAMMA is coming this evening! mamma is coming!" cried Eily, dancing to meet the boys, with a letter in her hand, which she was flourishing over her head. The boys set up a cheer, and great excitement prevailed in the farm-house that day.

Towards evening Mrs. Hawthorne arrived, with Sylvia and little May, and her surprise and pleasure at finding everything in such nice order quite surpassed the children's expectations.

The mother was indeed astonished to find how cleverly her children had exerted themselves, and all through love of her. Her eye, accustomed as it was to the perfection of neatness, could detect nothing wrong in the arrangements of the house, and her sad heart felt a thrill of warmth and comfort as she entered the pretty parlor, and felt that, if the old home was gone, here was another where she could rest and be happy.

Quite a nice supper-table was set out, with tea made in a huge, glittering, great-grandmother's teapot, like a silver Noah's Ark, and with dishes of cakes and ripe strawberries, at sight of which May and Sylvia clapped their hands. Eily made the tea, and Mrs. Hawthorne reclined on the sofa, while the two boys waited on her with all the good things of the feast.

After tea, Frank took Sylvia away to the back of the house, and showed her a family of dear little young kittens, with their mother, a wise old cat.

Sylvia screamed with joy when she saw them frisking about, and, dropping her doll, which she had held fast all the way from London, and even ever since she arrived, she snatched up one of the kittens, a charming little black one, the prettiest of the family.

"Oh, you darling!" cried Sylvia, squeezing it in her arms in rapture; but the old cat did not quite admire this proceeding, and gazed up at her with a very inquiring look, as if to say—

"I wonder what you can be going to do with my beloved child? I have sharp claws, I can tell you; and I shall make you feel them, if you attempt to do her harm."

Sylvia saw all this in her face, and, pitying her anxiety, she said to her:

"My dear old lady, I assure you I would not hurt her for the world. I know what a mother's feelings are, for I have a good, dear mamma of my own. So set your mind at rest, as I intend to be a very kind friend to your baby."

Then they went to visit the cocks and hens and chickens, and Frank brought bread and milk in a saucer to feed the young chickens with, while Sylvia looked on enchanted. And when this visit was over, there was yet another to be paid to old Mrs. Growler, the watch-dog, and her six fine frolicsome pups. Oh, how the little doggies lapped up the milk which Sylvia offered them in a dish!

At last, when it was beginning to get dark, Sylvia consented to return to the house, and acknowledged that she was tired enough to go to bed.

"But I shall be here still when I waken in the morning," was her last remark. "How delightful it is that we are to live here always!"

The family now settled down to their new life in the farm-house. Eily was such a capital little housekeeper that Mrs. Hawthorne had nothing at all to do but attend to May, who was her particular care, and to give lessons for two hours in the morning to the elder children. Even at this work Eily helped her also, as she was much in advance of Sylvie and Frank. All agreed that they had never enjoyed their studies so much as when sitting round the parlor table in the farm-house, with mamma sewing beside them, and tiny May playing with her doll in the corner of the room. Eily learned to make the puddings and tarts for dinner, and Sylvia was able to pick the fruit quite nicely in a little basket. Everybody wanted to be useful, and, as "many hands make light work," so everything got done, and there never was too much labor for anybody.

"Mamma," said Eily, one day, "I have been thinking a great deal about something."

"So I have perceived," said her mother, smiling.

"May I tell you what it is?"

"I am waiting to hear," said Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Well, mamma, don't you think it is a pity to have a dairy in the house and not keep cows?"

"Mrs. Hawthorne smiled. "So you want to have cows, do you, Eily?" she said. "And who would take care of them for us, I wonder?"

"Oh, mamma, let us try one to begin with. There is such a nice little house in the yard that would hold three or four. Bessie can milk, and her mother would teach me to make butter. And Bob would bring us hay and straw, and would clean the house as often as we liked."

"Well, my love," I had been thinking myself that it would be a good plan to have a cow, only I thought we could not manage with the trouble; but I will see about it further."

Soon after this the cow was bought, and very proud and happy was Eily the first evening that she saw the nice yellow milk-pans filled in the dairy. Still more delighted was she when Bessie's mother came to teach her to make butter, and she stood up on a stool and watched the yellow lumps being lifted out of the churn, and had a white apron tied all round her, and was allowed to make a beginning by printing some little pats. After some time she was able to make the butter quite alone, and understood all about scalding the pans and keeping the dairy sweet and cool.

Bob or Dick came over to the farm-house every evening to sweep up the cow-house and give the cow her feeding for the night. Early in the morning Cyril and Frank opened her door and led her out to the little woody field beside the house, where she grazed all day on the sweet, short grass, and where Bessie came to milk her. She was a fine, large, red creature, with great soft eyes and handsome horns; and the children christened her "Buttercup," which was a very good name for a cow.

"I say, Eily," said Cyril, one day, "don't you think mamma might allow us to have some sheep, now that we are getting on so well with the cow?"

"I don't know," said Eily. "What could we do with sheep?"

"Oh, they would eat the grass just like the cow, and there is a home for them too; and Bob knows an old woman who would spin their wool into stockings for the winter, and—"

"Spin their wool into stockings!" cried Eily.

"Yes, to be sure; spin the wool first, and knit the stockings after-

wards. And then we could sell the young lambs, and give the money to mamma."

"That would be nice," said Eily. "Do you ask about this, because I asked about the cow."

Mrs. Hawthorne made no objection to buying the sheep, especially as Bessie's father happened to have two very fine ones to sell. The children jumped for joy when they saw them feeding with the cow in the little woody field.

"Why, what a family of little farmers I have got around me!" said Mrs. Hawthorne, seeing the great delight which the children found in their present life.

After this, animals increased at a great rate all about the farm-house. Very soon there were twelve hens, and ten ducks, and a splendid large cock, with a fiery red comb and a long purple neck. Some Guinea fowls were added after a while, and a peahen, and a peacock, who made the whole place look magnificent when he perched upon the garden gate and spread out his glittering tail in the sun, screaming with all his might.

At first, little May was very much afraid of this grand peacock; but by-and-by she lost her fear, and would toddle after him along the gravel, crying "Peekie, peekie, peekie!" which was all she could manage to say instead of peacock.

Very soon there were such a lot of eggs found in the farm-house of a morning that it was impossible to use them all; and one day Eily packed two or three dozen in a nice little basket, and gave it to Bessie's father, who was going to the town next morning for the market.

Bessie's father sold them for her easily, and brought her back the money, and Eily put it in a little purse in a box in her room. And the children had a grand secret about this money which gave them great delight. Two or three times a week a basket was packed and sent to the town, and the little hoard of money increased by degrees.

"I wonder if there is any other way we could make money," said Eily to Cyril, "so as to help papa to pay all those debts when he comes home. I am sure mamma is thinking about them when she sighs so often. I wonder how much the debts would come to?"

"Oh, pounds!" said Cyril.

"We have only got ten shillings as yet," said Eily. "I'm afraid the eggs would never do it altogether."

"I wish to goodness we could be downright farmers," said Cyril. "Couldn't we buy a field and sow corn? Farmers earn money by that, I know."

"But we don't know how to do it," said Eily; "and there are ploughs and things wanted for that; besides, perhaps we're not big enough."

"You needn't be very big to throw seeds about," said Cyril. "If we could only get hold of a ploughman for a while! I'll speak to Bob and Dick about it."

Bob and Dick said they would speak to their father; and one day Cyril and Frank went with them to their home, and a grand consultation was held on the subject of whether the Hawthorne children could or could not manage to farm a few fields, so as to earn some money like other farmers.

"Well, you see," said Bob's father, smiling, "it is a serious undertaking for little folks like you. What does your mother think of it?"

"Oh!" said Cyril, "we did not like to speak of it to her till we had asked you. She might be frightened, you know, and think we should hurt ourselves, or catch cold, or something."

"Just so," said Bob's father, with another broad grin on his good-natured face. "Mothers will think of things like that; won't they?"

"And she thinks I'm an awfully cheeky fellow, you know," said Cyril

"Does she, now?" said Bob's father.

"I am afraid you are laughing at me," said Cyril. "Nobody will ever be half enough in earnest with me. They always begin to laugh. I'm sure there is nothing so absurd about a chap's wanting to be a farmer; is there?"

"No, surely," said Bob's father.

"I don't see why we couldn't manage a small farm," said Cyril. "Do stop laughing now, and tell me what you think."

"Well, Master Cyril," said Bob's father, "I must tell you truly that no children could manage a whole farm. And even if you could, you would require a great many servants, and maybe your mamma would not like that."

"No, that would be too expensive, because we want to make money."

"But I'll tell you what you might do, if your mother has no objection, and if you are real industrious children, and don't get frightened at a little trouble: you might take one large field and cultivate it."

"Only one field!" cried Cyril, disappointed.

"Only one. If you attempt more, you will fail. If you do what I tell you, you may get on very well."

"One field of corn," said Cyril. "It would be nothing,—nothing at all."

"Not corn," said Bob's father. "You mustn't meddle with corn."

"What, then?"

"My plan is to take a large field, an acre or so, and divide it into patches. Have a good stretch for potatoes, another for cabbages, another for lettuces, another for strawberries, and so on. I and my boys will get the field ready for you, and show you how to plant and sow and tend the crops as they grow. As soon as they are ready for market, I will take your produce to town with my own, and sell it for you."

"Why, then we should be nothing but market-gardeners!" cried Cyril.

"Very well, Master Cyril, just as you like. Of course, if my advice does not please you, you need not take it."

And Bob's father walked away.

In a few minutes Frank came running after him.

"Do tell me," said Frank; "would that field make enough money to pay debts with, do you think? I mean, besides the eggs, and apples, and chickens, and other things that we are doing?"

"How much are the debts?" asked Bob's father, squeezing his mouth to keep from laughing.

"Oh, pounds!" said Frank.

"Pounds!" said Bob's father. "Pounds are nothing. Shillings grow into pounds if you keep them long enough. Constant dropping wears the stone, Master Frank; and I don't say but what the field might do the business for you, eked out by the other things. Let me see all the merchandise you've got,—eggs, butter, apples, chickens, pears, gooseberries, plums, and by-and-by there will be young lambs and calves if you look sharp!"

"Cyril, Cyril, don't be a muff, but come home and talk to Eily!" cried Frank.

Cyril, who had been standing at one side, with his nose in the air, but listening all the time, now lowered the said little nose a bit, and said, "Good-evening, Mr. Bilberry," more good-humoredly than might have been expected.

And then the two boys ran off as fast as they could to tell Eily all that had been said by Bessie's father.

To be Continued.

WHY is a blunt knife, partially ground, like a young cheat? Because it is a little sharper.

WHEN a man has no desire but to speak the plain truth, he may say a good deal in a very narrow compass.

Death of Right Rev. Bishop Lynch.

THIS distinguished prelate died at Charleston, S. C., on the 26th of February. A few weeks before his death, he had determined to visit St. Augustine, Fla., in the hope of recruiting his health and strength somewhat, but the visit had to be given up at the last moment in consequence of his sufferings. Rt. Rev. Patrick N. Lynch was the third Bishop of Charleston, his predecessors being the Rt. Rev. John England, D.D., first Bishop of the See, and Rt. Rev. Ignatius A. Reynolds, D.D., second Bishop. Bishop Lynch was consecrated March 14, 1858. The diocese was established in 1820.

Bishop Lynch was a most eminent divine, whose exemplary life endeared him to all classes in the community, and whose erudition and piety caused him to be regarded as one of the most distinguished prelates of the Church. In Charleston, which was the chief scene of his labors, and in whose behalf he accomplished so much, his death is widely mourned. An eloquent preacher, he charmed by the grace of his oratory, and astonished by the depth of his learning. A keen controversialist, his voice was frequently heard on the lecture platform in this city, and his wealth of argument and illustration were alike marvellous. Born at Cheraw, S. C., on the 10th of March, 1817, his first lessons in theology were imbibed at the Catholic Seminary at Charleston. He proved an apt pupil. The classics were devoured with avidity, nor were science and mathematics neglected. Going to Rome, he studied hard in the historic College of the Propaganda, and from the treasured volumes in the library of the Vatican collected a fund of knowledge which was effectively used in after life. In 1840 he was ordained priest, and even yet in Charleston the memory of his unceasing devotion to the Church while in that capacity is reverentially cherished. It was not long before he became professor of theology and rector of the Seminary of that city, and that position was never more worthily filled. His scholarship and his ecclesiastical attainments were such as to give him wide celebrity, and there was general rejoicing when he was made Vicar-General of the Diocese. This happened in 1850, and opened a new field for his labor of love. Eight years later he was consecrated Bishop of Charleston. Immediately after his appointment, he directed his efforts to the acquirement of funds for the erection of a cathedral. So judicious were his plans, and so much enthusiasm did he arouse, that it was not long before his wishes were realized, and a sufficient sum collected to justify proceeding with the building. The fine Cathedral of St. Michael is to-day a monument to his memory, which it cannot fail to perpetuate. He founded an Ursuline convent, an orphan asylum, and several schools. In the civil war some of these buildings were destroyed, and others were seriously injured. The Bishop, of course, identified himself thoroughly and unmistakably with the cause of the Confederacy. He went to Rome, and tried to induce the Pope to recognize the Southern States, and strove as indefatigably as his associates in that direction. How fruitless their aspirations were is now matter of history. Pardoned by the President at the end of the war, he returned to Charleston and began his work anew. The educational institutions founded by himself were almost wrecks. He devoted himself to their restoration. With that end in view, he travelled through the United States, preaching, lecturing, and collecting funds. Vast audiences flocked to hear him. His fame had preceded him, and he was welcomed warmly. As a writer he was distinguished also. He was author of several theological essays, and he participated in the Vatican Council of 1869-70. His useful life came to a close in the city whose religious future was his constant care.

The funeral services over the remains were held on the 1st of March, in the Cathedral chapel. Two archbishops, six bishops, and about 20 priests were present. The church was densely crowded. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, presided at the chanting of Lauds and Matins, and Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, was the celebrant of the Solemn Requiem Mass which followed.

[He was a dear friend of the proprietor of this magazine. No one sympathized with us so tenderly as he did, when calamities befell us. His words of cheer emboldened us to fight the battle of life again with new energy. May his large and benevolent soul rest in peace. Amen.]

Useful Knowledge.

MILK DIET IN BRIGHT'S DISEASE. — Since we know not at present any drug that possesses therapeutic value to any marked extent in this terrible and fatal disease, and since it is daily making sad havoc among human beings, and principally among that class who, by reason of their valuable public labors, are particularly necessary to the welfare of the world, therefore it becomes a medical question of paramount interest that we should discover some potent method of combating this very prevalent disease. Some years since Carel first called attention to the treatment of Bright's disease by the use of a milk diet, and since then Duncan, as well as many other prominent physicians, have written on this subject. We have ourselves seen some remarkable results follow this treatment, while Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of our city, is now quite an enthusiast on this subject. This method of treating a formidable disease has received sufficient distinguished indorsement to recommend it seriously to our notice. We would, therefore, ask all physicians who read this article to try this method of treatment, and to furnish us with their experience, which we will publish. The milk is used thoroughly skimmed and entirely freed from butter. To procure the best results, it has been advised that the patient shall restrict himself absolutely to milk, and continue the treatment for a long time. If it disagrees with the stomach (as it will in some cases), Dr. Mitchell advises that the patient be put to bed, and the treatment commenced with tablespoonful doses, to which lime-water is added, until the stomach tolerates the milk, when from eight to ten pints daily should be taken, and absolutely nothing else. The sanction of such a distinguished physician as Dr. Mitchell forces us to seriously consider the merits of this treatment, and we trust to receive the experience of all readers of this journal who may have cases of Bright's disease to treat. — *Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

HOW TO DETECT ADULTERATED COFFEE — Ground coffee affords a field for adulteration, and for this purpose chicory, carrots, caramel, date seeds, etc., are the substances most commonly used. Take a little of the coffee and press it between the fingers, or give it a squeeze in the paper in which it is bought; if genuine it will not form a coherent mass, as coffee-grains are hard, and do not readily adhere to each other; but if the grains stick to each other and form a sort of "cake," we may be pretty sure of adulteration in the shape of chicory, for the grains of chicory are softer and more open, and adhere without difficulty when squeezed. Again, if we place a few grains in a saucer and moisten them with a little cold water, chicory will very quickly become soft, like bread-crumbs, while coffee will take a long time to soften. A third test: Take a wine glass or a tumbler full of water and gently drop a pinch of ground coffee on the surface of the water without stirring or agitating; genuine coffee will float for some time, while chicory or any other soft root will soon sink, and chicory or caramel will cause a yellowish or brownish color to diffuse rapidly through the water, while pure coffee will give no sensible tint under such circumstances for a considerable length of time. "Coffee mixtures," or "coffee improvers," should be avoided. They seldom consist of anything but chicory and caramel.

COLD FEET AND SLEEPLESSNESS.—The association between cold feet and sleeplessness is much closer than is commonly imagined. Persons with cold feet rarely sleep well, especially women; yet the number of persons troubled is very considerable. This is the plan to adopt with cold feet: they should be dipped in cold water for a brief period. Often just to immerse them and no more is sufficient; and then they should be rubbed with a pair of hair flesh-gloves, or a rough Turkish towel, till they glow, immediately after getting into bed. After this a hot water bottle will be successful in maintaining the temperature of the feet, though without this preliminary it is impotent to attempt to do so. Disagreeable as the plan at first may appear, it is efficient, and those who have once fairly tried it continue it, and find that they have put an end to bad nights and cold feet. Pills, potions, lozenges, "night-caps," and all narcotics fail to enable the sufferer to woo sleep successfully; get rid of cold feet and the sleep will come of itself.

NOVEL CURE FOR SMALL-POX.—A Mr. Hines writes to the *Liverpool Mercury* on small-pox, and sends the following receipt, which he claims to be an invaluable remedy for the dread disease: "I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man if the worst cases of small-pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar, dissolved in a pint of water, drank at intervals when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious, lingering illness.

The Humorist.

"PARTING is such sweet sorrow," remarked a bald old bachelor to a pretty girl, as he bid her good-night. "I should smile," she replied, glancing upon his hairlessness, and wondering how he ever did it.

A FATHER, in condoling his daughter who had lost her husband, said, "I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child; you will never find his equal" "I don't know as I can," responded the sobbing widow; "but I'll do my best." The father felt comforted.

THE clerk of a parish whose business was to read the "first lesson," came across the chapter in Daniel in which the names Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego occur thirteen times, and finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as "the aforesaid gentlemen."

NOT long ago a new railway was opened in the Highlands. A Highlander named Donald heard of it, and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was about half the distance to the next station when a collision took place and poor Donald was thrown unceremoniously into a park. After recovering his senses, he made the best of his way home, when the neighbors asked him how he liked his ride. "Oh," replied Donald, "I liked it fine, but they had an awfu' quick way in puttin' me oot."

"GOT a conundrum for you, Johnnie; invented it myself," said a boy to a playmate. "What's the difference of a poodle you're dragging by a chain and a rotten tree trunk?" After due deliberation Johnnie passed. "One is a led dog and the other a dead log. Them kind is awful easy when you know how." So thought Johnnie, and on his way home he built one on a similar plan which he tried to explode on the maternal head. "I say, ma, here's a riddle; made it myself. What's the difference between the wax figger of a lady and pa not letting me go to the circus last week? Cause one's a sham dame and t'other's a da—Ow! ow! ow! ! ! that hurts, I tell you; can't you take a feller o' your size?" The conundrum factory has been closed for repairs.

AN Eastern tourist in Nevada had been spinning some incredible fish yarns, when one of the party, turning to an old mountaineer, said: "Bill, that gets away with fishing in this country, don't it?" "Wal, I don't know about that." "Do you mean to say that you have caught more and larger fish?" "Wal, I've caught some very big fellers." "Come, now, tell us the weight of the largest trout you ever caught." "Wal, I can't exactly tell as to the weight, but you folk can figger on it. Now, you know it is over 200 miles around this yer lake. Put that down. As I said before, I don't know the weight of the biggest fish I ever yanked out, but I did haul one up on the beach, and after I landed him the lake fell three feet, and you can see by the water mark over yonder it hasn't riz since."

"MORTAR"-FIED. — Opposite the residence of Poll's owner there were some buildings in course of erection, and the men at the top of the scaffold were in the habit of calling to those below for such material as they wanted, "More brick," "More mortar," and so on. In a very short time Polly had these terms by heart, as well as the gruff tones in which they were uttered. No sooner did the Irish laborer relieve himself of a load than the everlasting cry, "More mortar!" assailed his ears. He bore it with exemplary patience till the mortar board at the top of the scaffold was piled, but again the order for "Mortar—more mortar!" was given. Then, to the delight of the parrot's master, who was standing by, the man flung down his hod, and making a speaking trumpet of his hands, bawled to the bricklayer above: "Is it mor-r-ter mad that ye are? Sure a man may have as many legs as a centerpig (centipede) to wait on the likes o' yez!"

PORK AND BEANS FOR ONE. — A lady on a Central railroad train, after depositing numerous bundles in the rack overhead the seat, hung her umbrella on the cord connecting with the air-brakes. A newsboy passing through the car noticed the suspended gingham, and politely informed the owner that she must remove it. "What's that string for if it ain't to hang things on?" inquired the old lady, as she dropped the umbrella into the seat. The boy answered, in all earnestness, "It's to call a waiter when you get hungry," and passed on. Some time after there was a vigorous pulling of the air-brake cord, and the train came to a standstill. The conductor rushed up to the old lady, and in a tone ot amazement exclaimed, "What's the matter?" "Bring me a plate of pork and beans," drawled out the ancient female with the umbrella, not in the least aware that she had stopped the train. An explanation followed, and the joking newsboy did not venture forth from the baggage car during the remainder of the trip.—*Albany Journal.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1882.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE *Lowell Sun* boldly charges the proprietor of the *Irish World* with being the real jailer of Parnell and the suspects. It was at the instigation of Mr. Ford that the No-Rent manifesto was issued, and was met by the British Government with the answer of indefinite imprisonment for its advocates. The argument of the *Sun* is deserving of consideration, especially by those who look upon the *Irish World* as the gospel of the Land League. "The *Irish World* newspaper," says the writer, "is simply a capitalistic enterprise run to make money for its owner. What a shame that an oppressed nation, struggling for rightful, social, and political advancement, should be made to suffer eviction and imprisonment, in order that a business concern three thousand miles distant shall have an enlarged market for its wares!"

The No-Rent manifesto was the very weapon which the English Government wanted. Unable to force the people into a sanguinary and useless struggle, it sought every pretext to fix the stigma of injustice and illegality upon the League. Every such effort failed, until the issuance of the No-Rent manifesto. It was in vain that this was represented to be only a desperate and temporary expedient. The wording and spirit were plainly and even offensively communistic. It was the embodiment of the French communist's maxim, that all property is robbery, as Bishop Gilmour, in a recent address, clearly showed.

But as the League as now organized is the greatest union of Irishmen that has been seen since the days of Grattan, its manifest destiny should be, and we believe is, in the direction of national independence. Men of all classes and creeds are united under its banner, and its sublime moral force must not be weakened by the advocacy of principles repudiated by all civilized humanity. The remarkable utterance of Mr. Gladstone, that a way may yet be opened for Irish self-legislation, is significant of a great change in British opinion. But this change cannot be made permanent by proclaiming the commune in Ireland. The Divine Word is forever realized in history, that it is justice which exalts a nation, as it is injustice which hastens its inevitable decay.

AT the Congressional memorial proceedings upon the death of the Hon. M. P. O'Connor, Senator Bayard paid a most beautiful and glowing tribute to the services rendered the country by Irishmen and their descendants. Every epoch in the national history has teemed with Irishmen of ability and enthusiasm, and a generous patriotism born of the very nature of the Celt. It is gratifying to note that a larger recognition of this fact is now made in American history, which, in the hands of prejudiced Puritans, has studiously concealed the Irish name. Not that Irishmen are so small-minded as to rate their services by the mere fame which they merit, but simple justice requires of the historian a fair chronicle of facts.

One great reason why England, as a distinct nation, has absorbed the celebrity of Irishmen, is that talent and enterprise were forced to leave Ireland for the purpose of making a livelihood, denied to them by the iniquitous laws under which their country suffered. Some of the greatest names in English history, jurisprudence, divinity, medicine, and war, are the names of expa-

triated Irishmen. The same holds true of this country.

When will the day come when Irishmen, on their native heath, can give to their own country the talents and the energies which are now given to other nations?

EVERY now and then there appears in the newspapers an interview with a Catholic priest upon the subjects of public school education, workingmen's clubs, etc. Unless the reverend gentleman is rather shrewd, he will either say, or be made to say, something so sweeping and comprehensive, as to suggest the idea that he is the Pope defining an article of faith. Every priest has a right to give an individual opinion on such subjects; but he should be careful not to leave the impression that the matter in question has been definitely closed, unless by some evident principle of theology, or by due ecclesiastical authority.

The reason why we advert to this is that members of societies which are not really condemned, frequently get a false conscience, and remain in them even while under the impression that by doing so they are excommunicated, and would be refused the sacraments. Such a conscience, even though erroneous, makes their membership formally sinful; for conscience is the guide and test of moral actions. Or, a priest has personal reasons for objecting to some organization, by reason of the conduct of individual members. This, then, is a matter entirely personal and local, and he may find a way of disbanding it without condemning the whole organization.

A case in point occurs to us: A worthy and excellent priest, and a zealous promoter of temperance, was obliged to disband a Cadet society, because they were in the habit of getting up all sorts of concerts, clog-dances, etc., ostensibly for the purpose of buying regalia, but there were no moneys returned, and the parish at large was scandalized by the extremely vulgar character of some of the entertainments, for which it (the parish) paid in purchasing tickets from the Cadets. Now it would never do for this priest to denounce temperance, even if he felt bound to request the dismemberment of this particular society. The organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic seems objectionable to some priests, but is in itself unobjectionable. It is difficult to assign the limits of pastoral power in these cases, especially if the salvation of souls is even indirectly affected, but a prudent priest will refrain from wholesale denunciations and condemnations.

The same course of reasoning, in our judgment, applies to fairs and picnics. It has yet to be proved that these are the "frequent and inevitable occasions of moral ruin." Such charges are exceedingly grave, and should not be lightly made. One is at liberty to go to them or refrain from attendance, and we do not believe that any priest makes attendance compulsory or obliges people to engage in contests. The reverse is more frequently the case, for the people show by their patronage that they wish and enjoy such social advantages. The Council of Baltimore did not condemn picnics absolutely and without qualification. The amount of labor, anxiety, and wearisome collecting which a fair saves a pastor should certainly be taken into consideration in the discussion. Souls that would be damned by going to a fair or a picnic would probably be damned on more trivial occasions. "To the good, all things are good."

MR. BLAINE, in his eulogy of Garfield, refers to certain religious elements in the late President's character. We should infer, from the tone of this part of the oration, that Garfield, toward the end, had outgrown the petty limits of the Campbellite creed, and was fast verging to a conception of Catholic faith, or Christianity as founded by our Redeemer. It is a pity that men like Garfield, with active and inquisitive minds, are checked, at the outset, from investigating Catholicity, by a series of infernal lies and misrepresentations. Even candid and kindly Protestants, who wish to do the Catholic Church justice, make all sorts of blunders about us, and frequently view our character from an altogether false standpoint. Garfield had listened to tirades against Romanism from his youth up, and it is much to the credit of his natural powers, and honesty of pur-

pose, that he came to take fair enough views of the Catholic Church in early manhood.

He was entitled to all the more respect for this fair and equitable view of the Catholic religion, from the circumstance that he was of Huguenot and Puritan descent, the religion of which class of people consists simply and only in hating Rome, and representing her to be Babylon and the headquarters of Anti-Christ. This is the only doctrine which you need hold to be a Puritan or a Huguenot. Garfield's mind repudiated such a basis for any creed, even for heathenism; and when he came to study history, he saw the injustice which had been done to the Catholic faith by men whose only religion was to vilify it.

But the danger with such minds is, that when once on the liberal track they go beyond all revealed religion. Thus, Blaine intimates the profound impression made upon Garfield's mind by the perusal of the scientific works of agnostics. First, Garfield found the Campbellites were narrow, and given to mendacity against the oldest creed in Christendom. This led him to leave out of his mind all doctrinal elements, and, says his eulogist, he eventually came to recite only the Lord's Prayer, as the essence of Christianity. His religious experience only illustrates the helplessness of the human mind without the Divine illumination of faith; and it is to be feared that Garfield's mind had reached a point which touches that of supreme indifference to all creeds, and looks upon Atheism as the last word of science.

WE wish to call the special attention of our readers to the advertisement of the New England Organ Company, of Boston, which appears in this issue of the Magazine. This enterprising firm has, during the few years of its existence, built up for itself a large and constantly-increasing trade, which extends to every section of the country. The New England Organs have made for themselves a world-wide reputation, both for their quality and smoothness of tone, and for the beautiful and tasteful designs in case-work which are being constantly brought out by the Company. A large number of these fine organs have been sold to the clergy for use in churches and chapels, for which the large styles are particularly adapted. To those of our readers who may be wishing to purchase an organ, we would say, "Buy of the New England Organ Company." The large and spacious warerooms of the concern at 1297 and 1299 Washington Street, Boston, are always filled with a large and varied assortment of organs, and would well repay a visit. The Company will also send Catalogues to any one applying for them at the above address.

IT is about time for Parliament to eulogize America. Washington's birthday should not have been allowed to pass without some civil recognition by the Queen. Perhaps her Majesty considers it inconsistent with the imprisonment of Ireland's Washington, — Parnell. — *Catholic Columbian.*

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, this year, falling on a Friday in Lent, has the solemnity of its Feast transferred to another day, — the following Monday. All the Fridays in Lent commemorate some portion or instrument of the Passion of our Lord, and Friday, March 17th, is set aside to honor the Five Wounds of our Lord. Pray on that day for poor Ireland, that in these wounds of our dying Redeemer she may find the consolation to which her faith directs her.—*Catholic Columbian.*

THE people of Ireland have a right to the land of their country, but must pay a fair price or a fair rent for it, the improvement made by the tenant being guaranteed to the tenant. The Irish landlords, having abused their trust, shall be forced by proper legislation to sell their lands, for which the people shall pay a just price. Ireland shall have Home Rule. All this, I believe, can be obtained by steady, judicious agitation, and is embodied in the principles of the Land League. — *Bishop Gilmour.*

MT. ST. MARY'S.— Bishop Becker, of Wilmington, Del., who, at the suggestion of the President of Mt St. Mary's College, and with the sanction of his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey and Archbishop Gibbons, is to solicit church collections for the payment of the debt of the College, made his appeal to the Cathedral congregation of New York recently, and, with the co-operation of Mgr. Quinn, V. G., obtained nearly one thousand dollars. This is a good beginning.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.— The existing cedars of Lebanon are only 900 years old. The cypress-trees at Montezuma, Mexico, according to a French botanist, are 6,000 years old, and consequently he makes them out coeval with the creation of the world

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THE South permitted the Ryan-Sullivan prize-fight, but it was a Northern affair, as viewed by the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. "The brutal mill was fought by two exponents of the superior culture of the North, one of them representing the Empire State and the other the Bay State. Nearly all the money at stake came from the North, as did nearly all the roughs who constituted the spectators. The Southern States have not been accustomed to such æsthetic entertainment, and had therefore failed to enact laws prohibiting prize-fights."

EGGS.— The practical cultivation of our minor industries must always present a feature of false economy, whilst we allow the value of eggs imported last year to reach £2,161,457, being an increase of £134,037 as compared with the returns furnished in 1880. Poultry is valued at £330,880, being an increase of £38,982 over 1880. We deem it neglectful of the housewives of Ireland to allow such an increase of imports in eggs and poultry alone, whilst we notice a decrease in every other commodity within our powers of production. We are mindful of industries involving great capital and enterprise, whilst we neglect the more remunerative returns with little or no capital involved.— *Dublin Freeman.*

DOGGING A MILLIONAIRE. — An extraordinary story is told of Mr. Mackay, the American millionaire, who has just completed a tour of Europe and returned to his home in the West. During his travels through Germany, Italy, and Russia, he was subjected to great annoyance by a mysterious stranger, supposed to be an American, who followed him in all his wanderings, invariably took the same railway train, alighted at the same stations, and was always visible at a certain distance watching his movements whenever he sought repose at any of the places where he might chance to stop, and all this without addressing a word to the object of his attention. Of course, speculation is busy in trying to account for the pertinacity of the attendant in dogging the steps of the richest man in the world. Some attribute his conduct to a heavy wager laid on the other side of the Atlantic; others say it arose from the necessity of conveying instant information to the home members of Bonanza firm should any accident happen their partner during his travels.

THE Irish People are standing up for their rights; but, unlike the colonists of Massachusetts Bay, who resisted the Stamp Act and threw tea into the waters of Boston Harbor, they are destroying nothing. They are simply resisting the government with the only safe weapon they can use, and when justice is done rents will be paid.— *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

JAMES K. POLK, the eleventh President of the United States, was born in Mecklenburg County, N. C., in 1795. His ancestors emigrated from the North of Ireland early in the eighteenth century. The name was originally Rollock, but, like so many other Irish names, it became anglicized as we have it now.

BISHOP VAUGHAN, of Salford, is heartily in favor of the appointment of an English minister resident to the Holy See. The Irish papers are very much opposed to it. All individuals and nations have a right to approach the common faith of Christendom. We are not afraid that English cunning will reduce the Pope from his love of Ireland. Rome has had dealings with England before, and history bears testimony to the stubbornness of the popes in resisting English aggression.

THE *Dublin Review* contains an article on the "Condition of Ireland One Hundred Years Ago," from the eloquent pen of the Lord Bishop of Ossory, and revives recollections of the penal laws. His Lordship thinks we ought not, in our sunshine of to-day, to forget the gloom of the past, and there is no doubt an occasional glance at the sufferings of our forefathers has a chastening influence. We shall give the article in a future issue.

SELLING PAPERS ON SUNDAYS.— The *Catholic Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio, has the following remarks, which are applicable to all our large cities: "Only last Sunday, we met a number of little boys selling papers on the street during Mass hours. They were Catholics. Their parents belonged to different parishes in this city, and that evidently was the extent of their duties as Catholic parents. These children were sent out to sell newspapers, instead of being *taken* to church. It causes one to tremble to think of the terrible account such unnatural parents will be called to give one day. Do they imagine that God will admit them to the joys of heaven, and damn eternally the souls of their children on their account? The children lost through bad example will bring their exemplars with them."

THREE missioners have lately taken their departure from St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill, for their respective missions: viz., the Rev. B. Rundleider and A. Keizer for Borneo, and the Rev. Cornelius Hurley for Baltimore.

SINCE Jan. 20th, Rev. Lawrence Walsh has sent to Patrick Egan, Paris, $28,000; to the O'Connor, Dillon Eagan lecture fund, $899.27, and $519 to Miss Fanny Parnell. This, with $8,000 sent on Jan. 20th, makes a total of $37,406.27, forwarded from Jan. 1st to Feb. 10th, 1882, and he has a balance on hand of $9,707.17.

AMERICANS IN BRITISH PRISONS.—The *Catholic Columbian* says: "Irish-Americans do not ask the United States to have American citizens liberated from English prisons. They beg that the Government demand a trial of these subjects. That is all."

IRISH POTATOES.—Quite a large trade is springing up in the importation of Irish potatoes. They are not as good as we used in our boyhood days, but they will compare favorably with the natives. In Boston they retail at $1.20 a bushel. The native article is sold at $1.35 and $1.40 a bushel. The introduction of the potatoes from abroad will have a tendency to reduce the price of the native article.

A YEAR'S RECORD OF EVICTIONS.—There were 17,341 persons evicted in Ireland in 1881, of whom 10,062 were readmitted as tenants and caretakers. There were granted 1,724 ejectment decrees for the non-payment of rent, representing arrears of rent amounting to £47,000.

THE total abolition of the German alphabet is becoming the burning question of the day in Germany. Scholars and historians are using the Latin type, while Prince Bismarck and the chief newspapers and reviews cling to the ancient contortions. The argument that it is patriotic to retain the old alphabet is met by the fact that the alphabet was originally Latin; that all German books before the invention of printing were written in what is now distinctly called the Latin character; and that the ingenious ornamental perversities of the monks who were the chief copyists naturally came to be the type of a good handwriting, and these were closely imitated by the first printers. The printers of France, Spain, Holland, and even England, at first used a similar character, but gradually emancipated themselves from its trammels. The extraordinary prevalence of short sight in Germany is largely ascribed to this type.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP VAUGHAN, in a recent sermon on the necessity of Christian education, said that in England the number of arrests on criminal charges was 63,500 more than the average of the preceding nine years; that the population had increased forty per cent. during the last forty years, but crime had increased *one hundred and two per cent.* during the same time; and that, taking the last twenty years, instances of crime had almost doubled in number.

PAPER-MAKING IN LISMORE, IRELAND.—At a large and influential meeting of the inhabitants of Lismore, held some time since, it was determined to establish a paper manufactory in Lismore. A committee was appointed in connection with the project of starting the paper-mill, and it has decided that a building formerly used as a corn store, in the immediate vicinity of the town, should be examined by a competent engineer conversant with paper manufacture, to see if the premises were sufficiently commodious and otherwise suitable. The engineer's report was most satisfactory, and the design has now taken the form of a joint stock company, with a capital of £10,000.

COUNTY WESTMEATH.—The population of the county was, in 1841, 141,300; in 1881, 71,798; the old, old story,—a county losing half its population in forty years. Ninety-two per cent. of the population are Catholics, and nearly all the remainder Protestant Episcopalians. Thirty-one per cent. of the population of the county are illiterate, which shows an improvement on 1871, when 38 per cent. of the population were illiterate. The records of pauperism read unpleasantly. The number of persons returned in 1871 as receiving relief under the poor law system was 1,333, or 1 in every 59 of the population; in 1881 it was 2,881, or 1 in every 25 of the population, 858 of these being in the workhouse and 2,023 on out-door relief. The number of emigrants from the county during the ten years ending 31st of March, 1881, amounted to 7,347; the number for the previous decade was 11,309, and for that ending with March, 1861, 18,587, making a total of 37,243 for the thirty years. The only town of importance in the county (except part of Athlone) is Mullingar. This town had in 1871 a population of 5,103; in 1881, a population of 4,787. A very curious fact is shown in one of the tables. In 1871 only 276 of the inhabitants of the county spoke Irish, and in 1881 the number was 828. This is, as we have said, a very curious fact, showing a revival of the Erse tongue in the county of Westmeath, which contrasts entirely with the experience of the other counties.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for February is, as usual, full of varied and interesting matter. It is one of the best and cheapest periodicals published. Catholic literature should be extensively patronized in this country, so as to do away with the pernicious teachings of sensational literature. On this account, as well as for its intrinsic merit, such admirable periodicals as this before us should be liberally patronized and supported.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

MT. ST. MARY'S.—The fund for the benefit of Mount St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg, Md., now amounts to $31,835. It is rather shameful that, with so many rich Catholics in the country, this fund lays so heavily. Were it a Protestant college that was embarrassed, the indebtedness would have been paid long ago. Catholic laymen might well learn a lesson from their dissenting neighbors. The majority of the subscriptions thus far have been made by clergymen.—*Providence, R. I., Visitor.*

WE would be pleased to learn that the *Ave Maria* was taken in every Catholic family in the country, and next to that our own Magazine. To Rev. Father Gillin, the veteran pioneer of *The Pilot*, Chaplain in the Union Army, and in many other grand enterprises, is due the establishment of the *Ave Maria*. Father Hudson, the present editor, a Boston man, is the right man in the right place. But to the veteran Father Gillin, now in his old age, is due the foundation of the paper.

THE next meeting of the Irish Land League Convention will take place in Washington, D. C., in April next. We would suggest to President Collins the propriety of timing the meeting so as to have the business close on the 16th, which is the real anniversary of Grattan's declaration of the legislative independence of Ireland, and to have the proceedings terminate by some suitable celebration.—*N. Y. Tablet.*

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—It may be of interest to remark that M. Grévy has been President of the Republic just three years, and that he has constructed his fifth cabinet. M. Wadding'on took office on the 4th of February, 1879; M. de Freycinet on the 28th of December, 1879; M. Ferry on the 23d of September, 1880; M. Gambetta on the 15th of November, 1881; and now M. de Freycinet ag in, on the 29th of January, 1882. If the remainder of M. Grévy's presidency is equally fertile in changes he will count nine Prime Ministers in the seven years.

A REMARKABLE family gathering took place on December 28, at Courtfield (Ross), the ancestral seat of the old Catholic Vaughans, to bless a domestic chapel. Three uncles of the "Squire," Bishop Vaughan of Plymouth, and Fathers Edmund and Richard Vaughan, of the Society of Jesus, represented the last generation; while Herbert, Bishop of Salford, Jerome, Benedictine Prior of Fort Augustus, and two junior religious, all brothers, testified that the ecclesiastical tradition of the Vaughans is being maintained in the present one. Two other brothers of Squire Vaughan were necessarily absent,—Bede, Archbishop of Sydney, and Basil, a wandering missionary in the South American forests.

A CATHOLIC reformatory for boys has been established at Chicago, Ill. It is under the charge of Brother Tellow, of the Christian Brothers. The Golden Book of Charity, a richly-bound volume, has been donated by Mr. Amberg, for preserving the autographs of those good people who may be financially and charitably inclined towards this noble work. The first name entered in the Golden Book was that of his Grace Archbishop Feehan, who has kindly donated *five thousand dollars* to Brother Tellow for his new school.

LADY LAND LEAGUERS.—At length and at last is there a rent in the cloud—a ray—a glimmer of returning reason in the heads of the authorities. At a petty sessions in the County Limerick, a prosecution against two ladies for holding what is called a Land League meeting was publicly withdrawn at the open and avowed order of the Government. Major Clifford Lloyd and his colleagues accordingly dismissed the case, and, it is added, that the authorities will not in future prosecute in any such cases. Even now will the common-sense people of the country rejoice that the Government, though it be at the eleventh hour, have their eyes wide open to the absurdity and foolishness of their former proceedings.

PUNISHED FOR HIS LAND LEAGUE DOCTRINES.—Mr. Cotterell, solicitor for the Landed Estates Commission Court, has been compelled to resign in consequence of inadvertently sanctioning the issue from the Commission's offices of a pamphlet containing Land League doctrines. The affair has caused much attention.

AN Italian colony has been established near Gainesville, in Florida, for the cultivation of oranges and lemons on a large scale.

SPAIN has a population of 16,800,000, and 29,038 schools, with 1,633,288 pupils. There is, therefore, one pupil for every 10.28 inhabitants, and one school for every 578 inhabitants. The total expenditure for education amounts to $5,100,000. From 1870 to 1878 accommodation has been provided for 200,000 pupils.

THERE are only 113 works in the English language which the blind can read. Producing books in raised letters is very expensive, and of course the sales are small, so that their publication is a matter of charity. The Perkins Institute of Boston have almost raised a fund of $100,000, with which they will issue twelve books a year indefinitely.

THE case of the four-year old boy who became an invalid through inveterate smoking, his parents having given him all the tobacco he wanted, is interesting the faculty of the Surgical Institute in Indianapolis. They have deprived him wholly of the weed, and hope to cure him of spinal trouble, which his habit has caused. He had smoked, on an average, ten cigars a day for a year.

THE NEW SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN OFFICES. — We are glad to announce that the *Scientific American* came out of the late fire in New York, like the fabled Phœnix, with renewed life. The subscription lists, account books, patent records, patent drawings, and correspondence were preserved in massive fire-proof safes. The printing of the *Scientific American* and *Supplement* was done in another building; consequently the types, plates, presses, paper, etc., were unharmed, and no interruption of business was occasioned. The new *Scientific American* offices are located at 261 Broadway, corner of Warren Street, — a very central and excellent situation.

AT the burning of the Ring Theatre in Vienna, a Jewish woman, whose three children were in the greatest danger for their lives, remembered that she had been told by Christians how, in danger, they cried out, "Holy Mary, help us!" In her terror she constantly repeated this invocation; and God's providence mercifully ordained that the three children should be in such a manner preserved that they themselves acknowledged their escape to be miraculous. The mother thereupon went to a priest to have six Masses offered up, which she had promised in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Let us hope that the favors of the Queen of Heaven to this poor woman will not stop here. — *Ave Maria.*

A MOVEMENT is on foot to establish a new French Catholic church in the southwestern part of Chicago.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP ELDER, of Cincinnati, has opened a telephonic communication between the Episcopal residence and all points in the city and suburbs where there are churches.

CONSECRATION OF THE BISHOP OF KERRY. — The consecration of the Right Rev. Andrew Higgins took place on Sunday, Feb. 5th, in Killarney Cathedral. The ceremonies commenced at ten o'clock, and did not conclude until one o'clock. The Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, was the consecrating prelate; and there were also present the Right Rev. Dr. McCarthy, Bishop of Cloyne, Right Rev. Dr. Butler, Bishop of Limerick, acting as assistant bishops, and the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Coadjutor Bishop of Kildare. On leaving the Cathedral the newly consecrated Bishop was followed by a crowd of people, whom he blessed repeatedly. In the evening the Bishop and clergy dined together in the Monastery. Expecting that the Archbishop of Cashel would deliver an address, the local band played for a considerable period outside the palace, but his Grace did not make any public appearance.

A BRAVE SISTER. — A Texas paper relates the following: An army officer brought the news to San Antonio that some weeks ago he had met on the Western frontier, more than seventeen miles from any settlement, Sister Mary of this city, alone with a little orphan boy. The officer said: "I hardly felt safe from roving bands of Indians with a force of men, and could not help admiring the almost sublime courage that dauntless woman possessed, who, for the sake of teaching the poor, and comforting the afflicted, exposes herself to dangers and privations that require courage and strength in a man. Sister Mary is well known all over the frontier, and is a kind of missionary, going to the wildest, the most dangerous, and most inaccessible places on the frontier. She does not know what fear is, and for many years she has labored with all a woman's love and devotion among the people who have learned to love her, and anxiously look forward to her visits. In the camps of lawless men, who rarely, if ever, see a woman, her face, and nun's habit, invariably win for her a respect akin to reverence. She speaks Spanish, French, and German fluently, and has accomplished much good.

THERE are eleven nuns in the Hôtel Dieu Convent, Quebec, who have completed each over fifty years in the Order.

THE *Lake Shore Visitor* has adopted the quarto, in place of the folio form. We congratulate the editor and publisher upon the change for the better. The *Visitor* is among the best of our Catholic exchanges.

THE Bishop of Maitland, Australia, with the Very Rev. F. Vaughan, C.SS.R., and three other Redemptorist Fathers, some lay brothers of that congregation, two secular priests, and twelve nuns, embarked recently in the *Sorata* for Australia.

A MADRID paper states that at a Christmas Eve service in Uvarre, a pack of wolves entered the church, and did not quit it until they had killed three, and severely wounded five, of the congregation.

THE annual income of London charities is shown by Mr. Howe's "Classified Directory" to have fallen during the last three years by nearly £81,000. The total, however, still reaches the enormous sum of £4,121,546.

REGARDING the persecution of Jews in Russia, it may be stated that the Czar's Government is preparing an exhaustive refutation of the charges of persecution brought against the authorities. Prince Lobanoff, Russian Ambassador to London, has refused to forward to St. Petersburg a memorial from the Jews of England on behalf of their suffering brethren.

A GENEROUS OFFER.—A. W. Nickerson, Esq., has deposited with Mr. Joseph A. Laforme a check for $5,000, to be given towards the completion of the new Catholic Church now in course of construction on High Street, Dedham, Mass., upon condition that the parishioners raise $10,000 by the first of next September. The pastor and parishioners are at work to raise the required sum.

ONE of the grandest throws old Ocean ever made, so far as is recorded, was that on the coast of Newfoundland. During a terrific gale, in the midst of a blinding snow-storm, a Cape Breton coal-carrying vessel was flung on the reefs near Champeau Rouge, and one sailor lad, a young German, escaped the death that suddenly overtook his messmates by being carried on the crest of a giant wave and tossed upon a precipitous cliff. When morning and consciousness dawned upon him he found himself nearly two hundred feet above the boiling waters.

THE Nihilists continue to plot against the life of the Czar. Their latest move has been to smuggle into the fuel intended for his Majesty's stove, several blocks charged with a sufficient quantity of dynamite to blow up the room in which the fire may be lighted.

WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF '98?—Certainly not the gallant band who recently formed in New York under the historic name. The '98 Club gave a farewell reception at Cooper Union to Mr. Healy, Wexford's able representative, and backed that reception by remitting the proceeds of it, $602.25, to the No Rent Fund.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred a week or two since at Haverhill, Mass. Two thousand persons have been thrown out of employment, and the loss is about $2,000,000. No destitution, however, is likely to ensue. The fire was confined to the business quarter. Haverhill is rapidly rising from its ashes.

THE Pope has addressed a very grave letter to the Italian Bishops, commanding them, in view of the dangers surrounding the Church, to increase their activity, to encourage Catholic societies among the laity, to develop the Catholic press, and advocate boldly the temporal independence of the Pope.

THE late Fitzjames O'Brien wrote a poem on a prize-fight, the concluding stanza of which we give:—

> Trainers, backers, and betters all,—
> Who teach young men to tussle and maul,
> And spend their muscle, and blood, and life,
> Given for good, in a loathsome strife,—
> I know what the Devil will do for you,
> You pistolling, bullying, cowardly crew!
> He'll light up his furnaces red and blue,
> And treat you all to a roast and stew;
> O, he'll do you up, and he'll do you brown,
> On pitchforks cleft into mighty prongs,
> While chuckling fiends your agonies crown,
> By stirring you up and keeping you down
> With hammer and tongs!

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, March.—This valuable Magazine presents its readers with a choice bill of fare for the opening of the Lenten season. "Ireland's Festival," "The Jesuits and their Persecutors," the "Terrible Arraignment of Gladstone," by Dr. Nulty, and the "Great Question of the Day," from Cardinal Manning, are selections particularly worthy of notice. The allegorical dialogue entitled the "Angel of Mercy," from the *Irish Monthly*, is a poetical effort of decided merit. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE deserves the patronage of every Catholic household, for its excellent selection of good Catholic family reading.—*Catholic Record*, London, Ont.

ANOTHER IRISH BISHOP SPEAKS. — The Archbishop of Tuam writes : — "If the priests be driven, at risk to themselves, which we believe they will not seek to avoid, to endeavor to defend their flocks, and if the government, in consequence, arrest them, what then? Does the government think that the archbishops and bishops give advice to their clergy which, if such an emergency arises, they will themselves shrink from acting on? If so, we tell them that they mistake the Catholic Episcopacy of Ireland. The spirit of John of Tuam, who did not shrink from defying a law which he deemed to be unjust, has not died with the Lion of the fold of Judah. . . . But if the government, in pursuance of their present policy, have to arrest priests, then we tell them they will have to follow it up by arresting bishops. What then, we want to know? Every one with any knowledge of Ireland can supply the answer. Even Mr. Forster himself can supply the answer. We may be quite wrong in our estimate of the almost inevitable course of events if the policy of extermination is to be followed up to the bitter end; but if once it be commenced in earnest it must be followed up to the bitter end. If the landlords, with the armed aid of the government, sweep one district clear of human beings, they cannot thereby make the inhabitants of another pay money which they have not got. Such a policy might be effective if it was really a fact that the bulk of the tenants had money to pay. We believe they have not money to pay."

PERSONNEL OF THE LATE BISHOP LYNCH. — He was over six feet tall, well proportioned, and of a pleasing countenance. His address was eminently suited to the Episcopal office. His manners were refined, his bearing was dignified, and his knowledge of the ceremonies of the Church was singularly full and correct. He was simple in his habits, and affable to all his visitors and acquaintances. He was beloved by a wide circle of friends, not only among Catholics, but among all other denominations. It was a great mercy that he was able to die among his own, and that the dear city which saw the first of his priestly labors should witness the close of his heroic life. He was a type of the Southern gentleman. He was a descendant of Thomas Lynch Jr., one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The following is an extract from his will: — The desire of the deceased is expressed thus: "Should I die in Charleston or in the diocese, I direct a single Solemn High Mass to be celebrated, according to the rubrics of the Pontificate, but neither here nor abroad do I wish a funeral sermon. I distinctly prohibit it. I wish to sink quietly into the grave, hoping that an abler Bishop than I will take my place and correct my manifold errors. I deprecate all costliness of display, but I do entreat my clergy often and often to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of my soul."

AMERICANS IN BRITISH PRISONS. — The *Montreal Post* thus speaks of the supineness of our government in not interesting itself in bringing about the trial or release of the American prisoners : "This is a free continent, and folks may laugh, as loudly and as long as they please, at what they are pleased to term Mr. Robinson's Buncombe speech in Congress. He laughs best who laughs last; and Mr. Robinson had his resolution carried, which was a list of the names of American citizens in British prisons without trial. It is really a disgrace to the great American Republic, that men who fought and bled to preserve it in its intergrity should be now subject to the oppression of English turnkeys on suspicion. Why do they not try those men, sentence them if guilty, and acquit them if innocent? If British subjects were in American jails, Johnny Bull would make the Yankees open the gates, or know the reason why. But the subhme bird of freedom has its head under its wing, and is asleep when it has most occasion to scream."

AN UNNECESSARY BENEFACTION. — The United States House of Representatives has voted a pension of five thousand dollars a year to the widow of the late President Garfield. This lady has a fortune of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the annual income from which, at four per cent., is fourteen thousand dollars. What need, then, has she of a pension? None. This is a fresh illustration of the Biblical saying, "For he that hath, to him shall be given, and he shall abound." If Mrs. Garfield were destitute, no one wonld oppose the grant of a pension to her; but since she is already luxuriously provided for, it is an outrage on the people to make them contribute to still futhur heap up her wealth. Many deserving women, whose husbands, too, have lost their lives in the service of the government, are left unaided in their poverty, because there is no provision in the laws for a pension for them. Why, then, should a rich woman be singled out for an unnecessary benefaction? *Catholic Mirror.*

CLOTURE. — The Prime Minister of England laid on the table of the House his new rules of procedure the first night of the Session. The first is the Clôture rule, and the form which Mr. Gladstone gives it is this : The Speaker, or Chairman of Committees, may inform the House that it appears to him to be the evident sense of the House that the question shall now be put. On a motion made to that effect, it shall forthwith be put, and a division affirming it will be acted upon if more than 200 members vote for it, or less than 40 against it. This proposal seems to us to be open to all the objections we have already stated ; a debate may thus be stifled by 201 members against 200, or by 40 against 39, — a bare majority of one. Surely the Speaker's rule of last Session, which required a majority of three-fourths, would have answered every purpose, and would not have been charged with the same dangers to freedom of discussion.

The *New York Sun* explains: A few months ago, somebody in England hit upon the word *cloture* as the French expression for the contemplated Parliamentary measure of shutting off debate at a certain stage. This word was caught up like an inspiration, and the changes rung on it. It was fitted into all possible phrases and sentences, and set out in all possible ways, since the appearance of any leading word in public discussion, that has not previously been familiar, produces a kind of mania in English journalism, whole articles being written for the purpose of introducing it, and of showing respect for it or acquaintance with it. The swimming of a new planet into an astronomer's ken is the thing most comparable to the injection of a word like *cloture* into British politics. But still more recently, some other bright person discovered that the word *closure* was a good substitute for *cloture*, and so used it. The effect was again extraordinary. All the British leader writers rushed madly to be first in talking of the closure, instead of their previous cloture. Their articles were no longer speckled with this key word, in all the glory of italics and circumflex accent ; and now it is instructive to see how the latter equivalent has almost everywhere dethroned the earlier in British journalism. Such are the fortunes of words in our day of repetitions and hasty imitations.

WHEN Irish landlords evicted their wretched tenantry, their only consolation for them was to advise them to go to the poor-house. Now, when many of themselves are so impoverished as to be scarcely able to eke out an existence, we would recommend to them a dose of their own medicine.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.— For the fifth time in her exceptionally long reign, Queen Victoria's life has been menaced by the assassin, and for the fifth time she has escaped. On the second of March, an insane man fired at her as she was passing from the railway carriage at the Windsor Station to her coach, but missed his aim. So far there is nothing to indicate what his motives were. His name is Roderick MacLean, evidently a Scot. The first attempt on the life of the Queen was in June, 1840, by a crazy lad named Oxford. He was sent to an insane asylum for life. The second was in 1842, by John Francis, who was sentenced to be hanged, but who was transported for life. The third was in July of the same year, by John Bean, who escaped with eighteen months' imprisonment, and the fourth was in 1875, by a half-witted Irish boy, O'Connor, who got off with a year's imprisonment and twenty lashes.

Queen Victoria was born at Kensington Palace, May 24th, 1819, and is therefore nearly 63 years of age. She succeeded her uncle, William IV., on the throne of Great Britain, in 1838, and in 1840 married Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. She has had nine children, all but one of whom are now living, the one deceased being the Princess Alice, whose death occurred a few years ago. Prince Albert died in 1861.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a publication of considerable merit, combining in its contents a rare judgment, a judicious arrangement, and a vim and vigor entirely its own. Father Ryan, the poet priest, author of some of the most beautiful poems in our language, is a regular contributor to its columns ; a guarantee, in itself, of originality and growth. The magazine exhibits a "dauntless independence," as the New Orleans *Star* puts it, that is pleasing, timely, and never out of place. The subscription price is $2.00, which entitles the subscriber to a copy of one of the publisher's list of premium books ; a list, by the way, which includes such names as Isaac Butt, Hugh O'Neil, Napoleon, Thomas Moore, and others who have made themselves famous in the world's annals. — *Business Advocate, Philadelphia, Pa.*

PATRICK EGAN, Treasurer of the Land League funds, under date of Paris, Feb. 7, says: "The American contribution since the 7th of January — exactly one month — towards the sum promised by the Chicago Convention, amounts to the splendid sum of £21,200, in addition to which I have received £400 from the patriotic Irish exiles of Melbourne, Australia."

THE election of Michael Davitt for Meath, to fill the seat in Parliament made vacant by the resignation of A. M. Sullivan, is another cut to the Government. Tipperary elected Rossa and Mitchel to represent it in Parliament, and now royal Meath elects an imprisoned felon to the British Parliament, thus conferring on him the greatest political honor they possibly can. We are sure that Mr. Davitt feels prouder of the prison chains he wears for Ireland than he does even of this high honor. In the House of Commons, on the 28th February, a resolution declaring void the election of Mr. Davitt was carried by a vote of 208 to 20. The Government would not move for a new writ, but allowed time for Mr. Egan to claim the seat. The *London News* says Mr. Egan, who withdrew in favor of Mr. Davitt in the recent election in Meath, does not intend to claim the seat for that county.

A MALICIOUS attempt has recently been made to do serious personal injury to Mr. Forster; an explosive substance, enclosed in an envelope, was forwarded to him; but, being slightly damp, the explosion did not take effect. On analysis it was found to contain, amongst other ingredients, two scruples of iodide of nitrogen, a dangerous explosive, seldom used, and hard to get. A small portion of the stuff, on being dried and exposed to the air in an open space near the Castle, spontaneously exploded.

TWO REMARKABLE IRISHMEN.—There are now, in New York City, two remarkable specimens of Irish physique. One is Hugh Murphy, born in Ballymena, county Antrim, Ireland. He is 18 years of age, 7 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 205 pounds, and comes from a family of tall people. His mother was 7 feet high, his sister towered to 6 feet 8 inches, and his uncle refused to stop growing until he was able to look over a fence or hedge 7 feet 4 inches high. The other is Daniel Whalen, 7 feet tall, weighs 205 pounds, and 20 years of age. He first saw the light of day in Maryborough, Queen's County, Ireland, and is one of seven children, whose average stature is 6 feet 7 inches. He took a notion to grow, and kept on growing up in the air until he reached 7 feet.

THE REV. FATHER O'CALLAGHAN, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, and the Rev. Father M. Ronan, of St. James' Church, Boston, have gone to Mexico for the benefit of their health.

MR. WILLIAM KELLY, publisher of the *Irishman*, and late publisher of *United Ireland*, was run over and killed, on the railway at Kingstown, on Saturday night, Feb. 18th.

MR. P. CAHILL, editor of the *Leinster Leader*, has been arrested under the Coercion Act and conveyed to Naas Prison.

THIRTEEN Home Rulers supported the Government, including Messrs. Colhurst, Fay, Gabbett, Mitchell Henry, Shaw, John O'Connor Power, and Smyth.

IN the old cathedral at Ribe, Denmark, there is fastened to one of the massive granite pillars, near the main entrance, an ugly brass candlestick, upon which is inscribed a curse on the man who removes it. No one knows when or by whom it was put there; probably more than two centuries ago. When, some years ago, the church was repaired, it was decided to remove the unsightly object. A ladder that was put up for the purpose fell upon one of the workmen and broke his leg. The first man who went up to unfasten the candlestick fell down and broke his neck. On the same day the architect who had the restoration of the church in charge fell seriously ill. The candlestick was then left in its place, and remains there to-day an object of awe.

THE PLAGUE IN MILAN.—About the year 1500, it was a lamentable spectacle which everywhere presented itself. It often happened that a party of friends would set themselves at table, and in the middle of dinner several would be struck with plague, changing their festivity into mourning; often when fathers or mothers went to call their children in the morning they found them dead or dying. Men were seen to fall down here and there in the public streets, and those who ran to give them aid would be struck down themselves at the same instant. Husbandmen would be struck down at the plough. Masters who had retired over night in good health were found dead in the morning by the servants, and some were even found dead in their carriages when they had been out for a short drive.

FOR Five Subscribers and $10 we will send the posthumous works of Charles Lever (Harry Lorrequer), embracing the following volumes: "Harry Lorrequer;" "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon;" "Paul Goslette's Confessions;" "Jack Hinton, the Guardsman;" "The O'Donoghue and Roland Cashel," illustrated with thirty full-page chromo lithographs, from drawings by H. K. Brown; the whole making a large octavo volume of nearly twelve hundred pages. The price of the volume is $5.

IT is understood that The O'Donoghue, M. P., having come to a definite arrangement with his creditors, will presently resume his seat in the House.

PERSONAL.

Ex-Secretary Blaine is to attend the banquet of the Knights of St. Patrick in St. Louis on St. Patrick's Day, and respond to a toast.

John J. Flinn, associate editor of the Chicago *Daily News*, has been appointed by President Arthur consul at Chemnitz, Germany. He is a native of Tipperary, Ireland.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy is actively engaged in writing and preparing for publication the second volume of "Young Ireland." It will, it is understood, be published in the beginning of July, and will appear simultaneously in Paris, London, and New York.

At a recent audience granted by Leo XIII. to Monsignor Kirby, Bishop of Lita, the Holy Father appointed the Rev. Andrew Quinn, Vicar-General of Dublin, and P.P., Kingstown, to be a private chamberlain to His Holiness, and desired that the honor should be considered as a compliment offered on the occasion of the golden jubilee of Father Quinn, who has just celebrated the 50th year of his priesthood. "I well remember," said Leo XIII., "this distinguished ecclesiastic in his early years in Rome, whose talents and virtues even then foreshadowed the excellence of his sacerdotal career." The Bishop of Bathurst, Right Rev. Matthew Quinn, brother to Monsignor Andrew, sent a sum of £220 to Monsignor Kirby for presentation to the Pope as Peter Pence from himself, the clergy, and faithful of Bathurst Diocese. This donation was most graciously received, and the Pope sent his special benediction to the donors, remarking that the Irish Catholics in Australia never failed, although so distant, and so pressed by their own difficulties, to remember the necessities of the Holy See, and to contribute every year towards the Head of the Church, now despoiled of his legitimate dominions. The Bishop of Bathurst and Monsignor Andrew Quinn are both brothers of the deceased Rt. Rev. James Quinn, Bishop of Brisbane, a prelate of rare accomplishments and most charming manners, who, by his industry and management during his long and laborious ministrations, realized a very large property, all of which he bequeathed to his diocese, not giving even a rosary or a medal to any of his personal friends. During his lifetime Bishop Quinn enriched his diocese with numbers of religious institutions, schools, convents, etc., and at his death left it in such a prosperous condition as to enable the Propaganda to divide it into two bishoprics.

Hon. T. V. Powderly, who was Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation to the Irish National Convention at Chicago, has, for the third time, been elected Mayor of Scranton, Pa.

The Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, celebrated the sixty-eighth anniversary of his birthday on the 6th of February. The event was made the occasion of fervent prayers and good wishes for him. He seems to be as vigorous and as fresh as he was ten years ago.

Charities Commissioner H. H. Porter, of New York, is a nephew of the venerable Mother Seton, the foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. He is, therefore, a cousin of Monsignor Robert Seton, D.D., of Jersey City, and his sister, Catherine Seton, who is a Sister of Mercy in the Houston Street Convent. Commissioner Porter is not a Catholic. It will be remembered that Mother Seton was a convert.

A Great Family.—U. S. Senator Sawyer, of Wisconsin, is one of the most practical of rich men. He called his young daughters to him one day, and asked them, as a testimony of their affection for him, to learn to make their own clothes, and to cook a good dinner. The young girls cheerfully promised, and, not long after, invited their parents and a few friends to dine with them. They cooked the perfect dinner themselves, and each wore a dainty gown made by her own hands. So pleased was the Senator that he gave to each of them a check for $25,000.

Sister M. Francis Clare, writing from Knock, county Mayo, says: "Knock is situated in the poorest part of Ireland, and all its wealth is only the historic monuments of the past. From here we can see the famous Croagh Patrick, and here, tradition says, St. Patrick stopped at and blessed the very place which so many have visited and obtained such wonderful cures. A large and remarkable stone is shown in the next field to where I hope to build my new convent, on which, it is said, St. Patrick knelt and prayed. It has been an object of devotion to the people for centuries, and it is, at least, certain that St. Patrick passed through this district. I propose to erect a small chapel over, or near, this spot, and I beg of all who wish to honor the name of the great apostle of Ireland, to help. I hope to make Knock a great centre of industry for the surrounding districts, and to keep our people from emigration by giving them employment at home."

Notices of Recent Publications.

Joseph A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC POETS. From Chaucer to the Present Day. Edited by Eliot Ryder.

This book has been well received by the press on both sides of the Atlantic. It is the only work of its kind in the language. It represents the best work of Catholic poets, and contains many of the brightest gems of English poetry; has selections from more than one hundred authors, English and American. It contains many poems which have become favorites the world over, besides others of note and popularity. The work is furnished with an alphabetical index of the names of poems, an index of authors, and also one of first lines. Both in contents and in manufacture, this is one of the finest specimens of Catholic book-making ever produced in this country. Prices.—post free: Subscription edition, limited (with an admirable portrait of Chaucer), $5. Cheap edition, $2.

P. M. Haverty, New York.

HAVERTY'S IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1882. Price 25 cents.

This annual is full of instructive matter, and well illustrated. Irish Antiquities, in gold, bronze, etc., is particularly interesting, and is alone worth the price of the Almanac.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, Apostle of the Indies and Japan. From the Italian of D. Bartoli and J. P. Maffei. With a Preface by Very Rev. Dr. Faber.

This book has already gone through nine editions in this country. The late Mr. Murphy was the first to issue it in America. The plates have been purchased by Mr. O'Shea, and he has issued a new edition. No better book in the market. Should be in every Catholic library.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, FOR 1882. With a full report of the Dioceses in the United States, British America, Ireland, England, and Scotland.

As the Church increases, the size of this useful annual adds to its bulk every year. We remember when it was not more than three or four hundred pages. Now it is swollen to nearly nine hundred pages, not including the advertisements, which make over a hundred pages more. It is indispensable to every Catholic who wishes to be well informed of Church affairs throughout the English-speaking world.

Robert Coddington, New York.

PROTESTANISM AND THE CHURCH: LECTURES DELIVERED AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH. By Rt. Rev. Monsignor T. S. Preston, V.G., L.L.D.. Domestic Prelate to His Holiness Leo XIII.

The subjects treated of in these very able lectures are: The Divine Institution of the Church, The Protestant Reformation and the Church, The Angelican Theory of the Church, and the Catholic Doctrine Concerning the Church. A better book cannot be placed in the hands of those inquiring after the doctrines of the Church. To the Catholic it is also interesting and instructive. Mr. Coddington has got out the book in good paper, binding and printing.

A CONTINGENT of Redemptorist Fathers left England for Australia. The head of the new community is the Very Rev. Father Vaughan, whose zeal as a conductor of clerical and lay retreats has made his name a household word to Catholics in many parts of this country. He was accompanied by Fathers Hegarty, O'Farrell, and Holson. They will be under the guidance of his Lordship the Bishop of Maitland, whose knowledge of the result of their labors in this country during the last three decades has determined him to invite their co-operation in the work of the diocese he so ably rules. The labors of the Redemptorists in the land of their adoption will not, however, be confined to the diocese of Maitland. The Catholics of the distant colony are all alike to share in the blessings with which we may safely predict their labors will be attended. His Lordship also takes out a number of Sisters of Mercy. All sail in the *Sorata*, of the Pacific Line.

HON. W. E. ROBINSON.—We give, in our issue this month, a brief biographical sketch of the life of one of the most eminent of our race in America. He has fought our battles through the press, and on the floors of Congress, as few men have done. Although somewhat advanced in years, he displays the vigor of youth in battling for our race. May he live to complete the work he has now on hand in defence of the Irish element in this country since its establishment. We are indebted to *McGee's Illustrated Weekly* for the portrait and sketch of Mr. Roblnson's life.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. John Scanlon, of Summit Hill, Pa., died on Sunday, Feb. 5th.

Rev. F. Navarron died at St. Mary's Hospital, in Cincinnati, Feb. 15th.

Rev. William Quinn, of Fairfax, Iowa, is dead.

Rev. John F. Hahne died at Dayton, O., on Tuesday, Feb. 21st.

Rev. Francis Smith, of Unionville, Missouri, died recently of small-pox.

Rev. John Donohoe died at Stafford Springs, Conn., Thursday, Feb. 16th.

Rev. Sebastian B. Gruber died at St. Francis's Asylum, in Buffalo, N. Y., on Feb. 8th.

Rev. John H. Garvey, O. P., died at St. Rose's Convent, Springfield, Ky., on Feb. 16th.

Rev. James A. Miller died at St. Mary's Hospital, in Philadelphia, on Thursday, Jan. 26th.

Rev. William T. Hawe died at Mount Hope Retreat, near Baltimore, on Saturday, Jan. 28th.

Rev. Augustine Bally, S. J., died at the pastoral residence connected with the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Churchville, Berks County, Pa., Jan. 30th, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

The Very Rev. F. Brixio Queloz, who, since 1855, has been Procurator-General of the Redemptorists, expired at Caserta, Italy, on Jan. 30th, aged 79 years and 5 months.

Rev. Bernard Alphonsus Brady, of the Order of St. Dominic, died at St. Joseph's, Perry County, Ohio, on Friday, May 6th, 1881, in the forty-eighth year of his age and in the nineteenth year of his priesthood. The sad event, the result of an attack of apoplexy, although not then expected, came not without warning and preparation. Father Brady has been more or less delicate for years; and during the last year or two has been noticeably failing. Of late he remarked to some of his intimate friends that he had not long to live. And so indeed it has happened.

Almost as a child he was brought by his mother to Massachusetts from the county Derry, in Ireland. In his youth great interest was taken in him by a venerable priest of Lawrence, Mass., the Rev. Father Taffe, O. S. D., who had him sent first to the College at Worcester and afterwards to the novitiate of the Dominican Fathers at St. Joseph's. Here he made his religious profession on the 4th of August, 1857. He studied theology about two years in Rome, and was ordained there in 1863.

As a priest and as a religious Father Brady was especially remarkable for exactness in the performance of all the duties, even the most minute, of his holy profession. He was scrupulously accurate as a rubrican; and, in latter years, his sermons were prepared with the utmost care. They were truly of the most telling and edifying character, and were greatly appreciated by every audience before whom he appeared. But he never sought an occasion to preach either directly or indirectly; and it was only the will of his superior that he followed in this and in all other duties.

Father Brady, in his public ministry, was well known in several churches attended by the Dominican Fathers in the United States, and more especially in St. Rose's congregation in Kentucky; also, in Louisville, Zanesville, and St. Joseph's. He was pastor of St. Thomas's Church in Zanesville for five years, beginning in 1864. His great and most effective energy in that capacity made him many warm friends and admirers there, and his memory is held in benediction among them. Many a tear will be shed in various places where he was known and loved, at the reading of these lines. What heart can feel or mind conceive the deep grief of his mother, of more than seventy-five years, as she followed the remains of her child to the grave? Yet she exclaimed, in the wonderful faith of her native land, in the true spirit of a Christian: "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." This is the eleventh child, out of thirteen, gone, as she says, to prepare a place for her in heaven. The burial service was of the most imposing character, and carried out in strict accordance with the Dominican rite. The Very Rev. H. F. Lilly, Prior of the convent, was the celebrant; and Fathers Durkin and Murphy, lately ordained, were respectively deacon and sub-deacon. Although the notice was necessarily short, a large concourse of the faithful from St. Joseph's and the neighboring congregation was present. *Requiescat in pace.*

REV. WILLIAM SLATTERY died at Pataluma, Cal., where he went to visit his friend, Father Cleary. His remains were conveyed to San Francisco for interment. He came to America when a child. The funeral was attended by a large number of the clergy and laity, among whom was the venerable mother, who has passed the scriptural age of "threescore years and ten," and who has given three sons to the service of God's sanctuary: viz., Rev. Daniel Slattery, well known throughout the coast as a most zealous missionary, and who was celebrated for his mental qualifications and his moral worth, but who died October 9th, 1869, and whose grave was recently opened to receive the remains of his brother William. The third surviving brother is Rev. Maurice Slattery, pastor of Napa, whom Providence has kindly left to be the prop of the declining age of one whose holy teaching has turned the hearts of so many of her sons towards the sanctified life only to be found in the following of Christ.

REV. FATHER FELIX H. FARRELLY, who has been the pastor of St. Joseph's Church, New York, since September, 1880, died at the parochial residence, in West Washington Place, February 9th. The deceased pastor was born in the county Longford, Ireland, forty-nine years ago; was educated at Maynooth College, where he was ordained when he was but twenty-three years old. He has, therefore, been twenty-six years a priest. When he arrived in New York, he was appointed assistant pastor at the Church of the Annunciation, in Manhattanville. From there he was transferred to Rondout, where he assumed the pastorate of the church in that locality. He is best known to the Catholic population of New York City, however, as the zealous and untiring pastor of St. James's Church, in James Street, where he officiated for nearly fourteen years. Here he not only succeeded in clearing off a large portion of the debt of the church, but he also built two large parochial schools, which are now considered the most flourishing of their kind in the city. He succeeded the late Rev. Father Farrell as pastor of St. Joseph's.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE distressing news comes that Prof. Paul Broden, of Beloit, Wis., met his death from falling down the stairs of his office. Prof. Broden was one of the most thorough scholars of the times. He was born at Schenectady, N. Y., and was prepared for college by Frank B. Wilkie, now of the *Chicago Times*. After several years' study in this country, Prof. Broden went to Rome, and studied at the Propaganda for over two years. Returning, he became a tutor, and later a professor, of Latin, in Notre Dame University, Indiana. Failing health compelled him, after a few years, to retire, and he removed to Beloit, where he has spent his time for the last ten years variously in study, writing, and the practice of law. A year ago he went to New York to attend special lectures on Law and Constitutional History in Columbia Law School. He was for many years a frequent contributor to the *Catholic World*, and was always recognized as one of the most graceful and forcible writers of the day. Personally he was a genial, helping friend.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER, one of the most notable men in Pittsburgh, Pa., died on February 4th, at his house at Hazelwood, one of the suburbs of Pittsburgh He had a singular story. Born in county Antrim, Ireland, in 1806, he came to America in 1820, and learned a machinist's trade in Pittsburgh. He then went to New Orleans. In January, 1827, as General Jackson was coming into the pier at New Orleans on two steamers locked together, the *Caledonia* and *Pocahontas*, the New Orleans artillerymen were firing a salute in honor of the hero of 1815. The gunners could not manage their cannon, and Alexander offered his services. While ramming home a charge the cannon was discharged and both of Alexander's arms were blown off at the elbow. At the great ball given that night General Jackson heard of the accident and sent the wounded man a check for $1,000, but Mr. Alexander would not receive it, although he was a poor man. Mr. Alexander was engaged to be married to Miss Eleanor Day at the time, and offered her her freedom after he recovered from his accident. She refused to accept, and for fifty years was his loving wife, and fed him at the table. He came back to Pittsburgh, and although burned out in the great fire of 1845, he struggled on, and at his death was a very wealthy man. He was a famous Democrat, and held a number of offices. He was one of the few Democratic coroners elected in Allegheny County, and was notable both as a business man and a politician.

THE death is announced in London of Major Sir William Palliser, C. B. He was born in Dublin, June 18, 1830, and was the fifth son of Lieut.-Col. Wray Palliser, of the Waterford Militia, Comragh, county Waterford. He was educated at Rugby School, Trinity College, Dublin, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and passed through Staff College, Sandhurst. In 1855 he entered the English Army as Ensign in the Rifle Brigade, and in 1858 was transferred to the Hussars. He introduced several inventions into the service. The "Palliser projectiles" brought him fame. They are used in the navy and coast fortifications for piercing armor-plated ships, and have

proved far more effective than steel, shot, or shell. They cost less than £20 per ton, while other projectiles of steel nearest approaching them in efficiency cost £100. Sir William made important improvements in the construction and rifling of the heavy wrought iron rifle cannon used in iron-clad ships and on the sea front of fortifications. He devised screw bolts for attaching the armor to the iron-plated defence of harbors and dockyards, and these were used on the forts at the mouth of the Thames, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and on the sea fortresses of Malta, Gibraltar, Bermuda, and elsewhere. The system by which old smooth-bore cast-iron guns, which had become useless, and were out of date, were converted into the rifled compound guns known as "Palliser guns," was his conception. It consists of the insertion into the cast-iron gun, after it is bored out to receive it, of a wrought-iron rifled barrel, composed of two tubes of coiled iron, one inside the other. The wrought-iron barrel is "set out" by firing a proof charge, and is thus tightened inside the cast-iron casting. The cost of a gun converted in this manner is little more than one-third the cost of a new gun. The saving on a 64-pounder is £140, and on an 80-pounder about £210. As no change is made in a gun externally, it can be placed on the carriage originally built for it. The guns are used in wooden frigates and corvettes, upon the land fronts of fortifications and for the defence of harbors. Sir William retired from the service by the sale of his commission in December, 1871.

MRS. CATHERINE KEARNEY died recently in New York. She was the eldest sister of Dr. McCabe, the present Archbishop of Dublin, and came to this country with her children thirteen years ago. She was seventy-six years of age.

MR. AUGUSTUS KROEGER, a brother of the Rev. Dr. John Kroeger, O. M. C., formerly priest at the Franciscan Church, Syracuse, N. Y., now Penitentiari at the Vatican, Rome, Italy, died in Philadelphia, February 22d. His mother and sister, Mrs. Joseph E. Gaunder and Miss Mary E. Kroeger, of Syracuse, in response to a telegram, arrived at his bedside before his death. He died of consumption in the throat. He leaves a wife, and a large circle of friends. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE landlords in Ireland are now to have another difficulty, as Forster is about to withdraw the police who have hitherto gone with the Emergency men. The police, however, are glad of the order, for they have had a hard time in the performance of such duties.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE.—On a recent occasion the great Archbishop paid a visit to Cashel. The people received him with great enthusiasm. In reply to an address, he said: Temperance and teetotalism differ. Teetotalism entails great mortification on individuals, and as it is in this respect a peculiar society, so will its members experience a peculiarly great reward. I do not believe that every one who joins this society does so because he is a drunkard, for I know there are many who enter it for the purpose of giving edification. There is the great Cardinal in England, who is at the head of every temperance society; he has not tasted strong drink for fourteen years, although he is delicate. He is reported to have said, on one occasion, "I know the evils that have been done by this over-drinking; it is the curse of our country, the root of all evil, and, however much it may be needed, how could I drink it!" You have an example in the priest, who need not become a teetotaler, who says to himself, I will preach teetotalism by becoming a teetotaler. He makes the sacrifice, and he will have his reward. I believe intemperance has done more to damage this country than all the other vices. Were you to search our history, and ask yourselves where it was you noticed dark deeds in our country's annals, you will find them and all our other national misfortunes mainly traceable to intoxicating drinks. Men going to America and the colonies become wealthy and of great influence with their fellows; but, somehow, many carry with them the habit of drinking, until they lose their faith and position and meet a premature death. It is necessary for such people to join a society like this, and if they abandon it they are lost forever. And now, my friends, I exhort you to be faithful to the pledges you have taken,—the man who has joined through charity as a help and edification to his weak neighbor, and the man who needs it as having already suffered from drink.

BRADLAUGH RETURNED TO PARLIAMENT.—The election at Northampton, to fill the vacancy caused by the expulsion of Bradlaugh from the House of Commons, was held March 2d, and proved to be a very close contest. Bradlaugh was returned by a majority of 111, the poll standing: Bradlaugh, 3,798; Corbett, 3,687. Corbett was the unsuccessful candidate at the last election.

WANTED A CATHOLIC MAN of good business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply, with references, to BENZIGER BROS., 311 Broadway, New York.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"Had I struck England, through Ireland, as was designed before the campaign in Egypt, the combination she formed against me in Europe would have been impossible." — *Napoleon I.*

"Our children are the prize for which the opposing armies of God and the world are contending. The schools are the battle-field. Parents and priests are the officers to whose fidelity God trusts the issue. Let us be faithful, and God will be our strength." — WM. HENRY ELDER, *Coadjutor to Archbishop of Cincinnati.*

"I have lived to my ninety-sixth year, I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world can bestow,— public approbation, esteem, and applause; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is,— *that I have practised the duties of my religion.*"— *Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the last of the signers of the Declaration of American Independence.*

"What I should wish to see, would be the government purchasing the land of Ireland from the landlords at a fair rate, giving them compensation as they gave the members of the Irish Church, and distributing that land amongst the people, issuing State bonds on which people would pay an interest. This was the method adopted in Prussia, and it has there been in the highest degree beneficial." — *Oscar Wilde.*

THE GREAT DOMINICAN,

FATHER TOM BURKE, in a singularly modest letter, appeals for aid to enable him to build a novitiate house and church at Tallaght, county Dublin. "I have been frequently reproached, even by strangers and visitors," says he, "during these years, for my apathy in not trying to build a decent church; but the fact is, I was so busy helping others that I had no time to help myself." Father Burke raised in this country over $300,000 for various charitable enterprises, and Boston will long remember the magnificent ovation which he received in this city. He deservedly ranks amid the greatest orators of the present century, and his refutation of the calumnies of Froude, at a most opportune time, showed that he was even greater as an historian than as a preacher.

It is a pity that his health does not permit him to revisit America. Had he been careful of it, whilst here, he might have been spared the severe illness which obliged him to seek the atmosphere of Southern France, and the Island of Madeira. The fact is that Father Burke, geographically and theoretically familiar with our vast country, did not realize its extent; and he would make engagements to speak in Chicago to-night, and in New York to-morrow night. Every one knows the debilitating effects of continual railway travelling, and Father Burke, when he came here, was troubled with a pulmonary affection which public speaking intensified. But so good and

great was the heart of the man, that he spoke even when in great physical pain, and he assured the present writer that he would sooner die upon the platform than disappoint the great audiences which gathered to hear him.

As an orator he belongs to the school of O'Connell, the manner of whose speech is considered the acme of excellence in Ireland. Those who heard the grave and measured enunciation of Burke heard the noblest specimen of this style of oratory, which, alas! has almost become a memory of the past. The South, in our own country, appears to produce the ablest American speakers, as a casual visit to the Houses of Congress shows; for New England, which has given us a Webster, seems not to send her best men to the national council.

Father Burke's infinite variety indicated the vastness of his mind. The greater part of his sermons and lectures was not prepared, much less written or elaborated. The day, the occasion, the city, would be his inspiration, and, as Dante says of Virgil, "there spread abroad the large river of his speech" — almost unconsciously — so easy to him is the very perfection of eloquent language.

To compare small things with great, Henry W. Beecher is said to be the greatest of American pulpit orators. There is no question of his elocutionary powers,— the trick of voice and of gesture. But there is no stability in Beecher,— no clear or logical conception of doctrine or of ethics. He is a merely emotional man, whose feelings carry him away; and he is forced to modify, or even to apologize for statements which he makes in the pulpit or upon the lecture-platform. Beecher, at one time a power in the land, was irretrievably ruined by the "trial," — even the sturdiest champions of his innocence feeling that he had hopelessly committed himself by consorting with the queer crowd that the trial evoked. Emerson wisely says that character is the supreme power of the orator, and that no matter how humble and uncouth a man's speech may be, if he have character, *that* makes it eloquent.

It is no longer a secret that Father Burke was summoned back to Ireland at the suggestion of the British Government, which feared that his eloquence would weld together all conflicting Celtic interests in the country. The broad Catholicity of the man, and his superiority to the petty sectarian and local divisions, as between Catholic and Orangemen, also displeased England, which desires to keep up the old antagonism. It was in vain that Froude taunted the Irish Catholic with adherence to a church which has not always seemed to be the political friend of Ireland. The faith of St. Patrick, however, is independent of and superior to all political relations, and by its side Burke placed the love of country,— a noble and absorbing passion which fills his own honest breast.

Father Burke need have no misgivings about the means wherewith to build his church. If he would only come here again, he could raise the money in a week.

THE JESUITS AND THEIR PERSECUTORS.

V.

SPAIN.

It seems to have been the lot of the Society of Jesus to be assailed at various periods by every class, and to have encountered foes even where they could only have expected friends. Charles the Third, of Spain, was a monarch of different mould to Louis of France, or Joseph of Portugal. Moral and religious, while they were lax and licentious, it would have been perhaps impossible to find one whom a casual observer would have been less likely to class as a fellow-worker with them. Reserved, and proud, and timid, with that cowardly fear of the thoughts of the world which pride so often begets, it was the terrible misfortune of Charles to be in the hands of a group of able, witty, and irreligious men, who were determined to spare no pains to bring about a conflict between him and the Jesuits,—to lose no opportunity of assailing the Order, and to exert themselves to the utmost to accomplish its destruction,—to act as their worthy co-laborers had, in both France and Portugal. The principal amongst these was Don Pedro, Count of Aranda, a bold and reckless soldier, a subtle and adroit courtier, one versed alike in the arts of camp and cabinet, taciturn and determined; one who could wait, watch, and work, and who was specially qualified to carry out the task he took for his portion; for, the friend of Voltaire and D'Alembert, of the philosophers and the encyclopædists, he had become imbued with their theories, and was actuated by their principles. Thoughtful and reserved, seeking his course through devious ways and crooked paths, his mind was likened, by a witty fellow-noble, to a deep well with a narrow mouth. The conduct of the Spanish statesmen would be perfectly inexplicable, but that it is not possible to forget that men sometimes, so to say, take the bit between their teeth, and deliberately closing their eyes to light, and their ears to reason, rush off in direct antagonism to the law whose dictates they have hitherto followed. This course of behavior appears to often arise from their getting into what may perhaps be called a sort of mental corner, from which, it seems to short-sighted human vision, mere adherence to the olden rules of Christianity will never extricate them, and from which involvement they seek to escape by some violent stroke or act, forgetful that it is not every knot which can be safely cut by a sudden blow, and that many a one needs a long and weariful disentanglement. This, however, is exactly what many a clever man has failed to perceive, and it is this failure of perception which has produced so many of those half insane revolts against Christianity which history records. Nothing could be more unjustifiable than the attack upon the Spanish Jesuits, and for many years it seemed absolutely inexplicable; but the progress of investigation and historic research has now clearly established its origin.

With Spain, as with many another land, it almost seems as if the surest sign of political and national decadency was the exhibition of hostility towards the Church, and those sons of hers, who, owing their origin and marvellous utility to the sanctified and inspired genius of a Spaniard, had surely a claim upon the respect and affections of the children of the mother-land of St. Ignatius; but the olden glories of Spain had vanished, though perhaps only for a space, and her nobles had ceased to value, as they once did, the precious heritage of fealty to Catholicity their forefathers had bequeathed them, and now sought, in national dynastic struggles and courtly luxuriance, the renewal of the true renown their progenitors had won. The first half of the seventeenth century witnessed the beginning of the ebbing of the tide of Spanish progress, when the people of Portugal, goaded to insurrection, broke the bonds of conquest, and gave their independence to the keeping of John of Braganza. The loss of the Netherlands, of Rousillion and Perpiganan, with the further reductions of territorial power inflicted by the treaties of Aix la Chapelle, Nimiguen, and Ryswick, left Spain but the shadow of her former self, and yet the opening years of the next century were to demand fresh sacrifices, to inflict blows as cruel upon the land of the Cid, for the treaty of Utrecht wrung from her Belgium, Naples, Sicily and Milan, to hand them to Austria; while Sardinia, swept from her, fell to Savoy, and the foot of the foreigner was planted with tenacious tread on the castled cliff of Gibraltar. The strangely ill-applied genius of Alberoni for a time half promised to regain for Spain some part of her former place, but the gigantic coalition of England, France, Germany and Holland, neutralized his plans, and Spain had to seek in ignoble acquiescence that repose which only could recoup her losses.

Fernando the Sixth, during his reign of some thirteen years, managed to preserve a judicious neutrality, and to permit the jealous neighbors of Spain to fight out their quarrels alike unassisted and unmolested by her. His stepbrother, Charles the Third, King of the two Sicilies, whose reign was to be disgraced by the incident we are about to recount, succeeded him, and for many years continued in the pacific path the course of events had marked out for him. This perseverance in quietude seemed to promise to Spain a return of her olden prosperity, and to bring to her people from the hands of Peace those golden fruits which previous generations had counted the guerdons of victory in sanguinary wars. A bright future seemed opening to Spain; it lay with those having control of the helm of power to guide the bark of State towards it in safety. Unfortunately the ministers of Charles, like the monarch himself, looked rather to the behests of the French King for guidance, than to the substantial interests of Spain, and consulted far more readily the desires of the philosophic ministers of Louis, than those of their own more humble fellow-countrymen. D'Aranda had fallen completely under the influence of the astute Choiseul, and of the fascinating flatteries of the Parisian philosophers, who extolled the "liberal ideas" and "large-mindedness" of all those who, at their instigation, spurned the

control of ancient, mental, or material authority. The same influences which exercised so potent an effect upon the first minister told equally strongly upon his co-officials, a matter not perhaps to be wondered at, when it is remembered that, at the period to which we refer, there was probably no capital in Europe where the religion of reason had not its votaries, or a single court where scepticism and infidelity had not their propagandists.

Much inclined, however, as were the ministers of Charles the Third to do the work of the infidel writers and statesmen of France, they dared not begin at once the war against Christianity by any sudden attack upon the Jesuits; it was requisite that their king should be first blindfolded by a tissue of misrepresentations and false statements; it was necessary that he should be persuaded that the Jesuits were engaged in occult plottings and perpetually meditating subtle treacheries; that while apparently enunciating loyalist ideas, they really, in secret confederacy, evolved dangerous conspiracies. It is the unfortunate characteristic of many otherwise strong minds, to be sensitive to a strange degree of rumors of hidden dangers, and to fear with an unhealthy fear such perils as are not tangible or visible. Hardly a soldier of historic renown, who rode with light heart and visor up straight at the ranks of his foes, but would go forward with lowered crest and cautious step where he suspected ambush. In March, 1766, a rebellion broke out in Madrid; the king fled from the capital, his guards were murdered, and the city remained in the hands of an excited populace. This outbreak was produced by the injudicious interference of the royal ministers with the ancient attire of the people, by the enactment of certain sumptuary laws, and was to be known to history as the revolution of "Capas y Sombreros." The constituted authorities had been, for the time, at all events, defeated, and it appeared improbable that the magistracy of government could be restored without a sanguinary contest, and the martial repression of the people. Such a contest was, however, avoided by the intervention of the Jesuits. Beloved by the people, who, individually, had often before tested their value as guides and counsellors, their words were received with respect, and their advice was followed, with the result that Madrid was pacified and authority reinstalled.

The Duke of Alva, a descendant of the merciless soldier of the Netherlands, had been the promoter of this revolt, and had fomented it in the hope that he could charge the guilt of it upon the Jesuits. Therefore, when it was quelled, Iago-like, he repaired to the king, and represented to him that the attempted revolution was the product of Jesuistical conspiracies, formed in order that the Fathers might, after they had beguiled the ignorant populace into antagonism to the government, figure as defenders of the king, and saviors of the monarchy. Years afterwards, when the cold hand of death rested on his brow, and the grave yawned to receive him, the duke, shuddering with remorse, confessed his guilt and his treachery. For the while, however, his plausibly-framed slanders and cunningly-devised evidences worked efficiently upon the king's mind, and though he could not at once

banish from the monarch's recollection the traditions and history of the great Order during its long career, his slanderous whispers undoubtedly predisposed his royal master to lend credence to the even more audacious falsehoods the noble plotters were to shortly essay. It is difficult nowadays to believe that responsible statesmen would be guilty of the miserable knavery which attaches lasting infamy to the names of Choiseul and D'Aranda, or would perpetrate the malign forgery which they prepared to secure their ends, but the unanimous testimony of historians, of writers of diverse creeds and nationalities, attest the truth of the following statement of the reasons which actuated Charles the Third in his onslaught upon the Jesuits: —

Choiseul prepared a letter purporting to emanate from Father Lorenzo Ricci, the General of the Order, wherein he was made to say that he held in his possession papers proving the king's unrightful occupancy of the throne, and this on the ground of his illegitimate birth. This letter was laid before the king, the conspirators well knowing that his nervously proud and shrinking nature would recoil from any open investigation of the treachery of the Fathers, but that, nevertheless, swift and certain vengeance would fall upon those whom the high-placed conspirators appeared able to condemn under their own hands. They knew well, that once the king accepted as genuine the forged document which they ascribed to Father Ricci, the destruction of the Spanish branch of the Order was certain, while this destruction was equally certain to be worked out in such manner as to preclude the Fathers from uttering one word in self-defence, from a single opportunity of proving their innocence, or the commonest form of public judicial trial. They rightly calculated that Charles would be converted into a bitter foe of the Society, while they equally astutely concluded that, in a land whose nobility were famed for their half fanatic pride of race and birth, it would seem impossible to the king to publish to the world the averment of his own base birth, of his mother's dishonor, even though he knew that the falsity of the slanderous document was beyond question. They fully realized that, once they had persuaded the king to accept as the work of Father Ricci the missive they had penned themselves, the destruction of the work of his spiritual sons, the suppression of their colleges and houses, their exile and imprisonment was certain and assured. Never was plot more foul, more finely executed, for never was diabolic hate so blended with satanic cunning in the working of any deed of iniquity.

Towards the end of January, 1767, a list of charges against the Order of Jesus was laid before the Council, but the objects of the enmity of D'Aranda and his colleagues were given no opportunity of rebutting the accusations of their foes, and could only, like their Master, await in darkness the approach of their enemies. The hand of power was stretched forth against them, and this with a mysterious and terrible far-reaching effect almost terrific. A secret despatch was forwarded to the government functionaries in Spain and the colonies, which they were instructed not to unseal until the second of April, 1767. When they did open the royal missive they

found therein positive instructions to proceed forthwith, upon perusal, to each Jesuit establishment within their magistracy, to arrest such of the Fathers as they might find therein, to convey them under guard to the nearest port, and place them on board ship within four-and-twenty hours. Their muniments, libraries, and papers were to be seized, and nought was to be spared the Fathers from all the possessions of the Order, save their breviaries and necessary attire. The immediate and entire forcible expulsion of the Jesuits was commanded, and the penalty of death pronounced against any officer of government who should not make the royal will effective within four-and-twenty hours. Young and old, hoary-headed Fathers and youthful novices, to the number of six thousand, the Jesuits were separated from their flocks and from their pupils, torn from their churches and their homes, crowded into small and unseaworthy vessels, treated with a barbarity Spaniards scarcely meted out to slaves.

That the Order of Jesus endured these injuries, as its members have ever faced danger or suffered wrong, with dauntless hearts and bowed heads, with rightful protest and acquiescent resignation, need not be said; but it is right to remember that when their archives were pillaged, their stores of correspondence scrutinized, no shadow of justification of their action could their foes find. Over and over again, at various periods, the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff has been heard on behalf of the injured or oppressed, and over and over again has the cloud-dispelling voice of sanctified authority called a wayward world to reason, and wrong-doers to repentance; but never did a more spirit-touching, more affecting missive, leave the portals of the Vatican, than that which Clement the Thirteenth addressed to Charles the Third:

"Of all the blows that have wounded us during the nine sorrowful years of our pontificate, the most painful to our paternal heart is the one which your Majesty has just announced to us. And you, too, my son — *tu quoque fili mi* — even the Catholic King, Charles the Third, so dear to us, is filling up the chalice of our sufferings, saddening our old age, and hurrying us to the grave. . . . Perhaps, sire," wrote the Pope, "an individual member of the Order has insulted your authority! But in that case why not punish the culprit, without extending the chastisement to the innocent? We attest before God and men, that the body, the institution, the spirit of the Society of Jesus are innocent; nay, that this Society is not only innocent, but pious, useful, and holy in its object, its laws, and its teaching."

Such were the words of Clement the Third, and surely all-sufficient in defence and condemnation were they, defending those whose history was their best shield from calumny, and condemning, with deserved censure, those who assailed the true-hearted sons of the soldier-saint of Manresa.

IRISHMEN IN AMERICA.

Compiled by Judge E. F. Dunne, for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, from Frost's American Naval Biography.

COMMODORE PERRY.

COMMODORE PERRY was what may be called an Irish-American. His mother was an Irish lady, — Miss Sarah Alexander. She was married in October, 1784, to an American officer, Christopher Raymond Perry, who had taken part in the Revolutionary War. Oliver was born in 1786, and at seven years of age was sent to school at Newport, Rhode Island, where his people lived. In April, 1799, when he was only thirteen years of age, he received a midshipman's warrant, and was attached to the ship *General Green*, then commanded by his father. In 1802 he was ordered to join the frigate *Adams*, and repair to the Mediterranean to take part in the war with Tripoli. In 1803, on his seventeenth birthday, he was commissioned as Acting Lieutenant. He made a second cruise later to the Mediterranean, visiting many cities in Southern Europe and Northern Africa, and later studying carefully Mathematics and Navigation. During the embargo he had command of seventeen gun-boats in the harbor of New York. In 1810 he received a commission to make a coast survey from Long Island up along the Connecticut shore. On this journey his vessel was wrecked. This was a great misfortune for a young officer. A Court of Inquiry was ordered. Perry gave a satisfactory explanation of his proceedings, which vindicated him as a navigator. Nothing appeared, from his testimony, reflecting any particular credit on himself, as to his personal conduct during the disaster, but when other witnesses came to be examined it was discovered that his efforts in saving the lives of every one on board were quite heroic, and that he was the last man that left the wreck. When this became known, the Secretary of the Navy sent a dsepatch to Commodore Rodgers, Commander of the squadron, which made Perry's fortune. We extract from it as follows: "With respect to Lieutenant Perry, I can only say that my confidence in him has not been in any degree diminished by his conduct on this occasion. . . . If there should be any situation in the squadron to which you can appoint Lieutenant Perry, that may be consistent with his just pretensions, and not interfere with the rights of others, you will appoint him to it. . . . You will cause this letter to be publicly read to Lieutenant Perry, his officers and crew."

In 1812, at the outbreak of the war, Lieutenant Perry was appointed to the command of the United States flotilla, then lying in the harbor of Newport, with the rank of Master-Commandant. Later he was appointed to the, at that time, far more important office of Commander of the Naval Forces of the United States on Lake Erie. These naval forces consisted of men only; the navy, as to vessels, had yet to be built. The English were in possession of the lake, with the renowned commander, Captain Barclay,

who had fought with Nelson at Trafalgar. Perry had never even witnessed a naval engagement. He had studied the theory, but this was his first attempt to reduce it to practice. He selected a shallow place at Erie, to build his ships. It was not until the tenth of September, 1813, that he had his fleet afloat, armed and manned, and brought up to the point of an engagement. He had nine small vessels, some carrying only one gun, — fifty-four in all. The British had six large vessels, carrying, in all, sixty-three guns.

Without going into details, we content ourselves with saying that the gallant young Perry met the veteran of Trafalgar, and after what may be characterized as a rough-and-tumble-fight, a general mixing up of the vessels, Perry's largest ship was so disabled that he had to leave her and take another, and compelled the English to strike their flags, and gave to the country what is known as "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie."

Frost says: "If there ever was a victory won by the extraordinary exertions of the commander-in-chief, it was this on Lake Erie. . . . The President of the United States, Mr. Madison, in his message to Congress, speaks of his conduct in highest terms of praise, as reflecting honor on the nation." Perry at this time was only twenty-seven years of age.

In 1815 Perry was sent to the Mediterranean again, to take part in the operations at Algiers. In 1819, he was sent, in the *John Adams*, to the West Indies, with sealed orders, giving him command of the squadron at that station. He died there of yellow fever, August 23, 1820, at thirty-four years of age. Every tribute of national grief was paid to his memory in the United States, and Congress made a liberal provision for his family, including his Irish mother, who depended on him for support. In person he was of a martial cast, tall and well proportioned, displaying fine symmetry of limb and a graceful movement of body. The expression of his face was manly and intellectual, with more than ordinary traces of refinement. His remains were brought to Newport, and a monument erected to his memory by the State of Rhode Island.

IRISHMEN WHO HELP TO RULE THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

A GLANCE through the pages of the British "Blue Book," or the more readily accessible "Whitaker's Almanack," suggests that England, though indisposed to permit Irishmen to rule Ireland, does not hesitate to employ their talents in assisting to maintain the ascendancy of English rule in other parts of her possessions throughout the world.

Running over, merely in a cursory way, the list of "Her Majesty's" chief governing officers abroad, my eye caught the following unmistakably Irish names, which I proceeded to take down, and it may be deemed worth while to print them: —

In Queensland (Australia), Sir A. E. Kennedy, Governor; Capt. Cornelius O'Callaghan, Secretary to the Governor; Hon. Patrick Perkins, Minister of Lands.

New Zealand, Sir James Prendergast, Chief Justice.

Tasmania, Hon. C. O'Reilly, Minister of Lands. Victoria, Sir Bryan O'Loghlen, Premier, Attorney-General and Treasurer; W. L. Madden, Minister of Lands.

South Australia, Hon. Jno. P. Bray, Premier and Chief Secretary.

Cape Colony (Africa), Hon. T. C. Scanlon, Premier and Attorney-General; Judges Dwyer and Barry.

Natal, Sir Henry Connor, Chief Justice; Hon. M. H. Gallwey, Attorney-General.

Gold Coast Colony, Cornelius A. Maloney, Colonial Secretary.

Hong Kong (China), Sir Jno. Pope Hennessy, Governor; Hon. E. L. O'Malley, Attorney-General.

Madras (East Indies), Hon. Patrick O'Sullivan, Advocate-General and of the Governor's Council; Hon. J. Kernan, Judge of High Court, Calcutta; Hon. D. Fitzpatrick, Secretary to the Council.

Jamaica (West Indies), Hon. D. Power Trench, Collector of Public Revenue; Hon. S. C. Burke, Crown Solicitor.

Trinidad, Hon. H. Fitzgerald, Judge. Leeward Islands, Hon. Patrick Byrne, Auditor-General.

Barbadoes, Hon. F. Hely Hutchinson, Chief Secretary. Grenada, Hon. Edward K. Maylan, Attorney-General. Bermudas, Sir Robert M. Laffan, Governor.

Ontario (Canada), Hon. W. W. Lynch, Attorney-General; Hon. Jno. P. O'Connor, Postmaster-General; Hon. J. H. Hagerty, Chief Justice Court of Queen's Bench; Hon. E. J. Flynn, Commissioner of Lands.

Prince Edward's Island, Hon. W. W. Sullivan, Premier and Attorney-General. Newfoundland, Hon. W. H. Donnelly, Surveyor-General.

Naturally I singled out only such names as I regarded as *Irish* beyond question, and only those connected with high offices.

Doubtless I passed over many names which, on closer scrutiny, would have as good a claim to appear in the foregoing list. It is merely a fragment, and possibly will find interest in some eyes curious in such matters.

W. J. Onahan.

The first man who reached land from Columbus's ship is believed to have been an Irishman. Father John Baptist Tornitori, in the seventeenth century, wrote a book about Columbus's voyage, a copy of which is preserved in the University Library of St. Louis. In this book it is related that when the small boat touched the land of San Salvador, one of the crew, wishing to be the first ashore, jumped overboard and waded to the beach. "His name was Patritius Maguiras,"—Patrick Maguire.

DISCUSSING A POPULAR POEM.

By J. V. Reddy, Richmond, Va.

For some months past a number of communications discussing the famous poem of the late Gen. William H. Lyttle, "I am Dying, Egypt, Dying," have appeared in various sections of the country; and as it is one of great literary merit, and ranks high as a poetical production, it will not be out of place to produce it in your valuable Magazine, and consider the circumstances under which it was written.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast:
Let thine arm, O Queen, support me!
Hush thy sobs, and bow thine ear!
Hearken to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away!

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her, say the gods have told me
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of Kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming, — quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell!
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra, Rome, — farewell!

So much has been written about the above literary triumph, that many have already confused notions as to when and where it was written. A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* a short time ago wrote: "Doubtless many of our readers have read Gen. W. R. Lyttle's fine poem, 'Cleopatra,' written the night before the battle in which he was killed. The Pittsburgh *Leader* relates the romantic circumstances under which it was written. They were told by the late Col. Realf to a gentleman. He spoke of the night before the battle at which Gen. Lyttle fell. The two (Realf and Lyttle) lay together in the General's tent. They were both given to writing poetry at such times, and each had an unfinished poem on hand, and they read and criticised each other's humorously for some time, when, said Lyttle,—

"'Realf, I shall never live to finish that poem.'

"'Nonsense,' said I 'you shall live to write volumes of such stuff.'

"'A feeling has suddenly come over me,' continued the General, solemnly, 'which is more startling than a prophecy, that I shall be killed

in to-morrow's fight. As I spoke to you, I saw the green hills of Ohio as if I stood among them; they began to recede from me in a weird way, and as they disappeared the conviction flashed through me, like the lightning's shock, that I should never see them again.'

"I rallied him for his superstition, but the belief had become strangely impressed upon his mind, and he succeeded in so far thrilling me with his own unnatural fear, that I begged him to finish his poem before he slept, that such fine work might not be lost to the world.

"In the small hours the General awaked me from a slumber into which I had fallen, to read me that beautiful poem, which must live as long as our literature survives, beginning,—

"'I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;'

my eyes filled with tears as he read. He said not a word as he concluded, but placed the manuscript in his pocket, and lay down to sleep.

"Before dawn came the call to arms. When I next saw Lyttle he was cold in death among heaps of slain; I thought of the poem, and, searching the pocket where I had seen him put it, drew it forth, and it was forwarded, among other things, to his friends."

A very pretty tale indeed! but let us hear what others have to say on this matter, and then perhaps we can arrive at some positive conclusion as to the time when this famous production was written.

Henry C. Higginson, of Janesville, Wisconsin, on seeing the above in the *Inter-Ocean*, wrote to the *Recorder*, a daily paper published in Janesville, on Dec. 15th, 1881, the following letter, which may aid us in our search for the truth: —

Editor Recorder, — An article in your issue of Dec. 4th, headed "An Old Poem and its History," needs some very material correction. Bill Lyttle, of Cincinnati, told, in my presence, the following story of its origin: "I had been to the theatre," said he, "and seen Antony and Cleopatra played, and when I went to my room I chanced to open a volume of Shakespeare at the very play I had just witnessed. Impressed with Antony's dying words, 'I am dying, Egypt, dying,' I struck off the poem. It was in my vest-pocket for four or five days, when I happened to meet Bill Fosdick, of the *Commercial*, a critic of no mean order. Said I,—'Bill, I have perpetrated a poem, and I want your opinion of it.' After reading it he exclaimed, 'Excellent! give it to the press.' I was pretty full when I wrote it, but if you think it will do, all right."

Lyttle told this at Thomas's headquarters, in the presence of Gen. Thomas, Col. Flint, Dr. Grass, Col. Von Schroeder, and others, two or three weeks before the battle of Chickamauga, and recited the poem then; and any one who saw or heard Lyttle leading his men up Snodgrass Hill, Sunday afternoon, at Chickamauga, where he fell, would hardly believe the story of superstition said to have been related by Col. Realf. The

poem was written in Cincinnati, and I believe first appeared in the *Commercial*."

From the above, you will see that there are conflicting opinions as to the circumstances under which the poem was written. The statements purporting to have come from Col. Realf are new to me, as to many others living in this section, yet there may be some color of truth in them; my own impression is that the poem was written by Gen. Lyttle some years before he died, — certainly before 1863.

William Cullen Bryant, Esq., in his "New Liberary of Poetry and Song," says that "Antony and Cleopatra" was written in hospital (by Wm. H. Lyttle), while lying mortally wounded at Chickamuaga.

Now the battle of Chickamauga was fought in Chickamauga Creek in South Tennessee, Sept. 19–20, 1863, the Federals under Gen. Rosencrans, and the Confederates under Gen. Bragg. It was at this battle that Gen. Lyttle was killed; and I have no doubt but that his mind ran on Cleopatra the night before the fight, and so taken up was he by her, that he wrote, on that night, another poem on Egypt's Great Queen, and that is the one to which the *Inter-Ocean* correspondent *must* have referred when he coupled Col. Realf with the renowned poet. I enclose the second one, supposed to have been written on the eve of Gen. Lyttle's death:

I recalled reading, several years ago, in the Richmond *Enquirer*, a communication from one of its correspondents from Louisville, Kentucky, who indited his letter on board the steamer *General Lyttle*, and, as well as I can recollect his words (which may throw some light on this matter), they were to this effect: The name of the Steamer (*General Lyttle*) recalls one of the most chivalric and pleasant incidents of the late war. It was in one of the battles of the West — which of them my memory does not supply — that Gen. William H. Lyttle, a member of the Cincinnati press, who had risen not only from printer to editor, but from private to general, was killed, far in advance of his command, while gallantly leading an assault upon our lines. His horse bore his corpse into our lines, and the steed and his dead rider were both captured. So soon as it was known that the author of that rare poem, as familiar and as greatly admired South as North, "I Am Dying Egypt, Dying," lay dead in camp, officers and men crowded around to take a last look at the face of the soldier who had achieved so great a literary triumph. There was no rejoicing over the death of this fallen enemy; but there was, in truth, something on each soldier's cheek that for the moment washed away the stains of powder. Tenderly they took him up, and, when the battle was over, an escort of honor, appointed from among the leading Confederate officers, bore him back to his camp under a flag of truce, on a rudely-constructed funeral bier, with his martial cloak around him. In life he had touched the chord of human sympathy "which makes all the world akin"; and in death its harmonious vibrations silenced all resentment, and thrilled the hearts alike of friend and foe with a nobler passion than hatred or revenge.

The above differs somewhat from an account given by Col. William Miller Owens, of the famous Washington Artillery of New Orleans, one of the oldest military organizations in the United States, and which did valiant service during the late war, fighting, of course, under the "Bonnie Blue Flag."

Col. Owens's account was published a few days ago in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, and closes thus: "Gen. Lyttle's body was taken in charge by the Surgeon of Gen. Deas's* brigade, and the next day was passed through the lines under a flag of truce, with all the papers found upon his person. After the fight of that afternoon was over I mentioned to many of our officers that Gen. Lyttle was the author of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' Most of the Southern gentlemen had read the poem, and I was pleased to hear the remarks expressive of regret at his death, and their admiration of the author's talent and character. When the remains were passing through our lines the road was lined with officers and men of the Confederate Army, who evinced their respect for the illustrious dead by standing at attention, with uncovered heads."

From the above, your readers may be able to judge for themselves as to when and under what circumstances this great poem was written.

The following is the poem on Egypt's great queen, which is supposed to have been written by Gen. Lyttle the night before he was killed, and which was published a short time since in the New Orleans *Ledger*: —

CLEOPATRA DYING.

Sinks the sun below the desert,
Golden glows the sluggish Nile,
Purple flame crowns spring and temple,
Lights up every ancient pile,
Where the old gods now are sleeping,
Isis and Osiris great,
Guard me, help me, give me courage,
Like a Queen to meet my fate.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!
Let the Cæsar's army come,—
I will cheat him of his glory,
Though beyond the Styx I roam.
Shall he drag this beauty with him
While the crowd his triumph sings?
No! no! never! I will show him
What lies in the blood of Kings.

Though he hold the golden sceptre,
Rule the Pharoah's sunny land,
Where old Nilus rolls resistless
Through the sweep of silvery wind,
He shall never say I met him
Fawning, abject, like a slave;
I will foil him, though to do it
I must cross the Stygian wave.

Oh, my hero, sleeping — sleeping —
Shall I meet you on the shore
Of Plutonian shadows? Shall we
In death meet and be once more?
See, I follow in your footsteps —
Scorn the Cæsar and his might —
For your love I will leap boldly
Into realms of death and night.

Down below the desert sinking
Fades Apollo's brilliant car;
And from out the distant azure
Breaks the bright gleam of a star.
Venus, queen of love and beauty,
Welcomes me to death's embrace:
Dying — free, proud, and triumphant,
The last sovereign of my race.

Dying! dying! I am coming,
Oh, my hero, to your arms!
You will welcome me, — I know it, —
Guard me from all rude alarms.
Hark! I hear the legions coming,
Hear their cries of triumph swell!
But, proud Cæsar, dead I scorn you —
Egypt, Antony, — farewell!

The readers of your Magazine can very easily see the similarity of the two poems, and thus understand how the correspondent above referred to might have confounded the two poems, and misquoted Col. Realf.

* Gen. Deas died in New York, March 11, 1882.

In this connection it might not be out of place to add the following anonymous addenda to the original poem of Gen. Lyttle, which, taken in connection with it, will perhaps convey the idea suggested by its anonymous writer: —

Like a love-besotted Roman
Did he try the Stygian wave,
Nor could Egypt's god, Osiris,
Nor her queen, his mistress, save.
Where is now the fair enchantress —
Where her drunken Roman slave?
Their mad souls, so mad with passion,
Find no rest in earthly grave!

In the deep Tartarian hades
Wandering still those lovers live,
Seeking Lethe's quiet waters,
Or some guide, some hope to give.
But the sunlight-fields, elysian,
Never open to their sight;
All around them Stygian darkness,
And the black Plutonian night.

ANECDOTES OF GIOTTO, THE PAINTER.— This lad was so attentive and diligent that he became, at length, the first painter of his time. The most remarkable men, and amongst them Dante, became his associates, and he was universally admired for his genius and amiability. On one occasion, when Cimabue was away from the studio, he painted a fly upon a colored portrait which the master was finishing, so naturally, that when he returned home he began to frighten it away, believing it to be alive, to the great amusement of all the other lads in the studio. It happened at this time that the Pope, wishing to adorn the church of St. Peter's with magnificent pictures, sent a commissioner to visit the best artists, in order to weigh their relative merits and bring back a report. The messenger made a collection of the best pictures he could get from each of the painters, who all exerted themselves with the hope of being elected to execute the frescoes in St. Peter's at Rome. On his arrival at Florence he went one morning into the studio of Giotto, explained the wishes of the Pope, and begged him to lend him some designs to send to his Holiness. Giotto, who was a man of the most pleasing manners, took a sheet of paper, and with a red-colored pencil drew a perfect circle without using his compasses. This circle appeared to prove very little of the artist's talent; consequently the commissioner thought he was being laughed at, and asked whether he had no other design to send. Giotto replied, "It is quite sufficient; send it to Rome with the rest, and you will see that it will be duly esteemed." And so it was; for the Pope and his counsellors, recognizing the great difficulty of drawing a perfect circle without instruments, adjudged that Giotto was superior to all the painters of his age.

OSCAR WILDE can return to England or Ireland, wherever he belongs, with one profound sentiment of satisfaction. By comparison with the gilded youth of this country, as personified by the collegiates of Harvard, Rochester, Brooklyn, and other generally recognized decent cities, he is a most thoroughly refined gentleman; the gilded youth a set of vulgar blackguards, without even cheap wit to fresco their rowdyism.— *Washington Capital.*

THE FATHER GAHAN MEMORIAL.

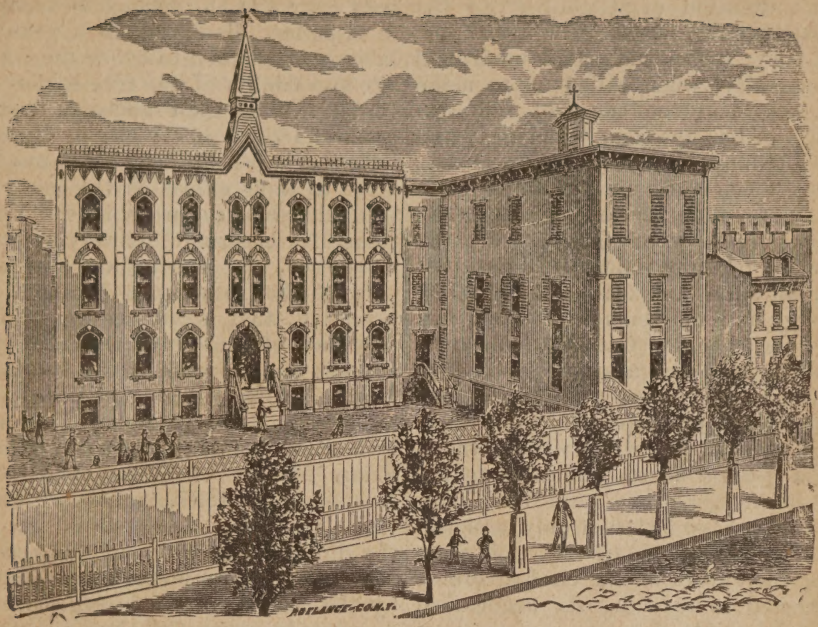
PATRONS.—His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, Most Rev. Dr. McCabe; His Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, Most Rev. Dr. McGettigan; His Lordship the Bishop of Clogher, Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly; His Lordship the Bishop of Cloyne, Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy; His Lordship the Bishop of Dromore, Most Rev. Dr. Leahy; His Lordship the Bishop of Ferns, Most Rev. Dr. Warren; Right Hon. Earl of Granard, K. P.; Right Hon. Lord O'Hagan, K. P., etc.

ADDRESS TO THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

The initiatory committee of this great movement, which has been approved by and received the patronage of the Hierarchy of Ireland, and which counts amongst its supporters eminent Catholics of every rank and shade of politics, appeals with confidence to the clergy and people for aid and assistance in the task it has undertaken. It has been said that Ireland has never been forgetful of those who have at any period endeavored to serve her, and surely, if ever, now the Irish people should prove the truth of the assertion, which is at once a testimony full of honor to themselves and to their native land. Sooner should the Catholics of France forget and cease to honor the memory of Bourdaloue or Lacordaire than those of Ireland permit oblivion to shade the fame of the illustrious Father Gahan. The committee feel that this is a matter which absolutely demands the attention of all those of Irish birth or blood who venerate the memory of the immortal dead, or who give thought to the sorrows and sacrifices of Ireland and her children in the past. They therefore now appeal to the Irish clergy and people, — to those who live in the old and holy land of their fathers, as well as to those who, residing on wealthier shores or amongst stranger nations, still treasure in their hearts the glory of Ireland. From these they ask for that liberal assistance which alone can enable them to make the proposed Memorial to Father Gahan a worthy national tribute to the eloquent preacher, — to the great priest.

The initiatory committee believe that in issuing this appeal they cast seed upon no unfruitful soil, that they need give neither words nor time to the support of their cause, for they know well the generous impulses of the Irish heart, and the fidelity of all those of Irish birth or blood to the historic fame of their motherland; and knowing these things, they now fearlessly commend to the ever-united priesthood and people of Ireland that project which, for very sake of the fame of Ireland, must be carried to a worthy and fitting completion. William Walsh, D. D., O. S. A., Chairman of Initiatory Committee. SS. Augustine and John's, St. John Street, Dublin.

NOTE.—It is intended that the proposed memorial to Father Gahan shall take the form of an altar and chapel in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in the magnificent new church in Dublin, belonging to the Order which the great priest loved and served so well. Subscribers have, therefore, the knowledge before them that, while they commemorate the services rendered to religion and Ireland by Father Gahan, they likewise testify to their own devotion, and raise an additional monument to the greater glory of God.



ST. FRANCIS COLLEGE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WHAT THE FRANCISCAN BROS. ARE DOING.

Prof. James McCoy.

Our domestic press, both Catholic and non-Catholic, has frequently commented in terms of admiration on the successful establishment of Catholic education in the United States, and on the generous sacrifices made in its interests by the Catholic people. Catholic education is not yet systematized, nor thoroughly organized, throughout the Union, but it is virtually established, and the rapidity of its growth, as well as its successful development and satisfactory results, appear to be phenomenal. The term phenomenal, as applied to the progress of Catholic education in this Republic, is not too strong, if we view the question thoroughly in its comparative, prominent phases.

On one side was the public school system, with the prestige of a completeness and efficiency equal, if not superior, to that of Russia, backed by corporate wealth and national sympathy, and having, besides, the strong inducements of cheapness, convenience, and reward for pupil industry and talent. On the other side was comparative poverty, with a double drain on parents' pockets for the education of their own and their neighbors' children, with no corporate aid, with no pecuniary assistance outside of the Catholic body, and even with the sympathy of many in that body estranged. Certainly success under circumstances so discouraging, and in the face of difficulties so formidable, must appear, socially speaking, phenomenal, and must require motives outside of the common plane of impulse and action to explain it.

Three prominent reasons can be adduced to account for the existence of a system of education which our Protestant fellow-citizens, at its start, regarded as a splendid but delusive phantom: The first is the ever-obedi-

ent attention of Catholics to the doctrinal and moral teachings of the Church; the second is their unrivalled generosity, when called on to make sacrifices in the cause of religion; the third is the zeal, efficiency, and devotedness of those religious Orders that teach Catholic youth of both sexes for no other consideration than the pure love of Christ. Without the aid of those religious bodies, notwithstanding the zeal of the Catholic clergy and the generous co-operation of the people, Catholic education would have but a sparse, local and uninfluential representation. Whilst referring more especially to common school education, which without them, in a general sense, would be an impossibility, we maintain that their services have been not only a useful, but a necessary factor in supplementing the efforts of the clerical orders engaged in teaching the academical and collegiate courses.

The system of Normal training in England, France, and the United States has borrowed its best features from that at first adopted, and yet generally pursued by the Christian Brothers,—a zealous, able, and hard-working body, to which Catholic education owes much of its progress and prestige in this country. Their labors have been nobly seconded by other non-clerical teaching Orders, among whom the Franciscan Brothers have been particularly distinguished. The successful career of the latter body in the city of Brooklyn, the most prominent field of their labors, may be set down as typically illustrative of the most interesting features of the existing system of Catholic education in its origin, progress, trials and triumphs. The history of the famous Order of St. Francis is of unusual interest, importance, and edification; the seraphic piety of the great founder having a parallel all the world over only in the unexampled zeal, piety, and constancy of his numerous children. In this short article, it is our pleasing duty to record an instance of success in America, displayed in a field of labor best adapted to evoke the courage and fidelity of the true soldier of Christ. When the Franciscan Brothers first arrived in the city of Brooklyn, the prospects of a successful issue to their efforts in the cause of Catholic education were, indeed, anything but cheering. It may be well to notice, as bearing on the history of the Franciscan Brothers in Brooklyn, that about the year 1818 a branch of the Third Order of St. Francis was commenced by Brothers Michael Dillon and Bonaventure Lee, at Mount Bellew, County Galway, Ireland, under the jurisdiction of the Friars Minors of Observance. On November 4th, 1837, Archbishop MacHale, the lately deceased "Lion of the Fold," approved of the rules which were drawn up for the Brothers by the Friars, and adopted. By a rescript, in answer to their petition, given November 19th of the same year, they were placed under the dependancy of John, Archbishop of Tuam. As the Franciscan Brothers have increased and succeeded in every part of the Christian world where they have settled, so did they flourish in Tuam, until the great Archbishop was able to afford help to his Episcopal brethren who applied to him from America.

In 1841, Bishop O'Connor, of Pittsburgh, obtained from the Clifden and Roundstone houses affiliated to that of Mount Bellew, six Brothers, who founded some communities of the Order in the diocese of Pittsburgh, the principal being that of Loretto.

Bishop Loughlin followed the example in 1858, and applied to the Archbishop of Tuam for Brothers of the same Order. He only received two at first, but the mustard seed, thus sparingly planted, has grown into a tree majestic and fruitful, under whose wide-spreading branches the Catholic children of the City of Churches find a safe and healthy spiritual retreat.

The old Male Orphan Asylum, which was destroyed by fire in 1862, was placed under their charge for some time. They had obstacles to surmount and difficulties to overcome; but their heroic self-sacrifice, industry and zeal, soon turned difficulties into brilliant successes. Under the fostering care and kindly encouragement of their good Bishop, they increased in numbers, and their resources were multiplied and considerably strengthened. Their headquarters is the Monastery of St. Francis of Assisi, on Butler Street. The community numbers fifty. St. Francis College is attached to the monastery, and for boarders and day scholars is one of the principal Catholic educational institutes in Brooklyn.

The monastery is the home of all the Brothers who are professors in the college, or who conduct the parochial schools. They assemble there in the evening after the duties of the day, and depart in company to their respective schools after the morning exercises, and after breakfast.

Great is the popularity of the Brothers in Brooklyn; and certainly, if one considers the difficulties they have had to encounter, he will not be surprised that they are reverently and affectionately regarded by the people. The only well-organized Catholic school in the city previous to the arrival of the Franciscan Brothers, was that conducted by the Christian Brothers, and attached to the Cathedral on Jay Street. But for a population so vastly and quickly increasing, extended resources were required to supply a most pressing demand. The ranks of the Franciscans were quickly recruited by Irish, Irish-American, and German contingents, and, by dispensation of a kind Providence, their recruits were able, intelligent, and generally well-educated before they joined. In consequence, they were soon able to join the teaching body without a long course of training.

Though the community has kept on steadily increasing, they have not been able to supply a full staff of Brothers for the requirements of the college and all the parochial schools under their charge. They conduct eight parochial schools in the city, with an average attendance of six thousand pupils. For edifying demeanor, studious habits, and general solid attainments, the latter could challenge an equal number in any city of the Union.

The primal object of their efforts is to infuse a Christian spirit into the minds of their pupils, but their examinations prove their splendid success in imparting sound and practical secular knowledge. They hold a private and public examination every year, the former to decide more accurately the merit, and determine the rewards of the pupils, the latter to give a discriminating public an opportunity of understanding that the Catholic schools of Brooklyn are superior to the public schools in imparting a knowledge of those branches that constitute a practical English education. At the public examinations, we have known the most trying test-questions to be put to the pupils by eminent scholars from New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and to be solved with a speed and accuracy that astonished the examiners, and the members of the press who were present to report the proceedings. These examinations have become very popular in Brooklyn, on account of the honesty with which they are conducted, the pupils being generally subjected to the most trying ordeal by every educated man in the audience. We have heard, on several occasions, with no small degree of pleasure, the merited encomiums of public school teachers, and of several members of the faculty of law and medicine, on the efficiency of the system pursued by the Brothers, as well as on the gentlemanly demeanor and manly ambition of their pupils.

Besides the eight parochial schools,

the Franciscan Brothers conduct St. Francis College, an Academy at Rondout, and one recently established at Williamsburg. The latter promises to be one of the most popular and flourishing in the country. Up to 1872, St. Francis College was under the humble title of "Academy," but even then its programme and conduct were eminently popular. At the suggestion of some of the clergy, and of many of the laity, as well as from his own judgment regarding the want and utility of a Catholic institution imparting the higher branches of education, Brother Jerome, who was then director of the Franciscans in Brooklyn, determined to extend the programme as well as the dimensions of St. Francis Academy. A new wing had already, through his energy and foresight, been added to the original structure, the class-rooms were rearranged and enlarged, and the whole surroundings beautified. The fortunes of the college, financially speaking, have varied with the times, but its attendance has been always respectable,—rather in advance of sister institutions. For a few years boarders were not taken at the college, and as there was a goodly number of them, when the character of the institution was changed, their loss told sensibly on the average attendance. Since the resumption of the boarding establishment, about five years ago, shortly after Brother Jerome again assumed the directorship of the community, the sun of prosperity has continued to shed more cheering rays on St. Francis College.

There are at present nearly sixty boarders in the college, with an average attendance of about one hundred and forty day scholars, making the entire average somewhat better than two hundred. But there is ample room for one hundred and fifty more; and, in many respects, we know of no other educational institution in the country that better deserves to be filled. The class-rooms are ample, well furnished, and splendidly ventilated; the play-ground is large enough for any kind of athletic exercise that can contribute to the health of students, and there is a beautifully planted court-yard, with fountain and arbors, between the college on Baltic Street and the monastery on Butler. This court affords the students refreshing shade during the recreation hours in the heated season, and its seats are frequented by the boarders for study and cooling ease during the summer.

St. Francis College is centrally and agreeably situated in a healthy locality, within a short distance of Prospect Park, and other favorite resorts in Brooklyn. As parents get acquainted with its merits, the number of boarders is yearly increasing, and in a few years it is likely to be one of the best patronized institutions in the country. A new building, adjoining the monastery on Butler Street, has been lately purchased, for the better accommodation of boarders, and an additional expense of over eight thousand dollars has been incurred for beautifying the chapel, giving additional comfort to the dormitories and class-rooms, and affording additional privileges on the play-ground. The college, at present, in point of comfort and healthfulness, is one of the most eligible in the country, either for boarders or day scholars, whilst there is a further inducement for parents to select it on account of the comparatively low pension. It has been always the aim of the Franciscan Brothers in Brooklyn to give the utmost facilities to students at a cost that will barely leave them a margin of profit sufficient to keep the institution out of debt, and make the improvements necessary for comfort and progress. St. Francis College, as it now stands, cost considerably over one hundred thousand dollars. The chapel, in its attire of painting and fresco, will be a gem worthy of the service to which it is devoted.

And now, as the idea contained in

the opening sentences would suggest to the reader, we may well ask ourselves how came the means for the wonderful progress and success of the Franciscans in Brooklyn? We see that two Brothers arrived in the city, when Catholicity was yet in its infancy there, and when only a few of the fine Catholic churches that now adorn it were erected. They had little or no resources, and they were first employed in caring for the inmates of an orphan asylum. The Catholic population of Brooklyn was then sparse and scattered, and when a Catholic school was established it was hard to keep the students in hand, or to support a respectable attendance. Nevertheless, no sooner did the energetic Bishop Loughlin begin to build churches, than schools appeared beside them as if by magic, and Brothers appeared to be providentially supplied for their conduct. The prospect was indeed gloomy; but industry, perseverance, and above all, faith and piety, surmounted every obstacle. Two decades ago, the organization of Catholic scholars for the pious exercises of Sunday were confined to Jay Street; to-day, the attendance of orderly, well-clad and intelligent-looking boys at the various parish churches of the city is a special joy to their parents and teachers, and the admiration of all strangers. From two the Brothers have increased to fifty, in charge of eight parochial schools, two academies, and a college, which has given to the Church, to the professions, and to commerce, men of high standing, of great respect, and of great virtue. Eminent lay-assistance is always secured by Brother Jerome for St. Francis College, with first-class graduates of our American institutions, and able men from European institutions. The programme embraces philosophy, mental and natural, the mathematics in all their departments, English literature and rhetoric; whilst the modern languages, with the commercial department, are made special and separate, the strictest attention being paid to the technical training in arithmetic, bookkeeping and English composition.

Truly such magnificent results, springing, as we have seen, from nothing, must convince the most sceptical that Catholic education has with it the sustaining hand of Providence; and that the chosen instruments to consolidate its noble and beautiful structure, are those friends of God who have given up the world and its fading pleasures to multiply the treasures in the Mystic Kingdom of God, and secure for themselves an everlasting reward; let the beginning and the present status of male Catholic education in Brooklyn bear witness. The result is mainly due to the good Brothers of St. Francis.

The history of modern Italy is closely connected with the whole rise and progress of civilization in Western Europe. St. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, at a very early period introduced the use of bells; silkworms were brought over from India to Italy; quills were first employed there instead of canes; a priest of Verona, named Pacifico, introduced a clock with wheels into Italy, and added various improvements. The Arabic figures first reached Italian shores in 990; a monk of Arezzo, in 1028, invented notes for music; windmills followed, and glass was employed by the Venetians about the same time for windows, spectacles, and mirrors. In the year 1300 a citizen of Amalfi, called Flavius, discovered the use of the mariner's compass; and, Columbus being born at Cogoleto, near Genoa, it is to Italy that we of Western Europe owe the discovery of the New World, not to mention here the debt we never can repay for all that Italy has bestowed upon us in the matter of religion, art, science, poetry, and the revival of ancient learning by means of the Renaissance.

TOBACCO.

By T. B. Spalding, M.D., Troy, Ill.

[The following vigorous article we copy from the *Scientific American*. The writer enunciates correct principles on this subject, and has evidently studied the subject with some care. If a similar address could be delivered before every county medical society in the country, undoubtedly very excellent results would follow; for the medical profession probably have more influence in sustaining the vile practice of tobacco-using than all other classes combined. If the doctors would reform, the people would soon follow their example. — Ed.]

In a recent essay before this society, I considered the action of alcohol within the human system, and on this occassion I am pleased to respond to your courteous invitation with observations on the action of tobacco. These agents might be profitably presented as almost identical in action, and shown to be largely accessory to each other's sins, but the *temperance* is waived for the *physiological* phase of the argument.

Of tobacco's origin, its introduction, its composition, its cost, the extent of its consumption, and the processes of its preparation, I purposely pass, to deal more directly with it in its physiological relations to the functions and forces of human life.

Eminent authority in every country, and in every department of science, concur in classing tobacco among the narcotic poisons, than which none are more deadly; indeed, like Aaron's rod, it has secure within itself the most magical and worst of all its rivals. Nicotia, sulphuretted hydrogen, hydrocyanic acid! What a den of deadliest poisons, all having their *habitat* in this colossal curse, termed tobacco!

A poison is declared to be "anything whose natural action is capable of producing a morbid, noxious, and dangerous effect upon the organization of anything endowed with life."

TOBACCO PLANT.

Thus we perceive the definition is the perfect picture of tobacco's action. Acquainted with this agent for over two hundred years, medical science, speaking with the tongue of every science, declares tobacco wholly innutritious, and futher still, declares it nauseous; not only that, but noxious; and futher yet, a repository of deadliest poison. From this dictum there is no appeal; in its truth medical men are forced, by their culture, to concur; but even then dandle with Delilah till shorn of strength, and science must still be summoned and held aloft for the healing of the nation. If tobacco is a poison, it ought to act as such, and it may be safely affirmed that it *has no other action!* — no other use in medicine than to depress vitality. Thus it

nauseates, it paralyzes the nerve centres, producing relaxation of the muscular system, and produces such dreadful prostration that medical literature is full of warning, and abounds with reported cases of fatal poisoning by this agent. When medical science was in her cradle, and chloroform in the embrace of chaos, ere anæsthetics had come, as the olive-leaf dove, to the ark of Æsculapius, surgeons soothed their suffering patients with powerful potations of tobacco, and thus they utterly prostrated the vital powers, relaxed the muscular system, and then proceeded to reduce laxations! How direful must have been a patient's difficulty, if half so dreadful and distressing as the remedy.

It may be affirmed and demonstrated of tobacco, what is strikingly exceptional: namely, that it alone of all the vegetable kingdom possesses two active principles, — the one an alkaloid, and the other oil, and both the deadliest of poisons.

It has been urged in support of fashionable poisons that because multitudes use them, therefore they cannot be especially dangerous; but professional science and experience teach that there is not an agent in the entire armory of toxicology that the human system, by continued use, may not at length be brought to tolerate.

One-fifth grain of strychnia, or one grain of morphia, will destroy life; yet, by constant and long-continued use, the blunted susceptibilities of the nerve centres may be made so to tolerate these and like poisons that eventually enough may be taken to destroy fifty men. It is demonstrated in the observation of every one that the use of noxious agents, especially tobacco, begets a morbid appetite, which continually demands that more of it *may* and *must* be employed to produce the same impression.

Such we know are facts respecting what is noxious, but is not the case with what is nutritious. Medical science is not satisfied with *statements*, but sounds the depths in search of a *philosophy* for asserted facts, and she declares, in this regard, that nutritious agents create and renew nerve cells and structures, and endow them with the finest physiological sensibilities, while noxious agents disturb the conditions essential to their renewal, and so benumb and paralyze their normal sensibilities, and produce inevitably the pathological and characteristic condition of continually requiring more of the disturbing poison to produce the same impression. With these truths we enter the most fascinating field in nature to consider the conduct of this agent in the laboratory of life. Nowhere has Deity evinced such evidences of an intelligent, divine supernatural as here presented in the adaptation of means to end, — in the perfect play of affinities and forces ever operative in the construction and destruction, the waste and renewal, of this physical organization.

The whole sublime but sensitive train of transition involved in the conversion of solid food, first into fluidity, and, under the auspices of vital force, transformed upward through intricate gradations till it attains the climax of its course in other solid forms, either of flesh or bone or brain, and then the oxidation of these and the evolution of heat and force is the perfect process of what we term nutrition. The brain is the depot of life's dynamics! It is the sun of the physiological system which, with its accessory centres and nerve cords, receives and transmits to the system a force that propels the mightiest and minutest processes of physical life.

But the ability of these organs — as instruments of the mind — thus to receive and transmit this vital force, depends essentially on their structural health and perfection. Paralyze or impair the perfection of structural integrity of the brain, disturb the

subtile harmony of those changes of waste and renewal ever operative and essential to its structural perfection, and at once its power is impaired to forcibly and healthily perform its functions; and this adverse influence is precisely the action of tobacco as a depressing poison. The proposition is plain, the truth is self-evident and irresistible, that, with the nerve centres thus benumbed and blighted, and the vital force impaired, then every digestive process dependent on the harmonious action of vital force is weakened and discordant, and the physical and mental man is deranged to the extent that the physical machinery is injured.

The noxious influence of tobacco is more actively operative upon one class of persons than upon others. I may, therefore, for convenience, divide the victims of tobacco into two classes, assigning to the first class all those who do manual labor: these suffer least from fashionable poisons, because the deadening influence of noxious agents upon the nervous system is largely counteracted by physical toil, which strengthens the entire system and conduces to health; and thus it is that active poisons are thought to "kill slowly," and laboring people live long, apparently uninjured, and practise poisonous indulgences. In all this great and glorious class of humanity, however, may be found the fruits of tobacco's use, in the form of cancer on the lips and tongue, dyspepsia, constipation, and hemorrhoids. But let us consider the other class, wherein are included ladies and gentlemen of wealth, of fashion, and of leisure; those who live idle as well as those devoted to literary pursuits and purely sedentary occupations; physicians, ministers, and lawyers are of this class, and in all these we find paralysis very prevalent, and that diversified and interminable train of nervous derangements whose name is legion. With constitutions enfeebled by physical inactivity, and sensibilities heightened by social and literary culture, consider for a moment the effect upon these highly nervous natures. To all of this priceless portion of humanity, the use of tobacco is unmixed evil and rapidly ruinous.

Again, it is affirmed by eminent authority that tobacco is the most prolific, if not, indeed, the only source of delirium tremens.

First, the ancients were entirely unacquainted with these terrible terrors of the inebriate, and the records beyond the discovery of tobacco (1560) reveal no case of *mania a potu*.

Second, the normal action of tobacco is the production of tremens, and the most frightful forms of delirium tremens are daily produced by the use of tobacco alone.

Third, it is rarely possible to find an inebriate who does not also use tobacco; and careful inquiry will confirm the statement that, with 90 per cent. of such cases, the tobacco habit was first formed. Its influences deranged the nerve centres, an initial tremens was entailed upon the nervous system, which suggested to the morbid taste of the sufferer the soothing, sedative action of alcohol, and thus the allied agents forge for each other and fasten more firmly the chains of the servilest slavery.

I have employed professional science to loosen the pillars of tobacco's position, and with authority and with argument have carefully criticised its action and influence on the functions and forces of organic life. Earnestly, in this direction I invoke the sober judgment of scientific medicine; and when you shall have ordered tobacco to abdicate, then only will it fall from popular use and favor, and with that will end the ruin it has wrought.

In view of these truths, scientific and self-evident, in the name of science that classifies all knowledge, in the name of science that seeks the essential nature of things, in the name of science that truthfully in-

terprets the teachings of nature, issue the edict of your eminent authority and drive from popular use and favor this poisonous plague; and when this is secured, a heavenly halo of light, an ineffable effulgence, will open up over the poisonous wastes of the world a broad and bright and beautiful pathway of crimson and of gold, wherein garlanded angels will gladly gather, proclaiming "peace on earth and goodwill toward men"; and from highest heaven all over the earth shall you cause to be heralded God's emancipation proclamation to a world that is wasting its highest and holiest possibilities in the ruinous, depressing practice of popularized poisons.

LEGEND OF THE PENITENT THIEF.

According to a popular legend in Spain, when St. Joseph, at the angel's command, arose and fled into Egypt with Mary and her child, their road led through a dark and solitary wood. For some time they followed its narrow path, St. Joseph carefully guiding the ass on which was seated Our Lady holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Of a sudden they heard a noise as of approaching footsteps, and presently found themselves surrounded by a band of savage-looking men. One of these, the chief, advanced as if to throw the Virgin from her saddle, but just then her baby opened its eyes and looked into the robber's face. Dincus, such was the man's name, stepped back at a sight so strange, and, gazing again upon mother and child, an unknown softness came over him. "Whoever touches this woman or her infant," he said to his men, "shall answer for it to me." Then, turning to St. Joseph, he added, in a subdued voice, "The night is dark and stormy; my den can afford you shelter," and he led the way into a smoky cave, lighted only by a fire, over which sat a young woman, a baby on her knee. "Dolores!" he called. The woman rose and came forward. There was no need of saying more; she was used to her master's way, and silently conducted her companion to their evening quarters. That night, after Mary had bathed her child, the robber's wife contrived to wash her sickly little one in the same water. The legend says that from that day it was cured, and grew to be a strong man like its father, like him, too, a famous robber; but the infant Jesus' blessing hung over him still. And when, after thirty-three years, the two again met, it was on the Cross of Calvary, the one as Saviour of the world, the other as the repentant thief.

Gifts. — Among the gifts which the *New York Sun* generously dispensed on New Year's morning, with, or without (according to circumstances) the compliments of the season, were: to Guiteau, a halter; to Dr. Talmage, a parlor gymnasium; to Henry Ward Beecher, a bottle of the water of Lethe; to Queen Victoria, a new dress of Irish poplin; to Gambetta, some nails to keep his new Cabinet together; to Kaiser Wilhelm, the resignation of Bismarck; to the Czar, a bullet-proof vest; to Gladstone, a select dictionary; to Parnell, a niche beside O'Connell; and to his Holiness Leo XIII., the freedom of the city of Rome.

He who hates an enemy gives him more reason for animosity; he who shuns him creates the suspicion that he hates him; he who forgives him always triumphs over him; he who loves him makes him a means of doing good.

An Indiana woman has just killed twenty snakes which she found in one spot during the warm sunshine. It is very evident that good old Mother Eve was not an Indiana woman.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CIRCUIT RECOLLECTIONS.

Called to the Bar in 1838.—The Munster Circuit.—Leaders and Juniors.—Literary Cork Men.—Circuit Companions.—George Bennett, Q. C.—Death in 1856.—Sergeant Jackson, M. P.—Strong Political and Religious Feelings.—Much Esteemed on Circuit.—Member for Bandon.—Called to the Bar in 1808.—A Judge of the Common Pleas.—Death in 1857.—Right Hon. D. R Pigot.—Success at the Bar.—Member for Clonmel.—Chief Baron in 1846.—A Dilatory Judge.—Death in 1873.—Stephen Collins, Q. C.—Early Promise.—The Chitty of the Irish Bar.—His Great Ability.—Collins and Henn, Q. C.—Collins and Judge Torrens.—An Unreported Speech.—Early Death.

I WAS called to the Irish Bar in Easter Term, 1838, and went the Summer Assizes on the Munster Circuit of that year. The traditions of the circuit were renowned and historical. It had long been famous. Here in former days, went Hussey Burgh, Barry Yelverton, John Fitz-Gibbon, and Curran. Hither, in later years, practised Charles Barton, Richard Pennefather, Quin, Woulfe, Waggett, Goolde, O'Loghlen, and O'Connell, and now the places of these eminent lawyers were filled by George Bennett, Q. C., Sergeant Jackson, Q. C., Jonathan Henn, Q. C., Stephen Collins, Q. C., and David R. Pigot, Q. C., among the seniors, while, of the juniors, James O'Brien, Boyle Keller, Jeremiah J. Murphy, and Richard Lane had great practice, and William Deane Freeman the dock to himself.

I joined the Circuit in Cork, the city which has given birth to so many famed in literature and art,—the witty and learned Dr. Maginn, and Father Prout (Mahony), Daniel O'Madden, Justice McCarthy, Michael Joseph Barry, John George McCarthy, M. P., Ralph Varian, J. F. Maguire, M. P., and other writers of poetry or prose, or both; while in art it can claim as its own such renowned celebrities as Barry, Maclise, Hogan, Forde, and many inscribed upon the rolls of fame. I was kindly welcomed by the senior member of the Circuit, the late estimable George Bennett, Q. C., and, being the youngest member, was duly installed as the junior. My duties were not very onerous; to collect the mess subscriptions, to uncork the wine-bottles, keep an account of those who dined at mess, and calculate the "whips" to pay each day's expenses, were my chief employments.

We were a very pleasant, social party at the Bar mess. Our senior — styled the Father — was Mr. Bennett, in the absence of Mr. Lyne, the oldest barrister, popularly called Con Lyne, who was not able to go circuit on this occasion. Mr. Bennett was a tall, thin man, with a long, Quixotic visage, rendered remarkable by a prominent Williamite nose. He was son of one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, and held the office of Crown Prosecutor on the entire circuit. He was not a very deeply-read lawyer, but had abundant common sense, great knowledge of the Irish character, and a homely style of addressing juries,—more powerful in getting verdicts than the most eloquent address that ever came from human lips. It was almost impossible to doubt the truth of the case he stated in such simple language, with an unsophisticated air that made calling witnesses to prove his statements almost a work of supererogation. He was often pathetic, and shed tears at will. Sometimes he was jocose, but rarely. Stating a case for two brothers, named Hawkes, who were plaintiffs against the defendant, Mr. Nagle (both common names in the county of Cork), he began by saying, "Gentlemen of the jury, this is a fight beween two Hawkes and a (N) Eagle." He got his silk gown when Lord Manners was Lord Chancellor in 1822, and said, "I rather he gave a silk gown to my wife."

Mr. Bennett was an admirable *raconteur*, and it was a great treat to hear him relate some of the occurrences which marked his great experience in criminal cases. Two cases,

in which an alibi was the defence, I remember he told as follows: "A strong, well-featured countryman was tried at Cork for highway robbery near Fermoy. He met a farmer returning from the fair of Fermoy, and robbed him of a pound note and some shillings. We proved the case for the Crown, but it appeared the prosecutor had imbibed several pints of porter and some glasses of whiskey, but he swore point blank to the identity of the prisoner. The police arrested him in Cork, and he denied all knowledge of the prosecutor.

"When we closed for the Crown, a respectable-looking farmer, in the loose frieze coat, corduroy breeches, and leather gaiters of his class, got on the table, and, being sworn, said that on the very night in question he saw the prisoner in one of his fields, near Midleton, stealing turnips; that he tried to get at him, but the hedge was too strong for one of his bulk to get through, so he had to get round to the gate; that the prisoner must have heard him, for he made off, leaving the sack half filled with turnips, but he stole a bran-new spade, which his (witness's) landlord, the Earl of Shannon, had just made him a present of, and he had left it just where the prisoner was drawing the turnips. The Judge asked the witness was he sure the prisoner was the man he saw in the field. The witness said he could not possibly be mistaken. He often saw the prisoner lounging about the streets in Midleton, and was sure he was the man who stole his spade.

"The Judge asked how he recollected the time so exactly.

"The witness said he had been at the funeral of his sister's son on that day at Rathcornar, and had just got home when he saw the prisoner in the turnip field.

"The Judge felt it his duty to direct the jury, if they believed the last witness, to acquit the prisoner, which they instantly did. Then, turning to the witness, who was still on the table, he said, 'Go round to the Grand Jury, who are now sitting, and an indictment will be prepared against the prisoner for stealing your spade.'

"'Long life to your lordship!' said the witness, "'twill be a good deed to punish the blaggard for stealing my illigant spade.'

"The farmer left the court, laughing, no doubt, at the way he humbugged us all, for he was an accomplice of the prisoner. Of course he never went near the Grand Jury, and as there was no other charge against the prisoner, he walked forth a free man."

Another of Mr. Bennett's Circuit Recollections also turned upon an alibi. "A man was indicted for stealing a purse with £20 in notes from the pocket of a horse-dealer near Kildonnorry, county Cork. The horse-dealer had sold a horse at the fair of Kildonorry, and was returning to his house near Rockmills, when the prisoner and another man jumped from behind a ditch, knocked him down, and the prisoner put his hand into the breast-pocket of his coat, took his purse, in which he had put the twenty pounds he got for the horse, and made off. The night was fine and bright. He (witness) had a distinct view of the prisoner's face, as the prisoner bent over him on the road and took his purse. He was sure the prisoner was the robber. The police were soon on the lookout for the prisoner, but it was long before they arrested him. They took him in Limerick. The prisoner was the man. This was our case for the prosecution, and we were sure of a conviction. The defence was an alibi.

"A most venerable-looking clergyman, the rector of one of the parishes along the coast of the county of Clare, came on the table, and said he could give evidence of the innocence of the prisoner.

"His appearance was very prepossessing; his face beamed with benevolence, and his white hair and rosy,

gentlemanly deportment won respect. On being sworn, he said he had known the prisoner nearly all his life. The prisoner was in his employment. He remembered the night stated, and the indictment which charged the prisoner with robbery in the county of Cork. He solemnly swore that on that night the prisoner was with him in his house in the county of Clare, and remained with him till very late.

"'What was he doing?'

"The witness declined to say.

"I pressed the question.

"The witness appealed to the Judge, who considered it perfectly immaterial,—the fact of the prisoner being elsewhere than in the place laid in the indictment was all the jury had to consider. The case was sent to the jury, who, on the strength of the alibi, acquitted the prisoner.

"Some time elapsed before I again met the Reefer. It was in Wales. I was travelling in a stage-coach from Holyhead to Chester, and he was my sole companion. I reminded him of the case, and he colored a little as I said I was very anxious to learn why he refused to tell me what the prisoner was doing for him at the time.

"'Well, Mr. Bennett,' he said, 'as we are not now in Court, and you can take no advantage of my admission, though you are Counsel to the Revenue, I do not fear to say *he was distilling poteen.*'"

Mr. Bennett held his office as Crown Prosecutor until he ceased going Circuit. He died in the year 1856.

Joseph Devonshea Jackson was a very distinguished member of the Circuit. He was a native of Cork, and his family had been engaged in mercantile pursuits which turned out a failure. He was involved to some extent, but his practice at the Bar enabled him not only to satisfy the creditors, but to assist his family, and he always bore an unblemished character. In conjunction with Sergeant Lefroy he took an active share in the working of the Kildare Education Society,—chiefly engaged in proselytizing, or, as some Irish wit remarked, "converting the Papists from the errors of the Church of Rome to embrace those of the Church of England." Mr. Jackson was a strong politician of the Tory party, and represented the then congenial borough of Bandon before the spread of Liberal principles swept away the old traditions of the town; which is said to have had the inscription on its entrance,—

"Turk, Jew, or Atheist
May enter here, but not a Papist,"

which was pungently noticed by the celebrated priest, Rev. Arthur O'Leary, who added:

"Who wrote these lines, he wrote them well,
For the same are written on the gates of hell."

But, whatever the political or religious feelings entertained by Mr. Sergeant Jackson, they certainly never were displayed, either in his social habits or his professional conduct. To his brethren on the Circuit he was a gentlemanly, agreeable companion. "George Bennett, introduce me to that junior," were the first words I ever heard him utter when I entered the Bar mess-room, and as we shook hands I found added another to my list of legal friends. He had been called to the Bar in 1808, and earned a high reputation for ability. His speeches to the jury were excellent, though his powers of long-windedness caused O'Connell to give him the sobriquet of "Leather-lungs." He was of great use to the Tory party in the debates, and his speeches are preserved in the volumes of Hansard from 1836 to 1842. He was appointed one of the three Irish Sergeants in 1834, and in 1841 became Solicitor-General. He did not long continue a law officer, for in the following year he was raised to the Bench of the Court of Common Pleas. His career on the Bench was exactly what might have been predicted. All his cherished political and religious feelings gave way before the respon-

sibility imposed by his judicial rank, and he distributed justice with an impartiality never surpassed. He was a merciful and humane judge. On every occasion he seemed to feel that the judge ought to be the advocate of the prisoner. He liked to be with his old Circuit companions, and therefore constantly went the Munster Circuit. He was very courteous, and greatly respected. He died on Sunday, December 20th, 1857.

Another leader of the Munster Circuit whom I joined was the Right Hon. David Richard Pigot. He was a native of Kilworth, a small town close to my native town of Fermoy, and his father, Doctor Pigot, had been physician to my mother's family. I understand Mr. Pigot was originally intended for the profession of his father; but after some years' study of medicine he changed his views, and became a most diligent law student.

He was called to the Bar in 1826, and, the Whigs desiring to promote Roman Catholics, Mr. Pigot was appointed Attorney-General. He became Member for the borough of Clonmel. Though it was unusual for an ex-Attorney-General and Privy Councillor to go Circuit, Mr. Pigot did so when displaced from office by the change of government, and had very large Circuit practice. He continued to be my Circuit companion until 1846, and, when in the neighborhood of Fermoy, we met occasionally in society. But he was a very selfish man, and even the members of his wife's family had reason to regret his indifference to their prospects. This, I dare say, was not owing to any want of affection, but to a ridiculous over-sensitiveness, lest he should be accused of promoting his own relations and friends. When Chief Baron Brady was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1846, the chief seat in the Court of Exchequer was bestowed upon Mr. Pigot, and he sat upon the Bench until his death in 1873.

After the lapse of a quarter of a century, the estimate of his judicial character was the following: "The appointment of Mr. Pigot as Chief Baron of the Exchequer was a just tribute to his extensive legal knowledge, to his forensic abilities, and his engaging personal qualities. But if the promotion was one that reflected credit on the Government of the day, and seemed unexceptionable, so far as materials then existed for forming an opinion on it, time has shown that it was a costly one to the Irish public. The many merits, and the one original demerit of the Chief Baron, have long been known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and it is not too much to say that the latter has so neutralized the former, and has even so converted them into positive mischiefs, that the interests of justice would be better served if the court were permanently closed." *

Through conscientious feelings, and an anxiety to render full justice, he investigated every case so minutely that days rolled into weeks before trials were over, and while the legal practitioners reaped harvests, clients were undone, and the patience of witnesses and jurors exhausted. Though the columns of the press and the voice of the public repeatedly urged him to retire, he held on to the Bench until 1873, when death closed his earthly career. He is buried near Mitchel's Town, in the county of Cork.

Among the leaders of the Circuit whose fame I would perpetuate in these Recollections was Stephen Collins, Q. C. In stature he was small and slight, with pleasing features, a ready smile, and good, resonant voice. He wore spectacles, and suffered much from rheumatic pains.

From his boyhood he displayed great love of learning, and his unwearied industry speedily developed his great mental powers. He devoted himself to the study of law, and

* The *Irish Times*, March 3, 1871.

few were called who had enriched their minds more fully with all that the most accomplished lawyer should know. The broad and deep principles of Common Law and Equity, the technicalities of special pleading, the practice of Nisi Prius, the rules of evidence he had at his fingers' ends. He married a daughter of a legal house, the daughter and sister of Masters in Chancery, Miss Henn, and it was related on the day of his marriage, when returning with his bride from church, Mr. Collins stopped at a law bookseller's to purchase a law-book, and afterwards attended a consultation. Also, when on his way to the balls at the Castle, he might be seen reading his briefs. His great legal knowledge, especially of special pleading, caused him to be styled "The Chitty of the Irish Bar."

I never knew any member of the profession more ready in arguing points of evidence, or with a mind more fully stored with cases in point, and able to quote them at a moment's notice. This, of course, might be expected from his immense practice, for nothing tends more to root cases in the mind than the constantly applying them, and quoting them to establish principles. Mr. Collins's readiness in discomfiting an adversary, and his great skill in conducting intricate cases, made him eagerly sought, so that from end to end of the Circuit he was sure to have a brief in every record.

It was amusing, as well as interesting, to listen to the legal encounters daily occurring on Circuit between him and Jonathan Henn, his distinguished brother-in-law. Mr. Henn was equally a profound lawyer, but not so fond of skirmishing or propounding small points as Mr. Collins, and their encounters often reminded me of the combat described by Sir Walter Scott between Saladin and the Knight of the Leopard. The moment Mr. Collins would try to get an answer from a witness which was important, but not legally attainable, Henn, who knew perfectly what his wily adversary was driving at, would object. He would sometimes urge his appeals in this fashion, especially during the last days of the Summer Assizes:

"Now, Collins, you know such a question ought not to be put. Don't lead. Do not oblige me to argue my question now with the *weather so hot.*"

Judge Torrens was greatly annoyed by finding Mr. Collins constantly objecting to his charges, and calling on him to direct the juries on certain points. The Judge was a shallow lawyer, and had no desire to have bills of exception taken. This having gone on for some time, when next Mr. Collins began:

"Now, my lord, that the jury have retired, it is my duty to submit to your lordship a few objections."

"Mr. Collins, are they in writing?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then, as it is too late to discuss them to-night, please hand them to my Registrar. He can add them to the rest of your notable points, and if you go on at this rate they will make a goodly volume by the close of the circuit."

Mr. Collins bowed and said:

"If this volume is completed, I hope to be allowed to dedicate it to your lordship!"

Though frequently employed in addressing juries, Mr. Collins was not an eloquent speaker. He was too matter-of-fact. He never soared into the realm of fancy, or gave the reins to his imagination. Only once, during our twelve years' Circuit companionship, have I heard him make what might be called an eloquent as well as able speech. It was when replying to the defendant's case in an action for a breach of promise of marriage, Campion *v.* Drew. I had opened my note-book to report him, but observing several short-hand writers for the press present, thought

"I may save myself this trouble,—he is sure to be fully taken." I then heard a speech replete with eloquence, pathos, and such a line of argument as made a deep impression on all who heard it, and evidently the jury thought so, for they awarded the fair plaintiff £1,500. Next morning I went early to the office of one of the Cork papers; I found Mr. Collins before me. I congratulated him on his eloquent speech and the verdict. We both got copies of the paper, but what was our regret to find his beautiful reply condensed to twelve lines. He died young; I believe he overtaxed his strength. He rose at the dawn, and was in his study each morning at six o'clock. He was at his briefs until breakfast, again until past ten, when he went to the Four Courts. Here he was incessantly employed until four o'clock. He then usually rode or walked until his dinner-hour, and worked again in his study often until a late hour. He died at an early age, deeply and deservedly mourned. One of his sons is a member of the English, and I believe another of the Irish, Bar.

To be Continued.

French Wines. — Many people have a fondness for French wines, and will naturally feel interested in the official statistics of the components of such popular beverages. It is not gratifying to learn that, in 1881, not less than 47 million gallons of so-called wine were created in France out of sugar, and 51 millions out of raisins; while the "blending" processes, which mean the mixture of Italian and Spanish wines with certain kinds of probably inferior French wines, fathered 154 millions of gallons. So that, putting together this amount of apocryphal French wines, they equal about one-third of last year's yield of the French vintages, or about one-half of the yield of 1880.

Mgr. Capel and M. Jules Grevy. February 6th, Mgr. Capel, of England, was received by the President of the French Republic. The English prelate afterwards took his seat in the private tribune of M. Grévy at the Chamber of Deputies, and listened attentively to the debate on the Granet interpellation. He also paid a visit to the Foreign Press tribune, where he was received by Mr. Crawford, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, and Syndic of the Foreign Press. Mr. Crawford, in the name of his colleagues, welcomed Mgr. Capel as a distinguished clergyman and Englishman, adding that he believed he was not wrong in looking upon the Monsignor as himself "half a press man." After shaking hands with the correspondents of the other English and American papers, Mgr. Capel returned to the President's box. On Tuesday evening Mgr. Capel dined at the Cercle de la Presse.

Making a Beginning.— Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and therefore are a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered, if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning!

Grammarians are puzzled over the question whether "mumps" and "measles" are singular or plural. They often look singular, but that is no criticism on a question of this kind.

A SHEEP-EATING PARROT.

A SINGULAR bird has recently been added to the collection in the Zoological Gardens, London. This is none other than a carnivorous parrot, whose love of animal flesh manifests itself in a very decided predilection for mutton. There are two things which, to the naturalist, are remarkable in connection with this bird. First, it is in respect of this flesh-eating propensity, an exception to the whole family of parrots, which are frugivorous, living on fruits, seeds, leaves, buds, and the like; and second, this carnivorous taste is not a natural, but an acquired possession, the species of parrot in question having been till a few years since frugivorous, like others of its family.

This curious bird is the kea (*Nestor notabilis*), or mountain parrot, and comes from New Zealand. The general color of its plumage is green; its length from point of bill to extremity of tail is twenty-one inches; its bill is about two inches long, the upper mandible being curved, and very strong. It inhabits the higher wooded glens and recesses of the mountainous districts of New Zealand, and, like the owl, is generally nocturnal in its habits. The kea was first made known to science in 1856.

In the time of Maori rule, the bird was as innocent and harmless in its habits, as respects its food, as any others of the parrot family; and it was not till the higher tracts of country were utilized by the early settlers as runs for sheep, that the kea was tempted to desert its fruit-eating habits and to join the destructive army of the carnivora.

About 1868, it was noticed at the sheep-shearing season on the upland runs that many sheep were suffering from sores or scars, more or less recent, on the back, immediately in front of the hips. Curiously enough, it was observed that in all the animals so injured the wound was in precisely the same place in each, — fairly above the kidneys. In some cases (says Mr. Potts, who has contributed an article to the *Zoologist* on the subject) the part affected had a hard dry scab, or merely a patch of wool stripped off; others showed a severe wound, in some instances so deep that the entrails protruded. The animals so injured were invariably those that were in the best condition; and many discussions ensued as to what could be the cause of this singular state of things. At last a shepherd gave it as his opinion that the injury was inflicted by a kind of parrot, rather a tame sort of bird, that was to be met with in the higher ranges; but the shepherd's opinion was only laughed at. Yet the shepherd, after all, was found to be right.

In connection with the stations on sheep-runs in New Zealand, there is a meat gallows, where the carcasses of sheep killed for food are kept; and it was observed by the shepherds that the keas were in the habit of visiting the gallows and breaking off bits of mutton-fat with their strong beaks. Soon afterwards, one or more hands actually saw a parrot on the back of a sheep plucking and tearing the wool and flesh on a precisely similar spot to that where so many had been found to be fatally wounded.

There was no doubt about the keas being the offenders, and means were at once taken to have their numbers reduced. Since then, a mortal enmity has existed against them on the part of the shepherds; and justly so, as it is found that from three to five per cent. of every flock is so wounded or killed. In some individual instances, the ratio of destruction has been much higher. On one station on the Matatapu, out of a flock of twenty Lincoln rams nineteen were within one month killed by these par-

rots. On another run, a flock of three hundred and ten strong young wethers were, within a period of five months, so seriously injured by the keas, that at the end of that time only one hundred and five remained alive. In consequence of this destruction, men were engaged to kill the bird at a shilling a head; and these men, taking advantage of its nocturnal habits, now range the mountains at night, lighting fires to attract their game. In the day-time they rest, and prepare the skins for sale. But the kea, with the cleverness and cunning of its tribe, has grown very shy and wary, and knows very well, when it sees a man carrying a gun, what he is likely to do with it.

Mr. Potts gives a striking account of the cruelty and rapacity of the keas in the prosecution of their horrible taste for sheep fat, the part especially liked by them being the fat that surrounds the kidneys. With this view they do not hesitate to tear open the animal's flesh till they arrive at these organs, after tearing out the fat of which they leave the poor animal to linger on or die in excruciating agony. "Sheep," says Mr. Potts, "while being got out of snow-drifts, are often mortally hurt by the attacks of keas; especially are the birds prone to molest those carrying double fleeces, as though they knew how firm a foothold they could maintain with their gripe. When one of these sheep, temporarily exhausted with its exertions in toiling through deep snow under the burden of two years' growth of wool, breaks off from the mob and leaves the track, desperately floundering into deeper snow wreaths, a flock of parrots, ever watchful as they hover round, soon perceive their opportunity for mischief; they alight close to the spot where the sheep, unconscious of approaching danger, stands gazing fixedly in a state of helpless stupidity; gradually hopping or moving toward the victim with some show of caution, one of the keas at last settles on the back of the sheep, which, terrified at the strange visitor that thus besets it, bounds away; the bird now rises only to alight again on the same place, and clutching into the wool with its sharp claws, retains its hold more firmly and tenaciously. In vain the tortured animal, in the direst agony, seeks to rid itself of its cruel persecutor, that boldly keeps its vantage; after running and struggling some distance, its efforts to escape become feebler; it is at length so hard pressed that in a few minutes it yields passively to the tearing and searching beak of the kea."

These repulsive flesh-devouring propensities may have been acquired through the bird being forced, in severe winters, to approach the stations in hopes of finding food, and there feeding on the flesh in the meat gallows, and thus gradually forming a carnivorous appetite of such strength that its former frugivorous tastes are entirely destroyed, and flesh now forms its sole food. The kea in the Zoological Gardens was struck down while it was in the act of attacking a sheep; but the man did not succeed in capturing it till it had torn his clothes in many places and severely lacerated his hands. Its food consists mainly of mutton, raw; it does not care for cooked meat, but will take it if very hungry. Occasionally it will take beef, and is fond of pork. But its vegetarian tastes seem almost completely eradicated, for it will not touch bread, though it likes the seed of sow-thistle. It is altogether a remarkable and curious bird.

"Now," said the teacher of a primary class to one of his pupils, to whom he was trying to impart a knowledge of division, but with little success, "if you had a pie, and I should ask you for a quarter of it, and you should give me what I wanted, how much would you have left?" "I wouldn't have any left!" quickly responded the little girl.

SIBERIA.

J. G. Macleod, in The Month.

The more we learn of the history of Russian exploration and rule in those vast regions which the Empire has acquired, and it is still acquiring, beyond the Ural Mountains, the more do we see how closely this is connected with her prison and penal system. Siberia is identified in our thoughts with the idea of exile and exposure to hardships and miseries of every kind. In one sense it has been well selected for its purpose, seeing that it is a land not only of exile, but also of obscurity, of frosts and bitter cold, of vast and unfrequented solitudes, far removed from the knowledge of men, and out of the track of civilization. These features, and more that we shall touch upon, it presents on so grand and almost illimitable a scale as to supply a penal settlement worthy in extent and in rigor to satisfy the needs of a despotic autocrat, who rules over an immense population with iron hand, and strives to maintain his power by repression and by severity of punishment.

There is no exaggeration in connecting the extension of Russian dominion in Siberia with the development of its penal system, because each fresh advance it has made in that direction has been marked by a new line of prisons. In every annexation of hitherto unclaimed territory, newly-arrived convoys of exiles might have been seen bearing through steppes and forests to the extreme limits of the widest Empire in the world, sad testimony in their own drooping way-worn persons to the undoubted power of their Czar. Scarcely has there been time to build a monastery or a strong fortress in this land of banishment before prison cells have stood waiting for the expected exiles. At their very outset the colonies of Pelîm, of Berozov, of Selenginsk, of Albazin, were designed for jails, and so the news of any fresh access of land was taken as the signal for a fresh band of prisoners to take the way towards it. Of course there is a brighter side in well-nigh every picture, however dark and forbidding its general aspect. Fedor Dostoyeffsky, in his work *Buried Alive, or, Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia*, speaks of distant nooks of the country, hidden away among steppes, mountains, or wild woods, which, in spite of the cold climate, are nice snug places to live in, where things go on much in the same way as they did two hundred years ago. But he allows that there are comparatively very few who make up there minds to settle in Siberia. The majority soon get tired, and moodily ask themselves what could possibly have brought them there, looking forward impatiently to the end of their three years' service, when they immediately apply for another post in Russia, and go back to their own country. For himself he regards Siberia pleasant to live in, the climate being excellent, and many hospitable merchants and wealthy foreigners residing in it till they have made their fortunes. The soil, he states, brings forth fifteenfold. "In short it is a blessed country, but the difficulty is to know how to enjoy it."

Many persons are probably ignorant of the fact that the region comprised under the title of *Siberia*, and divided nearly down the middle into West and East Siberia, covers a superficies very decidely larger than that of the whole European Continent. Yet with all this vastness of extent, its population is smaller than that of the Caucasus or of Turkestan, taken separately, and does not equal even the number of souls within the

single city of London; while for commerce with abroad it falls short of the traffic of but a third-rate seaport of Western Europe, such as Dover or Boulogne. Siberia makes a very large slice of the continent of Asia, and fills up its whole northeast corner, while it extends along the full length of its northern shore. As the Arctic Ocean thus forms its boundary on the north and the Pacific washes its eastern coast, the Chinese Empire, with the east and west divisions of Turkestan, bounds it on the south, and European Russia on the opposite side of the Ural Mountains closes it in on the west, down to the shores of the Aral Sea. The three chief characteristics of this region are the extreme rigors of its much indented and almost perpetually frozen sea-coast line, the wild belt of mountains with their frowning crags, and wild rocky gorges stretching along its whole southern boundary, and winding upwards towards the northeast point, where Bering Straits unite the Arctic with the Pacific Ocean, and lastly the plains and valleys midway between sea and mountain range, where alone are to be found the best amenities of Siberian society and Siberian summers, and through which flow noble and fertilizing rivers. This large section of Asia derives its name from the town of Isker, which the Russians called Sebir, and which stood on the river Irtîch, close to the site of the modern Tobolsk, the capital of Western Siberia. Long before the conquest of Sebir by the Russian Cossacks, the country was known to Arab merchants and missionaries. For the Tartars professing Islamism it became the centre of a busy commerce in furs. The inhabitants of Novgorod had some acquaintance with the districts lying beyond the tracks which the traders followed, and along which the latter pushed their way, descending the affluents of the Ob or Obi.

In the early part of the sixteenth century the Czars of Moscow began to claim lordship over the plains stretching between the Konda, on the west border of Siberia, and the Irtîch, a branch of the Ob, and reaching as far north as Obdorsk, a town close to the sea-coast. It was not long before Yermack, a Cossack brigand, by a successful foray gained more definitely for Russia these pleasant hunting-fields, and so redeemed his head, upon which a price had been set for his robberies amongst the shipping at the mouth of the Volga. Sebastian Munster and Herberstein had already indicated these localities on a map of very rude execution, and the Czar soon consolidated his power over them. The town of Sebir, however, gradually disappeared beneath the fresh accumulations of ice which succeeded one another, and the new capital of Tobolsk took its place, to hold sway over an ever-extending territory. The fur trader was the real soldier and pioneer of the conquest of Siberia, before whom fell back after a long but ineffectual resistance the native tribes of Bouriates and Koriacks, who but thinly peopled the land. Before 1659 Russia had penetrated along the course of rivers and plains to the other side of the mainland, facing a tempestuous arm of the Pacific, called the Sea of Okhotsk, flanked by the peninsula of Kamtchatka on the north, and the island of Saghalien on the south, and protected in front from the full sweep of the ocean by the thickly studded girdle of the Kourile islets. In the year just named, the Treaty of Nertchinsk obliged the Emperor to evacuate the lower basin of the river Amoor, which, though a small loss as regards the trade in furs, was found later on to be so serious a loss of sea-board room for possible harbors and military forts to command the Pacific, that Russia was not long in rectifying the mistake with a high hand. In 1851 Mouraviev caused the station of Nikolaïeusk to be built at the

mouth of the Amoor, and in addition those of Marünsk and Alexandrousk at the two extremities of the road connecting the Amoor with the Bay of Castries. Three years afterwards he himself passed along the stream at the head of a small flotilla, answering the objurgations of the Chinese officials by pointing to his steamboat, his little fleet of barks, and his rafts well mouthed with cannon. During the Crimean War Russia secured her hold of the south bank of the Amoor by a succession of fortified posts, and in 1859 confirmed by Ukase its appropriation of the ground during a season of profound peace. Finally, in 1860, while the French and English allies were entering Pekin, Russia, without striking a blow, but with a diplomacy as skilful as it was cunning, obtained the cession of the coast-line from the Amoor to the Corea, first as part, and then as sole, proprietor.

Neither as to its shores, nor as to its interior, is this wide solitary region even now sufficiently explored. Its deep gulfs and rock-indented coasts fringing the Arctic Ocean misled and puzzled many a brave, enthusiastic searcher for the northeast passage into the Pacific. In vain did Sir Hugh Willoughby, Richard Chancellor, and Stephen Burroughs, in the year 1553, leading the van of English navigators, and following the route which Sebastian Cabot had entered upon in 1496, strive to turn the northern coast of Asia; they did not reach even the sea that washes Siberia. Other English explorers in 1590 approached it, but had to yield before the difficulties of the icebergs of the Sea of Kara, at the line which separates European from Asian Russia. The Dutch Captain Barentz between 1594 and 1597 made three less successful attempts, for he was stayed at Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya, and Hendrick Hudson fared no better in 1608. Yet, during this period traders and fishermen from the White Sea made themselves familiar with the gulfs of Ob and Yeniseï, until fear of foreign interference with the mysteries of Siberia through Russian pilots forbade, in 1616, all such navigation under pain of death. From this time no plan was left but to send out from the mainland itself light vessels adapted to river traffic, and in 1648 the Cossack Dejnev sailed out at the head of seven such boats from the mouth of the Kolima, a river near the east end of the coast, and so rounded the northeast extremity of Asia. This success perhaps encouraged others in their desperate struggle to force their way through ice and rocky fissures, and the furious blasts on the northern ocean. In 1735 two enterprising men ventured forth from the river Lena, where the shore was more smooth and regular, as being to the west of the Kolima, and they made some little way both east and west, but the ship had to return at last with the dead body of the more persevering and adventurous of these sailors. But, though the northern coast had thus far defied all human efforts to trace out its complete line, a new way of approach was opened by the navigation of the Pacific, and in 1728 Bering, a Dane in the service of the Czar, embarked on it, after traversing Siberia by land, and sailed northward triumphantly into the Arctic Ocean, through the rocky straits which bear his name, publishing to the world the existence of a passage of which the secret knowledge had long been treasured amongst the archives of Yakoutsh. It remained but for Cook's discoveries on the American side of the passage in 1778 to authenticate the fact, and for the voyage of La Pérouse into the seas of Okhotosh and Japan, along the east side of the Siberian mainland, to complete our knowledge of the general conformation of this continent, by disclosing the existence of two straits, one separating the island of Saghalien from the coast of Siberia, and the other dividing

Saghalien from the Japanese island of Yesso.

The intrepid and persevering Swedish explorer, Adolf Nordenskiöld, has crowned the work of geographical discovery. He has not only completed, in his voyage of 1878 and 1879, the whole of the distance from the mouth of the Yeniseï to Bering Straits, thus rounding the bold and dangerous promontory of Taïmîr, and visiting the new Siberian islands nearly opposite the mouth of the river Lena, but he has given valuable information respecting the character of the whole north coast of Siberia. The failure of former expeditions he attributes to three separate causes. The vessels used were neither strong enough, nor were they properly equipped for navigation among ice, being devoid of steam power. In their attempts to traverse the ocean they kept too near the coast. They sought some convenient winter harbor just at the season of the year when the sea is most free from ice: namely, late summer or autumn. But it was in exploring the great rivers of Yeniseï, the Lena, and Kolima, and in making more minute observations along the shore, that Nordenskiöld has rendered most service. The coast is fringed by a line of moorland, swamps, and mossy flats, which are covered with snow and ice for one half of the year, and even during the greatest heats of summer are thawed only to the depth of a few inches below the surface. The ocean is frozen for miles seaward during more than half the year, while throughout the remaining months numberless icebergs and floes crowd the sea, and help to intensify the cold of the atmosphere, which is more biting than that of either Scotland or Norway. The three immense rivers, the Ob, Yeniseï, and Lena, spread out far and wide as they reach their frozen outlets. In winter hardened blocks of ice arrest the flow of the water and force it into a narrow channel, while shallower streams are stopped altogether. When the snows melt, the river bursts its solid covering, and, regaining full light and liberty, pours its new tide of life beyond its banks, and forms two fresh rivers by its side. These rivers find free access into the Arctic Ocean during only sixty or perhaps one hundred days in the year, from about the end of July to the middle of September. The breaking up of the ice even then depends on the agitation of the frozen blocks higher up the stream, but the more intense the cold is the more certain is its icy grasp to contract the hard covering, till it becomes slit and rent asunder in a thousand directions, when the stillness of the night is broken as by a park of artillery, with now and then the boom of the heavy cannon, as the enormous blocks become dissevered, and carrying along with them large stones, and even masses of rock and soil, descend the current and launch themselves against the frozen outlet of the river. The strong winds heap these masses up and pile them one upon another, and push them along in front and to the sides, till the whole mass, straining with its irresistible weight, breaks a passage through for itself into the sea beyond. The immense plains lying between the Polar Sea and the limit of trees consist for the most part of masses of sand and mud washed down as we have described. They are called *tundras*, and from the numerous massive shells found embedded in them they evidently lay in former times beneath the surface of the sea, and are being gradually raised in height by fresh accumulations.

Difficult as it has proved to approach Siberia by way of her barren ice-bound coasts, she presents a barrier almost as stern and inaccessible towards the south. High and exposed table-lands, lofty mountains and steep ridges guard the deep valleys whence the rivers draw their sources, and frown upon the advancing steps of the traveller. This southern mountain range begins with

the Thian Shan, separating Siberia from Eastern Turkestan. Above this, across the narrow plain of Dzoungaria and the banks of the river Irtîch, rise the threatening heights of the Altaï, stretching up country towards the northeast. As might be expected, the scenery here is magnificent, worthy of its presiding genius, "the mountain of gold," as the name Altaï or Al-tîn probably means. Though a group of rocky crests and individual peaks not so vast as the Thian Shan which mingles with the clouds its cold snow-clad summits, a true mountain of the heavens, as its name signifies, yet Altaï is all the more rich and varied in its gradual descent of undulations, in the alternation of snow with rock and herbage, in the sweep of its valleys, the number of its picturesque ravines, the grandeur of its heights covered with pines and hardy trees, and the mountain streams and incipient rivers hastening down in many a twist and turn to swell the main current of the Ob or the Yeniseï. Beyond the Altaï, and still more to the northeast, are wild passes connecting it with another chain dominating over a fresh succession of shallow lakes and the affluents which they feed. The highest summits of the Sayan stand over an immense expanse of water called the lake of Baïkal,— the "rich" or "holy sea," which receives the Salenga, a river of Mongolia, from the south, and contributes its share to furnish the stream of the Yeniseï, amid the utter silence of a stern and barren solitude. On the eastern shore of this inland sea is the region of the Trans-Baïkal, becoming ever more and more mountainous as it branches off southward into Mongolia, and shoots up to the northeast a prolonged stem which reaches the eastern corner of Siberia and terminates in the peninsula of Kamtchatca and the Bering Straits. From the Trans-Baïkal, as from the base of these ranges, stretches another in continuation of the boundary line, looking down on one side into Mongolia, on the other into Siberia. The great centre of these mountains and valleys, as it is the centre for the whole water-shed, is the Mounkou-Sardîk, the "mount of silver." This magnificent group of mountain tops, rising tier above tier, so sharp and stately in their outline, is covered with perpetual snow, even though summer despoils all the neighboring summits of their wintry mantle. Near to this point the mountains give way to the gentle and meandering stream of the Amoor, which carries to the shores of the Pacific the original line of division between Siberia and China. This yielding barrier has, however, as we have seen, already been passed, and with improved navigation can render important service to the Czar.

The real highroads, if we may so speak, which have admitted the explorer into the heart of Siberia, and have enabled him to pass through the whole continent, have been the affluents of the different large rivers. Nature has spread out these modes of travel in every direction; she has inclined them towards one another, till, in their onward course as in their first starting-point, they almost mingle their waters, and it has required but slight labor or ingenuity for the traveller to complete the transit by means of a short and easy portage. The scientific exploration of the country was retarded even longer than the discovery of its coasts and mountain ranges, by the many serious difficulties to be surmounted. Messerschmidt took the first steps towards this in the eighteenth century, and within a few years after Gmelin, Müller, and Delisle de la Croyère spent the full interval from 1733 to 1742 in studying the physical geography of Siberia. Gmelin, however, was prevented from publishing the results of his observations, owing to the jealous watch kept by the Russian Government over every document which might make known the

resources of the country; nay, so carefully was the secret guarded that many of these records have been lost. The explorer Pallas was in 1770 allowed greater liberty, and was accompanied by a band of students, whose geological and natural history researches reached to the districts beyond the Baïkal Mountains, about half way towards the Pacific. The French Revolution and the preoccupation of Russia with the wars subsequently engaging Europe gave little opportunity for further investigation. The task was re-commenced in the year 1828, when the Norwegian, Hausteen, accompanied by Erman, set out to make their observations in astronomy and the earth's magnetism. Close on their footsteps followed Alexander von Humboldt, Ehrenberg, and Gustave Rose, to make fresh scientific discoveries. Middendorff came next to push his way further north and east, till in 1854 Schwartz, Schmidt, and others nearly completed the general survey by adding their acquaintance with the regions lying between Baïkal and the Lena, including the northern tributaries of the Amoor. The recent travels of our own immediate day are rapidly filling up the interstices before unvisited, and are covering the surface with roads which will bring within more easy reach the whole territory north of the Chinese Empire.

To the east as well as the west of the Ural range extensive plains and gently undulating hills tempt the traveller forward, through what appear to be boundless solitudes. The full tributaries of the greater rivers meet him as they flow along their narrow beds, prairies and marshy lands conducting him from one to the other. When descending he is borne rapidly along on the current; if he has to ascend or to cross to a fresh stream he can carry his light bark with him, unless indeed he finds a resting-place in one of those villages and little towns which form a double line along the banks of the river, where the goodness of the soil has favored colonization. The route first chosen passed midway between north and south, thus the river Tobol was crossed, and then the Irtîch, that grand tributary of the Ob, next the Ob itself, and its affluent the Ket, whence the eye sees close before it the swelling waters of the Yeniseï. But the mountains at this point gather round, and the plains branch upward until the Angara is passed, and thence stretch almost due north to the Lena, and so eastward once more to Port Ayan in the Pacific, keeping the outspreading yet subdued mountain ridges well to the south. Even between the Lena and the smooth Amoor rapids and dense forests, marshes difficult of passage, rocks and arid plains frighten or confuse the wayfarer, and drive him astray in long journeys that equally wear out health, patience, and supply of food. So late as 1873 the first Russian who ever penetrated the valley of the Amoor lost nearly half his party of one hundred and thirty men, through famine and fatigue, while the survivors had to feed on their dead companions, or the natives whom they had slain in battle.

The extent to which the river communication may be made use of is shown by the calculation of the academician, Von Baer, that the Ob-Irtîch and the Yeniseï alone drain an area larger than the combined river territories of the Danube, the Don, the Dneiper, the Dneister, the Nile, the Po, the Ebro, the Rhone, and all the rivers which flow into the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Mediterranean. "Part of the territory in question," writes Nordenskiöld, "lies to the north of the Arctic circle, but here to there are to be found the most extensive and the finest forests on the globe; south of the forest region proper, level, stone-free plains covered with the most fertile soil stretch away for hundreds of leagues, which only wait for the plough of the cultivator to yield the most abundant

harvests; and further south the Yeniseï and its tributaries flow through regions where the grape ripens in the open air. As I write this, I have before me a bunch of splendid Siberian grapes." We gather much information also from the Swedish explorer regarding the scenery and the climate along the banks of these noble rivers. The expeditions which he directed gave their attention chiefly to the second of the three rivers frequently mentioned, the Yeniseï, but on every point there is great similarity between all rivers flowing from south to north. Thus their western banks consists of ground almost on a level with the water, and of low-lying tracks overflowed in spring. These meadows are in summer partly covered with a rich grassy carpet untouched by the scythe, partly with a bush vegetation abounding in plants and herbs of luxuriant growth. The eastern banks of these rivers are generally grand and gloomy, with the foliage of aged forests, chiefly of pine intermingled with birch, while fallen and half-rotten stems are incrusted with moss, in part concealed by abundant currant bushes, with their white and red berries of unusual size. After enjoying fine, often warm, autumn weather, the first frost was experienced on the night of the 20th of September, when at Yeniseisk about half the course of the river had been traversed. From that time the night temperature was below freezing-point, though the days were comparatively warm and pleasant. Flourishing patches of potatoes and cabbage, seen even north of the Arctic circle, became larger and more frequent futher south, and a belt of land ready for cultivation, or actually under cultivation, in most places more than six hundred miles broad, was found to extend right across the whole of Siberia, from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

The change of the seasons is very sudden in Siberia, yet admiration of many of the effects thus produced mingles with the dread of the severity of its winters. All nature seems for a time to go to sleep, everything is frozen up, animal and vegetable life is quite blotted out of sight, the very rivers cease to flow beneath their arched covering of snow and ice, a universal silence and solitude reigns around, and in the cold blue of the skies overhead the sun rises scarcely a few degrees above the horizon. Even at night, unless the Aurora Borealis drapes the heavens with its variegated and ever-shifting curtain of light, the stars shine out calm and clear and distinct, through the dry transparent atmosphere. To the east, however, and in its central regions, the rigors of a Siberian winter are much tempered by good nourishment, heavy fur clothing, and a few simple precautions. Winter is transformed instantaneously into a delicious spring-tide. Leaves burst forth with their bright green, flowers spread their perfume at once, the atmosphere is all aglow with heat, every object is bathed in sunshine, as though at a single bound forward. The very rapidity of the change necessarily brings on reaction in a temperature lowered by the unloosing of cold winds and of the accumulations of frozen streams and snows. After a short-lived summer, hot enough to bring the fruits of the country to maturity, the frosts of returning winter steal upon the nights even of July, and before the middle of August the leaves begin to wither and fall, so that within ten days no tree but the larch is left, with a remnant of its foliage thick enough for the lightly touching feathering snow-fall to bear down to the ground with its crushing weight. In fact, winter has never relaxed its hold on the soil within a very short distance of its surface, but to a considerable depth mixes up with the looser earth thick bars or broken fragments of ice, more or less pure; just as the snow and hardened clods in the embrace of deep ravines and fissures have preserved

accumulations which date back to the very infancy of the world. The climate of Western Siberia resembles more that of Europe, but on its east side contrary currents of air coming from the tropics and from the North Pole meet over the sources of the Lena and Amoor, and cause a constant succession of storms, of which "the abominable Sea" of Okhotsk, with its clouds of mist, has to bear the full weight and obloquy. Along the coasts of the Arctic Ocean the winds are much more regular, though at the same time quite as continuous. In the inland and southern districts of the country, especially along the plains of Trans-Baïkal, whole winters pass without any snow falling, and as carts or carriages roll over the frozen roads, the hoofs of the horses sound as though they trod on asphalt.

Local traditions, various objects found in ancient tombs, and different inscriptions like those on the rocks bordering the Yeniseï, indicate the existence of civilized inhabitants in early times, and whether Aryans, Turks, Finns, or Mongols, such populations are now comprised under the title of Tchoudes. Above a holy lake in the district of Altaï preside two cavaliers, roughly hewn in granite, as deities of the place, while weapons and portions of armor worked in brass bear witness to the skill in metal of the former races. Remains of watercourses, of mill-dams, and of wheels for grinding prove their industry, as also orchards, and a race of pigs superior to any imported from Russia prove that they were husbandmen and farmers. Such relics of the past have been discovered in the hilly districts of the Yeniseï. These ancients were probably of Finnish origin, who mingled with the indigenous races whom they found, and who are likely to disappear before or be lost amongst a new Russian population. Amongst them the Mongol type greatly prevails. At present the majority of those at all civilized are either Russians or the offspring of Cossacks married to native women. The Slavs in Siberia number more than four millions, if the parts about the Ural Mountains be included. The aborigines, more or less scattered about and distinct from one another, reach little above seven hundred thousand, excluding, however, the small hordes of Kirghiz, who dwell in the steppes within Central Asia. Russian colonization has filled the land, and since the year 1865 it has extended itself southward to the possession of the Altaï, where many rich and magnificent valleys were previously interdicted ground for free colonists. The pre-historic race of this district has left a particular evidence of its civilization, for the mines, so connected of late years with convict labor, were long ago excellently worked, although rich coal seams bordering on the Yeniseï, and probably extending under a great part of the Siberian plain, have hitherto escaped observation, and are even still little valued. The traveller Pallas narrates that his party dragged out of the half-ruined gallery of a mine the wasted skeleton of a prehistoric miner, wearing still by its side a leathern bag filled with valuable mineral ore. In every direction the soil was perforated to form enormous passages that are now almost filled with water. In the agricultural districts also skeletons of men and horses were seen, mixed with ornaments in gold and silver and iron delicately wrought. The principa representatives of the Mongol race on the southern slopes of the Altaï are the Kalmuks, called in their own language Telengout. The Tartars are best able to oppose the Russian advance, and yet the greater number, even of their tribes, exist only in name. More than nine-tenths of the Altaï population are Russians descended from merchants, government employees, Cossacks, miners, soldiers, and exiles.

The whole of this region was monopolized by the Czar for the working of the mines. Yet colonists in great numbers risked all personal dangers rather than leave such valuable land uncultivated. Peasants from Russia and other countries, from Tamboy, Veroneï, Penza, and Ufa built their cabins in valleys a little removed from Altaï, and remained undisturbed until lapse of time gave them rights over the soil, and they were acknowledged as old Siberians. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Russians instituted gold washing in the sands of the torrents flowing from the "Mount of Gold." In 1736 were first discovered traces of lead and silver in the neighborhood of Zmeïnogorsk, whence the mines of the Altaï became the most productive in the world during the latter half of the century, when also the Imperial domains were enlarged by a wide extent of mountainous country between the Irtîch and the Yeniseï. Miners were called in from Germany to instruct the serfs in the working of the ore, and have left slight traces behind them in the type of countenance and in certain technical phrases sometimes met with. The metallic veins of the district comprise gold, silver, brass, nickel, and iron, besides lead and zinc, which are not extracted. But the expense of working these mines has increased so much since the emancipation of the serfs in 1861, that the importance of Altaï as a mining district will, in all probability, gradually diminish; unless, indeed, the attention of the government is more practically turned to its possessions in widespread seams of coal. At the present moment agriculture and cattle-rearing are the principal sources of wealth, at the same time that free labor cannot be developed without help from the State, as long as the population is so thin and traffic is so ill provided for, even with Mongolia. Biisk and Barnaoul, both a little north of Altaï, are pleasantly situated in a wide and fertile plain. The latter is well placed as a centre of communication with Tobolsk to the northwest, and Mongolia on the south. Barnaoul is the capital for the whole Russian population of the Altaï district, which is considerable. The living there is cheaper, the society is more agreeable, and the town itself is gayer than any other, unless it be Irkoutsk, on the banks of the Angara, where it flows into the Lake of Baïkal. Barnaoul is in constant communication with St. Petersburg, and, beside its mines, not only has a large brass foundry and public works around it, but it can boast of a meteorological and magnetic observatory, of a public museum of natural history and antiquities, and especially of a remarkable collection of mineralogy and of the past industry of the Tchoudes.

Since we have mentioned Irkoutsh, we cannot do better than describe this fresh centre of advancing civilization and commerce. Situated in the midst of magnificent mountain scenery, it is the capital of Eastern Siberia, and the most populous town of all Russian Asia. Its growth has been very rapid, and though the mortality has been greatly in advance of its list of births, as must happen with an ever-changing population, thousands of gold-seekers flock in from the surrounding valleys to swell its census roll. The streets are straight and broad, but the houses are wanting in height; the town is otherwise extensive and well built. It contains the most ancient memorial in the country, the ruins of a fortress bearing date 1661. A branch of the Geographical Society was established here in 1869, and published important records, though some were lost in the fire of 1878. This society marks out Irkoutsh as a place of intellectual development, there is much study in it, and public discussion of the affairs of the Empire, which finds

vent in the only newspaper of independent principles in Siberia. It has various shops and distilleries, and, of late years, a manufactory of porcelain and earthenware.

Similar in name, but disimilar in every other feature, is Yakoutsh, on the banks of the Lena, the nearest town of any size to the Pacific. It is finely placed, but its inhabitants have to carry on a constant struggle with the inclemencies of the season, as their town is one of the coldest upon the earth, the mean temperature being nearly that experienced on the summit of Mont Blanc. Its population is made up of hunters, merchants, and boatmen, besides a section of soldiers, officials, and exiles, who cannot choose for themselves. Under Nicholas the prisoners were chiefly political; since that they have been victims of religious persecution. The town took its name from the Yakoutes, a dominant race spreading itself over the northeast corner of this vast Asian continent, between the Arctic and Pacific Oceans. They occupy the banks of the Lena, the Yana, the Indirgirka, and the Kolima, along their whole course into the Polar Sea. Strange as is their choice of territory, the Yakoutes, well named the "Jews of Siberia," are immigrants from the shores of Lake Baïkal, having been forced by the strong-limbed and stolid Bouriates of Mongol extraction to emigrate from their hereditary possessions, taking with them many Tartar customs and expressions. The power of assimilation which the Yakoute has manifested gives him a great advantage in getting on in the world; he can turn his hand to anything, can change from a nomadic to a sedentary life, and with a wonderful facility has become Russified on every point, and finds the Russian youth suitors for his daughters in marriage. He can be an equally good agriculturist, artisan, or miner, and can even succeed in painting and other arts. His complaisance extends to religion also, as he belongs to the Russian Church, through a baptism which in his esteem is little more than form, and with which he combines the superstitious invocation of the deities of the air and water, and of demons. In strong contrast to him again are the dwellers on the peninsula of Kamchatka, which stretches out into the Pacific towards Canada and America, and is more known to and more frequented by American than by Russian traders. The sympathies of the people are little with their real conquerors, and they seem more related in every way to the aborigines on the opposite continent. Despite the rocky nature of their limited country, which is in part volcanic, and still emits stones and lava, there is room left for plains of great natural fertility, supporting some twenty villages, where natives and Russians live together. Above this peninsula the Tchoutches and Koriacks divide the northeast territory between them, and both, being of Mongol origin, present the same general features, appearance, and habits of life, and speak a very similar dialect. They live either on the flesh and the milk of the reindeer, or by fishing in the sea and in the prolific waters of the Anadir, and the rivers to the north. They lead a sedentary life for the most part, although such as support themselves by the chase become naturally of a more stirring and independent spirit.

Having described the general features of Siberia, the character of its scenery and its climate, the different races which drag on an enfeebled and gradually waning existence, and the slow steps by which it was first discovered, and is even now only being rescued out of oblivion and paganism, little more remains to be done than to sketch it as the sad and last long home on earth of the criminal and exile. We have already indicated the origin of the majority of what are now called free Siberians, whether they can lay claim to be Slavs by

birth, or have become, through family ties, language, and customs, brethren with their conquerors. First came hunters from Novgorod, then Cossacks, who assisted Yermack in the conquest of Sebir, but of whom very few brought wives with them, so that they had to form unions with the daughters of the country. Almost all who followed their footsteps, even down to the middle of the present century, have been involuntary colonists, being either soldiers, officials of the government, or prisoners. The greater number of immigrants, from whatever cause, have succumbed to the rigor of the climate and the hardships of their life. Taking but an average of those officially recorded as having been banished, that is, from eight to nine thousand each year, it will be found that not less than a million of souls have been carried by force into Siberia during the past two hundred and fifty years. The earliest free colonists, with the exception of a few isolated groups, were Russian peasants, who took the direction of the lower streams of the Amoor, soon after the annexation of the territory lying immediately south of that river. Before the freedom of the serfs voluntary colonization was an impossibility; the crown and the nobles alike detained at home for the cultivation of their property every peasant whom they did not send off to work in the mines. Such exiles, it is true, by ceasing to be serfs, acquired in a short time more ease and independence of action than they had enjoyed in the mother country. The Russian population of Siberia has more than tripled itself within a hundred years; yet if we take together the three hundred years of its possession of the country, the growth attained has been very inconsiderable. While there has been decided numerical advance each year in the district of Tomsk, comprising the mines of Altaï, there was in 1873 a decrease of twelve thousand souls within twelve years in the direction of Irkoutsk. In many parts it is only fresh immigration which restores the equilibrium of numbers, though in country districts they are on a steady advance.

The first decree of banishment was pronounced upon a female prisoner, by name Oglitch, convicted in 1591 of rousing the people to arms on the assassination of Demetrius, son of Ivan "the Terrible," at the instigation of the usurper Boris Goudenov. The place of her banishment was Pelîm, where she was soon joined by other persons obnoxious to Boris. For some time after this Siberia received as prisoners only political offenders, but in the end of the seventeenth century their numbers were swelled by different bands from Little Russia; and Raskolniks and Streltzi, both belonging to the party of dissent from the Russian Church, passed along the same roads that they had travelled, or left their dead bodies strewing the way. In 1658 began the first deportation of Poles, but the reign of Catherine the Second drove them to Siberia in masses, and nine hundred incurred this fate by having served under Napoleon. The revolutions of 1830 and subsequent years gave fresh impetus to this work of banishment, but the Poles have helped much to the progress of the country, in obtaining better terms for the miners, in creating local industries, and in promoting horticulture and a better system of education. Amongst political prisoners those likely to obtain most Russian sympathy were the "decabristes," in 1826, who owed the amelioration of their sufferings to the devotion of their wives in accompanying them into exile, and to that spirit of union amongst themselves which gained such solid advantage over their jailers, and secured for them some of the comforts of civilized life. It is not so long since the main body of the convicts had to traverse the whole distance on foot, attached by the hand to a long bar of iron, as they

passed from one prison to the other, the journey occupying two years. They still have to march from Tomsk to Tchita, and as they approach a village they raise the cry of supplication, and receive a small alms from the peasants, by whom they are acknowledged, not as criminals, but as the victims of misfortune. Even those condemned for public crimes are commiserated; but the simple prisoner for minor offences, thieving and the like, is generally looked down upon. Except for them the rehabilitation of character is easily effected, and it is a matter of principle or honor with them that when *en route* no one should attempt escape.

As in Russia, the mass of the population is grouped together into communities, or *communes*, although these enjoy the use, not the proprietorship, of the soil. Each *mir*, comprising several villages, is answerable for payment of the impost to the State, and apportions out the land according to the number of souls, or rather of males able to work, who have each to contribute their share to defray the general tax. The mir is charged with the care of ground corresponding in size to the number of its inhabitants, but practically the cultivation of the soil touches only a small part at a time, the rest lying fallow. The prairies yielding their crops regularly are partitioned out afresh every year, while the forests are open to public service. The community is bound to welcome to its bosom every convict when the lapse of his term of imprisonment changes him from a prisoner into a colonist. He also in his turn receives a site for his house, above an acre for his garden, along with his division out of the fields and meadows, so as to make eleven acres in all. But there is always a floating population belonging to no class, and possessing neither lands nor rights; of such unpleasant gentry the prisons of Nertchinsk alone, in the Trans-Baïkal, has turned out no fewer than three thousand one hundred and four specimens in the single year 1848. Such pay a dear price for their freedom, as the fruits of idleness, joined to the severity of the winter, drives them to seek prison shelter under a false name, and in some part of the country where they are unknown. To help detection the authorities used barbarously to disfigure the nose of every condemned person, and up to the year 1864, each convict was branded on the forehead and on both cheeks. At the present time the moral stigma of outlawry is deemed sufficient mark, entailing the risk of being shot down at any moment. We cannot wonder, then, that in some regions much cruelty is practised, and life is held very cheap. Besides criminals, there are throughout Siberia fanatical vagrants of the sect of the Stranniki.

M. Dostoyeffsky gives, no doubt, in his book on penal servitude, the most favorable view possible of convict life, and of the society of the free colonists in Siberia, but the picture drawn can scarcely be called an attractive one. As a branch of the Russian race and Empire, the Siberians must ever possess very peculiar and very contradictory qualities. Their natural intelligence is perhaps keener, but it is certainly less trained than that of their brethren in Europe. Never having been under bondage except in the mines or manufactories, having a wider range for their labor than the Russian peasants of Europe, being brought less frequently in contact with officers placed over them, they live on terms of greater mutual equality. There is no trace of servility in either bearing or tone of voice, but they have little natural gentleness or kindly feeling towards others. They are deficient in point of manners, and in strength and energy of character. Their chief fault, however, lies in indifference; they are uninfluenced either by religious fervor or political enthusiasm, though cool and clear-sighted enough

in calculation. They have no taste for the finer arts of poetry or music. They are inquisitive from motives of curiosity rather than of acquiring knowledge, and love their own ease, but will put themselves to no trouble to obtain it, while they set more value upon the assertion of mutual equality than on the dignity of true freedom. Yet do certain rare examples of noble devotedness shine forth like gold amid the dull tints of a too prevalent mediocrity; and should Siberia some time hence assume a position of importance in the civilized world, such as the natural richness of a large portion of its territory may well lead us to expect, it will demand for itself greater freedom and independence.

LEARNING TO COOK.

A JUDICIOUS mother will so manage her daughters that even at the early age of thirteen they can, in an emergency, prepare "a meal of victuals." A thorough domestic training is very useful to a girl.

At school, she always has a teacher or a fellow-pupil at hand to help her over hard places, but if she is set to make a batch of bread herself, and attends to it from the time the sponge is set till the loaves are taken, sweet, fragrant, golden-brown, from the oven, she learns, meantime, chemistry, caloric, perseverance, delicate manipulation, self-reliance, neatness, and acquires skill and the habit of carrying her work in her mind, as one act of neglect or forgetfulness at any point of the process may spoil the whole.

Because some unwise mothers do not see in the stated and skilful performance by their daughters of household services a certain and valuable culture which cannot be acquired at school, they are willing to do themselves what in justice and kindness to their daughters they should require of them.

Girls, left to their own devices, waste a great deal of time which might be utilized to their advantage. A girl who can climb trees, who can dance hours without fatigue, or jump rope (a very dangerous pastime, by the way), who can take long walks, who can skate and row, can also sweep, and scrub, and make bread, and wash, and iron, if she is encouraged to do so. These are the accomplishments she must possess in order to make a happy home, though she may have half-a-dozen servants at her call.

Those who have sufficient curiosity to investigate this subject will find that many of the most famous women in literature and art were as skilful in those accomplishments, considered specially, as they were with the pen or pencil or chisel. In training girls to be useful, and ready to meet any emergency, mothers confer on them an inestimable blessing.

TO PREVENT COLDS.— In this variable season of the year, colds are specially frequent; in fact, so numerous that in some localities they appear to have an epidemic character. One of the chief causes of colds in spring is a repleted condition of the system. When people have been feeding on strong, carbonaceous, heat-producing food during the winter, they find that on the coming of the warm season the carbonized blood is sluggish, the liver inactive or slow, and the skin clogged. Such a condition must be modified, or the person will find himself the subject of fever. The simplest way by which the system may be relieved is by changing and reducing the food supply. Eat but little flesh-meat — none for a few days would be beneficial — using instead plain, unstimulating vegetable preparations; drink plenty of cold water on rising and on lying down. The legs and feet should be kept warm, and in the course of time it may be expected that an agreeable change may be wrought.

THE DUNGANNON CONVENTION, 1782.

Thomas Davis.

The church of Dungannon is full to the door,
And sabre and spur clash at times on the floor;
While helmit and shako are ranged all along;
Yet no book of devotion is seen in the throng.
In the front of the altar no minister stands,
But the crimson-clad chief of these warrior bands;
And, though solemn the looks and the voices around,
You'd listen in vain for a litany's sound.
Say, what do they hear in the temple of prayer?
Oh! why in the fold has the lion his lair?

Sad, wounded, and wan was the face of our isle,
By English oppression and falsehood and guile;
Yet when to invade it a foreign fleet steered,
To guard it for England the north volunteered.
From the citizen-soldiers the foe fled aghast, —
Still they stood to their guns when the danger had passed,
For the voice of America came o'er the wave,
Crying: Woe to the tyrant and hope to the slave!
Indignation and shame through their regiments speed:
They have arms in their hands, and what more do they need?

O'er the green hills of Ulster their banners are spread,
The cities of Leinster resound to their tread;
The valleys of Munster with ardor are stirred,
And the plains of wild Connaught their bugles have heard.
A Protestant front rank and Catholic rear, —
For, forbidden the arms of freemen to bear,
Yet foemen and friend are full sure, if need be,
The slave for his country will stand by the free.
By green flags supported, the orange flags wave,
And the soldier half turns to unfetter the slave!

More honored that church of Dungannon is now
Then when at its altar communicants bow;
More welcome to heaven than anthem or prayer
Are the rites and the thoughts of the warriors there.
In the name of all Ireland the delegates swore:
"We've suffered too long, and we'll suffer no more, —
Unconquered by force, we were vanquished by fraud;
And now in God's temple, we vow unto God
That never again shall the Englishman bind
His chains on our limbs or his laws on our mind."

The church of Dungannon is empty once more, —
No plumes on the altar, no clash on the floor,
But the councils of England are fluttered to see,
In the cause of their country, the Irish agree;
So they give us a boon what they dare not withhold,
And Ireland, a nation, leaps up as of old,
With a name and a trade and a flag of her own,
And an army to fight for the people and throne.
But woe worth the day if to falsehood or fears
She surrenders the guns of her brave volunteers!

IRISH-AMERICAN SCULPTORS.

While a wise and worthy effort is now in progress in Providence, R. I., to secure a statue of Gen. Burnside, an enterprise that involves the sentiment and culture of the State, and is sure of being finally crowned with success, it may be interesting to many to know that the city is now not without a studio of real importance and much-deserved fame. This may be found on the fourth floor of the Atlantic Building, on Exchange Street. Here we find a gifted and patient sculptor studying his designs and modelling figures for the benefit not only of Rhode Island, but of our wide country. Both his quiet devotion to art, and his superior tact in execution of his ideas, justify the mention of his name and his career.

Stephen Joseph O'Kelley was born of a worthy family, in Dublin, Ireland, September 5, 1848, and was educated in Dublin and in London. He studied sculpture with his uncle, Jno. Lawlor, who was engaged on the Prince Consort Memorial, and the apprentice himself worked on the memorial about four years. He has a brother Charles, who is also a sculptor, and a brother Aloysius, who is a gifted painter. His brother James J. is now the Member of Parlament for Roscommon, and occupies a cell in Kilmainham Jail, next to Mr. Parnell. He was formely a noted writer for the *New York Herald*, and was largely connected with Cuban affairs and other adventures.

Stephen J. married in London, and in 1871 came to this country. In New York he executed the designs for the United States Government on the Post-office building, and the United States Court Rooms. He then executed a contract for the Government of Hayti, consisting of three statues and a pediment for the Court of Justice. Subsequently, for eighteen months, he was engaged at Garden City on the famous Stewart Cathedral. During his labors in New York, he twice re-visited London. The fame of his work made him known in Rhode Island, and in May, 1879, he was employed by the Smith Granite Company, of Westerly, to open a studio in Providence, under the agency of Mr. Frank F. Tingley, who had also an agency in Boston, with special reference to drawing and modelling designs to be executed in granite and bronze. Thus Providence has an artist who studied in the South Kensington Museum, the Royal Academy, and other schools, and whose numerous creations are the full evidence of his talents and his tact. Here he has modelled many busts, as private orders, for various States in our country, many curious and classical designs for monumental purposes, and a number of elegant statues. Among the latter may be mentioned three statues for St. Mary's Church in New York; a non-commissioned officer bearing the flag; the angel of the resurrection; the angel of faith; the angel of hope; the angel of memory; the angel of meditation; and lesser designs as figures for niches or for surmounting monuments. The grace, beauty, and idealism of his work must be seen to be appreciated.

ANOTHER IRISH-AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

There has been a striking sameness in most of the interviews with Oscar Wilde, printed in the Western newspapers, but the following from the *Cincinnati Gazette* contains some new comments and impressions of general interest: "I met in Chicago," Mr. Wilde said reflectively, "a young sculptor whom we would love and be so proud of if he were in Europe,—a Mr. Donohue. He re-

minded me of the old Italian stories of the struggle of genius. Born of poor people, he felt a desire to create beauty. Seeing some workmen modelling a cornice one day, he begged some clay of them, and went home and began to model. A man who saw what was in him gave him money for a year in Paris. He went, and has come back. The way I found him was, he sent me a little bas-relief of a seated girl, illustrating a verse of my poem, 'Requiescat.' I went and saw him; found him in a bare little room at the top of a great building, and in the centre was a statuette of the young Sophocles leading the dance and the song after the battle of Salamis, a piece of the highest artistic beauty and perfect workmanship, waiting there in the clay, to be cast into bronze. It was by far the best piece of sculpture I have seen in America.

"Meanwhile the artist starves upon a radish and a crust, the stoic's fare, perhaps, but he will win in the end, and trouble is light if one is an artist. A man is not successful," said Mr. Wilde, "because the world praises him, but because his work is good."

TWO BROTHER SCULPTORS.

We have in Boston the Brothers Millmore, who have distinguished themselves in the various branches of sculpture.

A FLY-WHEEL CAT.

A white cat which was about Winchester's shop was missed recently. In the forging department of the drop shop is an upright engine where the blowing is done for the forges. The other morning the man started his engine, and looking about the wheel he noticed something on the fly-wheel. The wheel was making a great number of revolutions per minute, — going so fast that the spokes were invisible. He did not make out what it was, but paid no particular attention to it, as he thought it was the sun shining on the wheel. Glancing that way occasionally, he noticed the same thing several times. He started the engine at 7 o'clock, and at about 9:30, noticing the object again on the wheel, he thought he would stop the engine and see what it was. He stopped it and got over where it was, and found it was a white cat clinging to the wheel. There the cat had been hanging on for two and a half hours. He took the cat down, and it had become cross-eyed. He put the cat in a box and cared for it, and in about two or three days it began to get around and its eyes commenced to have their natural look. In about a week it came to the room of the foreman, J. D. Eager, a branch of the forge department. Mr. Eager fed it, and commenced to train it. The animal reciprocates the kindness shown, remaining about the forge all the time, and evincing quite an interest in the business, and is quite a pet among the workmen. The above is a fact. —*New Haven (Conn.) Journal and Courier.*

"Passengers in this 'bus will do well to look out for their pocket-books," said a London policeman at the door of a crowded omnibus; "there are two members of the 'swell mob' in here." "If that's the case," said a nervous man in white choker, who looked like a clergyman, "I will get out; I cannot risk my reputation in such company." "And I," said a respectable looking old gentleman, with gold-headed cane and spectacles, "have too much money about me to stand the chances of being robbed." And so both alighted. Then the policeman said, "Drive on; they've both got out."

Try a newspaper over the chest, beneath the coat, as a chest protector in extremely cold weather.

WHO IS GOD: AND WHAT IS SIN?

Most Rev. Archbishop Croke.

One of the most famous, certainly one of the most acute, of the Greek philosophers was requested by his disciples, more than two thousand years ago, to answer, if possible, the first part of this question. He would not dare to do so, for, said he, if I could comply with your request, either there would be no God, seeing that I could accurately describe him, or I myself would be God, for no one not divine can give an adequate idea of the divinity. Yet, he continued, I can give you some slight information as to what He is. God is a general who commands the best disciplined and most numerous army that has ever yet been brought together; an emperor whose dominions extend from pole to pole; an architect who builds without materials and whose choicest works shall not perish even with time. And, in truth, brethren, look around and above you, and tell me do you see, or can you conceive, anything there that is not obedient to the Almighty? "Fire, and hail, and snow," says the Psalmist, "ice, and stormy winds, mountains and hills, beasts and cattle, praise the Lord from the earth and fulfil His will." The seasons succeed each other at His bidding. Every plant and shrub, every fruit and flower, the fishes of the mighty deep, though miles upon miles away from the track of the fisherman, the little bird that pours its song of sweetness in the air or quietly nestles in the brake, the wild beast of the forest, proverbial for its ferocity, as well as the most domestic animal that shares the husbandman's toil, — all things, in short, grow, bloom and blossom, live and move, and are useful, just exactly when and where and as He likes it. Thunder and lightning, tides and tempests come and go at the slightest motion of His hand. The blade of grass that grows in the most sequestered valley, the worm you trample under foot, the pebble on the sea-shore, the block of granite, the mountain and the valley, the little rivulet that steals almost unnoticed by the roadside, as well as the rapid river that rolls its tributary strength in anger to the ocean, — what are they but so many members of His imperial army, so many messengers of His Almighty will? Who, therefore, is like unto God, or who dares to gainsay His command? The sinner, brethren, and the sinner alone. He effectually says, "All things around me are obedient to God, but I shall not obey Him." Nor is this all. God in heaven hears this rebellious word spoken, and, sorely afflicted thereat, He flies faster than lightning to the sinner's side, and with affectionate importunity says to him, "Do you forget, then, who I am, or what I have done for you? Am I not your Creator, your parent, your benefactor, your best, your earliest and unfailing friend? "And the sinner answers, "I know it, but I will not obey you. I do not forget that you suffered long and much on my account, and am not ignorant of the future which is said to await me beyond the grave; but I tell you, once for all, that my mind is made up, my resolution irrevocably taken, and so I say to you again, I will not serve you. I prefer myself to you; the pleasures of this world to the much-vaunted happiness of the next; and as for the joy which my conversion may cause in heaven, I utterly disregard it." Such, brethren, is sin, — an obstinate revolt against God, disregard of His threats, and a fatal recklessness as to all consequences in the future. Surely, then, God must hate sin with an infinite hatred; and, if so, how is it that

sinners are allowed, not simply to live on unpunished for long years and years together, but appear to flourish in quite a special manner, to prosper and grow great, not unfrequently on the very ruins of what is good, and virtuous, and deserving? The pagans in ancient days proposed this objection to the Christians: What sort of God is this, said they, that you adore? Where are His justice and goodness, to say nothing of His generosity? Why does He allow you to be poor and persecuted and despised? Why does He not assist you? You are debarred, they continued, every source of earthly enjoyment, such as theatres and other places of amusement. To be sure, God promises you immortality hereafter; but in that He is deceitful. St. Augustine and St. Anselm deal exhaustively with this difficulty, and meet it much in the same way, or at least on the same principles. Sinners, they contend, are not happy, and to assume that they are is alike contrary to reason, Scripture, and experience. They are allowed, however, to live, and even to prosper, in order to make manifest the justice and wisdom and goodness of God. First, His justice. There is no man, they go on arguing, so wicked, or so thoroughly corrupt, that something of good may not be found in his character. He may not be possessed of any supernatural virtue, but his natural virtues may be many, and these are in justice entitled to a reward. That reward, being in the natural order, must be given in this life, and hence the prosperity of the wicked. Secondly, His wisdom. It is wise to give the wicked time to repent; for were God to act otherwise, and cut off great sinners in the midst of their iniquities, we should miss from the catalogue of the saints some of the brightest and most attractive names that figure there. Paul, who heartlessly stood outside the gates of Jerusalem holding the clothes of the men who stoned to death the first martyr, was then and there doing a most wicked deed, besides being confessedly a determined persecutor of the Infant Church. He was spared, however, to be miraculously converted on the road to Damascus, and became thereafter a light to the Gentiles and the honor and glory of the Christian name. The guilty Magdalene, the woman of the street, the shame of her sex, was spared to see and speak to the Lord Jesus, and to water His feet with her tears. And not to talk of countless others, St. Augustine also is a prominent case in point. The great Manichean, the proud rhetorician of Rome and Carthage, was converted at the advanced age of three-and-thirty, and died a saintly bishop,—one of the foremost figures of the Latin Church. Thirdly, and finally, His goodness. "The Lord delayeth not His promise," writes St. Peter, "but dealeth patiently, not willing that any should perish, but that all should return to penance." Now, this reasoning of the two illustrious doctors whose names I mentioned a while ago may be, and no doubt is, satisfactory and conclusive; but we have really no need of it to solve the difficulty before us. Our Divine Lord, a short time before His Passion, actually prepared His followers for the very state of things that is now objected to us. "Amen, Amen, I say unto you; you shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice, and you shall be made sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy." And, indeed, the whole economy of the Christian religion turns on the belief that we are but pilgrims here, journeying in pilgrim fashion to our true country far away; that our life on earth is but a probationary interval; that the kingdom of heaven suffers violence, and "that the violent bear it away." "Blessed are the poor in spirit; blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice sake." The followers of Jesus

Christ, then, must be prepared for persecution, for poverty, and for all manner of bad treatment here; but they will be rewarded an hundred-fold hereafter. What is life? It is but a dream. Compared with eternity, it is as a drop of water to the ocean, or as a spark from a fiery furnace to the inexhaustible light of the sun. Infancy is a blank, early youth a servitude, manhood a warfare, and old age is but the vestibule of the grave. Our sufferings here, therefore, are as nothing compared with the future glory that shall be revealed in us. Let us be consoled and comforted by this blessed hope; and, when tempted to repine, as we sometimes may be, on seeing wealth and wickedness raised above us, as the cedars of Lebanon, and the just and righteous humbled in the dust, let us remember that this order of things is sanctioned by a just, a wise, and a merciful God, and that the Divine Founder of our religion promised no better inheritance here to His followers.

A GENTLEMAN was complaining on 'Change that he had invested a large sum of money in Third Street and lost it. A sympathizing friend asked him whether he had been a bull or bear, to which he replied, "Neither; I was a jackass."

THE following is an old lady's description of her milkman: "He is the meanest man in the world," she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on top, then turns it over and skims it on the bottom."

THIS is weather that attracts a large audience to the "stirring lectures" delivered with spoons in 'em and in silent eloquence at the bars of the city. Lawyers and other professors, as well as laymen, heed the common call, "Let's take suthin."

A MAY MORNING HYMN TO MARY.

Now virgin May has smiled again,
Ave, Maria!
The wild flowers blush in grove and glen,
Ave, Maria!
The wood-bird's song, the floral scene,
The bowery hill, the shamrock plain,
All speak of thee, their Maker's queen,
Ave, Maria!

But sweeter than the flowery glow,
Ave, Maria!
Of fragrant summer scenes art thou,
Ave, Maria!
Sweeter than the floweret's balm,
Milder than the twilight calm,
Softer than an angel's psalm,
Ave, Maria!

The stream receives the sunny beam,
Ave, Maria!
But thou art purer than the stream,
Ave, Maria!
The infant rose's purpling hue,
The noon-day sky's refulgent blue,
Are not so stainless pure as you,
Ave, Maria!

O Virgin Queen of heavenly grace,
Ave, Maria!
In every flower I see thy face,
Ave, Maria!
And as I bask in May's young ray,
Methinks I hear all nature say,
"Hail, hail, O glorious Queen of May,
Ave, Maria!"

Lo! in the summer's fostering arms,
Ave, Maria!
Rich autumn shows his golden charms,
Ave, Maria!
But all those scenes magnificent,
Below the sun-bright firmament,
Cannot be more munificent
Than Ave, Maria!

Thy Son has saved the race of earth,
Ave, Maria!
You gave that Son his wondrous birth,
Ave, Maria!
And earth nor heaven has never seen,
Nor angel choir, nor feeble men,
So great a King — so bright a Queen,
Ave, Maria!

And may we never cease to prove,
Ave, Maria!
To Him and thee our faith and love,
Ave, Maria!
O may we try, thou lovely one,
To imitate thy holy Son,
And honor thee as He has done,
Ave, Maria!

THE MIGRATION OF NATIONS.

Catholic Literary Circular.

MIGRATION and settlement, invasion and conquest, are the phases by which the children of men gradually acquire possession of their inheritance, the earth. As each generation multiplies its numbers, so does it require increasing space for its maintenance; and thus love of family, the moving principle of humanity, gives rise to the two conflicting sentiments of the desire for home and the desire for food. Which of these two sentiments is to be considered the stronger depends on whether we measure by the violence or the stability of an affection. Want of food will drive men forth in flocks to the very uttermost ends of the earth, if need be, to find provision for themselves and their children; but love of home will stay their footsteps at the first available point where there appears a likelihood of making for themselves a place upon the face of the earth. Nor will their new engagements and new relations be sufficient to sever the ties from their mother country, even if their associations with her may have been full of pain and their connection full of trouble. It is not merely the Swiss, or the Frenchman, or the Irishman — those whom we are so good as to consider the emotional nations — in whom this pardonable weakness is developed. A German's love of Fatherland is the anodyne which has softened many a painful political operation, the salve which has stilled the throb of many a wound to her liberty and independence. Phlegmatic England, too, is just as much its prey; and men who have been for years accustomed to other countries, who have lost all care for friend or relation, who detest English habits, English ideas, English weather, and, above all, English society, are still possessed by an unconquerable desire to return home, as time goes on, and settle down in England. Old colonists retain this affection long after the political tie has become little else than a theme on which "extreme" orators may expend a little harmless and superfluous denunciation; and even war has hardly thoroughly dissociated the United States from the memories of the mother country.

In heathen times the sentiment was, if possible, even deeper, and the colony — founded as it was with religious ceremonies — was regarded as having the strongest conceivable claims upon the consideration of the original State, a theory which produced occasionally some unexpected results. When meditating his invasion of Greece — it is true that Herodotus appears rather doubtful about the truth of the narrative, but the popular acceptation of the tradition is sufficient to show the strength of the feeling — Xerxes is related to have sent a herald to Argos, who addressed to the inhabitants the following words: "Men of Argos, King Xerxes speaks thus to you. We Persians deem that Perses, from whom we descend, was the child of Perseus, the son of Danaë, and of Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus. Hereby it would seem that we come of your stock and lineage. So then it neither befits us to make war upon those from whom we spring, nor can it be right for you to fight, on behalf of others, against us. Your place is to keep quiet and hold yourselves aloof. Only let matters proceed as I wish, and there is no people whom I shall have in higher esteem than you." This address, says the story, was highly valued by the Argives, who therefore, at the first, neither gave a promise to the Greeks nor yet put forward a demand.

Stranger still it is to find that not even the thousand years which separated the subject of Augustus Cæsar from the companion of Æneas; not the incessant wars in which his city had been engaged for more than seven centuries; not the world-wide dominion which he had thereby obtained, could destroy in the breast of the Roman citizen the remembrance that he was an exile. The memories of that midnight hour, when

"Troy in one mass sank down amid the fires,"

the ruins of the many-chambered palace, where the heart of Hecuba had swelled with a too haughty pride as she gazed on the goodly array of princes who called her mother, the desolate hearths and shrines of their gods, the tombs of Priam and of Paris, a pasture for wild oxen and a den for panthers to lay their young; these images were never absent from the mind of the Roman in the fiercest days of the Republic, or in the most luxurious period of the Empire. This feeling it was which impelled Augustus to restore the ancient city of the East, and to rebuild the walls which had been broken down. And so strong a hold did it obtain over the monarch of the world, that he was only deterred from his project by the remonstrance of Horace reminding him in his grandest ode of the tradition, according to which universal dominion was granted by the gods to the descendants of Romulus on the single condition that the sea should forever roll between their capital and that of their perjured and heaven-defying ancestors. Probably, too, this feeling had its share in urging Constantine to fix on the shores of the Propontis for the site of his new city, where the smoke of "heathen sacrifice had never ascended," an act by which he struck an irrecoverable blow both to the Paganism and to the dominion of Ancient Rome.

But as the desire of home tends to the settlement of land and to the concentration of the community, so does the necessity for food drive men further and further in their search, and so inevitably produce an incessant tide of migration. Now the laws under which this migration takes place have hardly, we think, been fully recognized. Dwelling, as we do, on the extreme verge of the great continent, the waves of population which have spent themselves on our shore have come wholly from the East; and we have been led to acquiesce in the well-known line that —

"Westward the tide of Empire takes its way."

Yet if any one will recall the histories of many principal empires, they will find that this law by no means holds good. The empire of Greece, starting from Macedonia, extended itself to the confines of India. The Empire of Rome, commencing with Italy, spread eastward and northward to the Euphrates and the Danube. The Empire of Russia is at this moment advancing over Central Asia. The Empire of England, diffused peacefully throughout the world, has obtained her one great military conquest upon Eastern soil. Nor is it true, except towards the Western portion of the continent, that the migrations by which these different nations were founded were always in a westerly direction. To say nothing of the tribes which established the kingdom of China, and which first settled on the plains of India, our own portion of the continent has witnessed much more devious currents of migration. The Goths, with innumerable nations in their train, swept first northwards, then southwards throughout Europe. The Miletian colony in Ireland arrived there from the South. The Ottomans marched their hordes first southwards, and then northwards, against the Christian Empire of the East. In our own day the same phenomenon is still to be seen, and the eruption of Chinese into California and into Australia proves that the West is not the only road by which men seek their fortune. Still,

in spite of these disturbances and under-currents, as it were, it is evident that a certain law is at work by which they all may be reconciled. That law we believe to be that the motion of nations resembles that of water. They tend to flow out on every side wherever there may be an outlet, but their principal discharge is along the channel which affords them a line of easy motion. It follows, therefore, that the first requisite for forming a clear conception of the movement and growth of nations will be to possess a correct outline of the world in which they move; such, for example, as Cardinal Newman has afforded in his admirable lectures upon Turkish history.

THE EUCALYPTUS TREE.

AUSTRALIA is the chief producer of the Eucalyptus tree, which possesses very remarkable purifying properties. The tree also grows in other countries, however, and no doubt it will eventually be well known in the United States. The chief virtue of the Eucalyptus, is its power to prevent malarial disease. Planted in a marshy region, it will either absorb or neutralize all the miasmatic poisons, and keep the atmosphere pure and wholesome. The British Government has had some 30,000 Eucalyptus trees planted on the island of Cyprus, and it has also tried them at the Cape of Good Hope, with very beneficial effects. Efforts are now being made to disinfect the Campagna at Rome by means of the Eucalyptus, and in many other places it has been used for the same purpose. There are few countries where febrile disease of the milder kinds is more common than in the United States, and the tree would, therefore, be especially useful here. We believe it has already been introduced in California, where it grows remarkably well, and there is every likelihood that it will be brought to the more populous parts of the country, to assist in the general fight against chills and fever, the plague of almost every neighborhood. The value of the Eucalyptus may ultimately prove equal to that of the Cinchona, from which came the Jesuits' Bark of the old times,—now quinine. And it would certainly be much more comfortable to prevent fever by using the Eucalyptus, than to cure them with doses of quinine.

THE latest glory won by British peeler chivalry in Ireland consists in imprisoning the Land League women of Limerick. Well, 'tis not the first time that Limerick women have roused the wrath of their country's oppressors. Who has not heard the story of their bravery at the memorable siege at which the sword of Sarsfield flashed, when side by side with husbands, brothers, and lovers, they beat back the foe from the walls of the ancient city? How sings Thomas Davis?—

> The women fought before the men,
> Each man became a match for ten,
> So back they pushed the villains then,
> From the city of *Luimnench lian-ghlas.*

The lordly Shannon may change its course, Garryowen may be forgotten, and the Treaty-Stone be dust on the wind, but never whilst heroic deeds possess a charm for generous hearts — whilst the valor of Judith provokes praise and the enthusiasm of the Maid of Orleans fires the impassioned soul — shall the memory of those devoted women fade from the hearts of the noble and the brave. *Catholic Union.*

"SAM, did you see Mr. Jenkins, the new overseer?" "Yes, massa, I met him down by the mill." "He's a good-looking fellow, isn't he?" "Well, massa, he talks like a good-looking man — he made a bow, and dat's all he said."

WHAT do you always do before you go to sleep? Shut your eyes.

THE SWORD.

Thomas Francis Meagher.

But, my Lord, I dissented from the peace resolutions (proposed in Conciliation Hall, Dublin,) before us, for other reasons. I stated the first. I now come to the second.

I dissented from them, for I felt that, by assenting to them, I should have pledged myself to the unqualified repudiation of physical force in all countries at all times, and under every circumstance. This I could not do. For, my Lord, I do not abhor the use of arms in the vindication of national rights. There are times when arms will alone suffice, and when political ameliorations call for a drop of blood, and many thousand drops of blood.

Opinion, I admit, will operate against opinion. But, as the honorable member for Kilkenny (John O'Connell) has observed, force must be used against force. The soldier is proof against an argument,—but he is not proof against a bullet. The man that will listen to reason,—let him be reasoned with. But it is the weaponed arm of the patriot that can alone prevail against battalioned despotism.

Then, my Lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of Heaven—the Lord of Hosts! the God of battles!—bestows his benediction upon those who unsheath the sword in the hour of a nation's peril.

From that evening on which, in the valley of Bethulia, He nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this our day, in which He has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth, from His Throne of Light, to consecrate the flag of freedom,—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in the defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my Lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow.

Abhor the sword,—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian, and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Inspruck!

Abhor the sword,—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic,—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

Abhor the sword,—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium—scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps—and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets, into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

My Lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself,—not in this hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of generous blood.

My Lord, I honor the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians, for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success; and I, for one, will not stigmatize, for I do not abhor the means by which they obtained a Citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies.

WHAT IRISH FEDERATION MEANS.

Clare Independent.

Some people are not clear about the meaning of federation. Others magnify the difficulty of obtaining it. The *New York Sun*, for instance, while recognizing its necessity, thinks that before it can be accomplished there must be an entire change in the British political system. The whole structure must be pulled down and a new one organized. According to the *Sun*, "the recognition of the principle of local self-government in Ireland cannot be made without profoundly affecting Englishmen as well as Irishmen, and revolutionizing the British Constitution."

There is no need of such a change in order to make way of federation. There is no reason why English methods of legislation, so far as English interests are concerned, should not go on as at present. The general principles of the British system need not be affected at all.

What is demanded for Ireland is the restoration of her Parliament. The British Constitution, whatever it may be, was practically the same as it is now, when Ireland had her own Parliament. Nothing that has since occurred has made any fundamental changes in its character. There is nothing in it at least but tradition and precedent. It was not "revolutionized" when legislative independence was conceded to Ireland just a hundred years ago. Why should the restoration of that independence "revolutionize" it now?

As to the meaning of federation, it is, of course, that Ireland shall have the making of all laws relating to her own affairs. She should regulate the franchise; she should legislate upon questions of education and upon taxation revenue; she should enact such laws as may be necessary to develop and foster her industries; she should appoint her own local magistrates and public officers; there are innumerable interests to which she alone is competent to give proper attention.

And it should be her place, first of all, to deal with her land questions. If the landlords are to be bought out, an Irish Parliament should make the bargain, and see that the contract was fulfilled.

Federation does not necessarily mean perpetual attachment to the British Crown. No political agreement of to-day can control the future. Ireland's rights to absolute independence would remain unaffected if her demand for self-government were granted. The world recognizes the right of sovereignty as a reserved right of every nation which dares to strike for it.

Self-government would put Ireland on her feet. The development of national power that would follow would prepare her to use the opportunities that may come hereafter. The duty of to-day is to gather strength in every way possible.

It is said that England will not allow Ireland to grow strong beside her. But Ireland does grow strong in spite of her, and every few years she compels England to do something that increases her strength. She is a source of greater concern to England now than ever before; and England need not look for peace with Ireland until the present relations are changed.

The story of a lazy schoolboy who spelled Andrew Jackson & dru Jaxon has been equalled by a New York student who wished to mark a half dozen shirts. He marked the first "John Jones," and the rest "do."

Try a hot flannel over the seat of neuralgic pain, and renew frequently.

THE LATE FESTIVAL.

St. Patrick's Day was well observed throughout the country,—less of street display, and greater attendance at the churches, where the festival really belongs. We have been looking around for a good speech to give our readers, and have hit upon one delivered in Chicago, by our true friend, William J. Onahan, Esq. It was delivered at the celebration of the St. Patrick's Society.

The toast was "The Day we Celebrate."

Ladies and Gentlemen,—The duty and privilege for several years past has devolved upon me, as President of the St. Patrick's Society, to welcome the guests who take part in our annual reunions; and I now again have the honor to bid you one and all a cordial and a hearty welcome to this festive board, and to the intellectual as well as the social enjoyments yet in store for you this evening. I cannot too warmly voice the hospitable sentiments of the members who rejoice to meet and greet this numerous and distinguished company on this occasion.

You do honor to the society in joining with it in paying homage to St. Patrick's memory, and in testifying your love and affection for the land which he hallowed by his immortal labors, and sanctified with his enduring benediction.

Devotion to kindred and native land is one of the most beautiful, as it is likewise one of the most laudable, traits in the human character.

It is stronger and more enduring in some nations than in others; but it will not, I think, be disputed that no nation or people have given more striking proofs and illustrations of their love for kindred and home than have the people of Ireland. It is conspicuous in their passionate attachment to the old land; it is touchingly manifest in the heart-breaking sorrow which they exhibit when forced to leave it; nor does time or distance conquer this passion, or tend to diminish their devotion.

On the contrary, they carry with them across the sea an intense, burning love for Ireland,—its traditions, its memories, above all its faith; and they never, never forget the kindred whom they left behind.

In whatever distant country or remote hemisphere their lot may be cast, in whatsoever condition of life and fortune they may be placed, the passionate love for dear old Ireland remains undying and inextinguishable; aye, and even in death, as is sometimes related, there is the yearning in the Irish heart that the soul, in its flight to another world, may be privileged to *pass through Ireland!*

You perhaps have read the touching anecdote related of the Swiss troops serving in the ranks of the French Army, who, hearing in a distant country the music of the *Ranz-de-Vache*—the plaintive air of their far-off mountain homes—were so affected by it, and so stirred by the memories which it recalled, that many dropped dead in the ranks! Like the Swiss Mountaineers, we, too, are stirred to-night by the music which brings fresh to our minds, and touches deeply our hearts, the memories which this day suggests and recalls,—memories and recollections of the dear old isle across the sea; it brings before us the panorama of her varied history, her early glory and civilization, now no longer regarded with scepticism; her distinguished position during the centuries following St. Patrick's career, when Ireland was admittedly in the van, nay, at the very head of European civilization; when the island swarmed with churches, seminaries, and schools, and these were thronged with monks and scholars, who came from the most dis-

tant lands to imbibe from Irish masters the lessons of science and philosophy which nowhere else, in that age, could be acquired so readily and so freely as in Ireland; and forth from the island went out a never-ceasing throng of missionaries and scholars to spread the faith of St. Patrick and carry the torch of science and knowledge to distant lands and people. This is not the language of exaggeration or national enthusiasm.

It is the concurring testimony of writers, against whom this charge would not lie.

The unique position occupied by Ireland, from the fifth to the ninth century, was the consequence of St. Patrick's teachings, and of St. Patrick's apostolic labors in Ireland. On former occasions I have dwelt at length and in detail on this interesting period of Irish history, as well as on the dark and gloomy sequel; the scourge and desolation caused by the disastrous invasion of the Northmen, and the final and crowning calamity of the English usurpation.

I need not repeat the well-known story again.

The day we celebrate, it is to be remembered, is first and before all a memorable Christian Catholic festival, commemorative of, and indissolubly linked with, the greatest event in the life of a nation, — the conversion of its people to Christianity. To ignore this fact would be to emasculate from the anniversary its chief, its most harmonious significance. Therefore it is we honor, first of all and before all, St. Patrick's life, St. Patrick's work, and St. Patrick's faith!

But the day we celebrate has another, though not antagonistic significance.

It is the only day in the round of the year which can be regarded as Ireland's *national* anniversary, and it has, therefore, a two-fold significance to the Irish mind and the Irish heart.

It suggests and recalls every historic memory, and inspires every national aspiration and hope.

It brings before us not only the great Saint and his successors who labored and toiled for the spiritual weal of the Irish people, but it also summons the heroes who fought, and the patriots who suffered, for the cause of national life and national freedom. On this day at least we have a right to honor the Irishmen whose names and memorable achievements illuminate the pages of Ireland's history; and we may justly take pride in the genius, the capacity, and patriotism which they have shown whenever and whatever opportunity was afforded for the exercise of their talents.

If Irishmen, as is sometimes asserted by our enemies, are unequal to the task of wisely governing Ireland, they at all events have shown an extraordinary capacity to govern, administer, and legislate for other countries. Even England at the present hour commits the government of many of her principal colonies and dependencies to Irishmen! I wish I dare take time to quote for you some interesting names and items on this point from the British Blue Book; but the fact is as I state. Chas. Gavan Duffy in Australia, and the lamented Thos. D'Arcy McGee in Canada, illustrate the force of what I say. They were both under the ban in Ireland in 1848 for seeking to demonstrate that Irishmen not only could, but had a right to govern Ireland, and, driven into exile, see what capacity, nay, what genius they developed and exhibited in managing and administering the affairs of distant and important colonies!

Would they have been less successful, or shown less capacity, in an executive or parliament in Dublin?

But the calumny on Irish fitness for self-government, or home rule, is only equalled by the other falsehood set afloat by the vile infidel

Voltaire, — that the Irish fought well everywhere except at home!

One hundred years ago, at this very period, Irish statesmen demonstrated before the world that there was capacity in Ireland to make its laws and conduct its affairs.

To name Grattan, Flood, Charlemont, Curran, Plunket, Burgh, Yelverton, is to name a galaxy of men who were statesmen of the highest type, and who exhibited the most distinguished capacity for affairs; and during eighteen years Irishmen did legislate for Ireland,— and you know with what happy results to the material prosperity of the country. I do not forget that the vast majority of the Irish people were then subject to political disabilities,— the unhappy inheritance of English penal legislation and religious proscription; but these laws would have disappeared from the statute book in due course,— as they did nearly fifty years later, when the indomitable power and genius of another Irish statesman effected the giant task of their removal,— the immortal O'Connell! Shall I point to the distinguished positions attained on the continent by the descendants of Irishmen?

Within the past few days you may have read, in the foreign despatches, an item concerning *Count Prendergast*, the present Governor-General of Cuba.

I need not remind you of the great Marshal O'Donnell, Count of Lucena, and Duke of Tetuan, who was repeatedly Prime Minister of Spain during the reign of Queen Isabella, and was one of the foremost statesmen, as he was one of the first soldiers, in Europe in this century.

Do you need to be informed that a Count Taaffe, until a recent period, was the head of the Cabinet in Austria, — a post formerly held by Count Nugent?

Who has not heard of the achievements and distinction won by Field-Marshal Lacy, who rose to the rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Russian armies in the last century? and he was only a humble Irish lad, who served originally as an ensign in Sarsfield's army.

And in France, which, more than any other country in Europe, gave hospitable welcome to, and received into its armies the exiled Irish, see how these same Irish repaid with their blood the generous welcome!

According to the records of the French War Office, 500,000 Irish soldiers died in the service of France from the capitulation at Limerick down to 1781.

Patrick McMahon, Marshal, Duke of Magenta, ex-President of the French Republic, is proud of his Irish descent and lineage.

Nor should I forget to recall Count Lally, who almost tore India from the English by his genius and his enterprise.

He led the Irish brigades at Fontenoy; he fought for Charles Edward in Scotland; sad that I should be obliged to relate that he died by the guillotine,— a victim to cabals and ingratitude; though his son afterwards succeeded in vindicating his father's honor, and obtained a reversal of the hasty and unjust verdict.

Even in South America the exiled Irish have not failed to make their mark. The name of General Patricio Lynch, Commander-in-Chief of the Chilian forces during the late war with Peru, cannot have escaped your notice.

But I need not go to distant countries for illustrations.

In the Senate of the United States, a few weeks ago, one of the ablest, as he is one of the most eloquent of the Senators, Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, in paying a tribute to a deceased member of Congress, Mr. O'Connor, of South Carolina, said:

"His name and parentage were Irish, and he was one of the almost countless illustrations of worth and character, eloquence and wit, courage and capacity, which that island of song has contributed to build up and strengthen the Government of the United States and the advancement of its

people. Mr. President, if the names of the men of Irish birth and Irish blood who have dignified and decorated the annals of American history were to be erased from the record, how much of the glory of our country would be subtracted! In the list of American statesmen and patriots, theologians and poets, soldiers and sailors, jurists and orators, what names shine with a purer lustre, or are mentioned with more respect, than those of the men, past and present, whom we owe to Ireland? On that imperishable roll of honor, the Declaration of Independence, we find their names; and in the prolonged struggle that followed there was no battle-field, from the St. Lawrence to the Savannah, but was enriched with Irish blood, shed in the cause of civil and religious liberty. To-day we see them in our midst, honored and beloved by their associates, and valued not only by their constituents, but by the entire country."

I might fill out with names and deeds the tribute which Senator Bayard has thus eloquently outlined, but the brief time within which I must confine my speech will not admit of it,—indeed it is scarcely necessary.

The genius and capacity shown by Irishmen in every sphere and station, has won world-wide recognition.

To name Grattan, Burke, Curran, Flood, Sheridan, O'Connell, and also the great Dominican, is to prove the race matchless in oratory. To mention Goldsmith, Moore, Davis, McGee, Mangan, Balfe, De Vere, McCarthy, Ferguson, O'Reilly, Dr. Joyce, is to demonstrate the brilliancy of Irish poetry and the inspiration of Irish song. And in literature and journalism what a thronging litany of talent, from Swift to Chas. Lever! The gap may partly be filled by the names of Mahony (Father Prout), Dr. Maginn, Mitchel, O'Curry, O'Donovan, Griffin, Banim, Carleton, Duffy, O'Hanlon, Moran, McCarthy; but I need only add "their name is legion." In the arts of painting and sculpture witness the fame and distinction won by Barry, Maclise, Foley, Mulrennan, and Healy.

In arms and warlike renown I may proudly point to the battle-fields of Europe the past two centuries, and in America, from the war of Independence; there you will find the record of Irish bravery traced in blood and blazoned in glory!

Well, indeed, may Irishmen exult in the record of the triumphs of their race on the field and in the forum; in art and in literature; in the professions, and in triumphs of mechanical skill, as well as engineering talent.

It is sometimes said, though not always with an intentional sneer, that Irishmen built our canals and railways and other great public works,—that they have been useful, if not indispensable, in developing the material resources of this great country; they have done more,—they have attained to front-rank positions in every department of trade and industry; they manage railways, banks, and telegraphs; they are prominent in the professions, as well as in every branch of commerce and manufactures; and they are not the least trusted in positions involving honor, fidelity, and responsibility.

But the greatest glory of the Irish race in America is in their zeal for religion, for education, and the sacred cause of charity. See how that people have multiplied monuments of piety and their religious devotion all over this land! You have only to look around you in our midst to see the abounding proofs and the shining testimony of their devotion to the faith and teaching of St. Patrick, in the majestic cathedral and noble churches erected largely by the munificence of the Irish people; in the schools, which attest their zeal for education; in the hospitals and asylums founded and maintained in great part by their generosity.

And what is true of Chicago, in this regard, is equally true of every city and town in the United States and Canada.

America and American society can have no surer or better guaranty for the safety and security of social

order than in the steady conservatism of the Irish-American citizen, based and founded on the teaching of the faith which is the inheritance of the Irish race,—the faith of St. Patrick.

I have already, I fear, exceeded my allotted limit, and still there remains something more to add.

While your thoughts, with your hearts' best love, go out across the wide waste of ocean to the land we love, you may naturally expect me to not conclude my speech without making at least some reference to it, as it is to-day.

It is not my purpose, nor perhaps is it fairly within the scope of the sentiment to which I am speaking, to discuss the existing political situation in Ireland. This much, however, I may say, that, though the condition of Ireland at the present moment gives just ground for concern and deep solicitude, there has been no period in her history of late years when the prospects for the prosperity of the people, and for the legislative independence of the country, seemed more certain and assured.

These results may not be attained in a day, a month, or a year; but the former is within grasp, and the other evidently is not far removed. To the patient man or people who know how to wisely wait, all things come in due season.

The farmers and the tenant classes of the Irish people have it now in their power, as never before, to own and possess the soil of Ireland, and are assured for the future the rewards for their toil and skill, hitherto denied them; and there is also good reason to look forward to a revival of long dormant and languishing Irish industries.

The people who control the land of a country, and who manage and develop its industries, are bound to make its laws and direct its legislation.

Coercion may delay, though it cannot long avert this result; it will certainly not be hastened by means of furtive plottings and midnight outlawry,—means condemned by every true lover of Ireland, and by every one who has at heart the welfare of the Irish people.

I appreciate and make due allowance for the impatience of the hour, and for the reasonable resentment shown by the people at the lawless exhibition of arbitrary power; but great ends and reforms are rarely if ever accomplished by means of sentiment or passion alone.

Now, more than at any previous crisis in Irish affairs, there is need of wise counsel and thoughtful, prudent statemanship,—a statemanship which, looking beyond the passion and resentments of the hour, will seek to secure for the Irish people the attainable political and industrial advantages which will enure to the benefit and prosperity of the people, the best interests of society, and the permanent glory of Ireland. This policy will speedily unlock the prison gates which detain Irishmen who sought to serve the Irish cause and the Irish people; it will promote union, which is above all things indispensable; it will restore peace to a distracted country, and thereby afford opportunity to employ the energies and resources of the people in promoting the development of Irish trade and commerce; it will, be assured of it, at a not distant day, win at least *Home Rule*, if not absolute legislative independence for Ireland; then we shall witness the spectacle,—the era long hoped for, and too long deferred,—the spectacle of a free, happy, and prosperous people,—an Irish parliament legislating in the Irish capital on every question affecting the interests, the honor, and the ultimate destiny of Ireland. God speed that day!

"Love's young dream" usually merges into matrimonial nightmare.

DEPLETION OF POPULATION IN COUNTY LONGFORD.

THE census returns for the county of Longford lead off with the usual frightful record of depletion of population. The population was, in 1841, 115,491; in 1871, 64,501; in 1881, 61,009; a loss of nearly half the population in forty years. Of the total population at the time the census was taken, 61,009 persons, or 90 per cent. of the population, were Catholics. The rest of the population, with the exception of 500 Methodists and Presbyterians, were Episcopalian Protestants. It is curious enough, the decrease in the population has affected the Protestants rather more than the Catholics. The educational condition of the county has greatly improved in the past decade. In round numbers, in 1871, only two-fifths of the population could read and write, whilst now the necessary accomplishment of the "two R's" is possessed by more than one-half of the people of the county. In 1871, of the population over five years of age 18,000 were illiterate, and the number has now fallen to 12,000. We are sorry to say that the school attendance in the county only exhibits a trifling increase on the last decade. The use of the Irish tongue is dying out with great rapidity in Longford. Six hundred and forty persons spoke Irish in 1871; only 245 spoke it in 1881, and they were nearly all persons of advanced age. In another decade or two we fear the last trace of Irish-speaking will have disappeared from the country of the O'Ferralls. We regret to say that while 1,399 persons were receiving Poor Relief in the year 1871, the number had grown into 2,008 in 1881. The number of emigrants from the country during the decade amounted to 11,305, making close on 40,000 for the last thirty years. By a calculation of the birth rate, death rate, and emigration rate, the astounding result is arrived at that if the rate of emigration of the past ten years is kept up, there will not be a human being left in the county at the end of sixty years. The population of the town of Longford on the night of the census was 4,380; there is no other town with a population of over 2,000 in the county.

IRELAND, NORWAY, AND SWEDEN.

THE practical workings and effects of different systems of land tenures is well illustrated by the difference in the material condition of the peoples of Ireland and of Norway and Sweden. Both Ireland and Norway and Sweden are essentially agricultural countries. As regards fertility of soil and mildness of climate, Ireland has decidedly the advantage. Yet in Norway and Sweden extreme destitution and abject poverty are almost unknown. The people are not wealthy, but they are generally in comfortable circumstances. In Ireland, it is needless to say, just the reverse state of things exists. Squalid poverty, suffering, destitution, and a hopeless struggle to obtain the barest necessaries of life, is the chronic condition of millions of the people.

The reason of this difference is quickly told. Landlordism does not exist in Sweden and Norway. In Norway there are 147,000 farms, of which 131,800 are cultivated by their owners. In Sweden the number of farms is 258,650, of which by far the greater part are cultivated by owners (the exact number we are unable to give). Of the farms in Sweden 6,500 contain five acres or less, 16,500 between five acres and fifty acres, 20,000 between fifty acres and two hundred and fifty acres, and only 2,650 are of greater extent.

TRY a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in diarrhœa troubles; give freely.

MUSHA, DAN, WHO LET YOU OUT?

When O'Connell was imprisoned in 1844, the Attorney-General of Ireland was Thomas Berey Cussack Smith, popularly known as "Alphabet" Smith. A judgment of the House of Lords reversed the sentence passed on the Liberator and his followers, and they were set free. At once the streets of the capital broke out into a concert of ballad-singing; and of the numerous patriotic ditties chanted, the following was decidedly the favorite:—

Musha, Dan, who let you out?
Says the T. B. C.
For you're here beyond a doubt,
Says the T. B. C.
Sure, I thought I locked you in,
You contrariest of men,
And what brings you here again?
Says the T. B. C.

Sure, might is foiled by right,
Says the Dan Van Vocht,
As the darkness by the light,
Says the Dan Van Vocht;
My cause was on a rock,
'Twas the law that picked the lock,
And I am free, my bantam-cock,
Says the Dan Van Vocht.

Och! confusion to you, Dan,
Says the T. B. C.
You're the devil of a man,
Says the T. B. C.
And we're in a precious plight
By your means this very night,
For you've bothered us outright,
Says the T. B. C.

This song was sung by its unsuspected author at the dinner-table of John O'Connell, and he was consulted by the police inspector as to the propriety of suppressing the circulation of so seditious a production. The answer was that any attempt at suppression would probably increase its popularity.

Try taking your cod-liver oil in tomato catsup if you want to make it palatable.

Try hard cider—a wine-glassful three times a day—for ague and rheumatism.

PRAYER AT MEALS.

When the pious King Alfonsus of Aragon, of Spain, who reigned in the year 1458, discovered, to his sorrow, that his pages neglected their prayers at table, he invited them to a special dinner. When all were seated at the table, the King gave word to partake of the meal; none thought of signing themselves with the sign of the cross, and to pray, as was the custom of the day in Catholic families. Whilst the meal was in progress, there entered the door a beggar, uninvited; he sat himself down to the table without any asking, and ate and drank until satisfied. The pages were astonished at this shameful rudeness, and looked at the King, expecting him to rebuke, if not to have the beggar kicked out of the house. But Alfonsus, who had prearranged the beggar's coming, remained quiet and silent. When the beggar had satisfied his appetite he rose and went out, without giving any thanks to the author of the meal. "An impudent and unthankful man," murmured the pages. The King arose, and, with earnest words, addressed the pages thus: "As shameless and impudent as this beggar has appeared to you, so you appear to this hour; for every day that you sit down to the table, provided by God, and do not ask His blessing, and return thanks when you are through, is shameless and impudent in the sight of your Heavenly Father and His angels."

The discoverer of petroleum, Colonel Drake, died in Pennsylvania a comparatively poor man, while hundreds of undertakers and coroners grew wealthy from the fruits of his discovery.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening.

Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping-cough.

TRUE TO HIS MEMORY.

Justin F. McCarthy.

CHAPTER VII.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may.
SHAKESPEARE.

MAHON MCMAHON was slowly recovering from his severe illness. It was a beautiful morning in the early part of June; the sun was high in the heavens, the air was full with the perfume of flowers and sweet blossoms, and rich with the melody of birds. Mahon was seated beneath a spreading pear-tree in an old-fashioned orchard attached to Norman Ward's house, and Elda Ward sat near him reading.

At times, when he leaned his head against the tree and closed his eyes as if in thought, she would cease reading, and gaze upon him with admiration. Mahon McMahon was a dangerous companion for any girl with a heart fresh and ready to admit the sly darts of the mischievous little god, and already Elda Ward's heart had gone out to her patient.

"Mr. McMahon," she cried suddenly, waking him out of a revery, "you have never explained how you came to be in that ship; you had a very narrow escape."

"Thanks to your good services, Miss Ward, that I am here to tell you," he replied, smiling. "I do not think I was born to be drowned; that has been my third escape from a watery grave within a very short time."

"Oh, do tell me all about it!" she entreated; "but first tell me are you comfortable? Is not that tree very unpleasant to be leaning against?"

"You are really too solicitous for my comfort," returned McMahon, with a look of thanks that went to Elda Ward's heart. "I fear I can never repay you for all your kindness."

"You are forgetting all about the story of your adventures," she remarked, evading Mahon's words, "and I so long to hear about them."

"What I have to tell is not much," he commenced, "but just as it happened you shall hear."

Elda's father joined them just then. He had been pruning some young trees, and he approached, handkerchief in hand, and wiping his forehead, for the day was extremely warm.

"I am just giving Miss Ward an account of myself," Mahon said, turning to the old man, who had just seated himself by his daughter's side; "and if you have a few minutes to spare, I shall be happy to tell you how I happened to be on board that ill-fated ship."

"I shall be only too happy to hear you," said Mr. Ward; "your story must be interesting."

"It is now over twelve months ago," began Mahon, "since I started on a day's pleasure in a little open boat, intending to return in time for dinner, and I have not been home since."

"And do your friends suppose you dead ever since?" asked Miss Ward.

"No," said Mahon; "I have written to a friend of mine, and I am sure he has made every one acquainted with my escape; but to continue: I lost one of my oars when some distance from land, and for three days and two nights I was tossed about, until I grew weak with hunger and thirst. At last a ship bore down on me; but before they reached me I had, from excitement and exhaustion, fallen across the seats, and had been days on board the *May Queen* before I could give an account of myself. She was outward-bound, and I not being able to tell them anything, they continued on their course, cast my little boat adrift, and made room for me in the captain's cabin. For the first week I was on board every-

thing looked well, but at the end of the week the barometer stood exceptionally low. The ship was then under single-reefed topsails and main topgallant sail, close hauled, and some points on her course. The sky became dark and gloomy, the sea choppy, and we made ready for the storm that was foreboding. Sail was shortened bit by bit, and soon we were scudding before the wind with almost bare poles. The ship began to roll heavily, her bowsprit and jibboom would rise almost perpendicularly to the sky, while the water in white cascades rushed down her decks, and then her stern would bury itself so deep that by bending over the taffrail a man could touch with his lips the froth churned up by the vessel's counter.

"I made a wretched seaman, and for the first ten days was confined to my berth, but at last fear put my sickness to flight, and I went on deck. The breeze had lulled, an oppressive gloom overspread the sky, and, as I looked around on the waste of waters, the mate cried out, and we saw, as he pointed, the wind coming down our starboard bow."

"Why, from the way you speak you seem an old seaman," interposed Mr. Ward.

"Ah!" said Mahon, "the scenes I witnessed and passed through during my introduction to the watery element would make any one well acquainted with the technicalities of sea life. The wind came on us with incredible speed," he continued; "the ocean all to windward was like a plain of moving snow. The gale struck the ship full on her broadside, and she lay until her deck seemed almost perpendicular, and we all instinctively rushed to windward, and held on for bare life. The ship was stunned by the fury of the blast, and would not answer her helm. Then there was a brief lull, during which the men sprang aloft to stow the canvas. Again the gale broke down upon us; bit by bit the sea increased in height and force, and the volumes of water which flew over the ship drenched us to the skin. An hour passed in this way, when suddenly a mountainous wave struck the vessel, and, burying the deck as high as a man's waist, washed the captain overboard, and we never saw him again; we just heard one smothered cry, and he was gone forever."

"Oh, it must have been terrible!" cried Elda.

"I shall never forget that moment," resumed Mahon, closing his eyes as a shudder crept over him; "each one of us expected a similar fate every moment, but nevertheless we held on, and after a short time the gale expended itself. After a few days the gloomy canopy of clouds broke, and the sun struggled through. We all came on deck, exhausted as we were, to catch a glimpse of the sunlight, and to dry our clothes.

"The days passed by, and the ship, under full topsails and fore and main topgallant sails, forced herself heavily forward, and the mate, who had taken command of the ship, walked briskly to and fro the deck, rubbing his hands, and declaring that the old *May Queen* was good for many a gale yet. But in a short time the wind hauled some points to the westward, and came to blow hard, so that before the middle watch the ship was again hove to, plunging under as fierce a gale as ever blew. Day after day, week after week passed, and found us still struggling with the heavy gales of wind. For weeks we had nothing but dead reckoning to go by; the sun was blotted out, and the massive waves rolled by as if each moment they would cover us. And now the provisions began to grow short.

"Those who had the courage to look over the ship's side found her bottom, each time she was lifted by the sea, incrusted by barnacles, as though she had been afloat for a lifetime; her riggings were gray with

salt and wet; her sails were bleached and thin; and the salt caked such parts as the waves did not often wash, with a coating like hoar-frost. Grief, dread, and the permanent shadow of death, had done their work upon us all. For weeks we had labored and slept in our streaming clothes, and the cold and salt had eaten into our bones; our food was failing, and I saw the feverish fire of famine sparkled in the sailors' eyes."

"Oh, what you must have suffered!" broke in Elda Ward, with a look of pity in her eyes; "it is awful to think what some people have to suffer."

"I will not weary you, Miss Ward," said Mahon, "with a further recital of the terrible time we endured on board the *May Queen*. We were driven to such straits that one of the seamen, who had lost his senses from privation and exhaustion, jumped overboard, crying that the curse of God was upon the ship. Suffice it to say, that after three months of terrible suffering we sighted a ship,—the *Mermaid*, I think, if I remember rightly,—which provided us with enough provisions; the weather moderated, and we shortly after reached our destination. I was four months in hospital before I had the slightest energy or life to write home. At last I wrote, and waited wearily for an answer for three months or more, recovering my health, until I heard that the messenger to whom I intrusted my letter to post had lost or mislaid it. I was then in a small sea-coast town, called Teng-Chow, on the borders of the Yellow Sea. An appointment opened there in which I made some money,—far more than sufficient to bring me home. I started for Shanghai, some hundreds of miles down the coast, where I heard I could easily find a homeward-bound vessel, and so I did; I shipped for home after again writing to my friend Mark Jermyn, that I——"

"Whom did you say your friend was?" interrupted Mr. Ward, somewhat suddenly rousing himself from his recumbent position.

"Mark Jermyn," Mahon repeated, rather surprised.

"The son of Doctor Jermyn?" asked Mr. Ward.

"The very same," returned Mahon in astonishment; "how in the name of goodness do you know the Jermyns?"

"Rather too well, Mr. McMahon," he answered, with a sad smile. "I had a letter from Doctor Jermyn only this mornng."

"Heavens!" cried Mahon, springing up; "heard from Doctor Jermyn this morning? Why he's one of my dearest friends. How is he, and how is Mark?"

"Yes, that's his son's name, I see," said Mr. Ward, drawing a letter from his pocket; "he's about being married shortly."

"Poor dear Mark, how I long to see him again! how glad he'll be to see me," mused Mahon, as the remembrance of the last time he and Mark had met suddenly recurred to him.

"It seems to be a very good match he is getting," remarked Mr. Ward, breaking in upon his thoughts; "I may tell you, Mr. Mahon, that the Jermyns are very badly off in a monetary sense, and Doctor Jermyn seems to have set his heart on this marriage of his son to recoup their shattered fortunes."

"I always imagined they were worth a lot of money, and such was the opinion of everybody who knew them," Mahon remarked.

"All show, my dear sir, all," said Mr. Norman Ward wisely, shaking his head; "he, the doctor, owes me over three thousand pounds for the past three years, and I find it impossible to get it from him; you must know that the doctor and I were schoolfellows."

"You surprise me, sir," said Mahon; "and so Mark is about being married; well, I trust I shall be back to wish him joy and every happiness;

he is the only friend I have; I wish him well."

"But who is the young lady, papa?" asked Elda, with true feminine curiosity.

"A Miss — a —— I quite forget, child; let me see, — ah, here it is; this is what the doctor says: 'My son Mark is to be married within a very short time to a lady whose brothers are proprietors in the firm of Brew, Bradly Bros., and Co.; she is a Miss Kathleen Bradly; when such marriage is completed I shall be able to let you have the entire of your claim.'"

"Would you read that again?" said Mahon, who did not believe he understood fully the meaning of the words.

Mr. Ward complied with his request.

"Mark Jermyn married to Kathleen! Oh, great heavens, it is impossible! I will not believe it!" cried Mahon, his face pale and quivering with emotion; "no, no, it is false; false as Lucifer!"

Elda Ward and her father looked at him. They were astonished at the vehemence of his voice and language.

"She is at present staying on the continent," said the old gentleman, quietly.

"'Tis some dream, some hideous nightmare," cried Mahon, again; "it is too terrible to be true."

Elda Ward looked at him, and some suspicion of the truth flashed through her mind. She looked at the man to whom she had innocently given her heart. She saw his anguish, and longed to go and comfort him, to pour soothing, loving words into his ear, but it was impossible, and a terrible despair — the despair of unrequited love — enveloped her fresh young heart. She was like the fresh wild flower, blooming in all the brightness of the spring-time, when the first blighting breath of decay settles on its petals, and commences to eat its way slowly, but surely, to the core. She pressed her hands to her aching heart, and none knew the deep sorrow that had settled there. She loved Mahon with all the fervor of her pure young mind; she gave herself up utterly to the thoughts of love; she never thought of any parting, she loved in the immediate present, and the sudden transition from seemingly secure love, to the deepest depths of gloomy despair, filled her heart with bitter grief.

Mahon continued to pace up and down the orchard walk; the sun was bright in the heavens, but the world seemed dark and dull. "She swore to be true to my memory," he repeated, "and this is how she has kept her vow; but, no, no, she is not to blame. What is to be done? What is to be done, Mr. Ward?" said he, suddenly stopping opposite father and daughter; "I must leave this place at once."

"Oh, Mr. McMahon!" cried Elda, quite forgetting herself in the surprise and sorrow of the sudden announcement.

"I really cannot stay," said Mahon; "already I have trespassed too much on your extreme kindness ——"

"Do not speak of it, my dear sir," Mr. Ward said kindly; "I only regret that anything I have read in this letter should be the cause of depriving us so soon of the pleasure of your society."

"Many, many, thanks, kind sir," Mahon answered; "already I have overstayed my time. I hope at no distant date to renew my pleasant experiences with your good self and Miss Ward; but now, every day I spend here would be only torture to soul and body. I must leave you at once!"

As he concluded, Elda Ward looked at him with a world of pent-up agony in her eyes, uttered one faint cry, and, fell fainting at his feet.

To be Continued.

Try the croup tippet when a child is likely to be troubled in that way.

BRADLAUGH.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S PROTEST.

UNDER this title the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster publishes in the *Nineteenth Century*, for March, the following spirited remonstrance against the admission to the Legislature of those who deny the existence of God:—

I have no inclination to renew the painful and shameful memories of Mr. Bradlaugh's acts on Tuesday, the twenty-first, and Wednesday, the twenty-second of February. They tarnish many names, and leave many a regret which will live long in history. The sum of the case is easy. The House of Commons vindicated its own authority. It expelled Mr. Bradlaugh, and issued a new writ for Northampton. While the parties are preparing for a new election we will take a review of the arguments for and against Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to sit as a member for Northampton.

The following list will be found, I believe, to contain a fair and accurate statement of the reasons urged by the speakers in Parliament, and by the newspapers out of Parliament, in support of Mr. Bradlaugh's claim to take his seat in the House of Commons. It is said,—

1. That it is inquisitorial to inquire what a man elected to Parliament may believe about the existence of God, or about the sanctity and obligation of an oath.

2. That it is bigotry to require of any man a profession of belief in God as a condition to taking his seat in the House of Commons.

3. That election by a majority of any constituency constitutes the sole condition required for sitting in Parliament.

4. That as Mr. Bradlaugh was willing to take the oath, the House was bound to receive it.

5. That Mr. Gladstone is correct in affirming that Mr. Bradlaugh has been deprived of his *legal* right to sit in the House.

6. That Sir Stafford Northcote and his followers, by their bigoted and inquisitorial intolerance, have led the House into this undignified conflict, out of which there is now no way of escape except either by letting Mr. Bradlaugh come to the table and take the oath, or by altering the law to include the case of those who believe in neither the existence of God nor the sanctity of an oath.

Now, I believe these allegations to be all and severally false and dangerous to the commonwealth, and the reasons of my belief I will give as briefly as possible:

1. There was no inquisition as to Mr. Bradlaugh's private belief or unbelief. He had paraded it for years over the country. He had not, I believe, been permitted to swear in a court of law when he offered to do so. He forced the knowledge of his unbelief on the House of Commons by an explicit declaration. There is no parallel between this parade of unbelief and the secret scepticism, or even infidelity, which may lie hid in the silence of other men. Such unbelief for the most part is not disbelief, but a negative and hesitating doubt which neither believes nor disbelieves. Such men take the oath; no man asks, or has a right to ask, as to their inward thoughts. They obtrude them on no man, and no man has authority to search their hearts. Even the law has no such authority; *de internis non judicat lex*. What likeness has all this to Mr. Bradlaugh's dogmatizing infidelity, which has for years revolted the moral sense of the country before he forced it on the knowledge of the House of Commons?

2. Where, then, is the bigotry of refusing to allow a man who publicly denies the existence of God, and the sanctity of an oath, to kiss the Word of God, as *the law of England explicitly holds it to be*, and to make an oath which he believes to be not merely a form, but a farce? To co-operate materially or morally in such profanation, would make the House of Commons a partner in the act. To look on while it is perpetrated, and both to tender and to receive such an oath — and it is the House that does both these things — would be a direct material and moral co-operation in an act which would only not be perjury, because it would also be blasphemy. If it be bigotry in the House of Commons to refuse to allow this, much more to refuse to share in such an outrage on truth and conscience, the moral world must have been lately turned upside down.

3. They who affirm that Mr. Bradlaugh has a legal right to take his seat, tacitly assume that the sole condition for

sitting in the House of Commons is election by a constituency. This assumption is directly at variance with the law of England. The statute law requires of the elected that he should either swear or affirm. Mr. Bradlaugh could not make the affirmation, because none but Quakers and Moravians are admitted to do so. He could not swear, because by his previous declarations he had made himself incompetent to take an oath. He, therefore, could not fulfil the conditions of the statute law, which are two, and not one only, — namely, election, and the oath or affirmation. The House of Commons has no power to tender or to receive the Parliamentary oath as if it were a nullity.

4. Further, this answers the pretence that as Mr. Bradlaugh was willing to make the oath the House was bound to receive it. The House is bound, indeed, to receive the oath; but Mr. Bradlaugh's declaration in the House, as well as out of it, destroyed the oath. His act was no oath; and the law which binds the House to receive the oath, binds the House also not to receive that which is no oath. And here I cannot but express my wonder at the hesitation, unless the report be erroneous, of the Attorney-General to declare that Mr. Bradlaugh's parody of the oath was no oath, and of no effect. An oath is an obligation imposed by one party upon another. The House is the administrator or imponent; the member assents, and assenting makes the oath. The imponent receives the oath so made. Who tendered or imposed the oath on Mr. Bradlaugh? The House had long ago refused either to tender or to accept his oath. The whole act was an outrage in morals and null in law.

5. This being so, it passes my comprehension how it can be said that Mr. Bradlaugh is deprived of his legal right. He has no such right until he has fulfilled the condition of the statute law. And he has created his own incompetency to fulfil it. All through these discussions it has been assumed that election, and election only, is the sole condition for sitting in Parliament. Such is not the law of the land.

6. The direct and inevitable conclusion is that Sir Stafford Northcote, and those who have supported him, have been defending two things sacred to Englishmen, — the one the law of the land, the other the foundation of all law, the basis of human society, that is, the religion and the moral law of nature, the existence of God and His moral attributes, which are written on the conscience of mankind.

They have been defending the law of the land; for by that law no elected member can sit in the House of Commons without the further condition or qualification of making the oath or the affirmation. Mr. Bradlaugh can make neither: legally, he cannot make the affirmation; and morally and legally, he cannot make the oath.

By the law of England at this moment the propagation of Atheism is an indictable offence; by the law of England, therefore, the existence of God is affirmed. The Legislature has never yet departed from this broad base of the civil order and social life of man. It has admitted an affirmation for those who so profoundly believe in God that they fear to offend Him by swearing in the form of an oath. It has admitted the Jewish race, whose whole existence rests upon the belief in God. It has never inquisitorially dived into the hearts or intellects of men who, responsible to their own conscience, fulfil the conditions of the law. Beyond this it has never gone; and without departing from all its traditions and shifting its base, not only from the rock to the sand, but from the rock to the quicksand, it can never go. But it is this that we are invited now to do; and we are invited to do it expressly and explicitly for the relief of the tender consciences of those who do not believe in the existence of a God. They do not believe in your oath, therefore you must alter it.

We answer we will not change our whole moral life for the sake of those who will not believe. Let them look to themselves. They must rise to the commonwealth. The commonwealth will not lower itself to them. To do this would be not only to condone, but to recognize Atheism by law. We are invited to do this, forsooth, on the principles of religious liberty. We are denounced for refusing to do this on the score of bigotry. Religious liberty, then, is the liberty to have no religion. To deny the existence of God, then, is a religious creed, and one among the religions of the world. Comte taught

us that society cannot exist without religion, nor religion without a worship, nor worship without an object. But as there is no God, the object must be created; and he created the abstract idea of humanity, and bid us fall down before it. The commonwealth of England has not yet opened its gates to these intellectual aberrations. Our laws rest upon the belief of a Supreme Lawgiver, on whose justice all just laws repose, and by whose will all laws are controlled and tested. So long as they are conformed to that supreme legislation they are just; if by a hair's breadth they deviate from it, they are so far null, and of no obligation. Bracton says, "The King himself ought not to be subject to man, but subject to God and to the law; for the law makes the King"; "for a King can do nothing on the earth, since he is the minister and vicar of God, except that which he may do of right."

Such is the law of the land. We are asked to declare that the law knows nothing of God, nor of an eternal law; that human laws rest on the human will alone, and that human society rests on itself,— that is, on man without God. Its foundation, then, is the abyss. The Parliamentary oath is, in this true and ancient sense, if men so please to call it, a religious test; but it is no new test, no new bigotry. It is the tradition of our ancient jurisprudence; the witness of our dependence upon a judgment and a justice which is supreme. I say this is the law of the land at this moment. And our whole history, Saxon, Norman, English, Catholic, Christian, non-Catholic, would prove it by exuberance of evidence. But I will take one only proof. We are invited to change the law. The law itself, therefore, is a witness for the existence of God, and you want to efface that witness. This we refuse absolutely and altogether. *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari.* If you want to change them you must overwhelm us. By argument you never will, without being forced to accept the last extremities of atheistic politics. You may overwhelm us by numbers and tumult, and the turbulence of the people, misled by a despotic liberalism. They, therefore, who have broken from party ties to resist the desecration not only of an oath, but of our whole legislation, have been standing for the defence of the law of the land.

But they have been doing more than this. They have been standing in defence of the foundation of all law; for there can be no political order among men without a moral law, and there can be no moral law without a recognition of the personal relations between God and man, and man and man. From these relations all laws and obligations spring. When we are told that this is a violation of constitutional and religious liberty, we answer, constitutional liberty is not legislation without morals, and religious liberty is not the equalization of Theism and Atheism. If the public law of the commonwealth be Atheist, Theism is only tolerated; and if Theism be only tolerated, Atheism is supreme. The law would then know no God; and the commonwealth, resting on that law, would rest on the belief in God no longer.

I do not believe for a moment that the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland are prepared for this apostasy. I believe the religious sense of the country would indignantly reject this national effacement of God from its laws and its life. We are not yet ripe for decrees to abolish or to restore the *Etre Suprême*. And what the people of the United Kingdom would not do, must not be done by a side vote, or by a resolution, or by a party majority on which the country has had no opportunity for declaring its will. No government, without violence to the conscience of the great majority of the people, could propose in this Parliament such a change in the law. They ought to

dissolve and go to the country. If after such an appeal the people should decide that the commonwealth of England shall be shifted from belief in God and His laws to the dark and pathless wild of unbelief, the work and the responsibility will not be ours, but theirs who perpetrate it — which may God avert from us and from the future of our country.

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal Archbishop.

BEER DRINKING.

The growth of beer-drinking almost surpasses belief. Beverages more or less kindred to ales of the present day, are not of modern institution. They were known four hundred years before the Christian era. Of course the Greeks attributed the invention of drinks to Bacchus; but Herodotus ascribes the discovery of the brewing-art to Isis, and Xenophon drank an ale of his day. The Germans obtained the process from the Romans, who had borrowed it from the Greeks. In our time it is universal. All civilized nations make and drink beer, but those of Teutonic blood are the heaviest consumers. We associate the Germans, from Bismarck downwards, with heavy draughts of foaming lager, and we know that the manufacture and use of beer in England, represent an enormous business. The *Bernerpost* supplies us with the following returns of consumptions per head of the populations in ten countries: —

Belgium	148	litres.
England	115	"
Germany	91	"
Holland	59	"
Norway	34	"
United States	32	"
Austria	30	"
Switzerland	27	"
France	24	"
Sweden	21	"

We exclude Italy and Russia, where very little beer is drunk. Now, as a litre is very nearly a quart in measurement, we can perceive that in Belgium, England, Germany, and the United States, there must be a perpetual and consuming thirst. Each adult Belgian must absorb at least a quart per day, and the share of the Englishman is very slightly less. The German has evidently been belied, for he drinks less beer than the Englishman, at the same time that he drinks less fiery spirits also. Beer-drinking, in France, is of gradual growth, as the native light wine practically serves the same purpose. But in all cases, whether the figures be high or low, an immense waste is apparent. A quart of beer costs sixpence, on the average, in England. One hundred quarts per year per head, cost in the aggregate about £87,500,000, and compels the population to divert that vast sum from far more worthy and beneficial channels.

The Wife for an Editor.—A Georgia editor is boastful over the good qualities of his wife, to whom he pays this doubtless well-deserved tribute: There is a little brown-eyed, enthusiastic, high-spirited lady, who, after she has cooked breakfast, cleared the things away, set the house to rights, attended the call of the bread-wagon, and milked the cows, dons her hat and cloak, comes into this office, yanks us out of the editorial easy (?) chair, pounces on the exchanges, amputates every item of interest, stacks them on the copy-hook, grabs up a Faber, travels it over a quire of editor's manuscript paper, removes her snowy-white apron, shoves up her sleeves, grabs up a stick and rule and sets it all into type, reads the proofs, and corrects every error. That's our wife, and she will get her reward in heaven. The lady referred to in the above was Miss Ella Green, formerly of Macon.

Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when travelling in cold weather.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE LITTLE FARMERS.

Rosa Mulholland.

CHAPTER VIII.

CYRIL DOES SOMETHING WILD.

THE children had great whispering together that night in the little brown lobby before they went to bed. Frank told Eily the whole story of the interview they had had with Farmer Bilberry, and of what he had said to them, and of how Cyril was disgusted at the idea of being only a market gardener instead of a farmer.

"And don't you think he is a goose, Eily? As if it mattered how we do it, if we can only manage to make up the money for papa!"

"Now, Cyril," said Eily, "don't spoil everything, when Bessie's father is so kind. I'm quite sure that one large field would be quite enough for us to begin with."

"I don't want to be market gardeners," persisted Cyril; "I would much rather be farmers. It's all very well for Farmer Bilberry to talk to us as if we were babies, but I mean to ask other people about the matter."

"How much of a farm would please you?" asked Eily.

"Oh," said Cyril, "two or three fields of corn, and a few of barley, and one or two of oats, and plenty of hay, and — and — and ——"

"But who in the world would work all that for us?" said Eily. "We should be obliged to have a set of people."

"Nothing of the kind," said Cyril. "Once the fields were ploughed up, there would be nothing to do but scatter some seed about. I could sow a whole field in a day myself, and we should only have to let it grow, and grow, till the time came to reap."

"I declare, Cyril," said Eily, "you are getting quite wild again, now we are all right here, and everything is settled down. While we were here alone, and mamma trusted us, you were so nice and comfortable and good, it was quite pleasant. I wish you wouldn't go off into tantrums again; don't, now!"

"Tantrums indeed!" echoed Cyril, with his little nose going up in the air, as was its custom when he was saucy.

"Well, we must go to bed," said Eily. "Perhaps you will change your mind by to-morrow. I'm sure I hope you may, for I think we should have such fun with that field."

Cyril went to bed, however, determined not to change his mind. He had got it into his head that, if he could only be a farmer at once, he should easily make as much money as would bring his papa out of all his difficulties. The more he thought about it, the more positive he felt that Farmer Bilberry was wrong. He would ask other people about it,— he would, he would, he would! And with this determination in his head Cyril fell asleep.

The next day nothing more was said among the children about the farming plan. Eily thought it better to allow Cyril to change his mind quietly; and Cyril had reasons of his own for saying nothing on the subject.

Eily was very busy making butter that afternoon, and her mamma came into the dairy to see how pretty it looked, with all the fresh gold prints lying upon dishes covered with cool green leaves. While they were talking about the butter, Sylvia and May came rushing in, May pouring forth a flood of her own particular language, and Sylvia crying out, in great excitement,—

"Mamma! there is a kind of animal we have forgotten to get!"

"What animal?" asked Mrs. Hawthorne, laughing. "A lion? a tiger?"

"Oh, as if I could wish to have us eaten up! I mean swans. You never saw such lovely swans as we have seen on a lake in the meadows. We had crumbs in our pockets, and they ate out of our hands. Oh, do get a swan, mamma; May would be so delighted with it!"

"Should you like to see it walking about the farm-yard, Sylvia?"

"No, mamma; we could make the duck-pond wider by digging at the edges and pouring in cans of water."

"Dear Sylvia," said her mother, "you must be content with a visit to the swans in the lake. I don't think the plan of digging the duck-pond would work."

"I have something prettier than swans for May," said Eily, as she led the little toddling sister into the woody field, where were two new lambs, which had not been there yesterday. May was afraid of them at first, and clung to Eily, who stood petting the mother; but soon May made friends with the frisky little creatures, and hugged them round the neck, and made garlands of flowers for them.

I must now tell about the wild thing that Cyril did. The next day was the market-day in Hillandale, and Cyril determined to get up very early and walk to the town to consult the farmers of the country, who, he knew, would be assembled there about their business.

"It is only seven miles," thought Cyril, "and I can easily walk there and back before I am missed."

So he put some bread in his pocket, and, getting up at four o'clock in the morning, set out to walk to the town.

Oh dear! how tired Cyril was by the time he arrived! He was not accustomed to such long walks, and he had not slept all night, nor had he had his breakfast. The bread in his pocket did not last long, and a hungry little boy he was, gazing longingly at the buns in the bakers' windows.

As he was a manly little chap, he tried to bear the hunger, and, as soon as he saw a group of farmers talking together in the market-place, he walked up to them boldly, and said,—

"Gentlemen, may I ask if you are farmers?"

The farmers stared at the child, and said "Yes." Whereupon Cyril went to business, stating his desire to get possession of a farm at once, which he and his brother and sisters could cultivate.

"There are five of us, you see," said Cyril; "and though May is not able to help yet, she will soon be big enough to feed the poultry. The rest of us are ever so big, and Mr. Bilberry, and Bob and Dick, would plough for us sometimes."

The farmers laughed, and asked him to tell his story over again, and it was a good while before they clearly understood what the little chap meant. When they did, at last, there was a great deal of merriment among them. They laughed, and laughed, and clapped him on the back.

"Go home to your mother, my little man," said one, "and tell her she has got a very plucky lad for a son, but one who will want a large corner of the farm to sow his own wild oats in."

Cyril stared.

"You are making fun of me," said Cyril. "You are just as bad as Farmer Bilberry."

"Well, my boy, I'll give you a lift home," said one stout, merry-looking farmer, "and if you're not above eating a sandwich, we'll have one together before we start."

This was glad news to Cyril, who was very thankful for both the food and the "lift."

As they drove home together, his new friend gave him some very good advice, which made him see plainly how silly he had been.

Poor Cyril felt very much ashamed, and his heart beat loudly as he walked across the fields towards the farm-house. It was late in the day,

and he knew that his kind mother must have been in a sad fright about him since morning. His conscience reproached him sorely, and he had not even heard any good news with which he could console himself. He had only been laughed at for his pains.

When he drew near home, he saw his mother leaning on the gate and gazing over the fields with a very pale face, and he ran up to her and cried,—

"Oh, mother, mother, forgive me; I have been a silly, naughty boy; but I promise you never to do it again."

Mrs. Hawthorne forgave him, and indeed, on hearing the whole story, she could not keep from laughing.

"Everybody laughs," said Cyril to himself, in a very crest-fallen manner; "even mamma."

CHAPTER IX.

THE FARM PROSPERS AT LAST.

So Cyril was obliged to give up his grand notions, and to be content with Mr. Bilberry's plan of the one field. To this, after some consideration, Mrs. Hawthorne consented.

The field was taken and the farming began, and when the winter had passed over, and another summer came round, oh, what fun it was to gather the fresh fruit and vegetables, and pack them in baskets for the market! Even May, who was now able to talk plainly, soon learned to help to pick the fruit.

She also learned to feed the animals, and so all the animals were extremely fond of her. The calves licked her hands, and the little lambs stood quite still while she hugged them. Nobody enjoyed the farming better than May.

I must tell you about the sort of morning the children used to have before a market-day.

On the night before, all the baskets and hampers were made ready for work, and the children went to bed very early. At four o'clock in the morning Bessie came rapping at their doors, saying, "Market morning, Miss Eily! market morning, Master Cyril!"

Then the children jumped up as fast as they could, and threw open their windows. They had working-dresses for these mornings, "overalls" of strong stuff like canvas, which their mamma had made for them. They also wore broad, coarse straw hats, and strong boots. As soon as they were dressed, they ran out to their great field and fell to work.

First the vegetables were all cut,—cabbages and cauliflowers, or perhaps peas and beans, had to be gathered, or carrots, or artichokes, or rhubarb to be taken up. Last of all, after the vegetables had been nicely packed in the hampers, the fruit was picked and laid, fresh and cool, covered with leaves, on the top.

Then, perhaps, there was a small basket of eggs and another of butter, and sometimes there were young chickens to be sent to market.

One morning a fine calf was despatched to the market, and another day three pretty lambs went away in the same manner. These were not such happy days, however, for the children loved their animals, and did not like to lose them. Nothing but the thought of papa's difficulties could have temped them to sell them.

Well, after everything was ready, Farmer Bilberry used to arrive at the gate with his wagon, and then what packing there was! and sometimes the boys had a ride for a piece of the way on the wagon. Very often, however, it happened that they were too hungry for this, and Bessie's cry of "Breakfast is ready!" was too tempting for hungry boys to resist.

Of course, by this time Mrs. Hawthorne knew the purpose for which the money was intended, and Eily was allowed to keep it all in that box in her own room, into which she dropped the various sums brought

her by Bessie's father for the produce of her farm.

But the children were not always working, I can tell you.

The big brothers came from school to the farm-house for the Christmas holidays, and you may suppose how greatly surprised Tom and Harry were to find that the small sisters and brothers, whom they looked upon as mere babies, had turned into such clever, industrious little people. Tom and Harry liked the farm greatly, and gave great help while they stayed. Then there were delightful rambles over the country, and sliding and skating, and all sorts of games in the farm-house at night. Bessie was a famous girl for telling stories, and Tom and Harry loved a good story as well as the little ones did, and would sit with them round the kitchen fire listening to her.

"I say, Tom," said Harry, "what would the fellows at school say if they saw us now?"

Those were merry holidays; and then in the summer there was another pleasant time, when Mademoiselle came to spend a few weeks with her old pupils.

Mademoiselle had not been in good health, and Mrs. Hawthorne, hearing of this, invited her to come and pay a visit to the farm. The children went to meet her at the train, and brought her a bouquet, and she began to get well the very moment she tasted the fresh air of Hillandale.

Frank went to sleep in Cyril's room, and Frank's room was nicely arranged for Mademoiselle. Every morning the children brought her a delicious syllabub made of new milk and eggs and wine; and this was to make her strong. She was not allowed to get up too early, nor to sit up too late, and she was obliged to take plenty of cream and butter and fruit. Her pupils were all changed into little nurses, and they made Mademoiselle so happy that she thought she had never felt so glad in all her life before. She wrote to her mother and sister in Paris, and told them all about it, and this made them very happy also.

While Mademoiselle was with them they had a great many pleasant little picnic parties, when they packed a basket with everything for dinner, and carried it away to some nice shady place, where they dined in the open air. Everything nice to eat that they or Bessie could contrive to make was packed in these picnic baskets. All the best fruit was picked for Mademoiselle; and I must tell you of a funny thing that happened to Frank, all because he was anxious to pluck a very fine pear for one of the feasts.

Mademoiselle happened to notice this lovely large pear, which grew on the very top of the highest tree, which stood right at the most distant end of the garden.

"What a pity it is so high up," she said. "No one will ever be able to eat it, because it cannot be reached."

"What will become of it, then?" asked Sylvia.

"It will hang there, I suppose," said Mademoiselle, "till it gets too ripe, and then it will decay and wither away."

"Should you like to have it?"

"Yes, if it were possible," said Mademoiselle, "because it would be a pretty one to paint in my group of fruit. But I do not wish to have it, because I know it is out of reach."

Frank said no more: but he was resolved that Mademoiselle should have the pear. He set to work to climb the tree that evening, when nobody was observing what he did. Up he went upon branch after branch till he got to the very top. There was rather a long gap between the topmost branch, on which he now sat, and the one beneath it,—so long that he could not have got from one bough to another, had it not been for another more slender one by which he could hold to swing himself along.

It was a very rash thing, I can tell

you, to climb a tree in such a manner; but Frank was *so* anxious to get the pear for Mademoiselle.

Well, when he had plucked the pear, and was ready to begin to descend, lo and behold! the unkind branch that had helped him to get up had swung away completely out of his reach, and was no longer at his service. And there was Frank sitting at the tip-top of the pear-tree, all covered up in leaves, and with no means at all of reaching the ground again!

When Frank found that he had really no means of helping himself, he began to shout with all his might for somebody to come and help him down out of the tree.

And then a great piece of fun began, because everybody heard Frank's voice calling from somewhere, and nobody could guess where he was, or distinguish what he said.

Everybody turned out of the house to look for Frank, and such wonder and confusion never was seen. One said, "He's behind the hedge"; another said, "He 's up in the hay-stack"; a third cried, "He's hiding among the raspberry bushes!"

"Where are you?" shouted Cyril.

"Oo-oo-oo-oo!" answered Frank's voice, all smothered up in the leaves.

Great mirth followed these strange sounds, and the hunt for Frank went on with much spirit. At last Eily cried, —

"I have it; he's up at the top of the pear-tree!"

Then everybody came round the foot of the tree, and looked up at Frank, where he sat grinning with all his might, and quite unable to get down.

A rush was made to look for a ladder; but it was found that there was no ladder in the farm-house long enough to be of the slightest use in the case.

And how do you think they got him down at last?

Why, after a long consultation, it was decided that the only thing to do was to carry out all the beds in the house and lay them under the tree, so that Frank might let himself drop down on the pile. Fortunately, the lower branches grew in such a way that he did not strike against them in descending; and so, after long waiting, he arrived down in a great hurry.

And the pear was quite safe, and Mademoiselle introduced its portrait into a pretty group of fruit which she was painting.

CHAPTER X.

PAPA COMES BACK.

One morning the children were coming in to breakfast, when they saw a gentleman walking towards the house.

Mrs. Hawthorne was standing at the door, with May by the hand, but she was looking the other way, and plucking a rose from the wall beside her.

"Who can it be?" said Eily.

"Perhaps it is uncle," said Cyril.

"Or mamma's lawyer," said Frank.

"It 's very, *very* like papa's own back!" cried Eily.

Mrs. Hawthorne turned her head at the same moment, and uttering a scream, rushed forward into her husband's arme.

"Oh, papa, papa!" cried all the children, flying wildly up to their father and mother, each to be hugged and kissed in turn by Mr. Hawthorne, who had indeed returned, looking happy and well.

"And what news?" asked Mrs. Hawthorne, anxiously, when her joyful surprise had somewhat subsided.

"Good news!" he answered. "Our fortune is safe."

"Thank God!" said the mother, fervently. "He is indeed very good to us."

"But, papa," said Cyril, "will there be no debts?"

"No, my boy, nothing of the kind."

"Are you quite, *quite* sure, papa? Might there not be *some* debts some-

where that you might not be able to pay?"

Mr. Hawthorne laughed as he looked in his little boy's anxious face.

"Why, what do you mean, Cyril, my lad?" he said. "Are you really disappointed that I am able to pay my debts?"

Cyril blushed, and did not quite know what to say. He was *dreadfully* disappointed; but it seemed very hard to say so to his father.

"Oh, papa," said Eily, "it is only because we saved up."

"For what?" asked her father.

"Oh, to help you out of trouble a little, papa," said Eily, also blushing very red. "And now Cyril is disappointed because you don't want our earnings."

"We worked awfully hard, papa," said Frank; "but still, you know, Cyril, it is a great deal better that papa is not badly off."

"My dear little ones," cried Mr. Hawthorne, "come and tell me all about this wonderful scheme."

So the children, with their mother's help, related the whole story of their farming operations; and, in the end, the wonderful box was carried down out of Eily's room and emptied on the table.

Mr. Hawthorne was delighted with this proof of the affection and industry of his children, and was quite as well pleased as if the money had really come just in time to save him from distress. He decided that the children should keep this sum of money to do whatever they pleased with it. And, after a great deal of thinking, they made up their minds to send it to the hospital where they had seen the sick children, to buy necessaries for the little patients.

"And are we really to give up our darling farm?" cried the children, as their papa and mamma discussed new plans. "Oh, at least do not take us back to London. Let us live in the country."

Their request was granted, and they went to live in a handsome country mansion, where they had plenty of flowers and fruit, and as many animals as they pleased.

The new home was not far distant from the old farm-house, of which Mr. Hawthorne retained possession. When the children deserved a treat, they were allowed to go with Bessie to spend a few days at the dear old spot, which was known in the neighborhood as the Children's Farm.

And now I think I have told you all I know at present about the FIVE LITTLE FARMERS.

The End.

LET IRELAND BE FREE.—Here is an opinion in aid of Ireland from an unwonted and unexpected quarter. People remember when the late John Mitchel fell foul of Mr. James Anthony Froude, for some of his Irish utterances; but now the English *litterateur* recants in a most unequivocal form. A second edition of "Froude's Irish History" has just appeared, closing with a new and additional chapter, in which all of Mr. Gladstone's Irish measures, from the Church Disestablishment in 1869, to the Coercion Bill of 1881, are bitterly assailed. Ireland, Mr. Froude affirms, can only be dealt with by making her entirely independent. He says: "Despotism is out of date; we can govern India; we cannot govern Ireland. Let Ireland be free. She is miserable because she is ruled. We might rule her, but we will not, lest our arrangements at home might be interfered with."

TRY a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck at night for sore throat.

TRY snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal "cold in the head."

Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan, and butternut stains.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

DON'T use the eyes for reading or fine work in the twilight of evening or early morning.

DON'T take some other person's medicine because you are troubled somewhat as they are.

CABBAGE is the best and cheapest green food which can be fed to poultry in winter. It is not necessary to feed the best heads, but the loose, soft specimens that are not exactly marketable.

EGGS. — To tell good eggs, all that is necessary is to put them in water. If the large end turns up, they are not fresh. This is an infallible guide to distinguish a good egg from a bad one.

THE value of cheese as a food is not properly understood in America. Beefsteak free from bone, is very similar in composition to cheese; both are muscle producers; beef, however, contains more than double the water that cheese contains, and besides, the latter requires no cooking.

AN exchange gives the following recipe for the preparation of a mixture to prevent flies from injuring picture-frames, glass, etc.: Boil three or four onions in a pint of water; then, with a gliding-brush, go over your glasses or frames, and the flies will not alight on the articles so washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

FEW people would think that there are several bad ways of washing the face, and but one right. Dr. Wilson's directions are: "Fill your basin about two-thirds full with fresh water; dip your face in the water, and then your hands. Soap the hands well, and pass the soaped hands with gentle friction over the whole face. Having performed this part of the operation thoroughly, dip the face in the water a second time, and rinse it completely. You may add very much to the luxury of the latter part of the operation by having a second basin ready with fresh water to perform a final rinse."

LADY readers who have not tested the magic properties of borax have been losing a great help and comfort. If once used, you will never be without a bottle on your toilet table. It removes stains and dirt from the hands better than soap, and at the same time softens and smoothes the skin. It is splendid for washing the hair, and will, without injury, cleanse brushes and combs in a few moments. For washing purposes it saves both soap and labor. It will extract the dirt from articles of delicate texture without rubbing, it being only necessary to put the articles to soak with a solution of borax over night, and need only to be rinsed in the morning. Two tablespoonfuls of pulverized borax dissolved in a quart of water, to which water enough is added to cover a pair of blankets, will cleanse them beautifully. It also saves great labor in washing paint. It is said to drive away ants and roaches, if sprinkled on the shelves of safes and pantries.

"AGIN" CHANGING BASE.— The Doctor's head is level on farming, whatever may be said of his pills, and not much can be said against these, for they are very small. The draft which the cities and villages are making upon our farms is not an unmixed evil. Every family that locates in the city becomes a consumer of the farmer's products, and enhances the value of his labor. It diversifies human industry, and contributes largely to the prosperity of the Commonwealth. We need cities and villages quite as much as we need farms; men of the professions, merchants, and mechanics, as well as the tillers of the soil. The relative proportion of city and country population should be such that every citizen should have profitable employment, and every cultivator a good market for his surplus products. At present the proportion is out of balance, and multitudes in our cities have no assured means of living, and suffer the ills of poverty until they come to the almshouse. Many of these idlers might find employment and be self-sustaining in the country, and the drift of our population seeking homes should be toward the country rather than toward the city. Most tillers of the soil who make a change of base for the city, or for some easier method of subsistence, labor under strong delusion. With few exceptions, we all have to eat our bread in the sweat of the face, and there is no ease and comfort in our declining years, but by patient industry, whatever our calling may be. All our history shows that the road to competence is shorter and surer by way of the farm then by any other route. But you say, "I have nothing but my hands and brains, no capital, no credit, nothing by which I can do business for myself." What else has the clerk or mechanic that goes to the city? He has to show his capacity for business, wait long years for the accumulation of capital, and to establish credit, and only one in twenty of the multitudes that drift thitherward win the fortune they seek. All facts are against a change of base. We must learn to labor and to wait.

THE HUMORIST.

EPITAPH ON STRANGE, A LAWYER. Here lies an honest lawyer, and that is *Strange*.

THE DETROIT *Free Press* says: "The French eat their own jackasses, and the Americans elect theirs to office."

"THERE'S a Garden in Her Face," is the title of a poem by Richard Allison. We haven't read, but presume the poet means to say that there is dirt enough on her face to make a garden.

"DID I understand you, sir, to say that Senator Voorhees is in the habit of tripping the light fantastic?" "Oh, no; not at all. I only spoke of him as the famous Dan, sir."

SAUSAGE FRITZ, of this city, is an æsthete. He says he now has a "good quality of home mate sossiches, with the dog collars all picked owid. Dey vash doo utterly py gosh goopele of dimes, and you pet my life if I told you so I pite mine het off."

AN IRISHMAN took a Yankee friend to church with him on Christmas Day. The music was magnificent, and the decorations gorgeous. On their way out of the church he asked the Yankee how he liked it. "Why, it beats the devil!" said the Down-Easter. "That's the intintion," dryly remarked the gentleman from Tipperary.

HE was asking the conductor how he managed to build a house and buy a fast horse out of fifty dollars a month. "You see," said the noble man, "sometimes we get a way passenger who pays a quarter or half dollar for his fare. Well, we flip the money up, — heads for the conductor, tails for the company." "But," persisted the investigator after truth, "sometimes it must turn up tails. What do you do then?" "Oh," replied the conductor, with ineffable contempt, "then we flip it up again." So that passenger went home and sold out his railroad shares.

VARIOUS METHODS OF SNEEZING. — The sedate matron goes about sneezing in a matter-of-fact way. She simply stops, bows her head, and gives utterance to a few well developed "acheos," and moves along, not caring a continental who was observing her. The nervous man stops while a look of pain crosses his face, snorts out his "kroo-wah-kroo-wah-boosh-ah-kroo-wah-oh-Lord!" and leaves the spot wearing a look of the most disconsolate pain. The tall, cadaverous man stops short on the sidewalk, nervously runs his hands into half-a-dozen pockets before he can find his handkerchief, throws his head backwards until his nose points at the City Hall clock, and electrifies all within hearing with a spasmodic "witchoo-witchoo-witch-o-o-owi-wi-wi-witchoo-o-o-o darn the luck!" It does one good to see the jolly fat man sneeze. He throws back his massive shoulders, opens his cavernous mouth to its fullest capacity, shuts both eyes, and fairly raises the dead with his "ah-*schooooo!* ah-SCHOOOOO! ah-ah-SCHOOOOO; whoope! woosh-ah! *schooooo!*-wagh-hooo *physchooooo!* Lordy, but that was a good 'un!"

TACKLING THE WRONG MAN. — The commercial traveller of a Philadelphia house approached a stranger as the train was about to start: "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favor and it won't cost you anything. You see I've got two rousing big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we will euchre them, see." "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you were going on this train?" "So I am. I'm the conductor." "Oh!" He paid extra, as usual.

A GREENHORN'S IRISH EXPERIENCE. A story is told of an Englishman who landed in Dublin filled with apprehension that the life of any loyal subject of Her Majesty was not worth a farthing there and thereabouts. The Land Leaguers, he imagined, were all blood-thirsty assassins, and all that sort of thing. But it was his duty to travel in the land, — a duty he approached with fear and trembling. Now there happened to be on his route a number of towns, the names of which begin with the suggestive syllable "Kil." There was Kilmartin, and so on. In his ignorance of geographical nomenclature his affrighted senses were startled anew on hearing a fellow-passenger in the railway carriage remark to another as follows: "I am just after bein' over to Kilpatrick." "And I," replied the other, "am afther bein' over to Kilmday." "What murderers they are!" thought the Englishman. "And to think that they talk of their assassinations so publicly!" But the conversation went on. "And where are ye goin' now?" asked assassin No. 1. "I'm goin' home, and then to Kilmore," was No. 2's reply. The Englishman's blood curdled. "Kilmore, is it?" added No. 1. "You'd betther be comin' along wid me to Kilumaule." It is related that the Englishman left the train at the next station.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1882.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been attracted to the claims of the "Christian Scientists" of Boston, who, according to a carefully-prepared paper in the *Boston Globe* of March 26th, are rivalling the apostles in performing miraculous cures. The *Globe* cites several very remarkable cases, in which the agency of the cure was, evidently, not natural. The cures are attributed to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, prayer to God, and a firm and humble belief in His mercy, and His willingness to aid the sick.

Now we state broadly, that all such evidences of Divine help in response to prayer, no matter by whom offered, furnish illustrations of the infinite goodness of God, to whom the soul of every son of Adam is dear, and who cannot refuse the petition, particularly of any Christian man, praying in the name of the Son. There is, also, a Divine power in the words of Christ, and we can very easily understand the cure of Mary B. Glover, who read with much devotional feeling the account of our Saviour's healing of the paralytic, as recorded in the fifth chapter of St. John. If men would only stop at this humble supplication of the Divinity, there would be no such thing as heresy or doctrinal vagary in this world; and if the "Christian Scientists" made the whole basis of their creed confiding and lowly prayer, we could say nothing against them.

But alas! as St. Irenæus says (*Adv. Hâer.*), men are deceived even by Divine gifts, and the very favors of God are turned by them into occasions of doctrinal error. Such is, also, the case of the "Christian Scientists." The Divinity, in response to prayer, has graciously healed many. With illogical pertinacity, the healed ones think that they are justified in starting a new religion, and they have issued a creed, or symbol of faith, true enough in its general statements, but liable to misinterpretation. The proper course for the "Christian Scientists" to take, would be to return God thanks for any blessings He may have granted them, and, as gratitude to God brings fuller light and help, who knows that His grace may not lead them into the Church, in which the gift of miracles has never ceased?

The miserable materialism which would seek to make man only a development of the ape, and the world only a blind and unaccounted-for accident, has lost any hold that it ever had upon men's minds. The instincts of nature, the perfection of the universe, the latest researches of science which proclaim the presence of Infinite mind and power in the creation, all tend to draw the mind of man to reliance upon his Maker; and as God has appointed all secondary causes and laws, and as He is infinitely free to dispense with them, a miraculous cure need not excite any surprise. But it must be offensive to God to construct a whole scheme upon such a cure, and religion loses by the advocacy of just such people as the "Christian Scientists." If a man receives a favor from God let him bless His holy name, in private, and make no further fuss about it.

IT is proverbially hard to convert a Roman Catholic; but, undeterred by failures in the past, and the bleak outlook of the future, the Evangelical Ministers' Association of Boston are seriously discussing the feasibility of making us all Protestants.

There does not appear to be much spirit among the reverend gentlemen in this work. Possibly they have tried the work of conversion and failed. The Rev. Mr. Cross appears to have the clearest and most practical views on the subject. "The most foolish way to attack a Catholic," said Mr. Cross, "is through his church, and the best way is through his stomach." Herein Mr. Cross showed himself a very poor theologian, but an excellent philosopher. We all know how bland a man feels after dinner; and a principle of success in life is, never ask a man a favor before dinner. The old Church, then, is to be attacked from the kitchen. A dinner is certainly the most agreeable form that controversy can take; and no doubt men who would hold out all day upon a scriptural text, would yield before a smoking tureen of soup, and capitulate before a "dozen on the half-shell." Besides, the general cheapness of food, as compared with the enormous expenses of Foreign Missions, makes Mr. Cross's conversion plan worthy of deep attention. Instead of sending $50,000 to Timbuctoo, how much nicer it would be to give a great dinner to the Roman Catholics of Boston, especially as Mr. Cross is profoundly convinced that, after the meal, they would all turn Protestants. This is a speedy and a most practicable plan, and we feel safe in saying that there is not a Catholic in Boston, or within a wide circuit, who would not attend the dinner, provided it was as good as he could get at home. By all means this plan of converting Catholics should be encouraged, and we hope the Evangelical Association will give it its serious consideration. Mr. Cross, the originator of this great plan, should have his photograph taken, with a soup-ladle instead of a Bible in his hand, while in the distance might be seen a market and a grocery store. The motto might be, "The Great American Vindicator of Protestantism by means of Groceries."

The Catholic in this country has nothing to fear from fanatics. Thank God, we are all able to make our own living, and Catholics really feed and support the Protestant poor; if a true Catholic in charity, he never stops to ask of what religion a suffering neighbor is. As Hon. Francis Kernan said, at the late banquet of the Xavier Union, "The Catholic Church here is free from all social and political entanglements, and the ruffianism and cruelty of Protestants in England and Ireland would not be tolerated for a moment under our free institutions. Like the temptation of Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, the 'soupers' of Ireland endeavored to tempt the poor people to give up their faith for their stomachs; but they sooner starved than abandon the religion of Him who declared, 'Not on bread alone doth man live.'"

PERHAPS the sincerest mourners over the demise of the poet Longfellow were Catholics, who appreciate his many beautiful poems which breathed the holy spirit of our faith. Early in his career, Longfellow, with the instinct of a true poet, felt that Catholic literature, the growth of the influence of the Church, was a rich and unexplored mine. The Catholic literature of Spain and of Italy had irresistible attractions for him, and his translation of Dante was a labor of love. "Evangeline" is a favorite with many a priest on the Western Mission, the perfection of detail in the passages relating to the labors of the Jesuits being something marvellous. The "Golden Legend" contains some flings at the monks, but they are generally good-natured, and it may be fairly stated that there is not a line in Longfellow which does injustice to the Catholic Church; and that we ought to regret his death, because, when he began to write, there was a very strong feeling against our religion. His books were welcomed into the library of scholars, the only men, after all, who permanently mould public opinion, and they learned to love, or at least respect, the Catholic faith, which Longfellow represented as producing the noblest types of character. That he failed to receive the supreme grace of the faith need not surprise us; for our Lord says: "No man cometh to Me unless the Father draw him"—and faith is a gift which, to mortal comprehension, seems to be given and taken away, in what, with reverence, we may call an arbitrary way.

DON'T strain your eyes by reading or working with insufficient or flickering light.

THE Sisters of St. Joseph have recently opened at Hannibal, Mo., an institution for deaf-mutes, which promises to be very successful. The terms for the scholastic year, which begins the first Monday of September and ends with the month of June, are only $150. There is no distinction of race or creed, and those too poor to pay are not excluded. This is a most praiseworthy undertaking, and merits a generous support from all classes of people.

IN the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, a Plenary Indulgence, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, may be gained on the feast of St. Patrick, or on any day within the octave, as celebrated in Ireland. This is a special privilege granted to the petition of Most Rev. Archbishop Wood, in 1862, by our late Holy Father of blessed memory, Pius IX. The conditions specified are as follows: To approach the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist, to visit the parish church, and to pray for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE AT LOURDES.—On the second of February,—on the morning of her feast — Our Lady of Lourdes restored to health a priest whose life was despaired of, — M. l'Abbé Felix Burman's, Vicar of St. Joseph's, in Antwerp, Belgium. His zeal ruined his health; medicine failed. He determined to make a pilgrimage, to ask for life or death at Lourdes. When he left Antwerp, everybody said: "We will meet again,—*in heaven!*" The cabman who drove him to the hotel declared that he would not ever again drive him back to the railway station alive; the carpenter at the hotel expected to make his coffin. But the Abbé Burmans plunged thrice into the basin. The third time he felt something like a general tearing-up in his chest. "I am cured," he said, quietly. It was true.—*N. Y. Freeman's Journal.*

CLEANING AND DYEING.—The leading house in the country in the dyeing and cleansing business is that of Lewando, the principal office of which is at No. 17 Temple Place, Boston. It is likewise one of the oldest in the line, having been established nearly half a century ago in Watertown, Mass. Since then many improvements have taken place, and modern appliances have been introduced which afford better facilities for expeditiously doing first-class work. The reputation of this house for fine and perfectly satisfactory work is well known all over the country, as they are in constant receipt of goods for restoring, dyeing, or cleansing, from dealers, families, hotels, etc., from every section. To expedite and facilitate business, branch offices are had in Providence, 270 Westminster Street; at 2 Park Square, Lynn; Watertown, Galen Street; South Boston, 321 *A*, Broadway, Boston Highlands.

A MORNING OFFERING.—Mass will be said every Wednesday morning at eight o'clock, in the Church of Knock, by the venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, P. P., for all who contribute to the Knock Convent Building Fund. All who wish to share in this great grace should make their intention each Wednesday morning, or on the previous evening, and say some short prayer for the intentions for which to have the Holy Sacrifice offered. Thus there will be a holy union of prayer for all. Let us also pray for all who are uniting with us for the same purpose, so that by our prayers we may help each other's intention. Let us also pray for peace, and for brighter days for our dear country.

Those who wish a share in the Wednesday Mass, and in the prayers offered three times each day at Knock, should send their names and full address to Sister Mary Francis Clare, Knock, Ballyhaunis, County Mayo.

THE ANTI-CHINESE BILL.— The Chinese bill, as passed by both Houses of Congress, provides that from and after the expiration of ninety days after the passage of the act, and until the expiration of twenty years after its passage, the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States shall be suspended, and prescribes a penalty of imprisonment not exceeding one year, and a fine of not more than $500 against the master of any vessel who brings any Chinese laborer to this country during that period. It further provides that the classes of Chinese excepted by the treaty from such prohibition, such as merchants, teachers, students, travellers, diplomatic agents and Chinese laborers who were in the United States, on Nov. 17, 1880, shall be required, as a condition for their admission, to produce passports from the government of China personally identifying them, and showing that they individually belong to one of the permitted classes, which passports must have been indorsed by the diplomatic representative of the United States in China, or by the United States Consul at the port of departure. It also provides elaborate machinery for carrying out the purposes of the act, and additional sections prohibit the admission of Chinese to citizenship by any United States or State Court, and construes the words "Chinese laborers" to mean both skilled and unskilled laborers, and Chinese employed in mining. The President has vetoed the bill.

HOAXING JOHN BULL.—John Bull was seriously alarmed about a rumored rising on Patrick's Day. A mysterious private communication informed Gladstone that there was to be a general rising of the peasantry on Patrick's morning. Despatches were sent over the country, troops were kept under arms at all points, and preparations were made to crush out the rising by fire and sword.

A close eye was kept on the post-office, and every suspicious box or parcel which might contain dynamite was carefully sent to London to be examined. The eventful morning came; Gladstone, Forster, and John Bull breathed easier as the day wore on, for the telegrams informed them that there never had been a quieter Patrick's Day in Ireland. The authorities, after much precaution, and in fear and trembling, proceeded to open the suspicious boxes. They found every one of them to contain innocent shamrocks, sent from parties in Ireland to their friends in England and America. To add to their chagrin and discomfiture, Forster received a letter from his mysterious correspondent stating that "the peasantry had risen, but it was from their beds."

THE GREAT CARDINAL.—The Cardinal-Archbishop's (Manning's) wonderful energy grows rather than diminishes. On Sunday night he brought to a close, with an effective discourse, and the bestowal of the Papal Benediction a highly successful mission at St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, Poplar. He occupied the pulpit of SS. Peter and Edward, Westminster, on Tuesday night. Last night he preached and officiated in an important ceremony in the church of the Augustinian Fathers, Hoxton. His Eminence will to-day, the festival of Ireland's apostle, pronounce two panegyrics of the saint,—one at Father Arthur O'Leary's old church in Soho, the other at St. Patrick's, Wapping. And this wonderful record is representative of but one phase of his labors,—and that not the most important. He promulgated the plenary the Sunday before St. Patrick's Day. A plenary indulgence may be gained by all persons who—besides making a good confession, and receiving worthily Holy Communion, and praying for the intention of his Holiness—shall, on the day before St. Patrick's Day, on St. Patrick's Day itself, and on the following day, *abstain from all intoxicating drinks.* The faithful are earnestly exhorted to endeavor to obtain the plenary indulgence, and to offer up this little self-denial as an act of intercession, reparation, and expiation, for those who sin against God by drunkenness and intemperance, especially at this time. —*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

"NO PAPISTS NEED APPLY."—Time was when the motto of the Nurses' Institution in Calcutta was: "No Papists Need Apply." A well-known Calcutta doctor, dining out one day, found himself beside one of the ladies of the committee. "I hear," said he, "that you have refused to employ Mrs. ——, though she is an excellent nurse, merely because she is a Catholic." "We must draw the line *somewhere*," was the reply. "Well, then, please draw it through my name on your subscribers' list," said the doctor. Nevertheless he was an Anglican.

THE FENIAN DYNAMITE SCARE.—The dynamite scare in England has been accounted for in the simplest manner possible. It appears that parties interested in the guano caves of Texas, were desirous of bringing their fertilizers before English agriculturists, and with this object in view sent parties in England several hermetically sealed cases, and, among others, was one sent to Mr. Ralph Creyke, M. P. The Fenian scare being at its height just at that time, the honorable member from York City had no doubt that he was the recipient of an infernal machine, and the mysterious package was, in consequence, forwarded to Woolwich Arsenal for examination. It was opened with the utmost precaution, by experts detailed by the military authorities, who found a mass of fine, dark-brown powder, whose color and appearance did not reveal its nature. Then it was tested in small quantities without result. It was not until a complete analysis had been made, and explanatory letters received, that the terrible mystery was cleared up. The authorities were so thoroughly ashamed of their cowardly scare that they tried to keep the matter secret, but it leaked out from the guano men, who heartily enjoyed the joke.

JOHN E. MOORE, the landing agent at Castle Garden, has compiled a table for the Commissioners of Emigration, Congress, and the Legislature, showing the proportion of the 441,064 immigrants landed in 1881 brought by the different lines to New York. The North German Lloyd, 87 steamships, carried 71,709; Hamburg-American, 77 steamships, 65,565; Inman, 58 steamships, 42,588; White Star, 60 steamships, 30,292; National, 77 steamships, 35,323; Anchor, 127 steamships, 39,769; French, 65 steamships, 28,211; Red Star, 47 steamships, 24,694; Guion, 49 steamships, 20,051; Cunard, 61 steamships, 16,633; Netherlands-American, 37 steamships, 15,573; State, 50 steamships, 15,476; Monarch, 17 steamships, 3 667. 145 other steamships brought 31,513 immigrants.

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY, the Irish poet, is dead.

THE *Madras Catholic Directory* for 1882 gives the following statistical summary of the Catholic Church in India, Burmah, and Ceylon: In India—Missions under the Right Revs. the Vicars-Apostolic: 15 Bishops; 993 Priests; 929,600 Catholic laity. In Ceylon, do., do.: 3 Bishops; 75 Priests; 196,000 Catholic laity. In Burmah, the Straits of Malacca, Siam, do., do.: 4 Bishops; 90 Priests; 42,239 Catholic laity. In India, under his Grace the Archbishop of Goa, in and out of Portuguese Territory: 1 Archbishop; 894 Priests; 447,270 Catholic laity. Total—22 Bishops; 2,051 Priests; 1,618,115 lay Catholics.

OUR APRIL ISSUE.—Among the notices of the press, we copy this from the *Catholic World:* "The April number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is already out, and scattered over the country, from Maine to Florida, ahead of its contemporaries. This number opens with a capital portrait and sketch of the life of Hon. William E. Robinson (Richelieu), Member of Congress from Brooklyn, N. Y. We are pleased to learn from this breezy memoir of an excellent man that Mr. Robinson has not abandoned the thought of bringing out his promised work on the Irish Element in the United States. Following this memoir is another chapter from the pen of 'A. J. R.,' on 'Some more of our Weak Points,' in which Catholics are told a few healthy truths. The general contents of the magazine are inviting, useful, diversified and instructive. We note with pleasure that the paper used is of the finest quality and tone."

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS IN 1882. — The American Newspaper Directory, which will be issued next month by Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York, will contain the names of 10,611 periodicals in the United States and Territories, which is a gain of 344 in the year just passed. The number of daily papers has increased in a somewhat larger proportion, and is now represented by a total of 996 against 921 in 1881. The largest increase has been in New York — 10 dailies, 29 of all sorts. Illinois and Missouri show a percentage of gain which is even greater, while Colorado leads all others in the percentage of increase, both of daily and weekly issues. California, Nebraska, Nevada, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Vermont, and West Virginia have fallen behind 1881 in the total number of periodicals issued. In Georgia, Maine, and Massachusetts the suspensions have exactly counterbalanced the new ventures. In every State not mentioned above, and in the Territories, there has been an increase.

PROTECTION OF FEMALE EMIGRANTS. No man ever more devotedly gave himself for his countrymen than William Smith O'Brien. In a less obtrusive way, but none the less really, his daughter, Miss Charlotte G. O'Brien, is following in his footsteps. Her writings show how warmly her heart has ever beat for Ireland; and of late years the interest she has taken in the safety and welfare of the thousands of our countrywomen who annually leave us for homes across the Atlantic, proves that her interest has not been alone speculative, but practical. Miss O'Brien has now taken a further step, and on the first of next month purposes to open at Queenstown a home for female emigrants. We need scarcely say that her object is not to make money; nor is there anything charitable about the undertaking. Every person making use of the Home will be charged current rates for the accommodation they receive. An attendant will meet emigrants at the landing station, will go with them to the offices of the line for which they hold tickets and, as far as practicable, Miss O'Brien herself will accompany them on board to insure proper precautions being observed as to berthing. Nor is this all. She proposes working with the "Children of Mary" in Boston and other Catholic communities on the United States seaboard, so as to protect women more effectually on their arrival; and wherever their destination in the States is decided upon, she will advise the Catholic clergyman of the district of their departure, and the probable date of their arrival. There will, therefore, be every guarantee that from the hour women leave their old home, until they reach their new home across the Atlantic, they will be in safe hands. Miss O'Brien's effort has our heartiest sympathy. We are certain she will achieve a large measure of good. Her own Protestantism will not suffer in her loyal and sincere attitude towards her Catholic sisters. The Home will not be in connection with any special line of steamers; but we believe that her influence over them all, through the reports which those who pass through her hands, will return of the treatment they have received on the passage, will not be the least of the benefits likely to accrue from the exertion to our "Brave, brave Irish girls" who cross the Atlantic. — *Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

WHAT united action and practical work can do, is shown by the efforts of the Ladies' Land League, of Worcester, Mass., in behalf of the cause in which they are workers. These ladies got up a bazaar which, in a short time, netted the handsome sum of $4,739.77, which they have sent to Mr. Egan, in Paris.

WHY THEY DRINK. — Mr. A. drinks because his doctor has recommended him to take a little. Mr. B. because his doctor has ordered him not, and he hates quackery. Mr. C. takes a drop because he is wet. Mr. D. because he is dry. Mr. E. because he feels something rising. Mr. F. because he feels a kind of sinking. Mr. G. because he's going to see a friend off to America. M. H. because he's got a friend home from Australia. Mr. I. because he's so hot in the evening. Mr. K. because he's so cold in the morning. Mr. L. because he's got a pain in his head. Mr. M. because he's got a pain in his side. Mr. N. because he's got a pain in his back. Mr. O. because he's got a pain in his chest. Mr. P. because he's got a pain all over him. Mr. Q. because he feels light and happy. Mr. R. because he feels heavy and miserable. Mr. S. because he's married. Mr. T. because he isn't. Mr. V. because he likes to see his friends around him. Mr. W. because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass to himself. Mr. X. because his uncle left him a legacy. Mr. Y. because his aunt cut him off with a shilling. Mr. Z.— We should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking; but putting the question to him, he was found to be unable to answer.

THE JEWS AND THE CHURCH. — A striking contrast between the way in which the Schismatics and Protestants in the East of Europe treat the Jews, and the tolerance which the Catholic Church has always exhibited towards that race, is afforded by the recent action of the Catholic Bishops in Russia and Poland, during the recent agitation. The Bishop of Plock, Mgr. Gintowt, ordered his priests to condemn severely any outrages against the Jews, and the leading members of the synagogue there have tendered to the Bishop an expression of their grateful thanks. The Bishop of Kielc-Cracow has issued a pastoral letter dwelling on the duty of Catholics treating Jews as their neighbors, with Christian kindness; and the administrator of the diocese of Sandomir has done the same. In Poland the Jews have suffered few or no insults; in Cracow, indeed, a placard was posted up calling for the death of all Jews on the first of June; but this was a freak of some students, and met with no response. Poland still merits its old title of *Paradisus Judacorum*. Far different is the conduct of the Protestants and Schismatics in Germany and elsewhere. Only recently five thousand electors met at Breslau and demanded exceptional laws against the Jews, while in Roumania public opinion is almost unanimous in favor of permission to enter that State being refused to Jewish refugees.

O'CONNELL'S address to the men of Clonmel, written nearly fifty years ago, has significance and interest to-day. In it the leader of that time advised the Tipperary men to "take down and publish in their parish the names of any, if there be any, traitors to Ireland. Let there be no violence, no force, no outrage; but (adds the Tribune) post up the names of the traitors to Ireland. Let no man deal with them, — let no woman speak to them, — let the children laugh them to scorn." If this be not Boycotting with a vengeance, we know not what is.

MORMONISM.— The Americans are becoming seriously alarmed at the rapid progress of Mormonism. Formerly their feeling was one of unmitigated disgust at the odious doctrines of the sect, but of late this sentiment has been re-enforced by the conviction that Mormonism is becoming a formidable power in the political world. While the population of Utah itself is rapidly increasing, and is being swelled every year by thousands of immigrants from Europe, a careful system of colonization, conducted under the direction of the crafty and subtle Cannon, the successor of Brigham Young, is spreading bodies of Mormon electors throughout the neighboring States and Territories of the Union. Idaho and Arizona are said to be practically in the hands of the Mormons, and a distinguished American politician has calculated that, at their present rate of increase, the Mormons will in ten years rule all the Eastern Territories and States on the Pacific, with the exception of California. Considering that Mormonism, besides its polygamous infamies, establishes the unmitigated despotism of its ruling elders wherever it gains a footing, and completely neutralizes the law of the Union by its secret edicts, the prospect is serious even to Republicans, who might tolerate the immoral side of the sect.— *London Tablet.*

MONASTIC LIFE.— A splendid tribute to ancient monastic life in Ireland is paid by a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. R. St. John Tyrwhitt, formerly of Christ Church, Oxford, in a volume entitled "Greek and Gothic," which deals with the progress and decay of the three arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. Mr. Froude will be horrified to hear Mr. Tyrwhitt proclaiming that "St. Patrick was a real person, and his work real work, ending 465 A.D." From the time of St. Patrick, he continues, to the time of St. Columba, "is a period of blackness, of darkness in Southern Europe, during which it seems hardly too much to say that the Christian faith was preserved and renewed by the Irish Church,"— A magnificent testimony indeed! — *Liverpool Times.*

A MONK WHO WAS EMPEROR OF GERMANY.—A beautiful story is told of St. Henry, the second Emperor of the name, of Germany, away back in olden Catholic times, eleventh century. Being a most holy man, and becoming desirous to lead a more perfect life than he conceived was possible in the distractions of a court, he resolved, like many another great Catholic king and some sovereign pontiffs, to leave his throne and bury himself in a monastery. Repairing secretly to the religious house of St. Vannes, in Verdun, he begged admission as a postulant. Abbot Richard solemnly assembled all his monks in Chapter, and calling the royal applicant before him, demanded, in a tone of authority: "Are you ready to obey even until death?" "I am," answered Henry. "And I hereby receive you," continued the abbot, "into the number of my religious. I will answer for the salvation of your soul if you promise to fulfil all I enjoin upon you —." "I swear obedience," interrupted the king. "Then," rejoined the abbot, "it is my will that you resume the government of the German Empire!" We know the sequel of this story.

ANOTHER MARTYR TO SMALL-POX.—We have just learned the full particulars of the death of Father Smith, of Unionville, Mo. As the papers announced at the time, he died of small-pox; but that was not the worst feature of his taking off. He contracted the dread disease while ministering to the victims of the scourge. When sick, the neighbors refused to visit him; when dead, he was allowed to remain in his room for three days; when his decomposition threatened all Unionville with a contagion, a negro was hired to bury the dead priest, which he did, digging a hole outside the town, and covering him up without a shroud or coffin. We are very sorry for the priest, and sorrier still for the people of Unionville. Priests expose themselves to every danger, and hazard their lives in a hundred ways in ministering to the spiritual wants of the people; when the priest is himself attacked, it is a frightful ingratitude to abandon him, as this priest was abandoned. We have never read a story so sad and humiliating as this. We have no heart to dwell on it further.

AT the St. Patrick's Day banquet at Delmonico's, Gen. Grant was a guest. In response to the proposal of his health, he said: "I am an Irish citizen since 1879, and I have become possessed of that peculiar virtue of Irishmen,— modesty; but by a long residence in this country I hope to overcome it. All my travels through the world have brought me back a better American than when I left."

THE census returns for the county Wexford have come to hand, and, like the published returns of the other counties, they repeat the old tale of steady depopulation. In 1881 the number of persons in that county amounted to 123,854—60,928 males, and 62,926 females. The population in 1871 was 132,666, which shows a decrease of 6.6 per cent. The enormous flow of the manhood of the county is seen when we recollect that in 1841 the population of Wexford was 202.033. The religious returns show that of the entire population there are 112,794 Catholics; Protestant Episcopalians, 10,177; Presbyterians, 288; Methodists, 391; all others, 200, and 4 refused to state their religion. Of these, 51.5 is the estimated rate per cent. of persons who are able to read and write; 15.3 of persons who are able to read only; and 33.2 illiterate. In this respect a marked improvement is manifest among the people. According to the agricultural statistics for last year, there were 150,292 acres under tillage, 59.696 under meadow and clover, and 297,153 under pasture, which shows 88.5 of the total extent of land in the country to be arable. There are 10,876 acres under plantations, 13,836 under bog and marsh, and 18,273 under barren mountain land. The remaining 22,794 acres were returned as under roads, fences, etc.

THE JEWS AND THE IRISH.—Observes the *Irish-American:* It is stated that a Russian journal published in St. Petersburg, commenting satiricaily on the hypocritical English sympathy for the persecuted Jews in Russia, recommends the Irish to become Jews. In that case the Muscovite writer thinks they would secure the sympathy which the English are now so lavishly bestowing on the persecuted Hebrews. "Poor Irish! why are you not Jews?" he asks. "We do not," he continues, "know whether the proposal made by General Ignatieff, in a recent interview with the English Ambassador, be authentic or not, but we willingly give it: 'Let the English,' said the General, 'take our Jews, and give us their Irish. We will even give them, if they like, ten Jews for one Irishman'!" The General, remembering how much of Russian success was due to the gallant De Lacy, and his Irish companions in exile, under Peter the Great, knew what he was talking about.

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI, the wonderful Italian linguist, knew sixty-four languages, and talked forty-eight. He turned his attention to this study because, when a young priest, he found a foreign sailor dying who wanted to confess, but could find no priest who could understand him.

TRUCULENCE and bitter animosity towards the Church still characterize the French Government. M. Goblet, the Minister of the Interior, has sent a circular to the Prefects of Departments, requesting them to inform him immediately if any members of the religious bodies, expelled from France under the Church decrees, should attempt to re-enter any religious establishments in the districts under their jurisdiction. When will French Catholics awake from their criminal lethargy, and hurl from power the aggressive infidels who now, through their supineness, sway the destinies of their country?

THE LATE BISHOP LYNCH, of Charleston, when the war commenced, held about two hundred thousand dollars which had been deposited with him by various people. During the conflict, when the ardent South regarded success as certain, Bishop Lynch placed this money in Confederate securities as the safest and best investment. When the cause was lost, these securities disappeared in the vortex which swept so many fortunes out of existence. Most men would have regarded this as one of the circumstances beyond their responsibility, and the debt as one for which they were not legally or morally bound. Not so Bishop Lynch. He tolerated no such sophistry, but set himself earnestly to the task of paying back to the creditors the full amount of their claims; and this he had just done before he died, each creditor having received in gold the sum due. This act typifies the good Bishop's character.

PROFESSOR MAHAFFY'S spirited article on Irish landlords, in a recent number of the *Contemporary*, contains the following singular paragraph: "An advanced Radical historian said to me that whether a few hundred landlords were shot or ruined was a very little matter, if the great land problem could be finally solved. This is a hard and unjust saying, and one which no Government ought to entertain." But has this been, or is it likely to be, so "entertained"? And if so, what is the significance of the contemplated withdrawal of police protection from certain persons in Ireland?—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

THE National Bank has, through its Dublin managers, Messrs. Mahony and Kirwan, guaranteed £200 towards the Exhibition of Irish Industries. In thus acting, the National Bank has maintained its well-earned prestige of being foremost in every work for the development of the material prosperity of the country. [This is the bank Mr. Donahoe draws his drafts on.]

DE-CHRISTIANIZATION.—The Bishop of Salford (the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan), in his Lenten Pastoral to the clergy and laity of his diocese, bewails the fact that, in the present day, we are witnessing the gradual de-Christianization of society. Enormous progress has been made in wealth and science in the present century; but wealth and science, he says, are powerless against pride and passion. Society has de-Christianized the State, and the State, in turn, is de-Christianizing national education. The logical result of the present system of national education, bereft of all the sublime doctrines of faith, and in which the knowledge and love of Christ were discredited and ignored, must, he said, be to foster and spread religious indifference, and to favor the growth of Rationalism and unbelief.

The same may be said of the United States.

DURING the past year, the famous Sanctuary of Notre Dame des Victoires was visited by no less than 3,000,000 of persons, among whom were 33 Archbishops and Bishops, and 3,117 foreign priests. The number of communions was 135,000. There were also 1,626,588 recommendations for prayers, and 31 decorations, such as military crosses, medals, etc., as well as 625 marble slabs, were offered as exvotos. Still people are dreadfully alarmed about the decay of faith in France!

THE trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, for the purpose of restricting the service in the out-patient department to the suffering poor, instructed the resident physician to examine each applicant for admission. A competent assistant was employed for the work. In twelve hundred and fifty investigating visits, five hundred and forty-five were found *undeserving of charity*. Improper applications for treatment by those who can afford to pay medical charges are a burden to such institutions, and this action of the hospital authorities will serve to deter many who would impose upon its kindness. Nearly all our charitable institutions are imposed upon in this way. In some of our asylums are taken care of, in the tenderest manner, those who ought to be out in the world earning their bread and butter.

WITH reference to the meetings of sympathy for the Jews, a St. Petersburg journal says:—"Generous England, which raises a clamor every time a slave is sold in Africa, or a usurer flayed in Russia, holds down battered and bloody under her relentless knee the most amiable, the most courageous, and the most virtuous people in Europe."

SCENE IN A HORSE-CAR.—A Protestant minister is trying to puzzle an Irish Catholic: "You drink milk on Fridays; the milk comes from a cow. Why cannot you as well eat the flesh as drink the milk, since they both come from the same animal?" "Were you ever a baby?" asked the Hibernian. "Of course." "Then you drank your mother's milk as much as you wished?" "Certainly; what then?" "Well, is that a reason for saying that you have eaten your mother?" The minister said no more, but the crowd snickered some.

THE CORONATION OF THE CZAR. — The Holy Father has decided upon sending an envoy to represent him at St. Petersburg, at the solemnities which are going to take place in the capital of the Russian Empire, on the occasion of the coronation of the new Czar, Alexander III. The person chosen for that high and distinguished mission is his Eminence Cardinal Howard, who, it may be remembered, is a distinguished linguist, and speaks the Russian language, amongst others, with ease and fluency. His Eminence is, besides, by his wealth, birth, and position, a fit representative for so important a post

THE Press Association is informed that in view of the contingency of a general election, the parliamentary committee of the Irish party in the House of Commons has drawn up a list of candidates of extreme views, to be placed in nomination for every constituency in Ireland, in opposition to such members as have not shown themselves zealous and obedient followers of Mr. Parnell. All the moderate section, led by Mr. Shaw, M. P., will be opposed to the utmost.

THE great Irish-American lawyer, Hon. Charles O'Conor, who is now seventy-eight years old, has just moved into his new house at Nantucket, overlooking Vineyard Sound. He is enjoying excellent health, and spends much of his time with his vast collection of books and pamphlets, which are ranged on the shelves of a large fire-proof library, 25 by 60 feet in size. He is said to be preparing an autobiography, in which special attention will be paid to some of the famous lawsuits in which he has been engaged during the last half century.

SOME of the girls of the period, it is said, are parting their hair on one side. They do this because they do not wish to look like the soft young men who part their hair in the middle.

ON February 26th, Archbishop John B. Purcell's eighty-second birthday was celebrated at St. Ursula's Convent, St. Martin's, Brown County. The Archbishop was taken to the third story in a chair, where Father Callanan sang Mass, and an exceedingly pleasant letter from Cardinal McCloskey was read. Many visitors were there, chiefly from Cincinnati. Presents of flowers in rich and costly designs, sent by Cincinnati ladies, were numerous. The Archbishop enjoyed the occasion greatly. He is now in better health than he was six months ago, and his friends think he will live to celebrate, on Oct. 13, 1883, the golden jubilee of his Episcopal consecration.

THE *Republic* is the title of a new Irish-American paper recently started in this city. It makes a fine appearance, and says "it has come to stay." We hope so. The manager, we learn, is Patrick Maguire, Esq., Chairman of the Ward and County Committee of the Democratic party. Mr. Maguire is a practical printer. Printers should know how to make good newspapers. We wish the new enterprise every success.

A WELCOME HOME. — A substantial and well-deserved compliment was paid to the pastor of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, on his return from a tour to Mexico. Judge Fallon, on behalf of the congregation, presented Father O'Callaghan with a purse of thirteen hundred dollars. Few clergymen have worked harder than Father O'Callaghan, as the splendid church of which he is pastor shows.

WE regret to learn that that sterling Irishman, Mr. D. A. Brosnan, the veteran bookseller and news agent of Washington, D. C., was seized with an affection of the heart on January 30th, and has since been confined to his home. Honest Dan Brosnan has a host of friends both here and "at home," who will sincerely pray that he may long be spared to continue, with his old-time vigor, the sturdy blows he has ever struck in the cause of faith and fatherland.

REV. P. F. HEALY, S. J., President of Georgetown University, who has been suffering from ill-health for some time, has left the college, not expecting to return. He is now at Portland, Maine, where he will remain with his brother, who is Bishop of Portland. His administration of the affairs of the college has been marked with ability. He is succeeded in his charge by Rev. James A. Doonan, S. J., the Vice-President of the University.

On the anniversary of his accession to the Pontifical throne, Pope Leo XIII. ordered 150 beds, and 10,000 francs, to be distributed to poor families in Rome.

His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McCabe, Archbishop of Dublin, is the first on the list of seven new Cardinals given by the *Journal de Rome* as on the eve of creation at the approaching Papal Consistory.

Population.—It is estimated that the population of the United States is more than fifty-two and one-half millions. Another million will be added by emigration the present year.

The British House of Commons, by a vote of 387 to 42, granted an additional annuity of £10,000 ($50,000) to Prince Leopold, and a pension of £6,000 yearly to his widow in the event of his death.

Considering the predilection that her Majesty has always shown for Scotland and Germany, it is somewhat remarkable that a Scotsman should have shot at her with a pistol of German manufacture.

St. Patrick's Day, in New York, was appropriately celebrated. The march of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment to the Cathedral, to attend Pontifical High Mass, was the ideal of a Catholic Irish-American procession in honor of the great apostle. All honor to Colonel Kavanagh, his officers and men!—*Catholic Review.*

The convent of women which was established in the county of Suffolk, England, a few years ago, by an Anglican minister, has been closed, "in consequence," says *The Rock*, "of some of the young ladies who entered it having married, and of others having, as a matter of course, joined the Church of Rome."

House of the Angel Guardian.—We direct attention to the advertisement of this excellent institution in our advertising columns. It is a most excellent institution, and worthy of the support of the Catholics of the country. Each member has a share in 365 Masses a year, besides a Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul when he dies, and a share in the daily prayers of the Brothers and boys of the institution. And, as if this were not more than enough for the small sum demanded, beautiful premiums are given to those who become life members.

Donahoe's Magazine for March is at hand, and filled with appropriate St. Patrick's Day selections. We are glad to see this really excellent periodical holding its own so admirably.—*Catholic Columbian.*

Governor Hamilton, of Maryland, has signed the bill recently passed, fixing the punishment of wife-beaters at forty lashes, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both. The sheriff is to do the lashing. A similar law should exist in every State in the Union.

From a parliamentary return recently issued, it appears that, up to January 28th, the Irish Land Commissioners had adjudicated upon 1,313 cases, affecting 42,802 acres, and reducing rents from £37,441 to £28,586.

It must be in reference to the British Premier's latest freak that people are asking each other, "Why would it be impossible for Mr. Gladstone to insure his life?" *Answer.* "Because there is no man who *can make out his policy.*"

Just as Mr. T. M. Healy, M. P. for Wexford, entered the House of Commons, amidst the cheers of his colleagues, on his arrival from the United States, Mr. Biggar was informing the august assembly that Mr. Forster was "a frequenter of a common gambling-house in Stephen's Green, Dublin"!

A Dublin comic paper says that the Government are about to prohibit "The Meeting of the Waters" at Avoca, and that the growing of potatoes is to be interdicted because the Government objects to "drilling" for "Irish champions." This would be about as sensible a proceeding as nine-tenths of the transactions of the dispensers of the "resources of civilization."—*Irish American.*

Charitable Irish Society.—This venerable association celebrated its 147th anniversary at the Parker House on March 17th. Previous to the banquet, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas Riley; Vice-President, W. W. Doherty; Secretary, John F. Dever; Treasurer, John Conlon; Keeper of the Silver Key, Patrick Maguire; Directors, Patrick Maguire, D. H. Morrissey, John Curtin, John Sullivan, and Henry F. Magee.

THE MONTH OF MARY.

Thomas De Cantillon Church.

Years roll onward, seasons vary,
Passing swiftly day by day,
Bringing still the month of Mary,
Her own peerless month of May.

Birds are warbling, flowers springing,
Nature wears a joyous hue,
And the sun is brightly bringing
His own meed of glory, too.

See! the broad expanse above us,
Dower'd with clouds of silver hue,
Shows the banners Mary loveth;
Her own matchless white and blue.

All our churches are thrown open,
Round our altars people throng;
Book and bead and golden token
Of our people's faith among.

And her rosary comes gushing
From the well-springs in our souls,
With a joy-sound like the rushing
Of a streamlet thro' the knolls.

'Neath the arch'd aisles, dim and shady,
In our gardens, fresh and gay,
Prayers are offered to our Lady —
Humbly offered, day by day.

Voice of age and youth are blending,
Soft responses gently fall,
And the hearts of men are sending
Solemn love-vows felt by all.

Then, oh! vouchsafe, best of Mothers,
To pray for us, day by day;
Thou, more powerful than all others,
Can'st insure a fadeless May.

Pray, when life's turmoil has ended,
And we rest beneath the sod,
That our spirits will have blended
In the bosom of our God!

TWO MONTHLY MAGAZINES that we read with pleasure and instruction are the *Catholic World* and DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. We would call the attention of parents, especially, to the good that could be accomplished in the family by having such periodicals always at hand for the young men and women, and even the children. The contents of the April number of each of these two magazines are very excellent. — *The Catholic Columbian.*

THE ladies of the Liverpool Land League forwarded to Mr. Parnell, on Feb. 13th, a valentine, in which the symbol of remembrance was a check for £100.

As a family magazine, Donahoe's cannot easily be excelled. —*The Western Watchman*, St. Louis.

KEOKUK, Iowa, claims distinction as the biggest egg market in the world; 10,500,000 eggs were shipped from there last season.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, the actress, has contributed $500 to the Cathedral of St. Mary of the Assumption, Louisville, Ky., her native place.

IT is stated that last year, irrespective of immigrant brain and muscle, the United States can record a cash gain of *sixty-one million* dollars through her immigrants.

THE Blessed Sacrament was exposed at many of the churches in Rome during the Carnival. The number of communions at Notre Dame des Victoires, during the past year, has been no less than 135,000.

No doubt Irish alarmists were much astonished to hear that at the Kilkenny City Assizes, the other day, Lord Justice Fitzgibbon was presented with a pair of white kid gloves, there being no criminal business.

A PARLIAMENTARY return recently issued, shows that last year 3,415 families, comprising 17,341 persons, were evicted in Ireland. Of these, 1,880 families were readmitted either as tenants or care-takers.

A PARLIAMENTARY return, issued on February 25th, shows that in twenty years previous to, and including 1880, 512 persons were sentenced to death in England and Wales, of whom 279 were executed, and 194 sent into penal servitude for life.

ACCORDING to the Protestant "Irish Church Directory" for the current year, there are now 1,708 clergy in the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland. The census of 1861 gave the number as 2,265, and the decrease, therefore, in the twenty years, has been 557.

NEWS reaches us from Melbourne, that the bill restricting Chinese immigration has become law. No vessel can now land in Victoria more than one Chinese to every 100 tons, and each immigrant must pay a tax of £10 on arrival. Chinese, however, may freely enter the colony overland from New South Wales or South Australia.

PERSONAL.

On the second of March Leo XIII. completed the seventy-second year of his age, and on the same day the Archbishop of Dublin was created a Cardinal.

"A man may be a hero on the battle-field, and a lunatic in politics," is said to be the comment of the Grand Duke Constantine on Gen. Skobeleff's recent speech.

The Very Rev James Stephens, P.P., Killybegs, and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Raphoe, has been raised to the dignity of a Monsignor by his Holiness the Pope.

Mr. Dion Boucicault, Jr., promises to excel his father in his dual character of dramatist and actor. A piece from his pen, "My Little Girl," has won the encomiums of the critics.

Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, is a candidate for the vacant seat in the French Academy. It will be remembered that he declined to stand for previous vacancies, lest he should be welcomed by M. Renan, — a danger which no longer exists.

His Grace Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, left for Rome on March 13th, taking with him the offerings of the Catholics of the province to the Pope. The offerings amount to $50,000. His Grace will be absent about three months, and will pay a visit to Ireland before his return.

Cardinal Newman kept his eighty-first birthday on Tuesday, February 21st. Not only to Catholics, but to a large circle outside the Church, by whom his name is revered, will it be a matter of rejoicing that, in spite of his advanced age, the great Oratorian still enjoys remarkably good health. His Eminence sang High Mass on the occasion in the Church of the Oratory, Edgbaston, and went through the ceremonies with apparently little fatigue.

Our readers will rejoice to learn that the illustrious Dominican, Father Tom Burke, whose illness for some time deprived the public of his matchless oratory, is "himself again." He pleaded in St. Andrew's, Westland Row, Dublin, on Sunday, February 12th, for the poor visited by the Sisters of Mercy. The spacious church, that boasts of accommodating over 6,000 people, was so crowded that even standing-room could not be had, — and never in his palmiest days was he heard to greater advantage. The collection was large.

On March 10th His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey celebrated the thirty-eighth anniversary of his elevation to the Episcopacy, but not of his birth. In honor of the event, and to congratulate the Cardinal on his long life and exalted position, a number of prominent Catholic clergymen called on the Cardinal. In all the churches of the diocese, in accordance with custom, a special prayer was offered up for the Cardinal at the celebration of Mass. His Eminence is in good health, and celebrated Mass as usual at 7.30, in the private chapel of the Episcopal residence. Cardinal McCloskey was born in Brooklyn, March 20, 1810, was ordained Jan. 9, 1834, consecrated Bishop March 10, 1844, invested with the pallium, Aug. 21, and created Cardinal in March, 1875. In 1880 he was accorded the services of a coadjutor. In May, 1847, he was appointed Bishop of the newly-created Diocese of Albany, by Pope Pius IX., and when Archbishop Hughes died, in 1864, he was transferred to this Diocese.

March 6th, Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick, of St. Louis, completed the fiftieth year of his priesthood. The priests of the diocese held a meeting, some time ago, to take steps to celebrate in a becoming manner such a noteworthy, and to them so happy an event; but his Grace made known his wish that no public notice should be taken of the day or the occasion. Archbishop Kenrick was born in Dublin, in 1806. He was educated at Maynooth; and, having chosen the ecclesiastical state, he was ordained priest in Ireland, and came to Philadelphia, where his brother was already coadjutor. In Philadelphia Rev. Father Kenrick was employed in pastoral and literary labor, and wrote a number of translations and original works. He was consecrated Bishop of Drasa, *in partibus*, and coadjutor of St. Louis, with right of succession, Nov. 30, 1841, at the age of thirty-five. By the death of Bishop Rosati, two years after, Dr. Kenrick became Bishop of St. Louis; and in 1847, St. Louis being raised to metropolitan rank, he became the first Archbishop of that See. During Archbishop Kenrick's administration, St. Louis has grown from a mere village to be a city of nearly half a million of inhabitants, and her spiritual growth has more than kept pace with her material development. The Archbishop is a wonderfully preserved man. Although past seventy-five, his hair is full, and is only slightly sprinkled with gray; and, what is still more remarkable, he never uses glasses. In refusing a demonstration on the fiftieth anniversary of his priesthood, he consented, with a smile, to a celebration of his golden Episcopal jubilee, which will take place nine years hence.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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The authoress is a contributor to the *Catholic Visitor* of Richmond. This is her first production in book-form. We trust the book may be well received, and that the services of the fair author may be appreciated.

Catholic Publication Society, N. Y.

ALL FOR LOVE; OR, FROM THE MANGER TO THE CROSS. By Rev. James J. Moriarty, author of "Stumbling-Blocks made Stepping-Stones." One vol., 12mo, cloth, $1.25. If sent by mail, postage 12 cents.

Father Moriarty has given us another very entertaining and instructive book. It treats of the following subjects: "The Son of Man;" "The Son of God;" "A Voice from the Manger;" "The Hidden Life;" "Unfolding his Mission;" Love's Banquet;" "Love's Sacrifice."

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MUSIC.

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Instrumental: "Paris by Gaslight Waltzes," by Chas. D. Blake. "Pretty Cantineer Waltz," by same author. "Pretty Cantineer Polka," by the same. "Pretty Cantineer Lancers Quadrille," arranged by E. H. Bailey. "Day and Night Waltz," arranged by Chas. D. Blake. "The Owl Quickstep," by same author. "Jolly Boys' Polka," by Geo. Fox. "Little Beauty Quickstep," by Claude Haven. "Little Beauty Mazurka," by same author. "Day and Night Polka," by Chas. D. Blake. "Day and Night Lancers' Quadrille," arranged by E. H. Bailey. "The Stars Waltz," Brilliante, by A. Etterlen. "Serenata for Three Violins and Piano," by Julius Eichberg. "Puss in Boots Lullaby," by Carl Riche. "Idylle," by Lysberg. "Beautiful Bride's Wedding March," arranged for four hands, by Chas. D. Blake. "Oiseau Bleu," for Piano, by Gustave Satter. "Six-in-Hand Galop," Brilliante, by Etterlen.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (now Cardinal), before his conversion, was offered a position on the *London Times*, at a salary of £1,800 ($9,000) a year. This was in 1843. "Shall I be free?" asked young Newman, to whom this tempting offer was made, "to say what I think?" The reply may be imagined; and Newman declined the proposal.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

We very much regret to have to announce the death of Rev. D. J. McMullen, for some time attached to the Cathedral of St. Paul, Minn.

The death is announced of the Rev. Gerald Cummins, C. C., of Dalkey, Ireland. Father Cummins was a native of the county Kildare, and was nearly related to his Eminence the late Cardinal Cullen.

The death is announced of Rev. W. J. Fitzgerald, of Leetonia, Ohio. Fr. Fitzgerald was taken suddenly ill at Leetonia, on March 1.th, and by medical advice at once repaired to his parents' residence in Columbus, O., where the disease, typhoid fever, terminated fatally.

Rev. Hugh P. Gallagher died in San Francisco, Cal., on the tenth of March. Father Gallagher was born in Killygordan, county Donegal, Ireland, on Easter Sunday, in the year 1815, and consequently had nearly reached his sixty-seventh year when he departed this life, in St. Mary's Hospital.

Information reached Limerick of the death, in Scotland, of the Very Rev. Edward O'Donnell, late rector of the Redemptorist community in Limerick. The Very Rev. gentleman was, for a number of years, stationed in Limerick, and the announcement of his rather unexpected death was received with wide-spread regret.

The Rev. Thomas Romney Robinson, D. D., who for many years filled the position of Astronomer Royal in Ireland, and was distinguished for his scientific and intellectual attainments, died on Feb. 28th, after a short illness, at his residence, the Observatory, Armagh, at the age of eighty-nine years. He retained his mental faculties in surprising activity and vigor to the last. He was appointed Astronomer-Royal at the Observatory, in the year 1815, on the death of the Dean of Cloyne. He pursued the study of astronomy with enthusiasm, and published some works on the subject, which have been translated into foreign languages.

Rev. Father Francis E. Boyle died, very unexpectedly, at the Providence Hospital, Monday afternoon, March 13, of apoplexy, superinduced by a dose of ether, administered to relieve the pain of a surgical operation. The deceased was an earnest worker, a consistent and popular pastor, and a gentleman of pre-eminent social qualities. His death will be profoundly regretted among a large circle of friends and admirers. Father Boyle was fifty-five years old, having been born in Baltimore in September, 1827. He was educated at St. Mary's Academy, in Baltimore. After graduating, he entered St. Mary's Seminary, and studied theology, being ordained in 1851. Father Boyle was greatly beloved by all classes of citizens. This church was the resort of Members of Congress, Judges, distinguished strangers, etc. His funeral was largely attended. After the Mass, Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons delivered a well-merited tribute to the memory of the dead priest.

Rev. Charles P. Bahan, S. J., died suddenly at Woodstock College, Md., where he filled the office of minister. He was preparing to go to Baltimore. One of the lay brothers, having occasion to go to his room, found the door locked, and obtaining no response to his knocking, apprised the president, who, on going to the room, found Father Bahan lying on the floor dead. He is supposed to have been stricken with apoplexy while in the act of shaving. Father Bahan was forty-six years of age. He was born in Louisiana, and was educated in Georgetown College, where he graduated in 1854, when he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick. He had been twenty-eight years in the Order, during which period he held the office of First Prefect of Georgetown, and Professor at Gonzaga Colleges, in the District of Columbia, and Vice-Prefect, and for a year acting Prefect at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

"Les Missions Catholiques" says that during 1881 eighty-one missionaries died. This number includes five Bishops. Of these deceased priests thirty-six were French, nineteen Irish, nine German, three Belgian, three Italian, two English, two Portuguese,—the others of unknown birthplace. Twenty-five of these missionaries were secular priests, seventeen Jesuits, four Marists, three Franciscans, two Benedictines, two Lazarists, seventeen of the Society of Foreign Missions at Paris, two Dominicans, two Oblates of the Immaculate Virgin Mary, one of the Congregation of St. Francis de Sales at Annecy, one Salesian, one of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, one Redemptorist, one of the Brussels Society of Foreign Missions, one of the Algerian Mission, and one Pecpussien.

SISTERS.

THE death of Mother Mary Beatrice, O. S. B., of the convent in Nebraska City, Neb., occurred at the Benedictine Convent in that city. The deceased religious was a sister of Mrs. M. L. Ryan, of Cincinnati.

SISTER M. PAULINE MCCUE died at St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, New York City, March 15th. She had been for thirty-two years a devoted member of the Community of the Sisters of Charity of New York.

SISTER MARY BERNARDINE ROGERS died of pneumonia at the Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, in this place, on Tuesday, March 7th, 1882, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, and the sixth of her religious life. May she rest in peace! — *Ebensburgh, Pa., Cambria Freeman, March 17th.*

DIED recently, of acute rheumatism of the heart, Sister Mary De Chantal, at the Convent of the Visitation, Mount de Sales, Georgtown, D. C. She made her profession about twenty-five years ago, and had been, during the quarter of a century of her cloistered life, a zealous and devout religious. For many years she was the treasurer of the convent. Her name in the world was Dunlevy. She was a native of Baltimore, her family being at one time prominent members of St. Vincent's Parish.

ON the first of March Mother Mary Peter Stean, a native of Moate, county Westmeath, Ireland, a zealous professed Nun of the Presentation Convent of San Francisco, departed this life, in the thirteenth year of her religious profession. In the year 1867 the late venerated foundress of the Presentation Order in San Francisco, accompanied by Mother Mary Xavier Daly, her assistant, having visited Ireland in quest of recruits for their Order, Miss Kate Stean, the deceased Sister of whom we speak, feeling herself possessed of a missionary vocation, offered herself, with others, to come to the far Western shore, — there to labor in the vineyard of religious education of female youth. With a willing heart she bade adieu to a loving father, home and kindred, content, for the future, to have God alone for her portion. Well did she fulfil the vocation to which she was called, not only by her earliest, untiring efforts for her own sanctification, but also by her unwearied devotedness to the children confided by Providence to her zealous and maternal care.

LAY PEOPLE.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. John Divver, one of Boston's well-known citizens, at his residence, No. 21 West Dedham Street, Friday March 17th, after a short illness, at the age of fifty-five years. The deceased was born in Glentogher, parish of Donagh, in Donegal, Ireland, and came to this country in 1846. For many years he has been of the firm of M. Doherty & Co., in this city. He has been highly esteemed for sterling traits of character, faithful alike to the traditions of his native land and her old religion; a patriotic Irish-American; of the most trustworthy business integrity, and in all the social relations an exemplary man and warm friend. Mr. Divver was injured at the Wollaston disaster which occurred on the Old Colony railroad in 1878, receiving severe injuries; as a result of which he underwent a severe surgical operation on one of his eyes the day before his death, but the strain was too much for his system to withstand, and hastened his death, the direct cause of which was inflammation of the brain. He leaves a widow and six children to mourn his loss. The funeral of the deceased took place on Monday, March 20th, from his late residence, to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, where a Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the repose of his soul. The attandance was very large, nearly filling the great Cathedral. The remains were interred at Calvary Cemetery.

MRS. CATHERINE MANNION, who was born in County Galway, Ireland, May 1, 1776, died at Baltimore on March 24th, aged 106.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, the poet, died at his residence in Cambridge, Mass., on March 24th, at the advanced age of seventy-five years.

DEPARTED this life at Louisville, Ky., March 25, 1882, Mrs. Jean Claude Millet, beloved wife of Mr. Francis Reidhar. Mrs. Reidhar was born in France, Feb. 9, 1819, and came to the above city in early life, making it her home. In the person of Mrs. Reidhar were combined all of those qualities which render woman the real helpmeet of man. Her domestic life, enshrined by her Christian virtues, made her a model for emulation, and endeared her to all. The orphans and Little Sisters of the Poor, next to her family and immediate friends, will miss her earthly presence most. It seemed meet and fit that she should leave this world on the day especially honored to the Blessed Virgin, whom it was her pleasure to venerate. Her remains lie in St. Louis Cemetery, that beautiful city of the dead. May she rest in peace!

Don't try to keep up on coffee and alcohol when you ought to be in bed.

AMERICAN CITIZENS IN BRITISH BASTILES!

GREAT MEETING IN THE METROPOLIS OF THE NATION.

A MASS Meeting was held in the Cooper Union, New York, Monday evening, April 3d, to protest against the continued imprisonment of American citizens in England without trial. Long before the time announced for the meeting to begin, the square in front of the hall was densely packed with people, and a few minutes after the doors were opened the hall became filled to its utmost capacity, it being estimated that fully 5,000 persons were present. Among the audience were many ladies. Stands were erected outside the building, from which speakers addressed an overflowing meeting. Among the distinguished persons who occupied seats upon the platform were Gen. Roger A. Pryor, Commissioner H. D. Purroy, Aldermen Keenan and Martin, Hon. John Mullaly, Col. Fred A. Conkling, Judge A. J. Requier, Hon. S. S. Cox, Senator Jones, of Florida, O'Donovan Rossa, Col. John C. Noonan, Stephen J. Meaney, Prof. Justin, Commissioner Robinson, Henry A. Gambleton, Miss Davitt, and Miss Parnell.

Mayor Grace presided. He said, —

"I thank you most sincerely for the honor you have conferred on me in calling on me to preside at this meeting. This is an occasion of no ordinary moment. There now lies in British prisons many an American citizen, who has been calling pitifully, but in vain, for aid from his native State. The simple provisions of English law declare that no citizen shall be deprived of his rights without due process of law; but the English Government has seen fit to suspend the right of her habeas corpus in Ireland, and the American Government now has a right to protest against the invasion of the rights of American citizens, but the representative of our Government in England has been either lukewarm or very negligent in the performance of his duties. He has apparently relied upon the assurances given him by Lord Granville that all was right (hisses), and has not taken the trouble to properly inform himself of the circumstances of the case. The time has now come when the rights of American citizens must be maintained as Marcy would have maintained them (applause), and when there must no longer be any trifling with the rights and liberties of American citizens abroad." (Loud and prolonged applause.) Speeches were made by Hon. S. S. Cox, Hon. S. J. Randall, ex-Governer Orth, Senator Jones, Congressman Lord, Gen. Roger A. Pryor, and other distinguished statemen. The following resolutions were passed unanimously: —

Resolved, That we, the citizens of New York, irrespective of creed, race, extraction, or political affiliation, desire to express our earnest sympathy for those imprisoned citizens, and our deep displeasure at the official neglect or evasion of duty which has abandoned them to the mercies of their unscrupulous jailers.

Resolved, That the sycophantic bearing of James Russell Lowell, our minister at the Court of St. James, joined with his supercilious replies to the appeals of our unlawfully-imprisoned fellow-citizens, has been viewed by us with mingled feelings of distrust and indignation; that his conduct, if indorsed, will deservedly bring the American name into contempt, and that the honor of the nation demands his recall, and the substitution of some man in his place who has the will and the ability to discharge the functions of the office.

Resolved, That the flunkeyism which acts itself in Anglicized circles in this country, the affectation for English ways, the deference for English opinion, the aping of English manners, is to be viewed as the manifestation of a bastard Americanism which is at enmity with democratic institutions, that it is entirely foreign to the spirit of the fathers; that it has (to our humiliation, be it said) emasculated the energies of offical life, which in other days asserted American rights with dignity and firmness; and that if not vigorously throttled by the genius of the Republic, may sap the foundations and change the very form of the Government itself.

Resolved, That, notwithstanding the profound sympathy which true Americans feel for Ireland and her cause, since that cause is kin to that of the spirit of '76, the issues now involved constitute not an Irish question, nor an English question, but simply an American question, that should be considered and decided altogether on its merits; and we respectfully but earnestly request Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, in compliance with the duty imposed upon him by law, to forthwith demand of the British Government the prompt release of American citizens now unjustly deprived of liberty by and under said government, and we urge our fellow-citizens of other cities of the Union to imitate the example thus set them to-night by the metropolis of America.

Resolved, That the chairman and secretary of this meeting be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to the President and Vice-President, to every member of the Cabinet, and to every member of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.

The resolutions were adopted with tremendous applause.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"No man is out of the reach of misfortune. No, it comes without bidding, so it stands not on the order of its coming. All alike, rich and poor, peasant and king, are subject to its visitation and slaves to its power."

"We read the other day, with great interest, a summary of the testament of a Catholic lawyer of Maryland. 'It is a bad will in which there is no recollection of God and His poor.' This was a good will. It remembered that the least we owe to God is a tenth of what we have. Accordingly, of an estate not exceeding $500,000, fully $60,000 was given to Catholic works."—*Catholic Citizen.*

"The Irish people, with the gentle tenderness of their nature, with the loving softness in the heart of man before the fall, hailed Patrick and his followers as messengers from heaven. And yet Ireland, who never raised a hand against those who brought the glad tidings of heaven, shone forth pre-eminently as the martyr-nation. Let them be true to the teaching of St. Patrick. They would be true to their great father and apostle if they lived in prayer, and in charity, and in penance."—*Cardinal Manning.*

"Free as the people are to live under the Constitution that has been built by the wisdom of our fathers, with all the bounties that nature has scattered so profusely around us, if we should be a strong, united, powerful people, stretching from ocean to ocean, we must build upon God — build upon God, and infuse into the minds of men that single thought — God first, and the world next; God first, and myself next. That is the thought to be conveyed in these words: 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers, for there is no power but from God.'"—*Bishop Gilmour.*

CARDINAL NEWMAN AS A LITERARY STUDY.

Rev. Joseph V. O'Conor.

THE professors of English literature in our Catholic universities and colleges, frequently find it necessary to exercise great discrimination in their lectures upon the literature of the language, because of the marked predominance of the Protestant element, which unquestionably dominate it. The most exquisite gem may be spoiled by this flaw. Even so pathetic a poem as Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," is ethically wrong as evoking a false sympathy with suicide. So closely interlinked is literary expression with the moral sentiment, that a teacher hesitates to speak in glowing language of an author whose occasional burst of pure and noble thought seems to half redeem the body of his work. The hymn to the Virgin cannot excuse or palliate the turpitude of "Don Juan"; nor can the rhythm or music of the English Protestant Bible justify the Catholic in reading a corrupt version of the Word of God.

The design of this paper is to call attention to the writings of a man admittedly a classic in the English tongue. Nor is his case parallel with that of the classics of the Greek or the Latin language, against whom such prelates as Bishop Dupanloup objected, as unfit instructors of Christian youth.

If we urge the study of Newman in preference to that of Addison, it is not because the Cardinal's writings are more moral, but because they are better English; whereas the most ardent of Latristic scholars do not say that Lactantius is a better writer than Cicero, or that the *Christiad* is more harmonious than the *Æneid*. In Newman, all the conditions of a great writer are fulfilled, independently of his special theological tendency. Indeed, the greatest authors are precisely those who are narrowly termed specialists. It is the intensity of the poetic power that places Shakespeare among the immortals, just as it is the intensity of the mathematical genius that ranks Father Secchi with Kepler and Haller. "What I *know*, I can express," said Socrates. If Newman has given his great powers of expression to theological thought, it is there that we are to study them, just as we study Euclid in the less inviting forms of angles, or as we follow Stephenson in his rude chalkings of the steam-engine.

On the surface, and to the vast majority of minds, an author is great by his power over a great range and compass of language. Some writers have achieved fame by nothing but words. We all know how quickly a reputarion for oratorical power is gained by fluency of speech. But what seems more difficult of credence is the fact that an exuberance of words at times suffices to make a literary reputation. The intrinsic reason is, that every word stands for an idea, and it is oftentimes the reader who attaches meaning to a verbose writer. He builds better than he knew. But given Newman's incomparable command over the English language, with his profoundly logical mind, and the added poetical sympathy, and the reader will understand why this man sways all minds, from that which is simply affected by the music of his words, to that which is controlled by the power of his thought.

Disraeli said of Newman's defection from the Church of England, that it was the greatest blow under which the Establishment still reeled, and Gladstone says that the Cardinal is the most permanently interesting English writer of the century. Praise from two such men, themselves no mean writers, should have its weight in the matter which we are considering. One of the commonest and most ignorant judgments ever expressed is, that we have no great Catholic writers; none who can hold the reader's attention, or who can compare with infidel or with Protestant authors in power. Yet Newman himself admits that not until he became a Catholic did he even discern a portion of that fair land of truth and beauty which is called the Church. The reason is, that the human intellect, no matter how finely formed it is, is incapable of seeing the truth as a whole, unless it be presented by Divine faith.

Take, for example, the late Mr. R. W. Emerson. No one questions his mental power, and to many he seemed a prophet, a clear-sighted and veracious mind. The idea that man stands in a most intimate and Divine relationship to all nature, that he is the sum and perfection of all the powers which we apprehend in nature, is a very beautiful and true one. But

what is its beauty compared with the truth that man is the image and likeness of the eternal God, not only in his soul, but by reason of the incarnation, in his body also? The Greek word for man is praised for signifying an upturning, or an uplifted gaze. Yet one of the Fathers says more beautifully, that the reason why man, if he stands upright and stretches forth his arms, is formed like a cross, is because the incarnate Son of God had determined from eternity what manner of death he should die, and that the body of man was fashioned in the image of the dying Redeemer stretched upon the cross.

To men like Emerson, who reject Christianity, the whole world is only a partly-opened book. They may read a line, or even a page, but even this is not seen in all its connections. The consequence is, that they grow to lay too much stress upon one or two truths, and to ignore all the rest. In Emerson's last book, he intimated his disbelief in the immortality of the soul, a tacit confession of his abandonment of his earlier views regarding our identification with the spirit of the universe, which, of course, must be eternal. Of what use are half the powers which man possesses, if there is no future immortal, or, at least, indefinitely prolonged life?

We do not believe there ever died a man without the feeling that the present life was a failure, inadequate to carry out all his designs, or to satisfy his aspirations. People may talk of the beauty of a short life; but, as they say a drowning man sees his whole past life in a single moment, so death itself intimates to man a wider prospect of life compared with this, which is only as a vapor, a mere prelude to interminable existence. The Emersonian philosophy required, by its very terms, an immortality after death, yet we find its author denying it in his later books, and dying, apparently, without a hope of the future.

Or take the late Charles Darwin, whose eminent scientific acquirements have made his name world-wide, and whose theory of Evolution is regarded as the key to all the mysteries of nature. Here was another partial insight into truth. "God could raise from these stones children to Abraham," said our Lord to the Jews, who boasted of having Abraham for their father. Every study of nature only goes to confirm the evidence of the immanent, the abiding presence of Infinite Mind and Power, and much of Darwin's writings leads one to believe that God has not done with his creation yet,—that he is present with it and in it, and that, in the course of ages, He will restore to the earth the perfection of the first Eden, by making a new heaven and a new earth. Read in the spirit of faith, the writings of scientific men fill the soul with adoring awe and worship of God, whose very activity, so bright in the mind of man, seems also to vivify and transform the rocks. If our mind would stay itself here, all would be well; but Darwin's disciples pushed their facts over too wide a field. People thought that Evolution contradicted the Bible; but people forget that the Divine Being cannot be comprehended by any created intellect; and that our very knowledge of God in heaven will be infinitely less than He is. No

man has ever explained the very first three words of the Bible — "In the beginning."

Cardinal Newman has given us in the "Apologia" a very charming account of his studies, and the perplexing difficulties which he encountered in them. In a profounder work, the Grammer of Assent, he enters into the question how the mind apprehends the idea of God. But throughout all his writings there is apparent an humble trustfulness in the power and wish of the Divinity to reveal Himself to our earnest seeking. It is because men like Darwin forget the Creator in his works, that He withdraws from them. Newman appears to have had an insatiable thirst to know more and more about God. It is said of St. Thomas of Aquin, that his earliest questions as a m..e child was, Who is God? This very quest after God is put into the human mind by Himself, and He never fails to reveal Himself to the humble and obedient seeker.

As the young Newman grew up he was instructed in the tenets of the Church of England, and educated at Oxford. Of his wonderful influence there, abundant evidence has been given by his contemporaries. Even so flippant a character as Matthew Arnold was, at least then, felt his power. His intellect was thoroughly honest and truth-seeking, and he cared for no consequences that would follow his finding out the truth. He pushed on when even bold men stopped short. He felt that the truth could stand anything, else it was not truth.

When he became a fellow of Oriel, and a university preacher, he did not let any traditions of Oxford stand in the way of propounding the results of his inquiries into the writings of the ancient fathers; and when he began the "Tracts for the Times," he faced all the anti-Popery bigotry of England sooner than abate a jot of his argument, or suppress a single statement in his propositions.

If any man could ever prove that the Church of England is any part of the Catholic Church, Newman was that man. He toiled at the proofs for years. He was unwilling to believe that the English Church was a huge sham, with no apostolical orders, in a state of schism, and wofully separated from the Orthodox faith, sunk in sloth, and the prey to every infidel. In vain did he struggle to find some "middle way," — some justification of the English Reformation, some loop on which at least to hang or doubt. But he struggled in vain; the more he studied, the more he became convinced that the Church of England was not even a part of the Church of Christ, at least as the ancient fathers and councils and the Roman Catholic Church considered what the Church of Christ is. He was warned to give up his investigations. Pusey, who is a good bit of an old woman, gave up the search, now is playing at Mass and hearing confessions with the Ritualists.

But Newman was too honest and sincere, too manly, not to follow where the finger of God pointed to Rome, the centre of Catholic unity and the head of Christ's Church on earth. So, without the least hesitation, he resigned

all his lucrative parts, and, without knowing what to do for a living, except what his talents as a teacher or a writer would bring him, he entered the Catholic Church, just thirty-seven years ago.

God did not, could not, forget this brave, noble soul, that gave up all for his faith. Had Newman remained in the Church of England, he would have been Archbishop of Canterbury. He preferred to have the Truth, even if she led him to a life of obscure toil; for he felt that, with her, he possessed all riches. But, higher than any so-called Archbishop of Canterbury, he now is seated in the Church, with the successor of St. Peter, with the princes,— the princes of God's people.

The writings of a man who is thus supremely honest and sincere in all his thoughts and words, deserve, by this fact alone, to be read. But when we add that, taken in themselves, they are classics in the English language, they reflect a double glory upon the Church. He devotes his later years to revising and correcting his earlier writings when a Protestant, and pointing out just where he made a mistake. A less sincere or humble man would suppress all these evidences of illogical thought; but not so the great Cardinal. His books will speak out when he is dead, and trace for many the path which led him into the bosom of the One True Church.

ONE OF MANY.

A WHITENING face in a cradle,
A little life drifting away,
The heart of a mother fast breaking,
The dawn of a sweet summer day.

Hung over a hut like a halo,
Where poverty hid many woes,
A stray little bird began singing,
Just when the bright sun arose.

All night had the mother kept vigil
O'er her first and her only child;
To-day is the little girl's birthday;
Not a long while ago how she smiled,

When she looked in the face of her mother,
And spoke with a voice all aglee,
"I'll be four soon, you said, won't I, mamma?
And you promised a party for me."

She slept, but a shadow was stealing
O'er the poor little hunger-pinched face;
Beside her her mother was praying
To God for the strength of His grace.

"Papa!" A low little whisper.
"Mamma! Why doesn't he come?
Oh, I want him to come in and see me,
And kiss me before I go home.

"Mamma, stoop near me and listen;
I saw a sweet angel last night;
And he came to my cradle and kissed me,
And mamma, his wings were so white!

"Poor mamma! Why are you crying?
Did he come here to take me away?
I'll tell him I cannot go with him;
I'll cry, and he'll then let me stay.

"And listen,—the white wings came open,
Mamma, it is certain and true,
And one of them covered my cradle,
And somehow the other touched you.

"Your little girl don't know the angels,
And they mightn't be good to me,
But I know and I love my sweet mamma;
Wait till I'm well, and you'll see.

"How I'll love you when I get better.
Where is my papa to-day?
He whipped me last week, and he cursed me,
But, mamma, what keeps him away?

"I don't think your baby was naughty;
I was hungry, sweet mamma, and said,
'Please papa, please give me a nickel
To buy my poor mamma some bread.'

"And, mamma, he struck me and cursed me,
I shivered and ran right away;
You would have cried if I told you;
Is it wrong if I tell you to-day?

"Ah! mamma! how often I seen him
Hit you on your poor little head,
And I ran off and cried all night long
For you, in my cold little bed.

"Mamma! are little girls' papas
Like mine? — oh! I pity them, then!
Poor little things! are they like me?
I wonder does God care for men?"

The sunken eyes closed, — was she sleeping?
A sigh, — and a faint gasp for breath;
A moan, — all was silent and over,
'Twas better for her. It was death.

A wail from the lips of the mother, —
"If it's wrong, — oh! my Father, forgive,
Take me home to yourself with my angel.
O God! it is too hard to live!"

. . . .

That night the dead angel's papa
Was drinking with friends he had met;
One asked him, between drinks, "How is she?
Is your sweet little girl living yet?"

"Living? of course, and much better,
The mother will pull her safe through;
Let us drink to my little one, comrades, —
And Jack, — just another to you.

"We have been fast friends and faithful,
Like brothers! and is'nt it so?
Once more let us fill up our glasses,
There's plenty of time yet to go."

The night sped away. Deep and deeper
They drank till the bright sun arose.
"Just let's have another, my comrades,
"And last one; — drink all; here she goes."

From down town the dead angel's papa
Went staggering homeward that day,
And just reached the door of his hovel
As the poor little thing passed away.

He braced himself just a few minutes,
Fell and rose, and reeled thro' the door;
The angel was dead in its cradle,
And its mother lay dead on the floor.

Biloxi, Miss. A. J. R.

THE JESUITS AND THEIR PERSECUTORS.

VI.

The Bourbon Conspiracy.

Few families have passed through more vicissitudes, endured more strange and startling changes of station, than that bearing the royal name of Bourbon. Springing from that obscure seignory of Bourbonnais, which in the tenth century owned the sway of the lightly endowed chieftain, Adhémar, it rose to a position and attained a power unequalled by any other, and unexampled in history. Its scions once were the crowns of France and Spain, of the Sicilies, of Parma, and Piacenza, and held high state in the noble halls of Paris, Lisbon, Naples, and many another city of renown. Now, not a duchy owns the rule of a Bourbon, not the population of a single village looks to a member of the once great family for regal guidance. It is true, indeed, that there are still those who turn their eyes to the German chateau where dwells the head of the once kingly race, and who hope yet to see return to the Bourbons the diadem which was their chiefest glory, and it may also be said in all verity that never was crown worn by one more kingly in unselfishness, more loyal to principle, than he who in exile patiently awaits the day he hopes yet to see, when France, glorious, suffering and forgetting France, will call him to the throne of his fathers and place her liberties in his hands. Henry V. may yet be more than king in name, dealing with a land whose revolutions are, perhaps, most notable for their unexpected results; it would be rash to assert the negative, but that any restoration of his family comes within the scope of practical politics may be doubted.

There are some who read history in what may be called microscopic fashion, and who would take the fruits of a year as equalling in importance the lessons of a century, but there are others who, more wisely, assert that it is not always possible to at once discern the results of any given action, that cause and effect are often widely separated, and that he who reads his history in decades of years learns more than he who draws his deductions from the chronicles of a single month or year. The latter class of readers will be, perhaps, the one most likely to have attained a correct knowledge of the letter of history, but which will have gained most of its spirit? Is the real lesson of Roman history to be fully learned in the pages which tell of the Punic wars or the deeds of its individual kings, consuls, and emperors? Is it not rather to be learned from a survey of the entire career of the Imperial city, and from a recognition of the perhaps too little written truth that the all-conquering arms of its invincible legionaries but opened the way for the coming of a banner more holy than those the Roman eagles crested? Something has been heard lately of the "Philosophy of History," and it is to be hoped that more will yet reach the world on the subject. Certain is it, however, that "the beginning of the end" of the once glorious

career of the Bourbons may be traced to the fatal hour when they used their power against the Order of Jesus. There are those who think the facts of astronomy or the semi-mysteries of the universe sufficiently accounted for when they can ascribe them to "natural laws," and students of a similar class are to be found ready to assign all the ascensions and declensions of humanity to undefined or undefinable legislation of a similar kind to that to which the others, to whom we refer, give the guidance of the universe, but can it be questioned by those who care to think that even "natural laws" need a sanction, and that the indistinct power called "Nature" must have had origin from hands all-powerful, benificent, and existent before Time itself? That a supreme law, punitory often, is written legibly in the history of every land, and will, we believe, become more legible every day, cannot be doubted. Never was this law made more palpable than in the history of the Bourbons. It almost seems as if the deeds and prayers of St. Louis brought them power unexampled, and pardon after pardon, until at last the measure of iniquity was filled to overflowing, and retribution terrible and overwhelming came upon the royal race.

It had been the traditional policy of the Bourbons to hand as far as possible, in family league, all the reigning members of their house, and to seek to unite for the attainment of every end they set themselves, the armed power of the lands they ruled. This policy was carried out relentlessly by Choiseul in the matter of the Jesuits, and the paths it marked out for them were obediently entered by the monarchs of Spain, Naples, and Parma. The youthful Ferdinand IV., of Naples, for a little seemed disposed to refuse to join in the assault upon the Order, but at length, worked upon by his unscrupulous minister, Tanucci, he consented to order the expulsion of its members from his dominions. In Parma, in Tillot, the Marquis of Felino, the minister of its Duke, was only too willing to play the part of a miniature D'Aranda, and to take orders from Choiseul. Even the Grand-Master of the once militant Knights of Malta shrank from the side of the persecuted Jesuits, forsook them in their hour of agony, and consented, too, to their expulsion from the island. Thirty years later the hands of French soldiers tore down the dishonored banner of the Knights from the battlements of their olden stronghold, and compelled them to seek ignoble safety in exile from their cloistered fortress!

Alone of the monarchs of Europe the aged Sovereign Pontiff, the great and good Clement XIII., raised his voice on behalf of the Order of Jesus, and, undeterred by the menaces of courts or the threatening bustle of camps, stood forth between it and its assailants. Liege lord of the Duchy of Parma, he exercised his unquestionable right, and recalled its allegiance to himself, and pronounced the deposition of the Prince who had forgotten his loyalty to the Church whose fief he governed. The answer of the royal conspirators to this bold step of the Pontiff was the seizure of Avignon by the soldiers of France, and of Benevento and Ponte Carvo by those of Naples. The plainly expressed veneration entertained by their peoples for

the Jesuits, convinced the associated rulers that unless the Pope could be coerced into a position of antagonism to the Society and its dissolution authoritatively decreed at the Vatican, all their efforts would be as nought and without avail. Henceforward, therefore, no pains were to be spared to convince the Pontiff that the Bourbon princes were determined at any cost to secure the destruction of the Order, that they were determined to risk all that infatuated, bad men could risk, in their warfare against the soldiers of faith, and therefore, early in 1769, the ambassadors of France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Parma, presented a joint memoir to His Holiness demanding the entire suppression of the Society. Clement XIII. received this document in silence, but remained immovable in his determination to never consent to the requirements of the enemies of the Church. The perpetual worry, however, to which he was exposed, the abnormal weight of care and responsibility which the machinations of the free-thinking ministers of France and Spain brought upon the aged Pope, worked at last its inevitable result, and hurried to the grave the venerable keeper of the sacred keys. In the eloquent words of the writer of the valuable work to which we have before referred,* "On the day when the worn-out frame and weary heart of the intrepid Pontiff were laid to rest under the dome of St. Peter's, its last earthly defender was taken away from the Society of Jesus. . . . After following for more than two centuries the checkered career of the Order founded by the soldier-saint of Loyola, we feel a sinking of heart on coming to the death of Clement XIII. We have watched the lowly origin of the Society in the crypt of Montmartre, and its rapid development; we have seen it always persecuted, pursuing its course along paths stained with the blood of its martyrs, and yet taking a prominent part in almost every religious, political, and intellectual movement of both hemispheres. In its ranks we have counted saints and martyrs, poets, historians, theologians, men of science and letters; and here and there we have seen instances of human frailty and individual weakness; but, as a body, the Company of Jesus, the vanguard of the Church, stands before us as pure and as fervent at the end of two hundred years as in the first glorious days of its institution, so that it may with truth be said that it knew neither childhood or old age. But towards the end of the eighteenth century, the prayer in which St. Ignatius had asked that the cross might never be wanting to his sons, seemed almost too thoroughly fulfilled. One hand alone, that of the old man on whose shoulders rested the weight of the universal Church, was stretched out to protect the Order which the great ones of the earth had sworn to destroy; but now that last support was gone; and the Jesuits stood defenceless in presence of their foes."

The new Pontiff, Cardinal Lorenzo Gangenelli, took the name of Clement XIV. A member of the Franciscan Order, he had been throughout his earlier career distinguished for his studious habits and his learning, living a blameless life, the friend and companion of the Jesuits, none could have

"* The Jesuits, Their Foundation and History," by B. N.

thought that from his hands would be wrung the weapon which was to work such evil to their Order. Regarded by all who knew aught of him as a friend of the Society of Jesus, it seems hard to believe the historical assertion, that, previous to his election to the Papacy, he admitted the advisibility of the new Pope complying with the request of the united monarchs. This may be as it is, but perfectly certain is it that after his election Clement XIV. sought to avoid compliance with these demands, and, though no doubt he lacked the courage to utter a stern and fitting "*Non possumus*," yet, recognizing the nature of the man, it will seem to some that he made such struggle for the right as he was fitted to, and only yielded to the requirements of the foreign ambassadors when foreign influence and foreign gold had penetrated even to his cabinet, and corrupted even those who should have been his most reliable advisers. Certain natures, bold enough, unthinking, perhaps, in the face of sudden danger, recognize with exaggerated force those perils of which they are forewarned, and shrink from the responsibility of taking any step or doing any act which will accelerate the evil they dread. Of some such mould seems to have been the mind of Pope Clement. Knowing well that the Jesuit Order had committed no fault deserving the terrible penalty he was asked to inflict, yet harassed by the perpetually-recurring demands of the envoys of France, Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Parma, and exposed to the whisperings of those who, forgetful, it may be hoped, of their rightful office, only aided his embarrassment, he dreaded risking the schism which he was told his refusal to assent to the requirements of the Bourbons would bring about, and eventually, when broken in body and mind, gave way, and signed the fatal brief of suppression.

Forty years — years which witnessed events the records of which are seared into the world's history, and written in blood-stained characters in the memory of humanity — elapsed before it was possible for the Pontiff to recall the words of Pope Clement, or for the Church to muster again within her sanctuaries the children of St. Ignatius. Forty years which witnessed an amount of human suffering and sorrow never paralleled within similar space of time; forty years within which were crowded all the wrongs and sins of which warfare and revolution are so malevolently productive; forty years which saw God's altars in many lands profaned and desecrated, his clergy slain and plundered; which beheld the overturning of thrones and principalities; the convulsion of social order; the turning of Europe into a vast and bloody battle-field, and the beginning of the ranking of class against class in that social contest which has yet to be decided. Never before had the world passed through such a calamitous period. In each hemisphere, in every land, tyranny, ambition, and disorder gambled for power, with never a thought on the human lives they played with, on the human sorrow they evoked. Many look back over the history of memorable periods, and, dazzled by the glamour of time and worldiness, do not realize clearly all that the record before them tells of. They read of a great con-

test and a final triumph; of a rebellion or a revolution; of the vengeful dungeon or the reeking scaffold; but they fail to perceive all that lies within or behind the words they see. They do not recall the sorrows of weeping wives and mothers, the miseries of desolated homes and scattered families; the mental anguish of those who mourned, or the bodily tortures of those who were maimed or slain in the great contests. And yet all these things may be read in the smoke of the battle-fields, and between the lines of the bulletins. It was not until Europe had passed through a sanguinary ordeal, and a terrible crisis, that the Jesuits were recalled to their old place in the ranks of faith; that the members of the great Order which had never yielded before danger, which had borne so truly the banner of the Cross, through warfare and persecution in every land, amongst every people, as proudly in the palaces of kings as among the huts of savages, which had added such glories to the coronet of science, and enriched the stores of literature with unequalled gifts, were marshalled once again on behalf of Catholicity.

With the history of the Jesuits since the restoration of the Order we have not here to deal; into their later troubles we shall not enter; our effort to trace their olden sorrows will have been successful if it induces some to seek further and better information as regards the career of an institution which, while maligned and persecuted with the persistency of ignorance, has borne all its trials with fortitude and meekness, and has ever gladly suffered, content if its sufferings were in the cause of religion or for the sake of humanity, laying all its sorrows as a fragrant wreath, gemmed with the blood of martyrs and the tears of saints, at the foot of the sacred Cross it loved, giving them as a precious offering,

"To the Greater Glory of God."

INFIDELITY.

Cardinal Newman preached at High Mass at the Oratory Easter Sunday morning, and after referring to the state of the heathen, pointing out that they had no idea of a future life, he said Christians had a different prospect before them. But there was also a great amount of infidelity in the land, and it seemed now that some dreadful spiritual catastrophe was coming upon them. People who had lived in the world many years said they never knew a time such as this. They knew that in the course of twenty years there had been omens of what in fact were predictions of the evils of infidelity which never were before. They did not know how far it might be God's will that the waters, as at the deluge, should rise, and many of them, before they died, and many of the young generation that was coming on, would understand most vividly what the state of the heathen was,—a state which, when it came on a man, would almost lead him to self-destruction. There was something so awful in being abandoned by Almighty God, and the thought that He had hidden His face from

them, that when men came to that, until they get hardened and accustomed to it, the first feeling was that there was no hope, and nothing could do them any good. But when that day arrived, true Christians would know the value of faith. The present state of things brought before them in the same way the fact that a great storm of infidelity and irreligion was at hand. They could not conceal from themselves the indignity which at this minute has come over the Holy Father at Rome. There hardly seemed a place in the whole of Europe where he could put his foot, and it was only just one instance of the many troubles and trials which were coming; but, still, as the clouds dispersed at God's will, so His will might be to listen to their prayer, and therefore to dissipate the clouds which threatened them. In conclusion, he exhorted them to pray that the dangers which threatened them might be overcome.

ON THE INTERCESSION OF THE B. V. MARY.

Longfellow.

Oh, had I faith, as in the days gone by,
That knew no doubt, and feared no mystery!

. . . . . .

This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit with the blood-stained hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!
And even as children, who have much offended
A too indulgent Father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring unattended
To go into His presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding wait
'Till she goes in before and intercedes;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw near
With their requests an angry Father's ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their confession,
And she for them in Heaven makes intercession.
And, if our faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before.

THE CEREMONY OF FEET WASHING.

According to old custom, the Easter religious court ceremonies began in Vienna on Maundy Thursday, with the washing, by their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Austria, of the feet of twelve old men and women in the great hall of the Burg. The old men, ranging in age from 88 to 91, and the women from 89 to 96, who had been chosen from among the many competitors for the honor, had received beforehand their suits of cloth and the money for the carriages to take them to the appointed place. Previous to the ceremony, Mass was said in the chapel, at which their Majesties and all the Archdukes and Archduchesses, the Crown Princes among them, attended. At ten o'clock the court assembled, including the generals and high dignitaries, a select number of spectators being admitted to the galleries. The old men and women, attired in ancient German costume, were then led in and seated at the table, the men to the right, the women to the left. The chamberlains followed, the privy councillors and the officiating clergy, and after them the ladies-in-waiting, the Archdukes, Archduchesses, and their Majesties, conducted by the master of the imperial kitchen. Pages brought in the dishes, which were placed by the Emperor before the men, and by the Empress before the women. The food, however, was not touched. The Archdukes and ladies of the palace removed the dishes and the table. Then the men and women being seated in two rows, the clergy began to read the sacred story in commemoration of which the ceremony takes place, and their Majesties poured water on the feet of the old men and women, and dried them again. This performed, each of the people received a bag, with thirty pieces of silver, and the court withdrew, while the men and women were taken in court carriages to their homes, where the above-mentioned dishes were set before them. This is but the first of these ceremonies, which go on till Easter, and are kept with great solemnity, in conformity with the feelings of the people, who almost live in the streets and the churches during Holy Week.

Hanlan, the Canadian, who has lately won the great rowing-match on the Tyne, and won it so triumphantly, has taught a most valuable lesson in giving publicity to the secret source of his great strength. "In my opinion," he has said, in reply to a question on the subject, "the best physical performances can be assured only through the absolute abstinence from the use of alcohol and tobacco. This is my rule, and I find, after three years' constant work at the oar, during which I have rowed many notable match races, that I am better able to contend in a great race than when I first commenced. In fact, I believe that the use of liquor and tobacco has a most injurious effect upon the system of an athlete, by irritating the vitals and consequently weakening him."

RETURN OF LOST SHEEP TO THE FOLD.

London Universe.

It is with great and sincere satisfaction that we are enabled to announce the return to the Church of Father Passaglia, the most celebrated theologian of the day, formerly a Jesuit and Professor of Theology at the Roman College, who many years ago, in consequence of doubts and difficulties in regard to the question of the temporal power of the Pope, left the fold of Christ. Famous throughout Europe and America for his profound learning, known to every student of Divinity by his theological works, which were the text-books in every seminary, reverenced everywhere for his piety, his going astray from the faith excited at the time a great sensation in the Catholic world, and afforded to Protestants and unbelievers, always on the look-out for a scandal of such a character, an unwonted triumph. The return, however, of Father Passaglia to the obedience of faith, it is to be feared, will be passed over by the hereditary enemies of the Church in convenient silence.

To Catholics in England the return of Father Passaglia to the fold is especially interesting, for it was under the direction of the celebrated Roman theologian that the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, on his conversion, studied Catholic theology. It was from the same profound teacher that Cardinal Newman, too, after leaving Oxford, was led to drink from the well-springs of Catholic truth. That these well-springs, from which he had drank so deeply and dispensed with such profusion, were abandoned by himself, was a source of profound sorrow to every Catholic, and more especially to his numerous ecclesiastical pupils in Italy, France, Germany, and England. His return to the faith has been for long years the object of many prayers with the noblest and purest hearts in Christendom.

Amongst those who have prayed and labored for his conversion was the Archbishop of Turin, where, since his fall, Father Passaglia has passed his melancholy days. The immediate merits of effecting his reconciliation with the Church is due to a former pupil of his at the *Collegio Romano*, Canon Valerian Rozycki. Passaglia, who, since his secession, has lived a retired life as professor of philosophy in the University of Turin, in a letter dated the twenty-fourth of last month announced to the Archbishop of Turin his complete and unreserved submission to papal authority, and his readiness to do everything in his power to repair the grave scandal his conduct had caused. The Archbishop rejoiced exceedingly at this long-desired conversion, and sent, on the same day, Professor Passaglia's letter, which was delivered to him by Canon Rozychi, together with his own report, to Rome to the Holy Father. When the daily expected decision of His Holiness shall have arrived, Father Passaglia will make a public recantation of his errors. In the meantime, as an outward sign of his return to the Church, he has put on again his ecclesiastical dress.

From this happy conversion we may draw one lesson — never to despair, trusting in the grace of God of the return of those who have gone astray from the faith, and to persevere to the end in prayer for their conversion. There are still a few who have fallen from the faith, who, if only on account of the services which in happier days they rendered to the Church, stand in need of our prayers. Foremost among these is Dr. Dollinger, who, though inferior far as a theologian to Father Passa-

glia, did good service as a Church historian to the cause of the popes, whose conduct in history he, before his fall, so nobly defended against nations as well as ignorant malign-ers. Dr. Dollinger, in his eigthy-third year, has not much time left to him on earth; therefore the prayers of the Catholic world, encouraged and stimulated by the conversion of Father Passaglia, ought to be doubled — nay, increased — sevenfold, for the return of Dr. Dollinger, on the verge of eternity, to the obedience and unity of faith.

Most of those who went astray, in consequence of the promulgation of the Vatican Decrees, returned after a temporary lapse, like Father Gratry, the famous oratorian, Montalembert's friend, the pupil of Lacordaire, to the obedience of Rome. One, however, remains in France — M. Loyson, who, as Pere Hyacinthe, the Carmelite, had for a time, to the edification of many, filled the pulpit of Notre Dame; and one in England, once known and reverenced for his piety and zeal and spotless conduct as Father Suffield, the Dominican, who still stand in need of the redoubled prayers of the Catholic world. In spite of the external obstacles which, since their fall, they have unhappily raised by their own hands, and placed as stumbling-blocks in the path of their return to their true home, we need not despair. Carmelites and Dominicans especially are called upon, by persevering prayers and penances, to obtain from the Throne of Grace the return of the stray sheep that have wandered, for a time only let us hope, from their folds.

Faithful Ireland alone has not to deplore the loss of theologian, or monk, or eminent preacher, shaken or wrecked in faith by the action of the Church, inspired in its dogmatic decisions by the infallible guidance of the Holy Ghost. Catholic Ireland in this, as in so much else, stands forth again an exemplar to the nations.

Cardinals Manning and Newman were pupils of Passaglia while the latter was a professor in the great Jesuit college of Stonyhurst, England.

A Maxim of Washington. — "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, *conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed, or copied, for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of his duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstance so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding ray. The marginal explanation in his account-book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp, during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigences of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of this habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports — that name being regarded as an ample guarantee of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed — supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was everywhere understood.

The Liverpool Catholic Children's Protection Society mean work. On April 20th, thirty boys and girls embarked in the steamer *Polynesian* for Canada, under the charge of two sisters of the Good Help.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

THE TREATY STONE OF LIMERICK.

The engraving which we give above is an accurate representation of one of the historic monuments of Ireland,— the famous "Treaty Stone" of Limerick, which, on the memorable occasion of the capitulation of the city, (October 3d, 1691,) served as a writing-desk, whereon Sarsfield and De Ginkle and the English Commissioners appended their signatures to the articles of the treaty which, though subsequently ratified by William III., was

never kept by the English, and, indeed, as Davis has tersely written, had already been

"Broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry."

The "Treaty Stone" is a large oblong block of unhewn limestone, one end of it being some inches lower than the other. It stood originally on the side of the road, near the foot of old Thomond Bridge, on the Clare side of the Shannon, and was an unfailing object of attraction to all who passed that way, the tradition of its use on the occasion referred to being clearly handed down from one generation to another. When the old bridge was removed, to make way for the present structure, the grade of the roadway was raised several feet, and the old stone was for some years half-buried in a pit which the workmen had walled up around it. Through the efforts of a few patriotic citizens, it was at length raised to the level of the footpath, on the side of the bridge opposite to where it now stands; and there it remained for many years, until public attention was drawn to the fact that it was in danger of being carried away piecemeal by tourists, who, whenever a chance offered, did not scruple to break off fragments of it as souvenirs. Steps were at once taken for the future preservation of this venerable "relic of the past"; the pedestal on which the stone now stands was erected; and, on its completion, the stone itself was elevated to its position in presence of the Mayor and Common Council and the assembled citizens of Limerick. The site is on the Clare side, at the northwestern corner of the bridge, and a few yards from the gate of St. Munchin's Catholic church. The height of the monument may be judged from the proportion of the figures placed beside it in the engraving.

The exact wording and terms of the "Treaty of Limerick," with the incidents relating to its violation, are given in the Appendix to Vol. II. of the "Irish-American Library," pp. 308-325.

THE TREATY STONE OF LIMERICK.

THE "Treaty Stone" of Limerick! what mem'ries of the past
Flash'd through my soul, when first on it mine eyes I fondly cast!
To see it proudly standing by the lordly Shannon's flood,
And think that there for centuries the gray old stone had stood!
How breathless did I listen, while my fancy heard it tell,
Of all that, erst, 'mid strife and storm, the olden town befell;
Since proud Le Gros' * bold kinsman crossed the azure stream alone,
Till Chateau Renaud's † frigates weighed, beside the "Treaty Stone."

The "Treaty Stone" of Limerick! — the monument unbuilt,
Of Irish might and Irish right, — and Saxon shame and guilt,—
That saw the Prince of Orange the siege obliged to raise,
And leave his wounded Brandenburghs to perish in the blaze.
When the storied maids and matrons rushed fearless on the foe,
At the breach where fell their kinsmen, by the side of Boisseleau; —
That saw the vet'ran conqueror of Aughrim and Athlone
Forced to comply with D'Usson's terms,— the aged "Treaty Stone."

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* Raymond Le Gros was one of the earliest of the Anglo-Norman invaders. His nephew, David Walsh, was the first to swim his horse across the river, in the attack made on Limerick by Raymond.

† The French Admiral, whose squadron conveyed De Tesse, D'Usson, and near five thousand Irish Brigadiers from Limerick.

The "Treaty Stone" of Limerick! — the ancient city's pride,
That oft rang loud with clash of steel, and oft with blood was dyed;
That saw the hope of Lucan's Earl,— his own unconquer'd band,—
With stern resolve, but broken hearts, around it take their stand;
That saw him sign *the Treaty*, and saw him sign in vain;—
For shamefully 'twas broken, ere the "Wild Geese" reach'd the main;
That witnessed their departure and heard the wild "*Ochone*,"
As Louis' ships dropped down the tide that washed the "Treaty Stone."

The "Treaty Stone" of Limerick! — that oft with magic charm,
Lit up in wrath the Irish heart, and nerv'd the Irish arm!
What hewed, in scores, at Fontenoy, King George's cohorts down,
But burning thoughts of *thee* and *home* — the treaty-riven town?
And Oh! how Sarsfield's great heart throbb'd, on Landen's bloody field,
That fast for thee, for Fatherland, his life-stream he could yield.
Thrice holier than the treasure * robb'd by England's King from Scone,
Is the glory of old *Luimeneach* — the hallowed "Treaty Stone."

Boys Should Learn Trades.— In all countries the workingmen boast that they form the backbone of the nation. Without entering upon the vexed question of who form the working-classes, we think the most independent man in any country is he who learns a good and useful trade. Compared with him the poor clerk, salesman, and even many in the professions, have no calling or position that can bear a moment's comparison. If they thoroughly master their trade, good workmen need never fear starvation; they will always be able to make a living. If trade is dull at one place, they have only to change to another. Parents in most countries who are a little well off are too much disposed to turn up their noses at the trades, and instead of teaching their boys one of these, give them a first-class education, and then comparatively throw it away by putting them to what they falsely consider the more respectable employment of a clerk or salesman, that in general does not command half the remuneration. If parents would consult the future welfare of their children they will teach them trades. And if their circumstances render it unnecessary for them to depend upon the labor of their hands, they can start the better in business in that trade on their own account; or if a reverse of fortune should happen, they will have the power of earning a livelihood at their finger ends.

Suicides.— Some instructive statistics as to the proportion of suicides to the population in different parts of Germany have recently been published. Berlin has the unenviable honor of heading the list. In that city there are annually 50 suicides to every 100,000 inhabitants. Saxony, where the Socialists obtain the greater portion of their recruits, has nearly the same proportion as Berlin. Then comes Leipsic, with a percentage of 45 to 100,000. In the more Catholic provinces, on the other hand, such as Upper and Lower Bavaria, there are only 7 suicides to every 100,000 persons. Most of the unfortunate people who destroy themselves do so by hanging. In Germany little use seems to be made of poison and drowning.

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* The "stone of destiny" on which the old Scottish Kings were wont to be crowned,— said to have been removed from the Abbey of Scone, by Edward the First, in one of his predatory excursions through Scotland.

TRUE TO HIS MEMORY.

Justin F. McCarthy.

CHAPTER VIII.

The flighty purpose never is o'erlooked
Unless the deed go with it.
SHAKESPEARE.

It was just three weeks previous to the eventful day on which Norman Ward received the letter from Doctor Jermyn, that bore the news to Mahon McMahon of Kathleen's engagement with the doctor's son.

Kathleen Bradly, beautiful as ever, but with a sad, wistful look in her eyes, was standing in the avenue in which she last saw Mahon. She looked as bright as the fresh May morning itself, as with hat in hand, and shading her eyes from the sun, she gazed out to sea through a little opening in the trees. "Ah! my heart," she murmured, "you are lying cold and lonely beneath the waters, though the sun is glistening and playing over you, and I have promised to be true to your memory. Oh! weak girl that I, am to allow myself to be persuaded into a marriage where I can never bring my love. Oh! heart of my heart, when the cold waters closed over you all the love of nature, all the light of my life, perished with you. Oh! God, take me out of my misery! I can never face the fate the future holds out for me. Oh! God! I shall go mad, I shall go mad!"

She turned away, for the sight of the sea was sickening her, and came face to face with Mark Jermyn.

"Why those tears, Kathleen?" he asked, as he saw her turn away again to hide them, "are you not happy? Do you not leave to-morrow for the continent?"

"Happy?" she echoed. "If the wretch condemned to eternal misery is happy then I am supremely so; how can you ask me such a question, Mark?"

"Kathleen," he interposed, "be reasonable ——"

"Ah! it is easy for you to speak; it is for me to wonder that my reason has not left me long ago; at night I lay awake to think; all day I cry and mope about till despair has almost driven me mad. Mark, you know how I love the memory of Mahon McMahon; you know how I loathe the thought of the future."

"Kathleen," Mark Jermyn again broke in, "all you require is change of scene, change of society, something to divert your mind from the gloomy groove in which it has been running for the past year, to make you the bright, gay, merry Kathleen of old."

"Ha, ha!" she laughed sadly, "give me back the time that has passed, recall the joyous days of long ago, bring back my lost love, and then I will be as of old; but you can no more recall the past than you can me,— the Kathleen of long ago."

"But, Kathleen, will not my love, my life-long devotion fill, in any way, the void in your heart? Do not make me also unhappy, dearest, by your bitter words," said Mark, tenderly and sorrowfully."

"True, Mark, I am selfish and unreasonable, but my sorrow seems too great a load for one heart to bear. I will trouble you no more with my griefs or heart-aches," she sighed.

"I would be only too happy to share them, darling, if I thought for a moment I could lighten your heart, but I fear at present that it is impossible," returned Mark, with a sigh.

He turned from her and walked away a few paces; his heart was heavy at the thought of his great deceit to the trusting girl who was so soon to be his wife, and he dared not look her in the face.

"Have you made all preparations for the journey, dearest?" he asked.

"I believe all is ready, Mark,"

she answered wearily, "but the thought of leaving this place, where every spot, every tree is endeared by some loved memory, is tearing my heartstrings asunder. I shall count the very minutes until your father says I am strong enough to come back."

"That should be a great incentive to you to try and get strong as soon as possible," said Mark. "I shall join you at Naples in about a week hence. Is your brother James at home? I have come to see him."

"No, Mark, I think not," she answered. "I fear things are not going on so smoothly since Mahon left, and James had to leave town early this morning."

"Never mind, Kathleen, I shall see him on my return. I shall bid you good-day, dearest; you must be busy. I will see you before you start."

He held out his hand, which she merely touched, and was about to return home, when Mark spoke again. "Kathleen, dear, is that the way you should take leave of your intended husband? Not one loving look, not one warm clasp of the hand, not one kind word,— I do not ask for more."

"Mark," she repeated, slowly, "you have chosen to take me, when you know my heart is filled with the love of a memory dearer to me than life; do not ask me to be false to you and false to myself. I cannot be that loving and warm towards you which, perhaps, you have a right to expect, but believe me that by word or look I would rather die than deceive you. I do not wish to even appear to you otherwise than what I actually am and feel."

The words cut him to the very core; the pure outspoken truthfulness of Kathleen sunk deeper into his heart, smote him more strongly, than the most powerful argument on the side of truth and justice; he despised himself for his cowardliness and deceit, and a sudden resolve to throw off the cloak of dishonor and show himself in his true colors took possession of him.

"Kathleen," he cried, "I can no longer bear——"

"Do not speak, Mark," she interrupted, "I will make you a true and faithful wife; do not ask more. You will be true to me, I am more than confident; a true and honorable husband. Go, Mark; I will see you to-morrow before I leave."

She did not wait for an answer, and Mark stood watching her lithe, graceful form as she walked rapidly home, until she was lost to sight.

"Oh, how terribly I have fallen!" he cried; "to what depths of dishonor I have sunk, when all the time she thinks me to be — what I ought to be — and by heavens what I shall be — an honorable man!"

"I cannot stand this life of treachery and deceit any longer, sir," declared Mark Jermyn, as he threw himself into a seat in his father's study, about an hour after Kathleen had left him in the avenue.

Doctor Jermyn was seated next a table, pouring over some documents, the contents of which did not in any way tend to calm his already somewhat perturbed mind. A frown had settled on his forehead, and a frightened look had crept into his usually clear and defiant gray eyes. The jaws of a long pending ruin were slowly closing upon him, and driving him desperate. It was hard, after a life of labor and study, to find the fruits turned to ashes in his old age. The study was a dark, gloomy-looking room, lighted by one large window; the small, diamond-shaped panes were dimmed to obscure the view, for the room was at the back, and overlooked some stabling, and its red, heavy hangings still more threw it into sombre and solemn shade. Brown and dusty books lined the walls, some cases and surgical instruments were arranged carefully on a side-table, and two globes — old and worn-looking as the doctor himself,— stood on a stand underneath the window. An

old pattern carpet covered the floor, and a chair or two, adorned with some faded macassors, stood in a dark corner near the door. The doctor looked with a gruff, "Eh?" at Mark's words, and turned round on his chair.

"I cannot keep on living this life of treachery and deceit."

"Eh?" repeated the old man.

"I have resolved to explain all to Kathleen. She is too good, too honorable to be made the victim of such a diabolical plot as we are hatching these months past," said Mark resolutely.

"What silly vaporings have been disturbing your brain, boy?" asked the doctor sternly.

"Nothing but my innate sense of right and justice have actuated me to come to this determination, and I despise myself for having so long played such a detestable part," Mark returned.

"Great heavens, boy! have you gone mad?" cried his father, rising; "do you want to ruin yourself and me, do you want to drive me out into the highway, in my old age, a penniless beggar? Have you forgotten all the long years I have watched over you and tended you? And are you now going to repay me by sending me to starve from door to door?"

"No, no, father, do not speak like that. While I have my honor safe I have ——"

"Rubbish, Mark, rubbish. I loved honor, I loved justice, once, just as much as you do now, and what has it availed me? What has it availed me, I ask you?" broke in Doctor Jermyn, excitedly.

"I tell you, sir, I cannot be so base as to marry Kathleen when I know Mahon McMahon to be alive."

"You will not, you dare not tell her," cried his father.

"Father, I am determined to do as my conscience prompts me," said Mark.

"I tell you, you will not, you must not, or the heavy curse of an angry father will fall on you," roared the doctor, trembling with excitement.

"Then what *am* I to do?" Mark asked.

"Oh! Mark, Mark,!" cried the other, "listen to me. By all the love I bear you, I conjure you not to wreck the one hope to which I have clung, the one chance on which so much depends. Mark, my son, my boy," and he went over and threw his arms round his son's neck, "hear me! It is the wish of my life, perhaps the last wish I shall ever express. Think of yourself, think of the future, think of me, in my tottering old age, and do not act rashly, do not throw away such a glorious opportunity."

The scene was a strange one. It would be difficult to say whether the love for his son, or the life-long hate for Mahon McMahon, was the most powerful element in the old man's pleading. Mark stood irresolute, with his father's hands on his shoulders, and his father's head resting on his breast. The appeal was too strong, his firm resolve began to waver, and he whispered: "Be seated, father; I will think it over."

"Mark, it is no time for thinking, it is time for acting," said the doctor firmly; "give up your foolish fancies, marry Kathleen Bradly, save yourself, save your poor old father, and the past need not prevent you from being a truthful and honorable husband."

"A truthful and honorable husband!" he repeated. "Oh, these were the last words I heard her utter this evening, and I swore to be an honorable man — and come what may, I will not marry Kathleen Bradly with a lie in my heart, if not on my lips."

"Then go!" cried Doctor Jermyn, pushing his son from him; "go and tell her all, wreck your future life, my life, my soul, for a silly sentiment. Go! never come under this roof while I hold it. Go! with the knowledge that you have thrown your poor old father an outcast on the world, go! and may the bitter, blight-

ing curse of an old man follow you, and wither every joy of your life, palsy every action, and bring you, as you have brought me, to an untimely and dishonored grave"; and, as he raised his arms to invoke a higher power to give effect to his imprecation, he was alone; Mark Jermyn had left his home forever.

CHAPTER IX.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues.

SHAKESPEARE.

MAHON MCMAHON had some sort of an intuitive idea that Kathleen Bradly would seek some continental city of importance, to spend the brief period preparatory to her marriage with Mark Jermyn. He argued to himself that, in making preparations, she would be obliged to emerge from the retirement in which she usually lived, and his first idea was Paris, and thither he repaired.

He resolved to find out Kathleen herself, to see if she still was true to him, true to his memory. He did not suspect Mark Jermyn of treachery; his faith in his bosom friend was too strong to attach to him any suspicion of guilt, but still, from what he learned before he took a final leave of Norman Ward, he had no doubt in his mind that Doctor Jermyn had forced his son into a marriage with Kathleen, for the sake of her fortune, and, in Mahon's eyes, Mark was guilty of deep dishonor. However, with regard to himself, he did not for a moment imagine that his friend was playing him false; he thought his letters must have miscarried, but nevertheless he thought it odd that even the letter he had written from Norman Ward's house had not reached its destination.

His confidence in Mark was unbounded, and he would not harbor a suspicion of his guilt in mere surmise or supposition, but still regarded him with the old affection.

For eight days he walked about the streets of Paris, and during the mornings haunted the different churches, for he knew that either in one or the other he would be most likely to meet Kathleen. On the Sunday he stood on the steps of the Madeliene, and watched the congregations coming out from, and going into Mass; from that he went and stood in the porch of Notre Dame, but all without avail. He strolled through the Champs Elysees and the Place de la Concorde. Went to Versailles on the fête day, expecting each moment to come face to face with Kathleen. At last, growing tired of his search, he resolved to try elsewhere. One day, when he had given up all hope, he strolled into a railway-station; people were rushing to and fro, and exclaiming in the excited French fashion; the train was starting, the whistle had sounded, and the long stream of carriages was moving slowly out of the station. Mahon was idly watching the passengers, when, to his amazement, he beheld alone, in a first-class carriage, his old friend, Mark Jermyn. The two men just caught sight of each other at the same moment; a smile of glad surpsise came over the face of Mahon, but Mark Jermyn started from his seat, with amazement and fear depicted on his countenance. Mahon noted it; it was not exactly a look of fear, but the look of a suppliant pleading for mercy and forgiveness. He saw Mark draw back in the carriage, as if to avoid being seen, and, in a moment, the train had passed off. He made one effort to leap into the last carrige, but was held back by the officials, and in a moment more the train was lost to view.

What was to be done? A terrible suspicion, aroused by one glance at Mark Jermyn's face, had crossed his mind, and he determined to follow and hunt him up. He made inquiries at the ticket-office, and after many questions and surmises found that Mark Jermyn had booked for

Naples. It did not take him long to make his arrangements, and in four hours after he was on his way to the beautiful city of the South.

Mahon arrived in Naples, and though for the past few years in his involuntary wanderings he had seen much of the wild and beautiful, still, as he gazed around, he felt lost in admiration, for with regard to situation there is no city in Europe — with the exception of Constantinople — can compare with, or rival Naples. He saw a city rising like an amphitheatre from the shores of an azure sea. Vesuvius stood out in solitary and awful grandeur, each crag and peak in bold relief against the blue Italian sky. The glassy waters of the gulf stretched far away, and all that broke the horizon, which seemed to melt into the sky, was the pretty picturesque island of Capri.

Next morning, and before the lazy Neapolitans were yet astir, Mahon McMahon strolled along the Corso Vittorio Emanuale which overlooks the entire city, and gazed in silent wonder at the picture spreading beneath his view.

He had passed from the Piazza Salvator Rosa, and slowly wended his way in the direction of the Church of Piedgrotta. He cared not whither he went; he had spent the night in his room in the Hotel Tramontano without undressing; he could not sleep nor rest, and at the very break of day had started forth in search of Kathleen. He saw the fresh sun glistening on the blue waters of the gulf, and he wondered sadly when last had her bright eyes rested on the fair scene that met his view? His thoughts dwelt sadly on the past; he remembered that autumn evening long ago in the avenue near Heather Hall, and Kathleen's vow came back to him. "If you were dead, I would be true to your memory." Suddenly it occurred to him that Kathleen must be the victim of a base deceit, and left under the impression that he had been drowned long ago. He thought of Mark's look of fear from the carriage window, and his attempt to escape observation, when under the natural course he should have almost jumped from the carriage, and clasped his long-lost friend to his heart. He felt bewildered, and could only attribute Mark's conduct to the exigencies of his position,— one of actual poverty, though wealthy in the opinion of his neighbors. Mahon had learned this much during his stay with Norman Ward.

For two days Mahon strolled through the streets endeavoring to find Kathleen or her brother, or Mark Jermyn; at last after many inquiries, and almost by chance, he saw a carriage arrive at the Grand Hotel Nobile, and Doctor Jermyn, who had been telegraphed for by Mark soon after he had seen Mahon at the Paris railway-station, alighted. Mahon waited for a few moments, and then followed the doctor. He told the English waiter, who had come forward, to show him to Mr. Bradly's room.

"Mr. Mahon McMahon," announced the waiter, as he opened the door of a large room from which a beautiful view of the gulf, Mount Vesuvius, and the promontory of Posilipo could be obtained. Mahon walked boldly into the room, and beheld at one glance his beloved Kathleen, her brother James, Doctor Jermyn, who had just entered, and his son.

If a bomb-shell had been thrown into the midst of the little party it could scarcely cause more consternation and utter astonishment than this sudden and wholly unexpected announcement. Kathleen uttered a faint cry of alarm and surprise, and would have fallen had she not been caught by her brother, who stood aghast, and stared at Mahon as if he had risen from the dead. Mark Jermyn, after the first surprise had passed, stood head cast down, in shame and sorrow, while his father, with the look of a baffled tiger brought to bay,

turned on Mahon with a scowl, but seeing the position of affairs at once advanced to Mahon and grasped him by the hand.

"This is truly an unexpected pleasure, my dear Mahon," he cried warmly; "where have you been hiding yourself all this time, while we all thought you were dead?"

"Hands off, sir," said Mahon sternly, pushing the doctor roughly from him, "your game is up. I will unmask your treachery both to myself and to Mr. Bradly."

Kathleen had just recovered herself, and with a wild cry of delight she rushed into Mahon's arms, and burst into tears of joy.

"My poor darling!" said Mahon tenderly, "how you must have suffered. Mr. Bradly, at another time I will explain my sudden appearance here; suffice it to say, for the present, that I providently escaped the death which I am sure you all imagined I had met, and I thank God that I have been spared to save you and your sister from as vile a piece of treachery on the part of these two men here, as ever disgraced the honor of humanity."

"Mahon, I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you alive and well," returned James Bradly, grasping his hand, "and I only echo the sentiments of all who knew you——"

"Mr. Bradly," interposed the doctor, "you must be aware that this scene must be extremely painful to my son, the affianced husband of your sister."

"He will never be Kathleen's husband," cried Mahon, "while I have a tongue to denounce you, and an arm to defend her."

"Oh! Mahon, Mahon," sobbed Kathleen, "this is too much happiness."

"No, dearest," he returned, as he led her to a seat, "there is more happiness in store for us, with the help of heaven."

"Oh! Mahon, I have never for one moment ceased to forget you, truly I have been true to your memory," she said.

"Mr. Bradly," Mahon commenced, "from what I see it is easy to judge that you and Kathleen, with, I expect, many others, have been allowed to remain under the erroneous impression that I had been dead for over the past twelve months, when at least Mark Jermyn, if not his father, was aware of the fact that I was still alive."

"'Tis false! How could I be aware you were alive?" said the doctor.

"Well, your son must have known it," returned Mahon, "because I wrote him two letters, one from China and——"

"I never received them," declared Mark Jermyn faintly, his face flushing with the consciousness of guilt.

"Assuming," said Mahon, "that what you assert is true, though I very much doubt the truth or honesty of your declaration, it will make no difference, as I did not come here on personal grounds to make solely personal charges, but I came here to show to Mr. Bradly, and to the world, what a truthful and honorable man is Doctor Jermyn, to show to what base ends he would use his position in society, and to what dishonorable means — silence, Doctor Jermyn! I am master of the situation — he would descend to, by ruining a true woman's life-happiness to better gild his false position before the public should see him in his true light."

"Mr. Bradly," the doctor broke in again, "I claim as a right that you should protect me from insults in this house. Kathleen is engaged to my son, all arrangements have been completed for the marriage——"

"Then I am just in time, thank heaven!" muttered Mahon.

"And I appeal to you," he continued, not heeding the interruption, "to protect my son and your sister from the insults offered them by this adventurer."

"Mr. Mahon," said Mr. Bradly,

before Mahon could speak, "what Doctor Jermyn says is quite correct. Mark is engaged to Kathleen, and the marriage is to take place within a very short time."

"Oh, no, no, James, not now," Kathleen appealed.

"Mr. Bradly," said Mahon, summoning all his calmness and dignity as he gazed with half pity and contempt on the stricken countenance of his former friend, Mark Jermyn, "Mr. Bradly, such a marriage can never take place. Marriages, they say, are made in heaven, but such a one most assuredly must have been planned in hell, for it is a hellish deed to mate purity and goodness with treachery and deceit. Look at that abject creature there — I cannot call him a man — cowering under the magnitude of his own baseness, and say if he is a match for the pure, honorable girl by my side! Look at the archfiend, his father — don't interrupt me, sir, I will have my say — who to save his own reputation would sink honor and honesty in the dust, and ensnare your sister in the ruin!"

"I repeat, Mr. Bradly," — essayed the doctor,

"Hold your tongue, sir!" yelled Mahon. "I would not hold myself accountable for ridding the world of such a monster. When you answer satisfactorily my charges, then I am silent. Mr. Bradly, that man whom you see before you has tried — and nearly succeeded — to entrap your sister into a marriage to patch up his shattered fortune; his sole aim is to grasp Kathleen's marriage portion to pay off a part of his accumulated debts. As he stands before you, he and his son are absolute paupers. Say, am I wrong, Doctor Jermyn?"

"'Tis a lie, a base, false, malicious fabrication!" yelled the other, in a fury.

Mahon drew from his pocket Doctor Jermyn's letter to Norman Ward and handed it to James Bradly. "Is that false? Is your letter to Norman Ward a fabrication?"

"Norman Ward! who told you anything of Norman Ward?" shrieked the doctor, as the light faded from his face and he saw that all was lost.

James Bradly took the letter and read it, and at once recognized the handwriting. Dead silence fell upon the group. Mark Jermyn had fallen into a chair, while his father, his face livid and pale, and his hands tightly clenched, sat sullen and defiant, ready to brave the worst; and Kathleen still nestled by Mahon's side.

"I see," said Mr. Bradly, comprehensively, looking from father to son. "How can I ever thank you, Mahon?" he said turning to him; "how can you ever forgive me for the past? Doctor Jermyn," he cried sternly, raising his voice, "and Mr. Mark Jermyn, *there is the door!*"

CHAPTER X.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"After all our troubles, Kathleen, we have found peace at last."

"Yes, Mahon, we have been tried and found true, and heaven has blessed us with the happiness of being here, never to part again; but, dear, whatever I may have suffered, you have passed through a far severer ordeal."

It was the avenue near Heather Hall; the trees were brown and ruddy, for autumn had come round again, and the leaves, golden-hued and sere, were beginning to fall. The rich, yellow corn-fields were being shorn of their wealth, the crimson fruit was hanging temptingly on the trees; it was the season of reward for past toil, and the heart of man was glad at the good things gathered from the earth. In a few months Kathleen and Mahon were to be married, and they looked forward to the happy time when they, too, should reap the reward of their truth and faith in each other.

Mahon's return had been hailed with joy by the many who had numbered him amongst the past, and

often it seemed to him, as he sat talking to John and James Bradly in the dim, sober-looking private office, that the events of the past year or so were but a succession of troubled dreams. During his absence the business of the firm of Brew, Bradly Bros. & Co. had not prospered, and it was with a hearty welcome he was reinstated in his old position and given a partnership in the concern.

Doctor Jermyn, or his son, had not returned to their native city; the old house was closed up for months, until instructions were received to auction off the furniture. Out of curiosity many flocked to see what was being offered for sale, and amongst a few odds and ends Mahon purchased an old writing-desk which had belonged to Mark, and among the papers scattered about in it, to his great surprise, found, crumpled up and soiled, the very letter he had sent to Mark Jermyn from the Chinese port. If any proof were needed to convince Mahon of his friend's perfidy, this was more than sufficient.

Some vague rumors were afloat, some time after, that Doctor Jermyn had been shot dead in a row in some gambling saloon in America, but no news of Mark was ever received. His memory passed from the minds of his once many friends, as if such a person as the doctor's son had never existed, and, as to his fate, he must have met the death of a stranger in a strange land, with the memory full upon him of the one act that drove him from friends and country.

. . . . .

The cheerless sun was sinking in the west one evening as Mahon McMahon, a few weeks before his marriage, arrived to pay a visit to Norman Ward. The old lodge was closed up, and the green gate creaked on its hinges as Mahon pushed it open. The dead leaves lay upon the neglected walk, or rustled in the cold blast, and everywhere that Mahon looked told of want of care.

He reached the house to find all the blinds drawn down, and the only sign of habitation was the watch-dog which, after a short bark, hastened with every manifestation of delight to welcome him.

It was Mrs. Mintern who answered his knock, and, between her tears, informed him that Norman Ward had been dead and buried some months. A shock, she said, which he had received on learning that some doctor who owed him an immense amount of money had absconded, had been too much for him, and he succumbed under the weight of the blow.

"And Miss Ward,— how is she?" inquired Mahon.

"Oh! God help us, sir," said Mrs. Mintern, shaking her head. "Miss Elda took bad entirely a few weeks after you left, and, though we don't know what ails her at all, she's witherin' away, sir. Sure we never toult her av her father's death, but soothes her by sayin' that he's gone away for a short time."

The poor woman wiped her eyes with her apron, and led the way into the hall.

"Wouldn't ye like to be after seein' the poor craythur, sir? perhaps the sight of ye would do her good, and revive her," she asked of Mahon.

"Most certainly," he answered, "I would not wish to leave without seeing her."

"Then I'll let the dear young lady know there's a visitor wishes to see her, as I go up for the tray. Indeed, sir, you would not believe how nervous she is this long time past. Oh! wisha, but it's a dreary world," sighed Mrs. Mintern, wringing her hands.

Mahon found Elda Ward in a neatly-kept room. She was seated in a chair near a window, where the last rays of the winter sun fell upon her. A red flush mounted to her cheeks, and her lips trembled as she beheld Mahon; she attempted to rise, but she could not. Mahon noted, with a deep pang at his heart, the terrible change that a few months had made in the beautiful, fresh and

hearty young girl who had rescued him and brought him back to life. Her once round, ruddy cheeks, that glowed with the hue of health, were sunken and hollow, her lips pale and drawn, while her feeble hands were thin and almost transparent, and her eyes sparkled with a strange, peculiar light.

"How are you, Miss Ward?" said he, tenderly. "I am sorry to find you are unwell."

"Oh, I am getting better," she answered feebly, while a racking, dry cough belied her belief; "I am watching for papa, who is from home, and Mrs. Mintern tells me he will be back shortly. I can see him when he reaches the top of the hill yonder; I never knew him to be away so long before."

The tears gathered in Mahon's eyes as he beheld the yearning look she cast upon the distant road, as if she expected each moment to see her father return.

"You will see him soon, Miss Ward," said Mahon, as he saw the shadow of death upon her face.

"Yes, darlin', you'll see him soon," broke in Mrs. Mintern, exchanging a meaning glance with Mahon.

For a long time they sat in silence, while the evening waned and the wind sighed mournfully round the house.

Elda Ward was slowly passing away, the hand of death had already touched her, and the end of her sufferings was terribly near. While Mahon had been staying with them she had learned to love him with the love that comes only once in a lifetime, and the awakening from the delicious dream, that day in the orchard, when she guessed that Mahon did not return her love, had saddened her fresh young life.

Her eyes rested on him with all the old fondness still, and her poor broken heart beat with emotion at his presence. She thought she heard the sound of wheels in the distance.

"Oh! here is papa coming back," she cried rising, the excitement giving her false strength; "I knew he would be here soon."

Mahon caught her in his arms as he saw her fall forward.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, "here's Mahon, my own Mahon. I knew he would come back to me; my heart told me he would return. Oh! Mahon, my love. I knew you would come back. Oh! Mahon——' and with his name upon her lips she passed into the unknown future.

. . . . . .

Time has rolled on with steady stride. Kathleen Bradly has blossomed into lovely womanhood; the look of cheerful gayety which in her early girlhood added so much to the charms of her beauty has sobered down into one of happy contentment; and as she gazes on her ruddy-cheeked boy and fair-haired daughter, her eyes turn heavenward, and she blesses God, who has given her so much of earthly happiness. Mahon McMahon is now the sole proprietor of the firm of Brew, Bradly Bros. & Co. whose business has extended far and wide, and whose name is a by-word with the country round for honesty and fair dealing. John and James Bradly hav epassed away, leaving few behind to regret them, and Mahon now reaps the reward of his early labors.

It is a lovely evening in the sweet month of May, the fields are fresh with the beauty of budding summer, the air is rich with the melody of young birds, and the garden beds around Heather Hall are ablaze with flowers. Kathleen McMahon is seated on a rustic seat near the house. She looked the very symbol of May herself; her dress is white muslin trimmed with pale blue, and in her hand is a bunch of freshly-picked flowers. In the calm silence of the evening the merry young voices of children ring out, and she smiles as she listens to the sounds of their merriment. Presently Mahon joins her. Time seems to have forgotton him and

passed him by. He is the same Mahon as of old; the troubles and anxieties of life are of a by-gone time, and have not set their mark upon him; his eye is as bright and his cheeks as round and full as when he first confessed his love to young Kathleen Bradly some dozen years ago.

"Do you remember this day twelve years, Kathleen?" he asks; "it was just such another glorious evening as this is, when in the avenue yonder we swore to be true to each other."

"Indeed I do, well, Mahon," she answers, gazing up into his eyes fondly, "and time has not dimmed nor dulled the love of my heart for you."

"I know that, darling."

"Many a time, Mahon, I have seen married people, and I ask myself, Is it possible that they could ever have cared for each other in the way I cared for you, before we were married? and I have said to myself, 'Will this great overpowering love of mine die or deaden, too, as time rolls on? But oh, dearest, I have found the answer. My heart answers for itself, and tells me that time has no power, no killing influence, over the feeling that I have for you."

"You speak to me, Kathleen, but your words are only the echo of my thoughts. I thank God that in the years we have passed together no shadow, no cloud, has, even for one moment, dimmed the bright lustre of the clear sky that shone upon our union; we are truly all in all to each other."

"The bitterness of the few years in which we were parted, Mahon, has only made us realize more fully our after-happiness, and has convinced me that if heaven did not spare you to give me all my present joy, no matter what may have occurred, I would have kept my vow to be true to your memory."

The End.

HOME DUTIES.—Never crowd too much work into a given time by having three or four rooms cleaned in one day. Never allow dilapidations of linen or articles of furniture to remain unrepaired; the latter give an untidy appearance to a house, and the former are subversive of all comfort. A pair of stockings may be mended in a quarter of an hour, more or less. This portion of time will scarcely be missed, while to mend two pairs will take a longer time than can perhaps be spared. Keep a rag-bag, a paper-bag, and a string-bag conveniently to hand, a small drawer with nails, tacks, hammer, pincers, and chisel; but all these tools, with the addition of a glue-pot, keep under your own eye, or, like pins and needles, they will nowhere be found when wanted. Keep all receipts, and file them. Sew them through the centre with strong needle and thread. Have no secrets from your husband, either as to your proceedings or expenditures. If a husband is kept in ignorance of his wife's carelessness or debt, it is like walking over the concealed crater of a volcano, which may break at any moment and precipitate him beneath; and that which, if told in confidence, would have been received in love, may destroy the peace of a house forever by being concealed.

THE CAT DID IT.—There is a well-known story of the ruin of a London luncheon shop by a spiteful and envious rival. The latter hired a boy to enter the successful shop exactly at the time when it was most crowded, and to lay on the counter before the eyes of all the wondering and horrified guests a dead cat. "That makes nine, ma'am," said the brazen-faced urchin, as he deposited his burden and left the shop. What avail were protestations of innocence from the indignant president of the counter? The plot had been carefully laid, and it resulted, as was expected, in a stampede of the diners, to return no more.

MY ORDERLY.

Years ago, when serving with the Spahis (a crack cavalry regiment) in Algeria, I one day had to visit the hospital to see a poor soldier, my orderly who, as I was told, was dying of a terrible malady incidental to the climate. The doctors, I found, had given him up, and had ceased to prescribe for his case; he seemed to me almost deserted, and no one had cared even to inquire his name. He was only known in the ward as No. 23. When I stopped in front of him he betrayed no consciousness of my presence. I called him loudly, but he did not hear me. Suddenly I was aware of the sound of a footstep, the rustle of a dress beside me, and the body of the half-inanimate soldier seemed to stir. A Sister of Charity had glided by me, and the dying man had detected her arrival before I did. Stooping over his bed, the gentle woman wiped away from the sunburnt forehead its cold perspiration, and then whispered lovingly into his ear her simple question, "Joseph, how are you?" To the doctors and the surgeons he had been No. 23; I, his officer and his master, had known him only as "Private Meyer"; but his nurse, like his mother and his sisters, called him "Joseph."

"Private Meyer" had forgotten all about his officer, but "Joseph" was roused from his death-swoon by the footfall of the Sister of Charity. After having gazed on him for some moments, the Sister opened a napkin, brought out flowers, and strewed them over Joseph's bed. The sick man moved a little, his eyes brightened, and his hands wandered lovingly amongst the flowers. The Sister turned to me and said, "Joseph was a gardener before he entered the army."

What learned man could have discovered, as this humble Sister of Charity had done, that flowers were the best thing to bring to the dying gardener? No philosopher would have dreamt of it, no doctor would have put it into a medical treatise, but the Sister felt it, and was certain of it. I told her that Joseph Meyer had been in my regiment, and I learnt that she was "Sister Martha."

Twelve years later, on the twenty-fifth of June, in the midst of the Revolution of 1848, I was posted with some battalions in Paris, close to the Hotel de Ville, when two soldiers of the line brought in a young Garde Mobile, a boy sixteen years old, whose shoulder had been broken by a ball, and who was uttering heart-rending cries. A Sister of Charity knelt down and supported him in her arms. At that instant a leader of the insurgents rushed out of a neighboring house, armed with a long knife. "Traitor!" cried he, "thou shalt die!" and raised the dagger above his head. The Sister rose up, made the sign of the Cross, and placed herself in front of the wounded youth. The insurgent aimed a blow at her, and missed his stroke. She fell on her knees again, covering with her body the young soldier. Then one of the National Guards, who had come in from the country to help to re-establish order, rushed up, threw himself between the Sister and her antagonist, and laid him dead at her feet with a thrust of his bayonet.

It was Sister Martha, whose life had been saved by my old orderly, Meyer.

When all was quiet, I spoke to him, to be sure that it indeed was he. I cannot do justice to the story he told me of the many visits, the long night-watching, the tender care, the prayers, the flowers, the loving words, the hopeful consolations by which Sister Martha had led him safely out of the valley of the shadow of death! Doctors would have shaken their heads over him; his relations would have knelt weeping round his bed; but courageous charity wrought the miracle that saved his life!

WOMAN'S PLACE.

If there is a being fitted by nature to communicate happiness, it is woman. Who, like her, has the tact to anticipate wishes or to discover wants? Who, like her, has the self-forgetfulness which is ready to sacrifice all personal comfort and convenience for another's sake? The exemplar of woman is Mary, and who, of pure creatures, can compete with Mary? How then does a gude-wife show herself a good wife? By entering heart and soul into her husband's affairs, and, as far as she can, making herself at home with his professional pursuits, whether he be a politician, lawyer, doctor, artist, soldier, or of whatever other profession he may be. This can easily be done by a woman of ordinary intelligence, and every sensible woman would do this, if once she realized the comfort and delight she, by doing it, would be to her husband, and the charm he would find in her if she renounced, for good and all, the drawing-room slang, and cultivated the art of speaking sensibly on the matters that interested him. In doing this, there will occur occasions on which woman may exercise her special charm of self-denying considerateness. Let it be supposed, if you like, that the average of intellectual power is on the man's side, yet it must be allowed that we come across plenty of women far superior in intellect to their husbands. What does the good wife do? Why, she exercises her cleverness in keeping herself in the background, and she does this with the simplicity which is the appanage of real tact. This same considerateness will save her from the mistake of neglecting those accomplishments which in the old days of courtship made her so irresistible. She will be industrious, she will practise her music and her singing, her drawing and her painting; keenly alive to the danger of idleness, and to the fact that no more selfish being exists than an idle man or woman. So she will cultivate all her powers of pleasing, now that they have become so necessary to keep the bread-winner in good heart and courage; she will make a happy fireside and a cosey evening for her fagged and over strained partner, instead of complaining at his unfitness to take her out to be stifled in a crowd; and while he leans back in his easy chair, she will listen with interest to the incidents of his day, and chat over his business or professional engagements without begging him not to talk "shop." A contrary course has too often driven the husband to seek relief elsewhere than in the sweet company of the wife of his bosom, who had promised at God's altar to love and comfort him. Driven by a vain, frivolous, and selfish simpleton to the verge of desperation, the husband, weary and disgusted, will seek his private study or his club, while Madam goes to the crush alone, and degrades, in foolish conversation with fops, the name of the man which by marriage she has adopted, and to which it ought to be her delight to do credit. Let Catholic young women take the lead in reviving the good old days, and devoting themselves to home life and domestic duties. The more home is lived in, the more will it be loved; and while the flippancies of modern society are escaped, there will be time for those true friendships, and that true hospitality, which can never be found in a crowd of strangers. Then our houses will again be homes. As things go now, homes are being broken up, and people who would never have dreamed of such a thing in the old days, go into lodgings, because their wives cannot manage their own household.

Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward.

THE IRISH BAR.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CIRCUIT RECOLLECTIONS.

Harry Cooper, Q. C., called in 1806.—His Social Qualities.—High Opinion of His Legal Abilities.—Rapidity of Utterance.—Cooper and Judge Perrin.—Cooper and Judge Crampton.—Kindness to a Starved Dog.—Death in 1841.—William Deane Freeman, Q. C.—The Freemans of Castlecor.—Called in 1817.—Case before Lord Norbury, C.J.—Employed to Defend Prisoners.—Legal Pun.—Mr. Allen.—Assault on Mr. Freeman.—Trial of Mr. Allen, junior.—Henn's Speech for the Defence.—Verdict and Sentence.—Sudden Death of Mr. Freeman.—Sergeant Stock.—Right Hon. Francis Blackburne.—Called in 1803.—Admirable Court-Master.—Lines on Blackburne.

ANOTHER very estimable and able leader on the Munster Circuit in 1838 was Harry Cooper, Q.C. He was called to the Bar in Hilary Term, 1806, and King's Counsel in 1835. He was advanced in life at this time, and disappointment had somewhat soured his temper, but he was in good practice on Circuit, and extremely popular. At the Bar mess he was a most agreeable companion, full of anecdote and pleasantry; not only witty himself, but called forth wit from others. Sometimes, indeed, his gayety was not very discreet. He would ask a very pious member of the Bar to "sing a hymn," or rally a discomfited pleader about his mistake. He prided himself much upon his legal knowledge. Speaking of a very successful member of the Circuit, he said, "I have forgotten more law than he ever knew"; and of another, recently promoted to the Bench, "I possess a pound's worth of law for every sixpence worth he has"; which caused a mutual friend to reply, "Then; does he not deserve the more praise for making his sixpenny worth go farther than your pounds?"

On one occasion some pleas of Harry Cooper's were sought to be struck out for prolixity, and a motion for that purpose was made before Baron Pennefather. Cooper resolutely denied the pleas could be condensed. The baron was inclined to be of a different opinion. He read over one of Harry's, and, by leaving out several averments, which he considered immaterial, reduced it fully one-half.

"I demur to that plea," insisted the resolute counsel, "and if it is set down for argument in any other Court in this hall, I'll beat your lordship."

Harry's powers of utterance were marvellous. I have heard many rapid speakers in my time, but all fade before him. He had a mode of pouring out words so as to be at times almost unintelligible, and some one happily designated him as "talking short-hand." It certainly required stenography to attempt reporting him; he jerked out whole sentences in a breath, and was very impatient at the least interruption. I once heard him address Judge Perrin, who also was very intolerant of noise, in the following terms, which Cooper's rapid style rendered very ludicrous:—

"I wish to God, my lord, you'd commit these old women who are coughing in the gallery. I'm told you committed two old women yesterday for sneezing."

Another time, when arguing in the Court of Queen's Bench before Chief Justice Bushe and Judges Burton and Crampton, Cooper suddenly paused.

"Pray go on, Mr. Cooper," said the Chief Justice.

"I can't, my lord," replied Harry, "while Judge Crampton is shaking his head at me."

"I really was not aware of it," said Judge Crampton.

"Perhaps, Mr. Cooper," observed the Chief Justice, "you do not know that my brother Crampton is a lineal descendant of Lord Burleigh." *

"Oh, my lord, that accounts for it," answered Harry; and, turning round to me, he whispered, "He," meaning Judge Crampton, "is as great an actor as ever Lord Burleigh was."

Joshua Clarke, Q. C., told me the

* Crampton's name was Phillip *Cecil*, and in Queen Elizabeth's time much significance was attached to Lord Burleigh's nod.

following instance of Cooper's humane disposition for the brute creation: "One evening after mess in Limerick, I took a walk with him; we strolled along the quays, and passed the historical castle, and reached the Irish town. The evening was dark, and as I had no desire to be benighted in those squalid streets and dirty towns, I suggested we ought to return.

"'Just come a little farther, Clarke,' he said, 'there is a poor dog here that s almost famished.'

"We reached a miserable doorway, and out bounded the starved dog, that leaped about Cooper, yelping with joy. He had good reason for his rejoicing. Cooper took from his pocket a paper containing bread and meat, and enjoyed the pleasure of seeing the dog devour his meal."

Mr. Cooper died in 1841, and it is said his death was chiefly owing to his resolution not to seek the aid of a physician.

Another of our leaders, William Deane Freeman, Q. C., was a native of the County of Cork, born at Castlecor, near Mallow. His family were long settled in that picturesque region, and greatly respected. During the penal days when Roman Catholics were despoiled of their patrimonies by persons called Discoverers, more than one family transferred their properties to the Freemans, who thus became *quasi* proprietors, and held the land in trust for their Catholic neighbors.

William Deane Freeman was very handsome, and had a dignified, aristocratic bearing, that proclaimed his good descent. He was called to the Bar in 1817, and shortly afterwards was junior in an action of Assumpsit, on a Bill of Exchange, tried in the Common Pleas before the facetious Chief Justice, Lord Norbury. The handsome face and well-poised figure of the young barrister attracted Lord Norbury's attention. "Jackson," he said in a low tone to his registrar, "what is the name of this junior?"

"Mr. Freeman, my Lord," replied the registrar. "Mr. Freeman," he repeated, "of the County of Cork. A most respectable family."

Then addressing the junior, his lordship said, "Sir, I congratulate you; you are a most promising young man, sir. I protest I never heard the money counts more ably stated in all my life, and I hope, like the newspaper now on the bench before me, you will be a *Daily Freeman* * in my court."

Mr. Freeman had considerable practice on the Munster Circuit, but his principal source of emolument was derived from defending prisoners. In this branch he was very able, and for years had the dock to himself. He possessed signal qualities for this work; great knowledge of the class of men by whom prosecutions, during the days of the Whiteboys and followers of Captain Rook, were chiefly sustained,— men lost to every feeling but greed of gold, ever ready to betray their accomplices in crime. These were the men Mr. Freeman had to attack, and he was ever ready, nay eager, for the encounter. Quite aware of their foe, these ruffians would fence, and parry, and evade answering him until the truth was wrung from them, and their own share in the crime laid bare before the jury.

Mr. Hatchel, Q. C., who rose to be Attorney-General and Commissioner of the Court for Relief of Insolvent Debtors, was also famous for his skill in unmasking witnesses of this class. He adopted a different method from that pursued by Mr. Freeman. While the latter used the *fortiter in re*, Hatchel used the *suaviter in modo*. He played with the witness as a patient angler with a heavy fish. He gave him his own time, and led him on, gently, while the witness told his own version; the wary council seemed to assent to the answer, for he would say "exactly," "just so,"

* The *Freeman's Journal*, then, as now, one of the leading Dublin daily newspapers.

until having given the adverse witness rope enough to entangle him, he suddenly brought him up, and obliged him to confess his story was untrue. Mr. Freeman used no such gentleness. He put his questions in a peremptory and dictatorial manner, and often roared at a witness, as if, by sheer strength of lungs, to force him to reply. Then his speeches to the juries were shouted rather than spoken.

A witty barrister, on being asked, "Is Freeman a sound lawyer?" replied, "Well, that involves the *vexata quæstio* whether *roaring* be *unsoundness* or not."* Mr. Freeman was too arrogant to be popular, and had some disagreement with a Mr. Allen, who resided in the neighborhood of Kanturk. Mr. Allen brought an action against a client of Mr. Freeman's, named Clancy, which came on for trial before Mr. Sergeant Greene. In addressing the jury for the defendant, Mr. Freeman spoke in very contemptuous terms of the plaintiff, styling him "Billy Allen," and denouncing his conduct in strong language. This provoked Mr. Allen to forget himself, and he put out his tongue very offensively towards Mr. Freeman. The haughty Queen's Counsel no sooner observed this gross breach of decorum than he paused in his address to the jury, and, turning towards the Judge, he said, "My lord, this person has the presumption to put out his tongue at me, while I am addressing the jury on the part of my client."

Mr. Allen at once rose, and addressing the Judge said, "I am very sorry for having done so, my lord, but Mr. Freeman, I think, was —"

The Judge, interrupting him, said, "I do think Counsel was indulging in observations stronger than the case required, but this ought not to have caused such offensive conduct."

Mr. Freeman rudely said, "My only reason for complaining of the act is my dislike to see a tongue upon which there is so much filth."

Mr. Allen thereupon got very indignant, and used some expression drowned in the tumult in Court, after which Mr. Freeman resumed his speech to the jury.

But the matter did not end here. The son of Mr. Allen was naturally indignant at the language used by Mr. Freeman, and assaulted him next morning when proceeding to the court-house. We were in our usual seats, and Sergeant Greene, had just mounted the bench, when Mr. Bennett, Q. C., rushed in breathlessly, and said:

"My lord, a transaction has this moment occurred to which I beg to call your Lordship's attention. While Mr. Freeman was on his way to this court-house he was met by a young gentleman named Allen, son of the plaintiff in the case before your Lordship yesterday. This young gentleman struck Mr. Freeman, telling him, while doing so, that it was in consequence of Mr. Freeman's observation on Mr. Allen, his father." Mr. Bennett then asked his Lordship for immediate redress. If his Lordship considered it not a case to be summarily disposed of, as the city grand jury were still undischarged, a bill of indictment for the assault might be sent to them; but both he, Mr. Bennett, and Sergeant Jackson considered that as the blow was inflicted in the street in front of the court-house, it might be regarded as a direct contempt of court; more especially when connected with the words used by the assailant, "Take this for what you said in court yesterday." Mr. Sergeant Jackson also declared, if this outrage was not speedily punished, and an example made of the perpetrator, there would be no security for the Bar or for the public.

Judge Ball was sitting in the next court, and Mr. Sergeant Greene went to advise with him upon this subject.

* Horses with diseased lungs are termed *roarers*, but veterinary surgeons are not agreed if such infirmity amounts to positive unsoundness.

After a short absence he returned to us, and said, "Judge Ball concurred with him in opinion that, as the transaction did not occur within the precincts of the court, he had no summary jurisdiction to deal with it."

A bill of indictment was then prepared, which contained three counts — one charging the assault with being committed with the intention of provoking Mr. Freeman to send a challenge to fight a duel; another with the intention of provoking a breach of the peace; and the third for a common assault.

The grand jury, on the evidence of Mr. Freeman, found the bill, and the case came on for trial before Sergeant Greene.

Sergeant Jackson, M. P., stated the case for the prosecution. He referred at some length to the privileges of the Bar, to which he and his learned friend Mr. Freeman belonged. He insisted these privileges were beneficial to the public, and that neither life, character, nor property, would be safe if these privileges, which were essential to support them all, were not upheld. He then detailed the assault on Mr. Freeman, which he characterized as a most flagrant outrage on these privileges, and, under the circumstances, demanded most exemplary punishment.

William Deane Freeman, Q. C., was then examined, and proved the attack upon him, the blow, and the words used. He identified the prisoner as the individual who committed the assault.

He was cross-examined by Jonathan Henn, Q. C. He admitted "that Mr. Allen, senior, the father of the prisoner, was an aged man. He was over seventy. In the address to the jury the witness had called him 'Billy Allen.' He had never been on terms of intimacy with him. In his speech he described the conduct of the plaintiff as 'unrighteous' and 'atrocious.' He told the jury that Mr. Allen entered into an agreement and took money respecting it, although he had resolved to break it. These expressions he used in the hearing of the young gentleman on his trial. He admitted that he (witness) was excited, and his language might be deemed offensive."

Another witness saw the assault, but did not identify the prisoner.

Mr. Henn, Q. C., then addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner. It was, as all his speeches were, a model of Bar eloquence and ability. He "lamented the case had been brought forward by Sergeant Jackson as an infringement upon the privileges of the Bar. As a member of that profession, no man was more ready to assert, or desirous to maintain, these privileges than he was. They, however, existed, not for the benefit of its members, but for the benefit and protection of their clients. When the counsel forgot the legitimate purpose for which these privileges were instituted and designed; when he gratified private resentment, or indulged in vituperation, in order to satisfy vindictive feelings, he (Mr. Henn), as a member of the Bar, disclaimed the notion of any one so acting sheltering beneath the shield of those privileges. Mr. Freeman admitted that, in the presence of the court, and before this great company assembled, he had repeatedly called an old gentleman, a magistrate of this county, a gentleman old enough to be his father, with whom he was on no terms of intimacy, by the derisive epithet of 'Billy Allen'; that, moreover, he characterized Mr. Allen's conduct as 'unrighteous' and 'atrocious.' Mr. Allen yielded to the infirmity of our frail human nature, and, goaded by such provocation as he received, did what he (Mr. Henn) did not stand there to justify. But was there no allowance to be made for his wounded pride, for the excitement of his feelings, for natural irritation? No! All the allowance was to be made for Mr. Freeman. Mr. Freeman candidly admitted he was excited, and could not restrain

himself, and indulged in language of an offensive description. When Mr. Freeman forgot what was due to old age, to the tribunal he was addressing, to the profession of which he is a member, when he forgot what was due to himself as a gentleman — it is idle to call this the *use* — it was the *abus* of the privileges of the Bar."

Mr. Henn contended the conduct of the prosecutor palliated, if it did not justify, the action of the prisoner. He asked the jury, as fathers, what they would have felt if their sons did not resent such insults as had been cast upon old Mr. Allen? As sons, how would they hold up their heads if they permitted with impunity their fathers to be treated with derision and contempt? He concluded by beseeching the jury to estimate the feelings which induced the son to resent the insult inflicted on his father.

The learned Judge having charged the jury, they found the prisoner "guilty of a common assault," with a strong "recommendation to mercy, as the provocation was so aggravated." Not guilty on the other counts.

The recommendation had due weight. The traverser was sentenced to a fine of £10 and a month's imprisonment.

Mr. Freeman was Assistant Barrister for the County of Galway, and died suddenly while presiding in the Quarter Sessions Court.

We occasionally had the Sergeants doing duty as Judges, when illness or any other cause deprived us of one of the twelve. One of the learned Sergeants who presided on the Bench of the Munster Circuit in my time was Sergeant Stock. I had met him some years previously, when, in company with a number of German students, I was rambling along the banks of the Rhine, and found the Sergeant a very agreeable companion. He was far more at home amongst the vine-clad hills of Prussia or the art treasures of Bavaria than listening to law arguments from the Munster Bar or charging juries from a Munster Bench. Patient and laborious on the Bench, he certainly was kind and courteous, as was his nature, but he was not very capable as a Circuit Judge.

On one occasion the companion of Sergeant Stock was the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. He had previously been known as special counsel on the Munster Circuit. He was a singularly able man, called to the Bar in Trinity Term, 1803, and filled the highest offices in the legal profession. When the elevation of Chief Baron Joy left the office of Attorney-General vacant, Mr. Blackburne was appointed in 1831. He held this office until 1835, and we had the advantage of his presence as special counsel in Cork some years later. He was clear and plausible in his statements, his arguments displaying great ingenuity. He had a most agreeable voice, and his language — always refined — showed considerable oratorical power. He had great practice in the Equity Courts, and it was only on very rare occasions he accepted a brief in a Nisi Prius case. Of course he always received a large fee in special cases. It is the fate of greatness to be the mark for detraction, and, in the *Comet*, a satirical newspaper published in Dublin in 1832, when Mr. Blackburne was Attorney-General, the following lines appeared: —

"Whom next of the wigg'd gentry shall I sing,
Whom but the Attorney-General of the King.
The -faced BLACKBURNE, so sedate and sleek,
So calm and smooth — so sanctified and meek,
One of luck's children — the happy few
Whose legal fame transcends the law he knew.
Whose moderate talent with a solemn mien,
Deportment grave, and countenance serene,
Gave him a name at the capricious Bar,
Denied to others his superiors far,
In the high attributes of mind and span,
Which tells the sage, the lawyer, and the man.

His legal tenets less profound than neat,
Display more plausibility than weight,
His arguments, though artful and refined,
Rarely impress conviction on the mind.
Though fortune's frolic, and preposterous Whigs
Bestow'd precedency o'er all rival wigs,
On them fatuity's broad brand to stamp,
A Tory general in a Whiggish camp.
Who, when his patrons fled, still held his place,
To greet their victors with a friend's embrace,
And celebrate with them the fall of those
Who persecuted friends, and cherish'd foes."

Mr. Blackburne was possessed with such a thorough knowledge of Irish affairs — legal, political, and civil — that when an English nobleman, who had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, inquired of some friend better versed in the manners and habits of the Emeralders than his lordship, "how he should rule the country with least danger of becoming unpopular," the answer was, "Keep a good cook and rely on Blackburne."

He was a most agreeable companion, affable and courteous, a skilful musician, sang sweetly, and possessed a fund of anecdotes which he readily and pleasantly narrated. He always shunned Parliamentary life.

While I attended Circuit, many other leaders of the Bar of other Circuits occasionally came to us as special counsel. Among them were Thomas, now Lord O'Hagan, Dr. Ball,* and one whose recent death has caused very general regret, the late Lord Chief Justice Whiteside. Some mention of this great Irish orator may be interesting to my readers.

To be Continued.

*The Right Hon. John Thomas Ball, late Lord Chancellor of Ireland. This very eminent lawyer was born in 1815, called to the Bar in 1840, and received the silk gown in 1854. He became Vicar-General of the Province of Armagh in 1862; Queen's Advocate in 1865, and Solicitor-General in 1868; in the same year he was elected a representative for the University of Dublin. He filled the office of Attorney-General in 1868, and again in 1874, and in the following year received the Great Seal as Lord High Chancellor.

APOSTOLICAL SCHOOL AT LIMERICK.

THE movement towards the conversion of the heathen, which marks the life of the Church in the present day, is continually putting forth new efforts. We note, with interest, the foundation of an Apostolical School at Limerick, established by the Rev. Father Ronan. "When engaged," he writes, "now many years ago, as a missioner and catechist throughout Ireland, I was struck by what appeared to me the wealth of missionary vocations in this country. It seemed to me that there were numbers who would eagerly embrace any opportunity of becoming priests, and of engaging in an apostolic life on foreign missions, but who were yet destitute of the means to prepare for it. Accordingly I have been hoping and praying for twenty long years for the establishment of an Apostolic School in Ireland." It appears from the first annual report, that there are 30 scholars in the College of the Sacred Heart at Limerick, under the charge of the zealous Father Ronan. If he had £750 more per annum, he could take in 30 more applicants; if he could obtain £70 for rent, he could increase his accommodation at once for the larger number. Father Ronan, in his report, says that the boys are quite free to join the secular or regular clergy, provided they go to the foreign missions; and that in the retreat, given in August, seven made choice of the secular priesthood, and five of the Religious state. The bishops of England, Scotland, America, and the colonies, and the Superiors of Orders engaged on foreign missions, are being written to with a view to placing the youths who have received their early education under the care of the Fathers in Limerick.

TRY a silk handkerchief over your face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.

CHIVALRY.

Rev. H. L. Mageveney, S. J.

In his introduction he referred to the poetry and romance with which our school days were filled, rather than with study. By this way we learned to connect the events of history and weave them into one grand fabric. To philosophize upon history is not, however, an easy task, and to take facts and unite them into a chain forming God's Providence, so it is not easy to count the links that connect our age with that of Chivalry, but he who does it has a key to God's Providence. History may attempt to show the effect and sequence of different epochs, and yet with our subject such a task is far more difficult. The origin of Chivalry we find in the poetry of our nature, and God intended that mankind should be of different orders of knighthood. But if we look for its rise amongst examples in history, we shall find it with the heroes whose valorous deeds in behalf of country and fellow-man have made them the theme of poets and the subjects of romance. Still in this we must not confound personal interest, or brute force, with the beautiful idea of Chivalry. The speaker believed the spirit of Chivalry inseparable from that of religion. Religion exerts a stupendous influence upon the people, and when I say religion, I mean no particular creed, but natural virtue. The chivalric spirit is ever ready and quick to appreciate the sublime. Nothing is sublime but recalls the idea of God. It is manifested in the tempest, in the waterfall, in the sea, in the mountains. Natural virtue teaches us to see the footprints of a Creator in the creation. The chevalier is always anxious to achieve something grand, something sublime, and is excited to it by the natural virtue of religion. Leaving these considerations of the origin of Chivalry in our nature, we shall reflect on its age, nature and decline. We find the manifestations of the chivalric spirit long before the fall of the Roman Empire. Tacitus evidently refers to it in his history of the Germans. Also in the solemn investure of the shield among the Franks, before the time of Charlemagne, we see the outcropping of Chivalry. But up to the time of Feudalism, Chivalry was only an outward show. After that, man began to feel his independence, and the chivalric spirit manifested itself more and more, until Louis IX. breathed his last before the walls of Tunis, when it began to wane. It had for its motives religion and honor, some have said, but there is no liberty worth having that does not come from the moral law; no honor but from glory; no glory but from God. So, shame on the knight that would give honor to a creature and not to his God! I would say, however, that the motives of Chivalry are religious appreciation of self, religious appreciation of society. Hence in the age of Chivalry man found greatness in self. Individuals were lost, the multitudes, as ancient history affords numerous examples for proof, but Christianity taught man his individual worth, and hence its dawn marked the beginning of true Chivalry, which is a beautiful link in the chain of God's Providence. But it could not last long. It was like the tiny stream that leaps from rock to rock, and finally loses itself in muddy waters. The age of patriotism followed, when individual man became great in proportion as his country or his cause was great. The chevalier felt a wonderful independence. His motto was to give all and take nothing. He helped the helpless, and protected tender women, as the oak screens the timid ivy. A

chevalier was the *beau ideal* of gallantry and courtesy, but to many, the exaggerated devotion to woman seems a blemish on knighthood. Yet, as accelerated motion in nature is the result of a slight motion in the beginning, as the languid water at the head of a stream becomes a torrent in its course, so in the moral order, governments first form into monarchies, monarchies change into republics, and republics, by a revolution, become anarchies, which are only republics overdone. In the age of Chivalry, woman was just passing from nothing to something. From a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, she was beginning to be raised to her throne. Statesmen, legislators, and all, had their slave wives at home, and later, under the Code of Justinian, the woman was first subject to her father, then to her husband, and as a widow, to her guardian. She belonged to any one. But one bright and happy morning, the sun beamed through the window of an humble cottage of Nazareth, and sent a thrill through the universal heart. Woman then began to rise. Mankind called her mother, and the helper and consoler. Christianity took her from her base condition, and raised her gradually until her throne was exaggerated only in the days of Chivalry. The gallant knight rejoiced to see woman occupy her elevated throne, but it was not his wish to have her occupy an exaggerated place, only desired to show his joy at her elevation. He saw in her the shadow of her who crushed the serpent's head. Her beauty was not to him in her features, but in that confiding spirit that caused her to look upon him as her support. His gallantry was in a measure identified with his religion. She reminded him of his "Ave Maria" in the hours of prayer. This idea of woman awakened her shining qualities, and gave her a place in society. Fidelity to trust was perfect in the chevalier. The parole of honor was in its perfection. The good word of a good knight was better than prison walls. The devotion to his fellows, too, was a strong characteristic, and after a mortal combat, the victor wept over his fallen foe. In the knight there was no hatred; no jealousy blinded him to his fellows. The immortality of the soul was something above all considerations. The glories of a fallen chevalier never departed. The voice of the brave came back in the murmuring of the sea, the rippling of the stream, the whispering of the wind. The victor dipped his plume in the blood of his fallen foe, and kissed the ground where the chevalier fell. If he died at home, his comrade knights gave him a sepulture; if he fell in a foreign land, the hermits of Lebanon buried him. One magnificent chevalier stands out prominently in history — Godfrey, the great captain in the Crusades. Never was there a stronger arm, or braver heart. When he saw Christianity weeping over the desecration of the Holy Lands, he girdled himself, and marching at the head of ninety thousand men, reached the walls of Jerusalem. His numbers became reduced, however, by privations, but on the plains of Ascalon, after beseeching the help of the God of battles, he conquered his foe of five hundred thousand strong, leaving one hundred thousand dead. The Holy Land was his. When offered the crown as king of the land he had conquered, he spurned it, for the sake of the Saviour who there was mocked as a king. He was the ideal knight, true to his God and his cause. Such was mediæval Chivalry; but come we now to modern times. Scarcely a score of years has passed since the most beautiful character of our age gave up his life. He was a model chevalier. A flood of infidelity had swept over France, and the boast of Voltaire was being verified,—"Let me educate one generation, and I shall change the face of the earth." There was needed a man for the times. He came.

To the ablest scholars he was a peer, to the noblest a prince, to the most polished a companion, but with all, a Christian. He was Frederick Ozanam. Such a spirit as his does not die — it lives on. Like Napoleon's, England knew it did not rest under the willows of St. Helena. When wealth lends a helping hand to poverty, when education helps the ignorant, then, as with Frederick Ozanam, we see the perfect chevalier. Wealth and piety scattering blessings on the homes of the poor, could not but make a man feel more happy. If God Himself has so honored man, and loves him with an infinite love, so then the chevalier, in honoring his fellow man, honors his Creator, and in this we have CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

THE SON OF A KING FOR ME.

C. P., in *The London Month.*

A MAIDEN stood in her tower, and gazed
O'er the broad ancestral plain,
And the stream that shone like a silver band
Thro' the fields of golden grain.

Fair Hildegard was a maiden rich,
With the wealth of lands and gold;
She shone with a beauty unsurpassed,
And her will reigned uncontrolled.

Full many a noble suitor came
To crave for her hand and heart;
But she turned aside with a scornful pride,
And she bade them all depart.

In her pride she said, "I will never wed
Save one whose ancestral tree
Is rooted deep in a royal race—
The son of a King for me!"

And last of all young Rendolph came,
The child of a noble line;
"Oh Hildegard! wilt thou be my bride?
My blood is as pure as thine!"

He had held her hands, and had gazed a while
In the depth of her fair blue eyes;
He had offered his all, and his own true heart,
To win such a matchless prize.

But she shook her head, and she proudly said,
"I cannot wed with thee;
E'en if thy blood be pure as mine,
The son of a King for me!"

And now as she stood in her tower, and gazed
On the broad ancestral plain,
On the stream that shone as a silver band
'Mid the fields of golden grain,

She cried in haste to her waiting maid,
"Come hither and deck my hair,
And bring me the costliest robe of all,
And the gems most rich and rare."

And she thought: "I go to the Court this day,
With a hope that I dare not tell;
For the King's own son hath bid me come,
And I know that he loves me well."

As she stood arrayed in her rich attire,
A vision of beauty fair,
She said to herself, "Perchance 'twere well
If I knelt to say one prayer."

She knelt where she had been taught to pray,
'Neath the form of the Crucified;
And with upturned eyes, she clasped her hands
On a bosom that swelled with pride.

But a sudden thrill shot through her frame,
And she seemed to grasp for breath,
As she strained her eyes to the Crucified,
Who had loved her to bitter death.

And a voice that pierced her inmost soul,
Said: "Give thyself up to Me;
For I am the Son of a mighty King,
And I gave up all for thee."

She gave one cry, at His feet she lay,
While the burning tears fell fast;
His power had triumphed o'er worldly pride,
Her heart had been won at last!

Then she flung aside her costly robe,
And she put her gems away;
With her arms entwined around the Cross
She spent that festive day.

. . . . . .

Ere long a maiden in lowly garb
Knocked at the convent door—
"O Mother! I loved the world too much,
But my God hath loved me more!"

She entered among the saintly flock,
And her spirit was glad and free;
She said: "I have gained my heart's desire—
The Son of a King for me!"

TRY planting sunflowers in your garden if compelled to live in a malarial neighborhood.

PASTORAL LETTER

Published at the Fourth Provincial Council of Cincinnati, March 19, 1882.

To our Venerable Brethren of the Clergy, and our Beloved Children of the Religious and Laicty of the Province of Cincinnati, Health and Benediction.

Of the venerable Prelates that last assembled in Council to consult for the interests of religion, there remains but the saintly and venerable Archbishop, rich in the merits of eighty-two years of life and forty-eight of Episcopal labors. The others have gone to their reward, while to us remains the burden of the ministry, shared by a zealous Clergy, a devoted Religious, and a faithful Laiety.

A review of religion since the last Provincial Council, twenty years ago, gives ample cause for congratulation. Churches and schools have been doubled; institutions of charity and learning largely increased; religion has assumed a more imposing and consolidated form, and much has been done towards placing the Church within the Province more in accord with the general law of the Church, thus lessening the missionary character it has heretofore had. As building and the struggle to create shall have passed away, and fixity and order shall have come, law and forms will naturally follow. Meanwhile we must watch lest, while we build up the material, we forget the spiritual, mindful of the admonition of our Lord: "What will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Human Freedom.

Not for three hundred years has society been so restless as it is at present. Change in the political world and disintegration amongst non-Catholics are marked characteristics. Conservatism is giving place to revolution; new theories and false doctrines are supplanting revelation; authority is met by revolt; right is crushed by might; religion is rapidly losing its influence on society; the State steadily seeks to subordinate the spiritual to the temporal; a systematic and combined effort, both in Europe and America, is being made to secularize education, and to substitute for God and Religion, Science and Material Progress. It is claimed that "all men are free and equal," and under that cry religion and law are assailed.

Admitting in the fullest sense man's power to choose between good and evil, and in this man's responsibility, we cannot but firmly and uncompromisingly reject the popular doctrine that man is free to accept or reject God's revelations. It is one thing to have the power to reject truth, quite another to have the right; just as it is one thing to have the power to do evil, quite another to have the right. Truth does not depend on man's acceptance for its existence or its right to be accepted and obeyed, nor does the truth of God's revelations, or its binding effect, depend upon man's acceptance. Revelation is God's word to man, and man has no right to reject it. By free will God has gifted man with the power to reject or accept His revelations, but at the same time God has distinctly warned man of the consequences of rejecting revelation. God's first command to man is, "Thou shalt not have strange gods before me." But a revelation different from God's revelation is a strange God, or an interpretation of God's revelation different from what God intended is a strange god — an untruth — and no man, nor body of men, nor church, nor state, has a right to teach falsehood, or change a jot or tittle of the law of God. Yet in the face of principles as clear as the above, men claim, under the cry of religious freedom, the right to try

God, His law and revelation, and to accept or reject according as it agrees with their reason. In other words, such men make their reason the Court before which God and His law shall be tried; that is, God is to be tried by man, not man by God.

Under the cry of political freedom there is also the wide-spread assumption that law is to be resisted whereever it attempts to restrain passion. There is grave reason to fear that soon freedom will have become license, and passion religion; thus making "the belly God and shame glory."

God alone is free, because God alone is supreme. With creation began law, and its violation drove the angels from heaven and created hell. When God said to man, Thou shalt not eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree, law was imposed upon him, and with law obligation. No man is free to break the laws of God, nor the just laws of the State, nor the reasonable laws of society. All men are born subject to law — if subject, then not free, except so far as the law makes them free. Life, property, health — all we have is God's gift. We can neither think, nor act, nor will, but by the power of God. We cannot add a day to our lives, nor an inch to our stature. Helpless and dependent as we thus are, men speak and reason as if they were free and independent, and if Church or State oppose a barrier, the world cries down with both, and then sings pæans to the progress of the age. Man has not the right to reject revelation, nor is he free to break just law, nor does the truth of revelation depend upon man's acceptance thereof. Revelation is of God, and is therefore above and beyond man's right to reject.

Human Equality.

Nor are all men equal. Neither in mind nor body are men equal. In natural powers no two men are equal; nor with the same chances will any two men accomplish the same results. In the sense that God is no respecter of persons, and that Christ died for all — great and small alike — it is true all men are equal. It is also true that technically before the law it is assumed that all men are equal, yet in reality it is a well-known fact that men are not equal before the law. Wealth gives men a standing before the law that poverty has not, and, politically, the few control the many. This is in the nature of things, and must be, as it is ordained by God that some shall rule and some shall be ruled. Those who are appointed to rule have certain rights that subjects have not. Hence kings and magistrates, and bishops and priests are appointed to rule; if to rule, then are they above those whom they rule. Before God their sins may make them less than those they rule, but as rulers they are above those whom they rule. Besides this, talents and acquirements make men unequal, and thus one man succeeds where another fails. Without this there would be no motive for individual energy. It is hence untrue to say that men who have less physical or mental power are the equals of those who have more, or that all men's labor, whether mental or physical, is to be equally rewarded. Men should be paid according to the labor and skill they give — if more, they should receive more; if less, then they should receive less. Idleness and inability are not to be rewarded equally with labor and talent. The cry of equality is the cry of the idle and the weak, but cannot, and will not, be admitted by the industrious and the strong.

Labor Unions.

A man's labor is his own. The strong arm of the poor man and the skill of the mechanic is as much his stock in trade as the gold of the rich man, and each has a right, as he pleases, to sell his labor at a fair price. Men have also a right to band together and agree to sell their labor at any fair price within the

limits of Christian justice, and so long as men act freely and concede to others the same freedom they claim for themselves, there is no sin in labor banding together for self-protection. But when men attempt to force others to work for a given price, or by violence inflict injury, bodily or temporal, they sin. If men are free to band together, and agree not to work for less than a given price, so others are equally free to work for less, or more, as they please. All men have a right to sell their labor at such price as they deem fair, and no man, nor Union, has a right to force another to join a Union, or to work for the price fixed upon by a Union. Here is where Labor Unions are liable to fail, and in which they cannot be sustained. If one class of men is free to band together and agree not to sell their labor under a given price, so are others equally free not to join such Unions, and also equally free to sell their labor at such price as they may determine upon.

Catholics cannot be partners in any attempt to coerce others against their just rights; nor can they, by overt or secret acts, or violence, do injury to the person or property of others. What one man claims for himself, he must concede to another.

On the other hand, capital must be liberal towards labor, and share justly and generously the profits with labor, being mindful of the command "not to muzzle the ox that trampeth out the corn," "not to defraud the laborer of his wages." Capital has no more right to undue reward than labor, nor should capital be unduly protected at the expense of labor. Capital and labor should work hand in hand, and proportionally share the values they have mutually produced. Nature gives the raw material; labor and skill gives it its value; capital gives direction, and advances reward to labor and skill, waiting until in turn it can realize on its outlays. They are mutually dependent on each other, and should mutually labor for each other's interest, — capital recognizing the rights of labor, and labor in turn recognizing the rights of capital.

Newspapers.

With the power of the press we are all familiar. With the growth of Catholicity, and the steady increasing numbers and influence of Catholics, there is a corresponding increase in the number and influence of Catholic papers. Yet, notwithstanding this, it must be admitted that so far the Catholic body has not grasped the value of a vigorous and well-supported press.

There is no more valuable aid to the pulpit than a well-conducted paper. We, therefore, most earnestly commend pastors to press this matter of the value of the press most earnestly before their people, and urge every Catholic family in their respective congregations to subscribe for a good Catholic newswaper. Let there be also libraries established, so that the young of each congregation can have ready access to useful and healthy reading. Let there be also libraries for the children attending the Sunday Catechism classes, and where possible, a liberal distribution of Sunday School papers among the children. No money can be better spent than in providing the child with healthy and pleasing reading.

Bad Papers.

Of late there has been started a class of papers that, under the plea of patriotism, is advocating the worst forms of revolution and communism. Their editors pretend to be Catholic, but with unbridled insolence assail priest or bishop who differs from them. Among this class stands pre-eminent the *Irish World*. This is a bad paper — breeding insolence and defiance of authority; teaching communism; assailing the rights of property, and inciting to rebellion that can end but in disaster. We therefore direct pastors to warn their people

against this paper, and as far as in them lies, discourage its circulation among them.

While, however, we thus condemn, as above enumerated, the pernicious doctrines of the *Irish World*, we wish it distinctly understood that by so doing we, in no sense, sympathize with England in her oppression of Ireland; nor do we in any way favor a continuance of the present unjust system of landlordism in Ireland. On the contrary, we are ready to co-operate with the bishops of Ireland in any legitmate effort to ameliorate the present unhappy condition of the Irish people. What we condemn in the *Irish World* are the *illegitimate* means it advocates, not its efforts to better the condition of Ireland. Let the cause of Ireland be pressed, but let the means be legitimate. Let the rights of the landlord be recognized as well as the rights of the tenant, so that while justice is done the tenant, justice may also be done the landlord. Thus the cause of Ireland will commend itself to the honesty and sympathy of the world.

Besides the above, there is also another class of papers that, though perhaps not as viciously pernicious as the above, is yet doing great harm by the manner its editors speak of priests, and bishops, and authority. This class of papers is constantly dogmatizing on law and oppression; how bishops abuse their power and oppress their priests. Such papers are doing not only great harm, but deserve severest censure. Their editors seem to forget that to discredit the bishop is to discredit the priest, and to discredit the priest is to injure religion. To the editors of such papers we must soberly present for their guidance the words of our Holy Father Leo XIII., addressed last January to Catholic editors, in Italy, who, like some editors amongst ourselves, gravely forgot the respect due to others, more especially those in authority. Speaking to Catholic editors, the Holy Father lays down the following rules for their guidance: —

"It is good for the defenders of Catholicity to be guided in their daily writings by a constant and fearless love of truth; but they ought, at the same time, to be on their guard against saying anything which might lawfully wound any good man, and never, under any pretext, to dispense with that moderation which should ever be the faithful companion of all other virtues. In connection with these matters, no prudent mind can approve of immoderate vehemence in style, of words of suspicion, or rash departures from that respect which is due to others. Above all, let the name of the bishops be a sacred thing for Catholic writers; the bishops, placed as they are at the head of the hierarchy, deserve all honor on account of the charge imposed upon them. Private individuals should never arrogate to themselves the right of formulating complaints concerning decrees put forward by the authority of their pastors; this would cause disturbance of order and intolerable confusion. This law of respect, which no one should violate, should by editors of Catholic journals be considered still more sacred; they should be living examples of obedience to it; for journals which are published for the diffusion of good principles fall into the hands of all people, and exercise a powerful influence on the opinions and morals of the multitude."

Bad, immoral papers should never be seen in Christian families.

Music.

There is grave cause for dissatisfaction with much of the music now in use in the services of the Church. Much of it is profane; much of it so undevotional and secularized that often, if the sacred words were withdrawn, one would fancy he was in a concert-room, or listening to the sensuous strains of the opera. We do not object to the best of music in

the services of the Church; on the contrary, we hold nothing is too good for God, but the music of the Church must be in keeping with her services — solemn, sacred, calming the passions, purifying the heart, and directing the soul to God.

On the subject of music, the Church has long since spoken. She has already created a form of sacred chant, consecrated by use and hallowed by age. She has clearly directed that her Liturgy shall be sung in the Gregorian chant. Her Gradual and Vesperal, her Mass and Lamentations, in a word, all her chant is in Gregorian music. She permits figured music, but only where it is sacred, solemn. The compromise offered by Palestrina, and the present Cæcilian movement, are steps in the right direction, and as such to be encouraged. Recognizing the difficulties to at present render the Gregorian and Palestrina chant, as also the difficulties in the Cæcilian, we are willing to permit the better class of figured music, while we at the same time seek to encourage every effort to a return, even in degree, to the recognized music of the Church. It is therefore not only our wish, but we hereby direct, that all music that savors of the sensuous or profane, as also all music that reminds one of the theatre or opera, rather than the Church, shall be excluded from our choirs; as also all music that attracts the attention of the people to the choir rather than the altar. The duty of the choir is to direct the attention of the people to the altar. Music that fails to do this is not church music, and must be excluded from the services of religion.

It has been also decreed that, where possible, the parts of Mass and Vespers directed by the Rubrics to be sung by the choir, and found in the Gradual and Vesperal, shall hereafter be sung wheresoever practicable. By a reasonable effort on the part of pastors and choir directors, much more can be done in this direction than is generally admitted. Difficulty is no reason why choirs shall not try to remedy abuses.

Secret Societies.

The world is at present permeated with societies. Many inducements are held out to Catholics to join them. There is nothing against association for legitimate purposes, but prudence requires that before joining a society, men should carefully examine the ends proposed and the means to be used, and also clearly see and understand the spirit that animates and directs the workings of the societies they seek to join. Four things are therefore to be carefully considered before joining a society: the ends, the means, the spirit that animates, and the character of the men that guide and control it. All this men should carefully consider when they purpose joining a society, especially before investing their money, and thus involving themselves, or their family interests.

For the better understanding of this difficult and gravely important subject, we give the following rules and marks by which both clergy and laity will be able to know if a society is such that Catholics cannot join it:

1st. Does it propose to itself "anything against Church or Government?" *

2d. "Do the members bind themselves by oath to do what may be commanded by the superior of the body?"†

3d. "Do the members bind themselves to secrecy, which cannot be violated with impunity, even when legitimate authority interrogates?" *

4th. "Do the members join for mutual defense in so strict alliance that thence arise danger of riot or bloodshed?" * All such societies are declared "wholly unlawful." †

The Church loves light, and dislikes her children to belong to socie-

* Decree of the Sac. Rom. Inq. 1846.
† Letter of the S. Cong. de Prop Fide, July 1, 1870, to the Bishops of Canada.

ties whose aims are concealed from the public. She has a right to know the ends and aims of the socities to which her children belong; if legitimate, there is no need for secrecy. The Church does not oppose healthy organization, on the contrary; but her long experience has made her suspicious of organizations that work in the dark and guard their secrets by oaths. Nor does it need that societies be condemned by name; if so organized that they come under the *class* of condemned societies, then Catholics cannot belong to them. Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Carbonari, Communists, Nihilists, are forbidden to Catholics; also oath-bound political societies whose aims are revolution against legitimate government,—in a word, all societies that excite to riot or bloodshed, or attack the rights of property, or assail the civil or private rights of individuals. These, and all kindred societies, are forbidden to Catholics, let there names be what they may. Catholics, joining such societies, not only sin, but dying without repentance, must be deprived of Christian burial.

Besides the above, Catholics may not belong to societies, be they labor unions, benevolent, oath-bound or not, which have prayers, a religious hierarchy, or religious rite, or ritual, other than Catholic, at which the members are required to be present and take a part. If Catholics have joined societies which the Church has condemned, or if they belong to societies which the Church, through her constituted authorities, declares unlawful, then they are bound in conscience, let the pecuniary or social loss be what it may, to leave such societies, being mindful of the words of Christ, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?"

Catholic Societies.

The Church is no enemy of societies; on the contrary, she not only fosters, but strongly encourages their establishment. Nor does it need that societies be religious that she approve. The Church wishes to encourage her children both in the temporal and spiritual, but she seeks that the temporal be made subordinate to the spiritual. Her motto is "the soul first, the body next."

That a society may be approved, it is necessary that its Constitution and By-Laws shall have been examined and approved by the bishop of the diocese in which it is to be established, and to be considered a Catholic society, that the bishop shall have appointed for it a spiritual director who shall have a veto on all things appertaining to faith and morals. In the management of its ordinary affairs there is no desire to interfere with, or curtail, the action of societies; on the contrary, every liberty should be given consistent with the above veto power.

Marriage.

Marriage is the bond of society; on it depends the family. Legitimate marriage can be contracted between a man and woman only when they are free to assume its obligations. The insane, relations within certain degrees of kindred, those already married, and not released by death from the bond contracted, or those bound by the solemn vows of religion, cannot marry, and any attempt on the part of any in the above classes to marry would be but an empty ceremony. Once married, always married. Nor can Church or State, or human power, dissolve a marriage contracted between a baptized man and a baptized woman.

The State has no power to dissolve Christian marriages, nor has the State power to create, or dispense from, impediments that God or the Church has made. The religious part of the marriage contract does not come under the control of the State. This is of God, and is above and beyond the control of the State to legislate upon. But it is the duty

of the State to legislate on the civil consequences of marriage — the property and the personal safety of the married couple.

Divorce.

When the married couple cannot live in peace and Christian love, both Church and State may, for good and sufficient reasons, grant divorce from "bed and board," as it is called, but divorce by which parties once validly married can again legitimately and validly marry is impossible. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," are words that leave no pretext for doubt. Death alone dissolves a marriage contracted between a baptized man and baptized woman.

This is the Catholic doctrine, and a Catholic once validly married cannot be divorced by either Church or State; and if such Catholic attempt to re-marry, before the death of his or her partner, under the pretence that he or she has been divorced by the courts, such Catholic must be denied the sacraments, and, dying without repentance, be deprived of Christian burial.

Degrees of Relationship.

Marriage within the fourth degree of consanguinity or affinity is forbidden, and without a dispensation is invalid. Marriages between first cousins, brothers-in-law, or sisters-in law, are abhorrent to the Catholic mind, and should never be found among Christians.

Mixed Marriages

Are also a source of grave evil, more especially to the woman and the children. It is seldom such marriages do not end in loss to the faith. Either the Catholic party becomes lukewarm, or the children, seeing the religious contentions of the parents, become negative, and at last hostile; or, if the children do not entirely lose the faith themselves, there is the greatest danger that their children will. We therefore warn Catholics against such marriages, and direct that pastors frequently speak to their flocks of the dangers arising from such unions, remembering how God warned His people against marriages with the women of foreign nations.

Promises of Marriage

Should be slowly given, and only after prayer and careful consideration. Parents and guardians should be consulted, and the advice of the confessor sought. Marriage is too serious a matter to be hastily entered into. Promises once made are not to be lightly broken. No honorable man will trifle with the affections of a woman, nor will a modest woman trifle with the affections of a man. Often marriage is too lightly treated, and too hastily entered into. Better be slow, rather than, marrying in haste, be forced for years to repent.

Civil Marriage.

Marriage before a magistrate is, for Catholics, a sin, and without a dispensation, if contracted between a Catholic and an unbaptized person, is invalid. A marriage before a Protestant minister is, for a Catholic, not only a sin, but in every diocese of the Province is forbidden under pain of excommunication *ipso facto* incurred.

The above may appear harsh to modern society, with its loose and easy-going notions on marriage, but it is the teaching of Christ and His apostles, nor will it change because the world thinks it harsh. The law of God does not change. Marriage was ordained of God when He created man and woman. Its unity was from the beginning, and though for a time relaxed "because of the hardness of men's hearts," it was again restored by Christ when he said: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her; and if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery."

Nor can a man be at the same time the husband of two wives.

Polygamy, though allowed in the old law, is forbidden in the new law. One man to one woman, and one woman to one man, is the law of Christian marriage, on whose sacredness depends the family, and on the family society. Marriage must be made more sacred, and its unity more firmly and vigorously taught, if we are to be saved the disgrace of our divorce courts and the scandal of polygamy.

Authority.

With the popular doctrine that all men are equal, there is also steadily growing the doctrine that "all power is from the people, and that they who exercise authority in the State do not exercise it as their own, but as intrusted to them by the people, and upon this condition—that it may be recalled by the will of that same people by whom it was confided to them." This is not Catholic doctrine, nor is it the doctrine of the Scriptures, which teach: "By me kings reign, . . . by me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice." * "Give ear, you that rule the people, . . . for power is given to you by God, and strength by the most High." † "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers: for there is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God." ‡

While on the one hand the Catholic doctrine thus distinctly teaches that all power comes from God, we must not be understood as teaching that the people are not permitted a voice in the form of government under which they shall live; on the contrary, we teach with the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning, "That they who are to be set over the republic may, in certain cases, be chosen by the will and decision of the people, without any opposition or repugnance to Catholic doctrine. By this choice the ruler is designated, but the rights of government are not conferred, and power is not given, but it is determined by whom it is to be wielded. There is no question here of the forms of government, for there is no reason why the rule of one or several should not be approved by the Church if only it is just and tends towards the common good. Accordingly, justice being observed, people are not forbidden to provide themselves with that kind of government which is most suitable to their genius, or the institutions and customs of their ancestors." *

There is also a growing disposition amongst a class of Catholics to teach that in some things the priests receives his power from the people. There is also a disposition to draw lines and confine the priests within limits that neither God nor religion can permit. The priest is not appointed by the people, nor does he receive his power from the people. He receives his power from God, and the people are commanded to seek the law from his lips, "for the priest's lips should keep knowledge." "He that hears you hears me," says Christ, speaking of his priests, and "he that despises you despises me." "Go teach," are words that leave no doubt as to the right of priests to teach, or the duty of the people to listen.

Because the people supply the means for the support of religion, they frequently assume that they, and they only, are to manage the temporalities of the Church. Frequently even, under the plea of assisting in the management of the temporalities, the laity also assume to dictate to the priest in spirituals, the more when he teaches the law of God on matters appertaining to government, or the duties of subjects to rulers. The assumption of this class of men is that in matters of State the priest must be silent, forgetting that governments and States, and the relations of citizen to citizen, must be founded on the law of God, and that the priest

* Prov. viii. 15, 16. † Wis. vi. 3, 4.
‡ Rom. XIII. 1.

* Leo XIII., Encyclical, June 29, 1881.

is the guardian, and under the direction of the Church, the interpreter of the law of God, and that consequently in all matters of civil life appertaining to faith and morals, the priest has a right to speak, and the people are required to listen.

This will no doubt be a doctrine offensive to modern liberalism, that seeks to eliminate God from society, and to teach that all power comes from the people. But because a doctrine is unpopular it does not prove it untrue. Truth is often very unpopular. Christ, nor His doctrines, were popular. Governments, and States, and peoples, are alike subject to the law of God, equally as the humblest. Governments have no more right to do wrong than individuals. "All power comes from God," and the Church is the witness and guardian of revelation, as well as the interpreter thereof. From her the world must learn the law of God, and the law of man must ever be subordinated to the law of God. It is untrue to assert "that all power comes from the people." "All power comes from God," by whom "princes rule, and the mighty decree justice."

Guided by these doctrines, Catholics can easily see that though they may be associated with the clergy in the management of the temporalities of the Church, yet they must never forget the reverence and respectful obedience due to their pastors, nor the loving and mutual co-operation due them in all the works of religion. Let, therefore, the laity heartily co-operate with the clergy, being ever mindful that in unity there is strength, and in love and harmony there is peace and union with God.

Indian and Negro Missions.

We commend the Indian Missions to the kind consideration of the clergy and the generous charity of the laity. The love of the Indian for "the black robe" is well known. Schools, priests, and religious are needed, and for these money is also needed. Where it can be done without injury to home calls, we most earnestly urge that collections be taken up and forwarded to the bishops in whose dioceses the Indians are, to be used under their direction for the benefit of the Indian Missions. We also commend the missions established in the South for the conversion of the negroes. Under the care and zealous labors of the fathers of the Holy Ghost and the clergy of the South, much has already been done. In several of the Southern States missions have been established and schools opened, into which quite a number of negro children have been gathered.

Wherever churches have been built the negroes have shown ready willingness to attend, nor are conversions difficult to make. So far the main difficulty has been to get churches built and schools opened. In the more wealthy congregations of the Province there might be for a few years an annual collection taken up to be divided equally between the Indian and Negro Missions. Where this cannot in justice be done, we urge that at least one collection be taken up and forwarded, share and share alike, for both objects.

Intemperance.

The question of intemperance is one that, unfortunately, too often presses itself upon our notice. It is one of the great evils of society,—an evil affecting both public and private life. The wide-spread habit of drinking is too well known, and its sad effects too often brought into the home circle, there to blight the tender affections of the wife and blunt the natural reverence of the child. So wide-spread is this habit of drinking, that it now largely enters into politics; so much so that it is dangerous for legislators to attempt to restrain it. Even the attempt to regulate its sale on Sunday is met with rebuke.

There can be no doubt that intemperance, like all social evils, is matter for legislation; as also abuse in the sale of liquor. Prudent and moderate legislation on these subjects is to be commended, and should be encouraged and sustained. Sunday should be more sacred, and legislation encouraged that would hinder or lessen the sale of liquor on that day. Could there be established a "Liquor Truce," that, from Saturday noon to Monday noon men would agree not to drink outside their own houses, not only would intemperance be greatly diminished, but much of the desecration of the Sunday would be done away with.

While, however, seeking to restrain and lessen intemperance, we do not wish to be understood as teaching that the moderate use of liquor is a sin. We seek to restrain the abuse, not the moderate and legitimate use of liquor. There may be times when the moderate use of stimulants may not only be permitted, but be of positive benefit. In such cases it is no sin to use liquor. The sin is when the use has become abuse; and against this latter we raise our voice, and, in common with our fellow-citizens, seek, within the limits of reasonable individual freedom, not only to lessen the evils of intemperance in private, but to regulate the sale of liquor in such a manner that Christian virtue shall not be scandalized by it.

Schools.

Religion must form a part of the education of the child. Education without religion may have the glitter of science, but it will not have the essence of virtue. Virtue must be the foundation of education, but religion is the foundation of virtue; hence we hold religion must form a part of the daily education of the child, and must be taught co-ordinately with science and the cognate branches.

Deeply impressed with the necessity of training Catholic children in the faith of their fathers, whilst waiting a change in the public school system, in which our just rights as citizens shall be recognized and conceded, there remains to us but to appeal to the generosity of our ever faithful people to continue to support our Catholic schools. We know too well how heavy the burden is, and how unjust it is that Catholics are forced to support their own schools and at the same time be taxed to support a public school system from which, for conscience sake, they can receive no benefit.

Wherever, therefore, throughout the Province, Catholic schools are not yet established, pastors will use all diligence that they be established, being ever mindful of the instructions sent by the Holy See to the American bishops to see that Catholic schools be everywhere established, and that in them, not only science and profane knowledge be taught, but also religion, the queen of all sciences. It is, therefore, our wish that the Church and school go hand in hand; that where the one is, there also shall the other be.

On the first convenient Sunday after its receipt, this pastoral shall be read in all the churches of the Province, where there is a resident pastor, and in the mission churches on the first regular visit thereto. Pastors will also take pains to explain the more important of the subjects treated, as many of them will be found of general value to their people in both their social and religious life.

And now, venerable brethren of the clergy, and dearly beloved of the religious and laity, may "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Ghost, be with you all."

Given under our hand at the Fourth Provincial Council, held at the Metropolitan Church of Cincinnati, clos-

ing on the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19th, 1882.

✠ WILLIAM HENRY, Bishop of Avara, Coadjutor of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, and President of the Council.
✠ WILLIAM GEORGE, Bishop of Louisville.
✠ AUGUSTUS MARIA, Bishop of Covington.
✠ CASPER HENRY, Bishop of Detroit.
✠ RICHARD, Bishop of Cleveland.
✠ JOSEPH, Bishop of Fort Wayne.
✠ FRANCIS SILAS, Bishop of Vincennes.
✠ JOHN AMBROSE, Bishop of Columbus.
RICHARD, Administrator, *Sede Vacânte*, of Nashville.

THE MORGAN MURDER. — In 1827 Morgan disappeared, after publishing a book revealing some of the secrets of Freemasonry, and it was established on indisputable evidence that he was last seen alive in the custody of a number of well-known Freemasons of notorious fanaticism, and the Masons were accused, in consequence, of having murdered him for his violation of the Masonic oath of secrecy. The disappearance of Morgan occurred in 1827, and a few days ago a body of workmen engaged in opening a stone quarry near the town of Pembroke, in the State of New York, came upon the skeleton of Morgan, accompanied by documents which seem to leave no doubt of his having been murdered by Freemasons under the command of Henry Brown, who had always been suspected of the deed. This terrible incident will, it is to be hoped, increase the objections in the popular mind to joining secret societies condemned by the Church.

A HIT AT QUEEN VICTORIA.— An anecdote is told of Queen Victoria. "Has the Queen any recollection of her first trip to France in the year 1855? After a gala representation at the Port St. Martin, Prince Albert, who had a great liking for theatrical artists, requested that the great Frederick Lemaitre would be presented to him. The Emperor gave the necessary orders, and, in a few moments after, the illustrious actor was conducted to the Imperial Royal Box. After the customary congratulations, the conversation became general. Victoria spoke in feeling terms of the misery in the French country districts. Napoleon III. became very uneasy. 'I saw,' said Victoria, 'in the neighborhood of Cherbourg, many peasants who worked behind a plough that was drawn by a woman and an ass! Further on were laborers, shoeless and stockingless, whose bodies were covered with rags, who were eating black bread steeped in water. An English dog even would not touch such food!' 'Alas!' observed Lemaitre, in that remarkable tone of voice he had on such occasions, 'Alas! madame, these laborers of Cherbourg are to us what the Irish are to you — they are *our* Irish — (*ils sont nos Islandais a nous.*')"

THE LETTER D. — Words commencing with the letter D, all more or less antagonistic to man's happiness: The primeval curse commenced with D — "Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return." Disobedience, doubt, delay, distress, depression, danger, demented, desolate, dread, dire, darkness, detraction, drear, doleful, dependence, decay, dismal, distortion, deformed, dishonor, destruction, disdain, delusion, deception, destiny, disease, deaf, dumb, desperation, discontent, disloyal, debt, dissatisfaction, despicable, destroy, delinquency, drowning, damaging, delirium, disorder, dejected, deplorable, defenceless, defamation, duns, degrading, degenerate, devious, dice, destitution, defeat, downward, dismay, decline, disgrace, defraud, duel, defaulter, despoil, discord, despair, drunkenness, dissipation, dissolute, disappointment, disaster, despondency, derangement, deserted, decide, divorced, deist, duty, deceased, departed, death, doom, devil, damnation. — *Visitor Contributor.*

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

ENGLISH PASTIMES.

"A PRIZE-FIGHT in a chapel!" This is the latest item of intelligence which has furnished a novelty in capital lines for the daily papers. "A prize-fight in a chapel!" It is a fact,—an indisputable fact. A house of worship has been desecrated by a crowd of ruffianly gladiators and their abettors, a ring formed from the altar rails, and a boxing match of a most brutal character gone through. And where has this horrible outrage upon Christianity and decency been perpetrated? Is it in Atheistic Belleville, or the vile quarters of Heathen Chineedom in San Francisco? Not so; it was in the heart of great civilized London; and the ruffianly desecrators were neither blaspheming Jews nor idolatrous devil-worshippers, but members of that God-fearing, civilizing, and refined English race which is now giving Ireland practical lessons in culture, and about whom the Poet Laureate is chanting his maudlin jingo war-song, "Hands all Round." It was in a church in Tavistock Place, London, that the exhibition we are speaking of took place, and the occasion was on a Monday. Moreover, the people charged with being concerned in it seem to be all of a comfortable class in life. The manager of a hotel gave a cup as prize, and the by-standers are described as shopkeepers, respectable artisans, and generally well-to-do people. A batch of them were brought before a magistrate at Bow Street, and that functionary, after expressing his horror and surprise at such a desecration of a sacred building, allowed one of the men who had been in charge of the turnstiles to go free on his own recognizances in £40 bail. There are in the same city some excellent people who spend large sums of money on foreign missions, including Connemara. We commend this incident to the notice of such as these. The Irish Church Mission Society might very well make a note of it.

London's most recent idol, "Jumbo" (the elephant), sailed for America a few weeks ago. The Sunday after was very stormy, and, at the fashionable churches, it is reported that a hymn for those in peril on the sea was sung, and that in many pews women and children were observed to be weeping for their lost "Jumbo." That anything like the idiocy displayed in connection with this animal should be possible in a generally sane community is, to us, of the nature of a revelation. The old lady who sent a crape dress, and, for aught we know, a widow's cap for "Jumbo's" "wife" "Alice," must be an interesting person to know, but what are we to think of the people who sent the elephant post-office orders and checks, and last, not least, a sewing machine! Next day was distinguished by a prize-fight in one of the Protestant churches, while, almost at the same time, there was another prize-fight at Hendon and a revival of the cruel sport of cock-fighting at Barnsley. At Hammersmith and Southwark crimes were investigated which might very well put to blush the most barbarous. The leader of a gang of roughs was at Guildhall sentenced to three months' hard labor for nearly murdering a woman; in Victoria Street several ruffians were found indulging in a stand-up fight stripped to the waist; at the Old Bailey six persons were charged with manslaughter, and nineteen others accused of robbery with violence. Yet London is said to be the centre of civilization.

Now that "Jumbo" is gone, we hope to have daily bulletins, for a little while, at any rate, of the progress of the baboon at the Zoological Gardens who has had a tooth extracted under chloroform.

THE GALLOWS.

A PAMPHLET has fallen into our hands, giving an account of the number of executions in Scotland for the past two hundred years. The pamphlet has no date, but from its appearance we should judge that it was printed a century or so ago. We quote the following extracts: —

"Since the year 1765 till the present time there have been one hundred and twelve executions in Glasgow, three of the culprits being women.

"From 1765 till 1781 the executions took place at the Howgatehead, where the Monkland Canal Basin now stands, and within that period specified seven men suffered here; one of them, named Andrew Marshall, was for a cruel murder in October, 1769; and his body was the last which in these parts furnished the barbarous spectacle of being hung in chains.

"The place of execution was then removed to the Castle, and upon the site of which the Infirmary now stands; and in the brief space from 1784 to 1787, twelve individuals, viz., ten men and two women, suffered.

"The gallows was then shifted to the Cross; and from 1788 till 1813 twenty-two persons suffered: viz., twenty-one men and one woman; the latter for murder.

"The place of execution was then removed to the front of the 'new jail,' where it still continues. Including two murderers who suffered at Crosshill, seventy-two unhappy beings suffered at this place, from 1814 up, till July 28, 1865: viz., sixty-seven men and five women.

"Of the above total, one hundred and twelve, thirty-two suffered for murder, leaving eighty for minor offences.

"Since 1831 there have been 22 executions, of which 18 were for murder, 1 for a bank robbery, 2 for aggravated robbery and assault, and one for throwing vitriol, by which a man was maimed for life. A veteran town officer, who assisted on the scaffold in 1850, had officiated at no fewer than 58 executions.

"Tom Young, the last Glasgow hangman, died about 30 years ago, and the public thereby saved a permanent salary of 50 guineas per annum, and at the same time got rid of the stigma of keeping such a person regularly in their pay. Murdock, the old man who officiated subsequently, took up the odious though necessary trade at a time when he was very ill off, and continued as a sort of peripatetic finisher of the law till his death, about 13 years ago, having done business in his peculiar walk over Scotland, and in some towns in England. The old fellow had nerves of steel, and officiated on the gibbet when considerably above 80 years of age. Edinburgh was the last place which kept a regular functionary of this kind, and we have been informed by a friend that on one occasion he observed the curious scene of Principal Baird drawing his stipend at one end of the chamberlan's counter, and the finisher of the law receiving his dole at the other.

"While on this subject we may relate an anecdote by the late Mr. Davie, town clerk: Very many years ago the Edinburgh fellow was called in to officiate, and his charge contained an item for a "padlock and hasp." As the magistrates could not see what a padlock had to do with the execution, they got an explanation from the "headsman" to the effect that he was cursed with a drunken wife, and when called into the provinces on professional business, which generally took him three days, he was wont to secure his wife inside, leaving her enough of provisions to support nature till his return. Thus the

necessity for the padlock was accounted for.

"William Calcraft, the general executioner of Great Britain, and who officiated at Dumfries on the twenty-ninth of April, 1862, was born in the year 1801, of humble but industrious parents, in a little village about ten miles from London, situate in the county of Essex. When nineteen years of age he was appointed to the office of Newgate Hangman, and, on being installed, swore to the following oath: —

"'I do swear to hang or behead, and to draw and quarter, or otherwise destroy all felons and enemies, of the peace of our Lord the King, and of his subjects duly sentenced according to law, and I will do the like unto father, mother, sister or brother, and all other kindred whatsoever, without favor or hindrance. So help me God.'

"Thereupon a black veil is thrown over him at his rising, when he is conducted out of the court, amid the groaning of the assemblage, the tolling of the death-bell, and the horrifying words of the city judge grating in his ear,— 'Get thee hence, wretch!'

"The hall in which the oath is administered contains a table with the following articles placed thereon: An axe, well sharpened, — the same as what is used for the beheading of traitors, — a pair of leg-irons, handcuffs, and other fetters, a small coil of rope, a pair of white caps.

"The English Criminal Code.

"In the reign of Henry VIII., according to Sharon Turner, there were executed 72,000 great and petty thieves. According to Hume, 2,000 were executed annually during that reign, for theft and robbery only, besides other criminals. In the century from 1638 to 1738 there were 70,000 executions, or 700 per annum. From 1820 to 1824, the first inclusive, and the last exclusive, the average was 93 a year. From 1824 to 1827 there were 229, or 57½ a year. From 1828 to 1831 there were 230, or 57½ a year. From 1832 to 1835 there were 155, or 38¾ a year; but in the year 1836 there were only 17 executions.

"The Plantagenets made 4 offences capital; the Tudors, 27; the Stuarts, 35; the Hanoverians, 156, which were reduced in number considerably in the reign of George IV. and William IV.; and in the reign of her present Majesty so great has been the amelioration of our criminal code, that there are now only nine offences punishable with death."

THE Carthusian Monks have thus been eulogized by Victor Hugo: They renounce the world, home, sensuality, pleasures, vanity, pride, and all self-interest. They are dressed in coarse cloth. They possess no property. On entering the Order, he who was rich becomes poor, and what he has he gives to all. He who was noble, lord, or gentleman, becomes the equal of him who was a peasant. The same cell serves for all; the same bread, the same straw to lie on, the same coarse dress, the same ash-heap to die on. He may have been a prince, but he is not distinguishable from the others. No more titles; even family names disappear. They are cut off from their earthly families, and united into a spiritual family. They succor the poor, care for the sick, and elect those whom they obey; they call each other "My brother." There is, perhaps, no more sublime work than that in which these souls are engaged, and we add, there is, undoubtedly, no more useful work. There must be some to pray for those who never pray.

THE first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

THE first copper cent was coined in New Haven in 1687.

THE first steam engine on this continent came from England in 1753.

POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS.

SHAKESPEARE has said, —

"There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would."

This may have been true in the year 1616, but of late it seems that one assassin "doth tread upon another's heel. So fast they follow." Turn the soiled and crowded pages of history where we may, and we find that there have been more attempts upon the lives of czars, emperors, kings, queens, princes, rulers, and prominent officials, during the last century, than at any other period of history. It remained for the French Revolution, with its blood and horror, to disabuse the minds of the people of the idea that the persons of kings and governors were sacred.

The orators of the tribune revived the Greek and Roman rant about the rights of the people, and taught the doctrine that it was lawful to slay tyrants for the good of mankind.

In every issue of Marat's newspaper, *L'Ami du People*, mention was made of the noble services of Brutus, Harmodius, and Aristogition. It was the daily effort of that bilious editor to prove that these men were the saviors of the people. And the vile demagogue was one of the first to experience the fatal effects of his preaching when Charlotte Corday travelled from Caen and took his life.

True nobility of character does not seem to have been any protection to the rulers of the past, and on the other hand, assassins have not whetted their daggers to destroy kings because they were tyrannical and dissolute.

Louis XIV. of France reigned seventy-two years, from 1643 to 1715, and no one attempted to take his life, though he confiscated all the liberties of his people, and oppressed them with unjust taxation. Louis XV., whose reign lasted fifty-nine years, from 1715 to 1774, disgraced his race by his crimes and immoralities. His character was utterly sensual, selfish and base. He forsook his queen, surrounded himself with the vilest society, and lived to the end of his life in extreme debauchery, such as has rendered his name a proverb. And yet he was only molested once, and Damiens repeatedly declared that he did not intend to kill the king, but only to punish him.

In Prussia, Frederick William I. was fond of the company of the low and illiterate, was continually implicated in foreign wars, while his childish love of tall soldiers induced him to connive at the most flagrant outrages, both at home and abroad, for kidnapping tall men and forcing them into his service. He carried to the utmost his ideas of arbitrary power and the divine right of kings. Frederick II., surnamed "the Great," cherished at once contempt and suspicion of his fellow-creatures. He declared the citizen class to be destitute alike of ability and honor, and relied not on the love of his subjects, but on his army and purse. Yet each of these kings lived to a good age, reigned unharmed, and seemed to be generally venerated.

Since the French Revolution in 1792, hardly a monarch in Europe has reigned for a decade without having his life attempted.

Germany.

The year 1819 was marked by the murder of the dramatist Kotzebue, which caused a profound sensation throughout Germany. Kotzebue having rendered himself unpopular by his reactionary writings, some students

of Monheim entered into a plot, and drew lots as to who should kill him. The lot fell upon Karl Sand, a young man whose mildness of temper unfitted him to be a murderer, but who, nevertheless, perpetrated his crime with reckless daring, and afterward, having made an ineffectual attempt to commit suicide, went to the scaffold without quailing.

Serious attempts were made on the life of the King Frederick William II., of Prussia, by an assassin named Tesch, who fired two shots at him, July 26th, 1844.

Again, on May 22d, 1850, another attempt was made to assassinate Frederick William IV. of Prussia; a man of the name of Sofelage, a Westphalian, attempted to shoot the king to the cry of "Liberty for all!"

On July 14th, 1861, Becker, a Leipsic student, attempted to assassinate William I. of Prussia. Becker was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

On May 7th, 1866, a man by the name of Blind attempted to assassinate Bismarck.

In May, 1866, Eugene Cohen fired five shots at Bismarck while the latter was walking Unter den Linden, in Berlin, one of which struck and slightly wounded the great minister.

In 1872 Bismarck's life was again attempted, this time by a man of the name of Westerwelle, and still again, in 1874, at Kissingen, when he was again wounded by a man of the name of Kullman, a fanatical cooper. Kullman was sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment.

On May 11th, 1879, the German Emperor was shot by Hoedel, and on June 2d, less than a month later, by Nobeling; receiving, on the latter occasion, wounds by which his life was seriously endangered.

Nobeling killed himself in prison, while Hoedel perished on the scaffold.

France.

On April 19th, 1779, the French plenipotentiaries who had been to Rastadt to negotiate a peace with Germany, after the old Napoleon's Italian campaign, were treacherously murdered.

On Dec. 24th, 1800, the old Napoleon himself came near being killed by an infernal machine, which exploded as he was riding out of the Place du Carrousel. The conspirators in this case were Royalists.

In 1804, George Cadoudal, a Breton, with General Pichegru, plotted to take Napoleon's life. Cadoudal was guillotined, while Pichegru committed suicide. Napoleon had two other very narrow escapes, one at St. Cloud, in 1804, when he was shot at in his garden by a person who was never caught, and another at Dresden, when his would-be assassin was a student. The student was executed.

On Feb. 13th, 1820, Charles duc de Berri, father of the Comte de Chambord, was stabbed on the steps of the old Opera House in Paris, by Louvel. Without doubt this assassination led to important political consequences; for political prophets have asserted, that had the same Duc de Berri lived, the Bourbon dynasty would not have been overthrown in 1830.

Louis Phillippe, who reigned from 1830 to 1848, was shot at nineteen times. The most resolute attempt upon his life was that made by the Corsican, Fieschi, by means of an infernal machine contrived with gun-barrels, on the twenty-eighth of July, 1835. The king was not hit, but Marshal Mortier and twelve other persons were killed. At the same time, the machine having exploded, Fieschi was seriously wounded. No doubt the man was a mere instrument; but although offers of a pardon were made him if he would betray his accomplices, he refused to do so even when he was on the scaffold, and nobody yet knows on behalf of which political faction he was acting.

No less than seven attempts were made on the life of Napoleon III.

In October, 1852, a conspiracy to blow up Napoleon III. with an infernal machine containing one thousand five hundred projectiles, was frustrated by the activity of the police.

On July 5th, 1853, a second attempt was made on the life of Napoleon III. on his way to the Opera Comique.

In 1855, the Italian, Pianori, shot twice at the French Emperor in the Tuileries Garden.

In 1857, the Italian conspirators, Tibaldi, Bartoletti, and Grelli, arrived in Paris with the intention of murdering the Emperor, but fell into the hands of the police before their designs could be carried into execution.

On January 14th, 1858, Orsini, Gomez, Pieri, and Rudio, made their famous attempt to blow up the Emperor and Empress with bomb-shells on their way to the opera. Had Orsini's confederates displayed the same nerve and desperate courage as Orsini himself did in throwing the bombs at the Emperor's carriage, it would have been impossible for this attempt to have failed. Three shells were exploded. Their majesties escaped with some slight contusions, but two persons were killed and many wounded. The imperial coach was broken in several places by the shell fragments.

In 1859, an attempt was made upon Napoleon's life, which has remained a mystery. His Majesty was shot at by a *garde-forestier* in the forest of Compiegne; it is thought that justice was administered on the spot by the Emperor's attendants; but at all events the newspapers received orders not to mention the affair.

In December, 1862, another attempt on the life of Napoleon was made by a band of Italian assassins. The attempt failed, and the would-be murderers were captured.

Again, in 1864, another attempt was made on the life of the French Emperor, and an Italian who had joined in this Græco-Trabuco plot for assassinating the Emperor was pistolled in the court-yard of a house in the Rue de Vaugirard, while resisting the detectives who had been sent to arrest him; but the public heard nothing of this affair until the private papers of the Tuileries were published in 1870.

England.

On the tenth of May, 1812, Mr. Spencer Perceval, who had been Prime Minister of England since 1809, was shot in the lobby of the House of Commons, by Bellingham, who was hanged the same month.

On the twenty-eighth of January, 1817, the Prince Regent was fired at as he was driving to the House of Lords to open Parliament, the ball shattering the window of his coach, but doing him no harm.

In 1820 originated the Cato-Street conspiracy, by which Thistlewood and his accomplices planned to murder the principal members of Lord Liverpool's Ministry, on the occasion of a dinner given at Lord Harrowby's house on the twentieth of February. Three days afterward the conspirators were arrested, and on the first of May, 1810, were executed.

On June 19th, 1832, assault was made on William IV. by a discharged pensioner at Ascot.

On June 10th, 1840, Edward Oxford, a lad of seventeen, attempted to assassinate Queen Victoria. He fired two shots, but missed. He was pronounced insane by the jury who tried him, and sentenced to confinement in a lunatic asylum during Her Majesty's pleasure.

John Francis, son of a machinist in Drury Lane, fired at the Queen on May 30th, 1842, from the spot where Oxford had made his attempt at assassination. The Queen was in her carriage, which was moving rapidly, when Francis fired at the distance of only a few feet. The deadly bullet failed to do its work. Francis was condemned to death, but while justice slept, mercy plead for him, and his sentence was commuted on July

2d, 1842, to imprisonment for life.

The very day after this mitigation of punishment became known, a hunchback boy named Bean made an attempt to assassinate the Queen. In the very act of presenting his pistol he was arrested. The pistol was loaded with powder, paper, and scraps of clay pipe. Bean was tried, and imprisoned for eighteen months.

On May 10th, 1849, an Irish bricklayer named Hamilton fired a pistol loaded only with powder at the Queen, on Constitution Hill, where two previous attempts had been made. His sentence was seven years' transportation.

Robert Pate, a cashiered Lieutenant of Hussars, struck the Queen in the face with a cane, on June 28th, 1850. This was an assault, certainly, but not an assault with intent to kill. Pate received a sentence of seven years' transportation.

On February 29th, 1872, Arthur O'Connor, a boy of seventeen, presented an unloaded pistol at the Queen. His punishment was whipping and imprisonment for one year.

The fifth attempt on the life of the Queen occurred on the second of March, 1882. The name of the assassin was Robert McLean, born in England, but of Scotch descent. He was summarily disposed of. The jury were out but a few minutes, who adjudged him a lunatic, and the foolish fellow is now in an insane asylum.

United States.

On Jan. 30th, 1835, the memorable assault on President Jackson was made. The President was in Washington, attending the funeral of the Hon. Warren R. Dixie, a late Representative in Congress, from South Carolina. While out upon the portico, holding the arm of Mr. Woodbury, the Secretary of the Navy, he was confronted by a stranger, who, at a distance of eight feet, deliberately levelled a pistol at him and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire. He dropped it, and instantly drew another, which also missed fire. The President, discovering the desperate design of the assassin, released his hold of Mr. Woodbury's arm, and advanced rapidly toward him, with uplifted cane, but, before he could reach him, Lieutenant Gedney of the Navy had knocked the assassin down and disarmed him. He was taken to jail, and proved to be a crazy Englishman, named Lawrence, a house painter by occupation, but long out of employment, and, like Bellingham, who murdered Mr. Perceval, the British Prime Minister, in 1811, attributed his business misfortune to the Government, and held its head responsible for them. With more mercy and less justice than was shown Bellingham, Lawrence was sent to a lunatic asylum, where, after several years' confinement, he died.

President Jackson for some time believed that this attempt on his life was the result of a conspiracy, and the person he most suspected was the Hon. George Poindexter, Senator from Mississippi. There are preserved with his papers two affidavits, which probably furnished the foundation of such an impression. Gen. Jackson and Gov. Poindexter had once been friends. The latter was his ablest and most eloquent defender when the General's conduct in the Seminole War was arraigned in Congress, in 1819. While their quarrel had its origin in politics, there was also a considerable admixture of personal misunderstanding and repulsion. So prejudiced was Jackson's mind toward his former friend, that he could have believed almost anything of him. Lawrence's visits to Poindexter's house were satisfactorily explained. He had called there to solicit work.

The assassination of President Lincoln was one of the darkest deeds

recorded. President Lincoln had often been warned of the danger to which his life was exposed, but had never taken any precautions against it, believing it unlikely to be attempted. On the evening of Good Friday, April 14, 1865, he visited Ford's Theatre, Washington, accompanied by his wife and two or three of his personal friends. The play was "The American Cousin." About ten o'clock in the evening, a man entered the President's box, and, having just barred the passage leading to it, approached Mr. Lincoln from behind, placed a pistol close to his head, and fired. He then leapt from the front of the box upon the stage, brandishing a dagger, and rushing across the front of the footlights, shouted, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis!* The South is avenged!" disappeared behind the scenes, and escaped by the stage door. The assassin was immediately recognized as John Wilkes Booth, a brother of Edwin Booth, and himself an actor of some popularity in the South.

Mr. Lincoln's head fell slightly forward, his eyes closed, and consciousness never returned. He was removed to a private house, on the opposite side of the street from the theatre, where he died at twenty-two minutes past seven the next morning.

At the same hour, when President Lincoln was assassinated, Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, was attacked in his house by a desperate villain, and it became known that an elaborate plot had been formed for murdering, at the same moment, nearly all the chief civil officers of the Government. The conspiracy was participated in to a greater or less extent by at least nine persons, eight of whom were tried by a military commission, and four of them, including a woman, were executed. Three were sentenced to hard labor on the Dry Tortugas for life, and one for six years; one died there, and the other three were pardoned by President Johnson.

Booth was tracked, and finally, some days after the murder, was shot in a barn in Maryland, refusing to surrender, and being armed, and threatening violence to those who were trying to arrest him.

The funeral honors paid President Lincoln have seldom been surpassed in impressiveness, and perhaps never equalled in popular sorrow. The body was enbalmed, and lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol on the twentieth of April, and the following week the funeral train started for Springfield, Illinois. The remains lay in state in Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and Springfield, and the interment took place at Oak Ridge Cemetery, near Springfield. on May 4th. On Oct. 15th, 1774, the remains were removed to an elaborate tomb at Oak Ridge Cemetery, surmounted by a statue of "The Martyr President."

On Saturday, July 2d, 1881, an attempt was made to assassinate President James A. Garfield, in the City of Washington, D. C. The President was in the waiting-room of the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad Depot, about to take the train for New York, when the assassin, Charles J. Guiteau, a disappointed office-seeker, approached him from behind and fired two shots, one of which passed through his coat-sleeve, and the other entered his body. Guiteau was immediately arrested, and taken to jail.

President Garfield was removed at once to the White House, where he remained until, by a special train, he was taken to Long Branch, where he expired at 10.35 P.M. on Monday, September 19th. This assassin was found guilty of murder in the first degree. Up to May 1, 1882, he was unhung.

America was discovered in 1492.

DON'T toast your feet by the fire, but try light friction instead.

AN IRISH POET PRIEST.

THE second chapter of Scott's "Rob Roy" is prefaced with the words — taken from Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" — "I begin shrewdly to suspect the young man of a terrible taint — Poetry." Men of business, like Mr. Osbaldistone, Senior, staid votaries of the goddess Dulness, are apt to look upon all who express their thoughts in verse as prodigious blockheads. Bookkeeping is a surer road than verse-making to wealth and high position, and your merchant can preach you a very effective sermon upon it, pointing it with the melancholy fate of divers poets and poetasters. If the subject be looked at from his point of view, we must confess that he is not very far wrong; but his error lies in supposing that his is the only correct standpoint. The mistake he falls into is somewhat similar to that of the critic, who, finding in an ancient forest chapel a small and gloomy window, exclaimed against the folly of not fitting it with clear glass, which would give free passage to the light. The condemnation was no sooner uttered than the sun shone full upon the window, and the despised pane revealed, in rich and glowing colors, to the surprised beholder, the burning bush on Horeb with God's name written across it in fiery letters, Moses, prostrate in adoration, and flocks grazing in green pastures. It would be sad indeed for the world if it could be deprived of the glorious wealth of thought and expression bequeathed by those

> Whose hearts beat high
> With the pulse of poesy.

It is not, however, our intention to dwell on the uses and delights of poetry. We turn to the more pleasing task of hailing the advent of a new and successful aspirant to poetical fame. We refer to the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., the author of the three volumes, "Emmanuel," "Madonna," and "Erin." Some of the poems in these volumes were published first in the *Irish Monthly*, which is edited by Father Russell, and which has reached its ninth year of publication. One of the chief features of this periodical is its excellent poetry. Among its contributors in this department are found the names of Denis Florence McCarthy, Aubrey de Vere, John O'Hagan, Oscar Wilde, and Rosa Mulholland; and no reader of the volumes cited above but will admit the editor's full title to take rank with these able fellow-workers. Father Russell's poems are chiefly religious, and many of them are simply fervent prayers, expressed in chaste and sweetly-flowing verse. Where the author treats of secular subjects, he does so in a manner befitting the priestly character, and various spontaneous touches, naturally suggested by a religious mind, make even such homely topics as "Down by the Dodder" and "A Picnic at Rostrevor" appeal to the Catholic heart, like the sweet fresh flowers with which Our Lady's altar is decked during the first of the summer months.

It is interesting to note how highly authorities in the literary world speak of these poems. Cardinal Newman writes to the author: "Your very musical and devotional poems will, I am sure, be useful and welcome to many hearts." A letter from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow says: "I have read enough of your poems already to see the fervent spirit in which they are written, and the ease and elegance of your versification." Denis Florence McCarthy and Aubrey de Vere speak in similar terms of praise, while the *Academy* pronounces the poems in "Emmanuel" "more than commonly beautiful," and the *Dublin Review*

says that they are "full of grace and beauty — the best religious poetry we have met this long time." "Emmanuel," which has reached a sixth edition, is devoted to the praise of the Blessed Eucharist, and will be found an excellent help to devotion during visits to the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar. In "Madonna" a wreath of choice flowers of poesy is woven and lovingly laid at the feet of the "Mother Most Pure," while "Erin" is devoted to subjects of a less sacred character. In speaking of the poems in the latter, the *Academy* says: "They are not, as a rule, ambitious, but of their kind they are excellent, even though Mr. Russell, in his 'Irish Farmer's Sunday,' has invited a dangerous comparison." There are two poems in "Erin" on topics connected with Australia. One of them, "Yarra Yarra Unvisited," is remarkable for the clever way in which rhymes are found for the name of the river through a long series of stanzas. "The Irish Farmer's Sunday," and "The Irish Children's First Communion," are true and life-like sketches, and the Irish Catholic in Australia and America cannot help feeling, while reading them, as if he was at home again in that old land of faith, of which the poet sings so lovingly and so well.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Bishop Comboni.

"I WANT to write many things about this mission in Central Africa, but now I have not time, and I am in great trouble. The other day we celebrated Mass, and said the office for one of my missioners whom I had myself ordained priest, Matthew Moran, a Pole. Before removing the catafalque, the news of the death of another of my missioners reached me, Antonio Dabale, a student of Propaganda, and bought by me in the East in 1861. He died in the capital of Kardofan, of typhus fever. Yesterday morning, as we were celebrating the Office of the Dead and the Mass *de Requiem*, a despatch was brought to me announcing the death of Sister Maria Colpo, of my institute at Malbes, a little beyond Kardofan. She died like a saint and a heroine, content and joyful to go to the espousals with the Lamb. What is one to do? Well, this morning, having celebrated the sacred rights for the repose of the soul of this holy religious. I gave orders to leave the catafalque where it stands, for I am expecting other little kisses from the loving hands of Jesus, who shows greater wisdom in making the cross for us than in making the heavens.

"At Kardofan, for ten months I have had to spend between 40 and 50 francs a day for dirty water, to prevent people dying of thirst. This year, for the first time since the creation of the world, after three months' rain, there is not a drop of water in the wells. Ah! my Jesus. What a cross for a missionary bishop! My dear Jesus! we have no head to understand these things. Could we only see why God does these things! but we must bless and praise Him, because in every sense what He does is good.

"Among the savage tribes of Nubia, where the fashions of Adam and Eve before their fall prevail, I read and meditated and deeply enjoyed 'The Life of St. Angela,' printed in 1871, and I made my sisters read it over and over again in that wild and savage mission. Never in my life did I so enjoy a saint's life as I did hers. What generous, what sublime charity! And how the author brings out her charity! St. Angela Merici is a sublime model of charity for missionary bishops, for missioners, and for Sisters of Charity. I wish that all Vicars-Apostolic and all missioners had to read it, in order to learn how to fill their hearts with the holy fire which burnt in the breast of St. Angela Merici. . . .

"✠ DANIEL, *Bishop and Vic. Ap. of Central Africa.*"

THE PRICE OF FREEDOM.

By Denis Florence McCarthy.

MAN of Ireland! heir of sorrow—
Wronged, insulted, scorned, oppressed—
Wilt thou never see that morrow
When thy weary heart may rest?
Lift thine eyes, thou outraged creature;
Nay, look up, for *man* thou art—
Man in form, in frame, and feature—
Why not act man's godlike part?

Think, reflect, inquire, examine,
Is't for this God gave you birth—
With the spectre look of famine,
Thus to creep along the earth?
Does this world contain no treasures
Fit for thee, as Man to wear?
Does this life abound in pleasures,
And thou askest not thy share?

Look! the nations are awaking—
Every chain that bound them burst
At the crystal fountain slacking
With parched lips their fever thirst!
Ignorance, the demon, fleeing,
Leaves unlocked the fount they sip—
Wilt thou not, thou wretched being,
Stoop and cool thy burning lip?

History's lessons, if thou'lt read'em,
All proclaim this truth to thee;
Knowledge is the price of freedom—
Know thyself and thou art free!
Know, oh Man! thy proud vocation—
Stand erect, with calm, clear brow—
Happy, happy! were our nation
If thou hadst that knowledge now.

Know thy wretched, sad condition—
Know the ills that keep thee so—
Knowledge is the sole physician,
Thou wert healed if thou didst know!
Those who crush, and scorn, and slight thee,
Those to whom you once would kneel—
Were the foremost then to right thee,
If thou felt as thou shouldst feel.

Not as beggars lowly bending—
Not in sighs, and groans, and tears—
But a voice of thunder sending
Through thy tyrant brother's ears!
Tell him he is not thy master—
Tell him of man's common lot—
Feel life has but one disaster—
To be a slave, and know it not!

If thou knew what knowledge giveth—
If thou knew how blest is he
Who in *Freedom's* presence liveth,
Thou wouldst die, or else be free!
Round about he looks in gladness—
Joys in heaven, in earth, and sea—
Scarcely heaves a sigh of sadness,
Save in thoughts of such as thee!

PEN PICTURE OF A PRIEST.

THERE is in every parish a man who has no family, but who belongs to every family; a man who is called upon to act in the capacity of witness, council, or agent, in all the most important acts of civil life; a man without whom none can enter the world or go out of it, who takes the child from the bosom of its mother, and leaves it only at the tomb, who blesses or consecrates the crib, the bed of death and the bier; a man that little children love and fear and venerate, whom even unknown persons address as "Father," at the feet of whom, and in whose keeping, all classes of people come to deposit their most secret thoughts, their most hidden sins; a man who is, by profession, the consoler and the healer of all the miseries of soul and body, through whom the rich and the poor are all united, at whose door they knock by turns, the one to deposit his secret alms, the other to receive without being made to blush because of his need; the man who, being himself of no social rank, belongs to all indiscriminately,—to the inferior rank of society by the unostentatious life he leads, and often by humble birth and parentage, to the upper classes by education, often by superior talents, and by the sublime sentiments his religion inspires and commands; a man, in fine, who knows everything, who has the right to say everything, from whose hallowed lips words of divine wisdom are received by all with the authority of an oracle, and with entire submission of faith and judgment. This man is the priest. —*Lamartine.*

RELIGIOUS liberty was granted to the Huguenots in France in 1562, and was followed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572.

THE first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France, in 1559.

JUNE 17, 1775.

On Friday, June 16, 1775 (one hundred and seven years ago) orders were issued to Col. William Prescott, and the commanding officers of Frye's and Bridge's regiments, with a fatigue party of 200 Connecticut troops, under Thomas Knowlton, and the artillery of Capt. Samuel Gridley, in all about 1,200 men, to go, supplied with a day's rations and entrenching tools, and seize and fortify Bunker Hill, under the chief engineer, Col. Richard Gridley. The detachment paraded on Cambridge Common, and about nine in the evening, after prayer for their safety and success by President Langdon, of Harvard College, they marched to Charlestown, headed by Prescott. After setting a guard at the Neck, they proceeded to Bunker Hill, but considering that to be too far from the shipping, it was decided to entrench Breed's Hill as better suited to the objects of the expedition. Gridley marked out the plan, and about midnight the work commenced.

When the morning dawned, the British were astonished to see such works thrown up in so short a time, and, as it were, almost in their faces and eyes. Gage was thunderstruck, while from the ships of war, and a mortar on Copp's Hill, was commenced a cannonade sufficient to appal the stoutest heart. A council of war, called immediately, decided that the Americans must be dislodged at all hazards, and their works destroyed; and, despite different advice, Gage determined to make the attack in front.

At about one o'clock, in plain sight of the Americans, a British force of 2,000 men bore away from Boston, for Moulton's (or Morton's, as it was sometimes called) Point, near Breed's Hill, Gen. Howe commanding the right, and Gen. Pigot the left wing. On the American side, the military force under arms did not exceed 1,500 men. Col. Prescott was the first in command, Knowlton, Stark and Putnam being active and efficient in various ways. The British columns under Pigot advanced to a simultaneous attack, a little after 2.30 o'clock. With their scarlet uniforms and flashing armor, they presented a formidable appearance. A tremendous volley of musketry from the Americans, however, levelled nearly the whole front rank of the British troops. Again and again the latter advanced, only to recoil under the effective and unremitting fire of the Americans, until at length they staggered and retreated in more or less disorder. Howe's division, in like manner, was received by a sheeted and deadly fire, that soon forced it into confusion and precipitate retreat.

A second attempt to storm the American position was no more successful. In the face of a continuous fire, the British pressed forward, but before the volleys, aimed with the fatal skill of sharp-shooters, they again gave way, and retreated in greater confusion than before. It was now discovered by the Americans that their ammunition was nearly exhausted; accordingly, when the engagement was renewed, Prescott gave the order to retreat, which, after pouring, with their last round of ammunition, into the ranks of the advancing foe, a parting and murderous volley, they proceeded to do, in comparatively good order, Prescott himself being one of the very last to leave the redoubt.

As they thus abandoned their position, they received from the enemy a destructive volley, when the brave Gen. Warren fell, shot through the head with a bullet. The result of the battle, though a defeat, yet had all the moral effect of a victory. The

Americans had not only "smelled gunpowder," they had met, and had repeatedly seen superior numbers of the disciplined soldiers of England retreat before their fire, and, in consequence, were confirmed in their trust that their liberties would be preserved. Well may New England's poet exultingly exclaim:

"Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And fearless stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
Oh, 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For e'en our fallen fortunes lay
In light!"

DANCING CONSIDERED AS DESTRUCTIVE TO MORALITY — ITS TENDENCIES AND RESULTS.— The chief of police of New York says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls of that city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing for which, if taken under any other circumstances, these gentlemen would be reported as improper persons. It requires neither brains, good morals, nor religion, to be a good dancer. . . It will not mix with religion, any more than oil will mix with water. As the love of one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many distinguished Christians are eminent dancers? As certainly as the atmosphere around the thermometer at zero will freeze things, as certainly as the wind that is swelling the sail will drive the boat, so certainly will dancing freeze the religious sentiments out of the soul. It will drive its devotee away from the church; it is a wind that blows in that direction. In ancient time the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the "spirit" of beverages. So sex is the spirit of the dance. Take it away, and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would shortly be out of fashion. Parlor dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlor dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlor dancing sow to the wind, and both reap the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality, and religion is "weighed in the balance and found wanting." — *Exchange.*

PURITY AND INTEGRITY OF IRISHWOMEN.— A reporter for a New York daily paper had an interview the other day with ex-Governor Horatio Seymour, who was once the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. In the course of the conversation, the reporter asked: "What is your opinion of the Irish as a component of American population? Are they not rapidly becoming farmers in New York as in New England?" "I regard it as a very valuable component," he replied. "In the cities, you doubtless have your severe troubles from the Irish element, which abounds there with petty politicians who seek a living from office-holding. But diffused in the country, the Irish make good farmers. They are very industrious; they keep at work all the time. There are a great many of them farming in this neighborhood, and they are thriving. But what I regard as the most admirable features of the Irish population of the United States, thus far in its development, are the purity of the Irishwomen, by whatever cause it is induced — attribute it to their religious system or to whatever cause you please — and the degree to which it has justified the trust which American families put in the integrity and fidelity of these women. Do you ever consider how we trust them in family service, with the care of children and the care of property, and how generally they withstand temptations to breaches of the trust, which must be very powerful, owing to the positive or comparative poverty in which they were reared, and which they came here to escape?"

The first sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

REMINISCENCES OF OLD BOSTON CATHOLICS.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited by the publication, some weeks ago, of the history of the remarkable conversion of the Rev. Mr. Thayer, the first Catholic priest of American birth. And several persons have written to the *Ave Maria* to furnish other facts relating to this famous convert. Since Rev. Father Bridgett's interesting article was published, we have also found a copy of the pamphlet to which he refers. It was printed at Hartford, in 1832. There is an appendix containing a letter which Father Thayer wrote to a brother about his conversion, dated Paris, 1787. As probably few, if any, of our readers have ever met with this interesting *brochure* — now, we believe, exceedingly rare, at least in English — we shall some time reprint it. It was written originally in French, as well as in English, and has been translated into many languages, and often reprinted.

One of our correspondents writes: "I was very much interested in the article relative to Rev. John Thayer, in the *Ave Maria* of the 4th inst. I often heard my dear father speak of him. His version was that Mr. Thayer went to Rome to convert the Pope. He thought that by striking at the root he could change the people — and not knowing anything of the Catholic faith, had to study it in order to enter the lists of controversy — and ended by becoming a Catholic himself. That he was shipwrecked on the southern coast of Ireland, which he accepted as a sign that God intended him to remain there. My father was a native of the city of Limerick, a parishioner of St. Michael's, and a member of its choir in Father Patrick Hogan's time. I think he said there was a tablet either in the wall or floor of the church to Father Thayer's memory."

Another correspondent writing from Boston, says: "Presuming that anything in connection with Father Thayer's brief mission in Boston, or pertaining to the pioneers of Catholicity in New England, will be of interest to your readers, I send you the following items: —

"The first convert ever received into the Church in Boston, was baptized by Father Thayer, in 1790, in the school-house on School Street, then temporarily used by the Catholics for religious service. The name of the convert was Margaret Jackson (maiden name Tallent, a native of New London, Conn.) She was the wife of Andrew Jackson, a native of Donegal, Ireland, who came to Boston a few years prior to the Revolutionary War, at the outbreak of which he enlisted as a soldier on the side of the patriots, and served all through the struggle for Independence. At the close of the war he returned to Boston, and soon after was married by a Protestant minister. (There was no priest in the town at the time.) On the arrival of Father Thayer, Mr. Jackson induced his wife to place herself under his instructions, and soon being convinced of the truth of our holy religion, she was received into the Church. One of the daughters of this worthy couple married Mr. James Kavanagh, a merchant of Damariscotta, Maine, then a port of as much commercial importance as Boston. A son of James Kavanagh, Edward, became Governor of Maine and United States Senator, the only Catholic Governor or Senator ever elected from a New England State. A daughter, Winifred, who has done much for Catholicity in Maine, well known as the foundress of the Kavanagh School in Portland, still lives at the old homestead in Damariscotta. Another daughter of the Jacksons mai-

ried Mr. Michael Neff, of Boston; and of her children one married Michael Haggerty, then a resident of this city, and who afterwards moved to Plattsburgh, N. Y., where his widow still resides. Of the other daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Neff, Johanna married Mr. Hugh McConville; and of the children of this marriage, there are now living Miss Margaret McConville, of Worcester, Mass., Mrs. McNulty, wife of Dr. F. J. McNulty, 1609 Tremont Street, Boston Highlands; Rev. Thomas McConville, of the diocese of Savannah; and Sister Mary Gertrude, of the Order of Mercy, Portland, Maine. A third daughter of Andrew and Margaret Jackson married Captain Francis Smithwick, a Catholic of Damariscotta, who commanded a ship in the Liverpool trade. She died childless."

The remains of Andrew and Margaret Jackson lie interred in the cemetery on Boston Common.

"THE SONG OF THE SHIRT."—Hood's touching lyric, "The Song of the Shirt," was the work of an evening. Its author was prompted to write by the condition of thousands of workingwomen in the city of London. The effect of its production was foreseen by two persons—the poet's wife, and Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch*. "Now mind, Tom, mind my words," said his devoted wife, "this will tell wonderfully. It is one of the best things you ever did." Mr. Lemon, looking over his letters one morning, opened an envelope enclosing a poem, which the writer said had been rejected by three London journals. He begged the editor to consign it to the waste-paper basket if it was not thought suitable for *Punch*, as the author was "sick of the sight of it." The poem was signed "Tom Hood," and was entitled "The Song of the Shirt." It was submitted to the weekly meeting of the editors and principal contributors, several of whom opposed its publication as unsuitable to the pages of a comic journal. Mr. Lemon, however, was so firmly impressed with its beauty, that he published it on Dec. 16, 1843. "The Song of the Shirt" trebled the sale of the paper, and created a profound sensation throughout Great Britain. People of every class were moved by it. It was chanted by ballad singers in the streets of London, and drew tears from the eyes of princes. Some years after the author's death, his countrymen erected a monument over his grave. The rich gave guineas, the laborers and sewing-women gave shillings and pence. Sculptured on it is the inscription devised by himself: "He sang the 'Song of the Shirt.'"

A TRUTH PLAINLY STATED.—The St. Paul *Northwestern Chronicle*, which is edited by the Rev. John Shanley, has this to say of expensive churches: "A serious mistake is made when missions undertake to build churches too expensive for their means. A heavy debt is contracted, and before it will be liquidated the people will have lost all patience, and the poor priest his health and courage. In the meanwhile, schools, works of charity, etc., have to be neglected, because, forsooth, all the money is needed to pay the church debt. Religion has suffered a great deal in America from the mania which has run over the land for grand and beautiful churches. One congregation wishes to outdo the other; and thus rivalry, more than a genuine piety, has been the cause of dear churches. We are too young and too few as yet to erect monumental buildings. Posterity must have something to do. Our immediate business is to save souls, and this is well done in a cheap and neat edifice; a thousand times better done in such a building with a school-house and an asylum around it, than in an immense and costly church which would stand all alone in its stateliness, amidst a general neglect of other works of religion."

SUMMER LONGINGS.

Denis Florence McCarthy.

Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May —
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May —
Longing to escape from study,
To the young face, fair and ruddy,
And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May —
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May —
Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
Or the water-wooing willows;
Where in laughing, and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May,
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
Moonlit evenings, sunbright mornings;
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away;
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

Old English Round. — Composed by John Fornsett, a Monk of Reading Abbey, in the year 1226. The earliest piece of music in harmony known to exist.

Summer is yeomen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood new,
Sing cuckoo.
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf cow,
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,
Merry sing cuckoo,
Well sings the cuckoo.

Beautiful in Age. — Most women are so desirous to preserve their charms that they are constantly resorting to artificial means, thereby defeating, in most cases, the very end they have in view. They should bear in mind the example and practice of Diane de Poitiers, the celebrated beauty, who kept her freshness and appearance of youth during her whole life, which lasted nearly sixty-seven years. At fifty she looked to be not more than twenty-five; and Brantome, who was a connoisseur in women, and saw her a few months before her death, declares her to have been so handsome that the most adamantine heart could not have been insensible to her personal fascinations. "When I met her," he adds, "she had been riding on horseback, and she keeps her seat as firmly and gracefully as she kept it in early years." Her enemies, of whom she had many, declared that she retained her extraordinary charms by practising the sorcerer's art. The sole necromancy she employed was uniform amiability, daily baths, regular habits, and vigorous exercise. She never used any kind of cosmetic, and detested artificiality in all forms. She rose early every morning, took a cold bath, mounted her horse, and rode for an hour. If women of the present day would woo nature and reject artifice they would not look old and haggard at forty. There is more virtue in cold water, sunshine, outdoor exercise, and a tranquil mind, than in all the cosmetics and contrivances that have ever been made.

Glass windows first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1783.

The first newspaper was published in England in 1588.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

STORY OF AN EEFIT.

THERE never were such people as we were for pets. Chickens, donkeys, monkeys, ponies, rabbits, deer, lambs, and birds of every tamable kind, all shared our affections, until some untimely chance or accident, that always seems to be lying in wait for any animal one particularly values, put an end to our favorites, when great would be the lamentations and mourning thereat.

But of all the pets that ever were seen, I am certain there never was any more engaging, lovable, and beautiful than our Eefit. Not that that was his real name, but only a pet one which we gave him, on account of the elf-like ways he had with him. His real name — and a very long one it is for such a tiny animal, for he was only sixteen inches from the tip of his turned-up nose to the end of his long tail — is Maholi Galágo; and he has lots of brothers and sisters, and uncles and aunts, who live amongst the trees on the border of the Limpopo, a river in Africa; and our little pet had to travel a great, great many miles to the town where a friend of ours bought him of a black man. A little sister came with him in the same basket, but she was so dreadfully unhappy at being brought away from the pretty trees which had always been her home, that she pined away and died.

But her brother did not mind it so much. He soon got quite used to his new life, and was always perfectly healthy and well. For some months he lived with our friend at his quarters in the town. But though he was accustomed to see him every day, and also other people who went in and out of the room where he was tied up by a long string, he never grew tame. He was quite contented and happy as long as he was left alone, but directly any one went near him he would hide himself away in a minute, behind or under anything he could find, his favorite place of all being up the sleeve of one of his master's coats, which often hung within reach.

At last our friend, being quite out of patience at finding that he got no tamer, offered to send him to us; and as we were only too delighted to get him, for we had never had any pet like him before, so rare and interesting, he very soon arrived in a basket. He seemed dreadfully wild and frightened, and the first thing he did when the basket was opened was to take a tremendous leap on to the highest thing in the room, which happened to be a tall cupboard; and there he sat, looking defiantly about him, and resisting all our attempts to make friends with him.

He came to us merely on a visit for a time; but after he had been with us a little while, we had got so fond of him that it was quite impossible to let him go again, so he became virtually our own.

I must here mention another name which our Eefit goes by besides Maholi. He is often called a Night Ape, and this name is given him for a very funny reason. For instead of going quietly to bed, like good little boys and girls, every night, the Eefit does nothing of the kind. He has a good long sleep all day, and then, as soon as he finds out, by opening one eye ever so little, that it is getting dark, up he jumps quite briskly, and begins all sorts of games.

If he is not tied up, he amuses himself by taking flying leaps across the room from one piece of furniture to another; and in hunting about, in all the corners and places where he thinks they are likely to be, for spiders and other insects, which he is very fond of; and also in peeping into and knocking over everything that is not too heavy for him to move. And if he is tied up, which we found was the only thing to be done, he moves about incessantly all night long as far as his string will allow him; which might all be very fine fun for the Eefit, but was not so pleasant for those who were trying to go to sleep in the same room with him. And he was so precious that we could not bear to banish him, so he was allowed to make the top of the tall cupboard, which he had taken a fancy to, his home for good.

But as it was really hard to be continually startled out of our sleep by his sudden bounces on to the floor and up again, and to any piece of furniture he could reach, I determined to cure him, if possible, of such bad habits, and teach him to take his proper rest at night, as a well-conducted animal should do. By constantly talking to and petting him, I got him quite tame after a bit, and he would come when I called, and sit on my shoulder, and let me carry him about everywhere. So, with a little coaxing, and by feeding him always in the day-time, never allowing him anything at night, I soon got him to change his natural habits, and stay awake all day; so, of course, when night came he was quite tired out, and was obliged to go to sleep.

The Eefit certainly had his likes and dislikes, as the rest of us have. To me he seemed to take a great fancy directly he got settled down in his new home, and to others in the house he was also tolerably amiable; he would take things from them, and would put up his head, in a funny little affected way he had, to have his face scratched.

But directly he caught sight of his old master he got very angry. He would raise his tail, and make a sort of noise like spitting at him, and his eyes, which were very large, round, and generally of a beautiful dark brown, would become a sort of orange color, like a cat's when it is in a rage. It was very absurd to see so little a creature putting itself in such a defensive attitude. To no one else did he show so much dislike; but it must be confessed that our friend used to tease him most unmercifully, just for the fun of seeing him in one of his absurd tempers.

But he always made it up with him before he went away, by a peace-offering in the shape of an enormous spotted spider, of which there are generally any number to be found in the verandahs round the houses in Africa, and which the Eefit liked to eat better than anything else we could give him; and whenever we wanted to please him very much, we used to get him a spider. Not that we caught the horrid things with our hands; we managed, by a little manœuvring, to coax them on to the end of a long stick, and then, carrying them carefully, we presented them in that way to Master Eefit, who always seemed to know when they were coming,—indeed, he watched everything we

did with the greatest curiosity,—and would look out eagerly for them. And directly he caught sight of his prey he would put his ears back quite flat, just like a horse when it is going to kick or bite, and then, after looking it all over quietly for a moment, so as to see where to take a good hold, he would seize it suddenly, with quite a savage look, and gobble it up quickly before the spider could have a chance of biting him, which it certainly would have done, had not the Eefit been so clever and quick.

But though so fond of spiders, he was not at all particular about what he ate. He liked to taste everything he saw us eat, and would make a funny little grunt to say he should like a bit too. Bread and milk, however, was his usual food, and sometimes a small piece of meat, as a great treat. Sugar also he liked extremely; and I have often found him sitting on the table before a sugar-basin, with both hands full, and his mouth crammed, too, and almost choking himself in his efforts to swallow as much as possible before any one came to disturb him. I am afraid our Eefit certainly was a greedy little animal, and dearly loved nice things. He was always on the look-out for something good.

But eating was by no means his chief enjoyment in life. He was a thoroughly happy, cheerful little fellow, always full of frolic and life, excepting, of course, when he was asleep; and then he would lie curled up in a tight little ball, with his tail round his nose, and would look very cross if any one said a word to him, or disturbed him in the slightest.

Like some little boys and girls I know, Eefit was of a very inquisitive turn of mind. Nothing escaped his sharp eyes. And if he saw anything new, he would never rest, but would hop round and round it, making little grunts, until his curiosity was satisfied as to what it was, and all about it.

When first he came to us he was quite satisfied with the top of the cupboard for his home, and he was so shy and frightened he would shrink out of sight directly any one went near him. But as he became tamer he grew bolder, and wanted to extend his dominions. I had a little collar made, by which I fastened him with a long string to a nail in the cupboard, and of course thought then that he was quite secure. But not so. He had much more 'cuteness than I gave him credit for. He very soon managed to unbuckle his collar, and, to my astonishment, one day I found Master Eefit collarless, calmly surveying himself in the looking-glass on the dressing table, every now and then peering behind and all round it to see where the other Eefit was, just as we see a cat do sometimes. Another time I discovered him at a drawer of laces and ribbons, carefully emptying everything out on to the floor. And often I would find him curled up, taking a nap behind the pillows of the bed, or up the sleeve of one of my dresses, a favorite resting-place of his.

Although so very tiny,—not nearly so big as a good-sized rat,—I am sorry to say our Eefit was a dreadful little bully. Our youngest child was about two years old when first he came to live with us; and this baby, who slept in a cot in our room, was accustomed to have a piece of bread and butter given to her the first thing in the morning, and no sooner did the greedy Eefit spy this out with his big, sharp eyes, than down he would come, with a flying leap, on to the cot, and try and take the bread and butter away from the baby; and unless she shared it with him he would give her quite a hard bite with his little sharp teeth, and make her cry out. Poor little thing! she used to try all ways and means to keep it away from him,—holding it high in the air, and hiding it under the bed-clothes. But the Eefit always found it out, and insisted on having what he considered his proper share; which was nothing

but greediness, for he never ate it properly when he had got it, but, like some ill-behaved little children, he licked off all the butter, and threw the rest down on the floor.

After Eefy, as we called him for shortness, had found out the way to unfasten his collar, we never could keep him tied up long. He was continually taking it off; and it was no easy matter to get it on again, for he very much objected to having anything round his neck, and would fly at our hands and bite them directly he suspected that we were going to capture him. The only way I could manage it, was by hiding the collar carefully in my hand and pretending I was only going to scratch his face, and then slipping it round his neck quite quickly. But it was only as long as the buckle would consent to remain out of reach of his mischievous little hands that it was of any use; for as soon as ever it got twisted to the front, he would unfasten and slip it off in a moment.

But though Eefy never was contented unless he could roam about at will in the large room where he lived, he very rarely attempted to come beyond it; and if ever he did by chance venture into the passage, the slightest noise would frighten him back again. And even when we took him into the sitting-room ourselves, he was always restless and unhappy until he got back to his cupboard. Therefore great was our surprise, as well as sorrow, to find one day that our Eefit was missing. We hunted all over the room, in all his favorite nooks and corners, but he was not to be found; so we felt quite sure that he must have gone out by the window, which unfortunately had been left open. By the door he could scarcely have escaped without some one seeing him. So there was nothing for it but to continue our search out of doors, where we felt sure he must be; though it seemed almost a hopeless task, for ours was a large place, and the poor Eefit, with the tremendous jumps he was able to take, might have got miles away before we even discovered him missing. As long, though, as there was the slightest hope of finding him, I would allow no one peace or rest, and our Kaffirs were set to work to seek him amongst the trees and bushes, stimulated by the prospect of good rewards if successful. I believe there was scarcely a tree, and there were a very great number of them, that they did not look in, I also going over the same grounds to make quite sure. But, alas! no Eefit.

Several days passed by, and we had given up all hopes of ever seeing our little favorite again, when one day I was walking in the garden, and all at once I heard a mournful little grunt right over my head, and, looking up, what should I see but two bright, but sad-looking, eyes peering down at me. And there was our poor Eefit, high up in a tree, not ten yards from the window which he must have come out of. In great delight I called him, but though he answered with another grunt, he was much too weak to move. He seemed to be quite stiff and half dead with cold, for we had had some biting cold nights the time he had been away. I very quickly called a Kaffir, who got him down. And most glad did the poor little fellow seem to be back with us again, and was quite grateful for being warmed and fed, for he had evidently had no food. We gave him some nice milk, and wrapped him up in flannel before the fire, and in a very short time Eefy was quite himself again, lively and merry as ever.

After this adventure our friend was on his good behavior for a time, and made no attempt to leave his own dominions, even consenting to wear the objectionable collar for days together without trying to take it off. He had certainly had a good fright, and it had done him good.

But after a while Eefy forgot all about the cold nights he had passed

in the tree, and became as independent and saucy as ever. The consequence was, we very soon missed him again. We hunted about, and called as before, and I even had a lantern put outside at night, with a good saucer of food beside it, that he might help himself, if so inclined,— I was determined he should not starve this time. Several days passed without our seeing or hearing anything of him. But somehow I did not feel so anxious about him as I had done before. It was warmer weather, for one thing, there was no fear of his dying of cold, and I quite believed he would turn up again. And sure enough he did, about five days after he had taken himself off. One morning I was woke up at daybreak by the children screaming out that Eefy had come home. And there he was, looking as pert as ever. He had found his way in by some open door or window, driven home, no doubt, by the rain, which was coming down heavily. Sly little fellow! he stayed away, enjoying himself, I daresay to his heart's content, in catching spiders and all sorts of good things, as long as it was fine, but he did not approve of getting his nice gray coat wet, and had come back as soon as the rain began.

After that I was determined he should give us no more frights. I was particularly anxious to keep him, if possible, not only because I loved the dear little creature, but also that I knew he would be really a curiosity at home, if I could only manage to bring him to England. So I *sewed* his collar on, and poor Eefit was made a prisoner at last, at which he was highly indignant; but all his endeavors to get it off were of no use, — he had to submit.

Our Eefit, it must be confessed, was a most troublesome little animal, for there was no end to his mischievous tricks; but in spite of them all, no one could possibly help loving him. He had such amusing, quaint ways. For such a tiny creature, he was most wonderfully strong, and would manage to carry and drag things a great many times bigger than himself. One day I found that a lot of pillow-cases and table-napkins had been taken out of the cupboard where they were kept, and I could not imagine what had become of them; and after looking everywhere for them, I began to be quite afraid that one of the black servants must have stolen them, when, happening to look by chance on to the top of Eefy's cupboard, I discovered that Master Eefit, not contented with the piece of flannel I had given him, had calmly appropriated them to make a bed for himself, though how he contrived to drag them all that way there was a marvel.

And now I am coming to something so very sad that I can scarcely bear to write about it. Though it happened sometime ago, to think about it makes me feel quite grieved still. But first of all I must tell you about a great friend of the Eefit's, of which he was very fond, and this was a tortoise-shell kitten. And it was the prettiest sight possible to see the two little animals playing together, chasing each other round and round, and rolling one another over and over, and then when tired out, going to sleep curled up close together, with the Eefit's arms often round his friend's neck. The kitten was much larger and stronger of the two, but he was so gentle, he never tried to hurt the Eefit. Indeed, in any little squabble, I think Eefy generally got the best of it, for he was not at all scrupulous about using his sharp little teeth if the kitten displeased him.

As the kitten grew up, we were much afraid that the natural love that cats have for killing small animals would show itself, and that ours would try to devour the Eefit. But she did not show any inclination of the sort; on the contrary, she seemed to get more and more attached to her little companion. The most she ever did was to give a little growl when

the Eefit bit her, just to say she didn't like it; for Eefy could not at all understand why the cat should get so grave and sedate as she grew older, and would pull her ears harder than was pleasant to get her to play with him. And when she snubbed him, he would put his arms round her neck and lick her face until she got quite good-tempered again.

In course of time the cat had four little kittens. But as we did not want quite so many cats, three had to be drowned, only one being left to console the poor mother for the loss of the others.

This kitten was perfectly snow-white, and when it was about three weeks old we took it to see the Eefit, to see what he would say to it, for he had never seen anything in the shape of a cat but his old friend, the tortoise-shell. It was very curious to see the old cat when her little kitten was put up on the cupboard beside the Eefit. She did not approve of it at all, afraid, I suppose, that Eefy would do her little one some harm. And it was funny to see the suspicious and anxious way in which she watched him, until quite convinced that he had nothing but kind intentions towards it.

After that they were all very good friends, and would sleep and eat and play together; so that our poor Eefit was quite accustomed to consider cats as his friends and playfellows, instead of his natural enemies, which would have been far better as things turned out afterwards.

Our little pet had lived with us for nearly two years, when it became necessary for us to return to England, and of course Eefy was to go too. The difficulty was how to take him. But a friend kindly came to our help, and offered to make him a house, and a beautiful little one he managed to turn out, something like a doll's house, with a large sitting-room for Eefy to play about and sit in, and a bed-room, all dark and cosy, beyond it; and the whole of it painted white, and gilded here and there to make it smart. I was quite delighted, but I am sorry to say that the naughty, ungrateful little Eefit did not appreciate it at all, and was highly indignant when he found he had to live in it, and I got a good many sharp nips on my hands in trying to induce him to enter his new abode. He perfectly hated being shut up, and no doubt he did feel very much cramped in his box-like house, after the large airy room he had been accustomed to.

We travelled to the coast by the large omnibus that every one goes by in those parts. Our journey took us the whole day, and all the way down Eefy was very cross, grunting and spitting through the open bars in front of his house at every one who went near him, though there was really nothing to make him angry, for there were only a few people going that day, and his house had a nice resting-place on the seat of the omnibus. But I suppose he did not like the jolting about.

When we got to the town on the coast from which the steamers start, we had to go into lodgings, for we were before our time. The steamer that was to take us had not arrived. Our lodgings were all we could wish, — comfortable, clean, and tidy; but in them there lived a large tom-cat, and I must say that I eyed this gentleman with considerable suspicion, for I did not know how he might be disposed toward our Eefit. However, I thought it best to let him stay in the room, that I might watch him; for if he had any hostile intentions, he would be certain to sneak in when we were out, and Eefit had no one to protect him. But the cat seemed all that was amiable, and when the little white house was put on the floor near him, he only sniffed round it in a sleepy way, to see what it contained, and then, his curiosity satisfied, its occupant sniffing back in return, he walked off, apparently without any idea of troubling himself any more about it. Several days passed

by, during which time we allowed the cat to come in and out of our rooms just as he liked. He never took much notice of the Eefit, except to peep in now and then through the bars of the house, when Eefy would put out his hand and catch hold of his ears, in the same way as he did to his own old cat at home, which Master Tom, not being used to such liberties, resented with a growl, and by walking off with great dignity. But never once did we see him make the slightest attempt to injure the Eefit.

Hitherto, we had kept the little animal shut up entirely; we were afraid to let him out in a strange place. But one evening it was dreadfully hot, and I could not help pitying our poor little man, shut up in his close quarters, and he made such piteous grunts to be let out, that I had not the heart to refuse him, just for that *one* night. So I tied the end of the string, which I had never taken off him, securely to one of the bars of the cage, and opened the door; and it was delightful to see his joy at having some liberty again. He had had a dismal time of it since his imprisonment. I placed the house on the top of a high chest of drawers, and quite within reach there were a lot of things hung up, on to which he could easily jump should he be startled at anything. His instinct always was to get as high as possible, if frightened.

The window, of course, was open, as we were only too glad to get all the air we could, and it never once occurred to me that there might be danger to our Eefit in leaving it so. Afterwards I reproached myself very much for my want of caution, and always felt as if what happened was a good deal my own fault.

I had been in bed about an hour, I don't think it could have been more, when I was woke up suddenly by a scream, loud and shrill, quite close to me. I felt sure it was the Eefit, and in a minute I was up and lighted the candle as quickly as possible, and there indeed was a sad sight. Our poor little Eefit lay on the ground before me, panting and gasping for breath, and evidently very much hurt. And slinking out of the window, in an ashamed sort of way, as if he knew he had done wrong, was the horrid tom-cat, which left no doubt as to who had done the mischief. I think if I could have caught that cat then I should have killed him, I was so angry. But there was no chance of catching him, and he never came near us again.

He must have come stealthily into the room by the window; and poor Eefy, who had always lived on friendly terms with cats up to that time, was, I daresay, quite pleased to see him, and I have no doubt went forward to say "How do you do?" to him, instead of jumping out of his way, as he might have done. I lifted up the poor little thing tenderly, and tried to find out where he was hurt, but no wound was visible. He left off screaming directly he heard my voice and felt my touch. It seemed to be more fright than pain which caused him to make such a noise. The only comfort I had was in feeling that after the first he did not suffer much; he appeared to be almost paralyzed. He knew me quite well, and gave one of his little grunts every now and then when I spoke to him. But he grew weaker and weaker, and died in about a quarter of an hour after he had been bitten. And I am not ashamed to own that I cried half the night, and mourned over his loss almost as much as if he had been a human friend. For long afterwards did I miss him and his dear funny little way sadly. I, of course, vowed eternal hatred against all cats, and declared that I would never make a pet of one, or even allow one to live in the same house with me again. But alas, for the weakness of human resolutions! At my feet at this moment there lies curled up, and purring happily, a fat, sleek tabby (not at all unlike my

Eefit's murderer), and for whom, I am sorry to say, I feel a very strong attachment.

LITTLE MAYSEY: A MAY STORY.

"PEEP, peep, peep!" and little Maysey sprang to her feet in amazed surprise, and gazed with wonder at the crowds of beautiful birds which alighted and fluttered, and warbled on her window-sill. The pretty little birdies seemed all in a flurry of excitement, as their little eyes glistened, and their little plumes were ruffled, and their little throats swelled to pour out their melodious but impatient little plaints. They betrayed their impatience and excitement in a thousand funny little ways, that would have made Maysey laugh outright, only she was dying to know what the unusual fuss was all about, although in such a din of hurry and chattering and general confusion it seemed hopeless to seek the desired information.

"Peep, peep, peep! Chirp, chirp, chirp! Flutter, flutter, flutter!"

"Oh, do keep quiet, you funny little birdies, and tell me what is it," said Maysey at last. "Has the king-bird come home and found you out? Has the governess scolded you for not knowing your music lesson, or has your papa said he will send you to a boarding-school — a wise proceeding, I think, if it would teach you good manners," hotly remarked little May.

"Why, no, no, no, to all your questions, little Hawthorn," said the birds, speaking together, and Maysey, although somewhat indignant at the pertness of their tone, could not help wondering how the birds knew about this name, by which only her papa or sister Annie called her.

"Why do you not tell? Perhaps little Maysey can help us," said one weary-looking little sparrow in the corner, addressing the foremost birds on the window-sill; "and, besides, what good is all this fuss? can you not work with me, and do your best *now*, so that we may have something, even though small, to offer?"

"Could you come just a little nearer to me, sister sparrow?" said another voice, with more of weakness than weariness in its tone, and Maysey saw a little wren lying helpless on one side, with a splintered wing.

"Oh, no, dear Jenny," the sparrow replied. "You already have a beautiful garland. You never lose time." Little Maysey looked, and saw that for every twinge of pain caused by the broken wing of the suffering bird, a beautiful white flower was added to a garland at its side.

Now a hush went through the throng, and they whispered with bated breath, "Here he comes — here he comes — here is the Bird Angel; oh, what shall we do?" At this juncture Maysey beheld in the midst of the crowd a beautiful being with a sweet, shining face, and white, fluffy, cloud-like wings, who inquired, in a mellifluous voice: "Well, my little friends, are your offerings all ready? The time for presenting them has come, and Our Lady graciously awaits them."

The birds were silent, and the beautiful Bird Angel looked kindly on all, and then addressed himself to Maysey: "You see all these little feathered creatures," he said, "they have all a work to fulfil. They do not live in vain on earth. Now, on the dawn of her own bright month, they are expected to bring an offering to earth's most blessed daughter, Mary, the Queen of Heaven, in token of their homage. The gift — something completed during the year, or attempted — something enjoyed or suffered — is always presented; not one ever missing. To-morrow, May-day, I shall gather the offerings of children like you, for these are dearest of all to our Celestial Sovereign."

Maysey hung her head and did not speak. The next moment she saw the beautiful Bird Angel go through the fluttering crowd, addressing them one by one with tender sympathy.

"I have nothing to offer," said a meek little bird, with a sob, in its piping voice. "I intended last May to have something so pretty at the beginning of this May, but my little nest was torn to pieces, perhaps by the wind. I saw nobody near it, and my five pretty eggs were lost. I have nothing to give."

"Poor birdie," said the Angel compassionately, "you have your disappointed hope borne unmurmuringly; what fairer gift could you bring?"

"I would have woven a wreath of scarlet holly-berries," humbly said a shame-faced little Robin, "but the false, white snow came and covered them over. I was glad, for I thought they would be prettier then; but the snow melted away, and left them black and shrunken, and now I have nothing to present."

"Poor little Robin," said the gentle Angel, "your good-will is a present far dearer to Our Lady than the richest garland that even the sweet fresh spring could produce."

"It is all I have," said a shrinking little Woodpecker. "I have carried it for a hundred miles in my bill," and he timidly laid a tiny bit of ruby-red alder wood at the Angel's feet.

"It is a rich offering," said the low-voiced Spirit; "your thought in procuring it, your labor in carrying it, are worth a million times its own value;" and in a similar strain he passed on through the rest, imparting to each and every one of the fluttering little throng something of consolation and of peace. When all had flown away full of delight, the radiant Bird Angel turned to Maysey, and said: "To-morrow will come your turn, little earth child. Our Lady will look for some offering from you for her festive month," and then he vanished, and Maysey waited, and longed, and wondered; but all was silence, and then she *awoke* with tears in her eyes and wet cheeks. "What is the matter, darling?" said her sister Anna, "it is only four o'clock, and your sobbing awakened me."

"Oh! Annie, Annie!" the little one exclaimed, as she clung to her sister, "the Bird Angel will be here to-morrow, and I have nothing to send Our Lady."

May-day was shining calm, fair, and genial. A pale, weak child lay in the long ward of a hospital. The mid-day sun shone on his golden hair, and lighted up the wasted infant cheeks.

"It is May-day, Sister, is it not?" lisped the little sufferer to the good nun who bent over him. "It is May-day, and I have nothing to offer Our Mother Mary."

"You have your patient suffering, dear," answered the nun, "and Our Lady values it more than the richest gems of earth."

"And I have more," said the poor little patient, a beautiful light shining in his large eyes, "I have my life, and perhaps, Sister, I may offer it to Our Mother to-day."

The May-day sun had not set before the brave little sufferer had rendered up his offering. Just as he breathed his last, the portress approached the bed, beside which the Superioress knelt in prayer, and announced —

"Visitors who will not be denied."

In the reception-room the Mother found little Maysey and her papa.

"Even from the little birds something is expected. They have a work to fulfil," said little Maysey, quoting the well-remembered words of the Bird Angel of her dream. "I want also to make my May offering to Our Lady. Here is my nicest doll for the sick children, and here is her wardrobe and her house. Nurse is bringing a parcel of my clothes, too, for the litttle patients — papa has my pocket-money for them also — and — that is my offering to Our Lady on this May-day."

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

A STORY FOR JUNE.

HELEN was walking home from school, making serious reflections and good resolutions. This, I must tell you, was by no means an ordinary occupation of my little heroine.

It was the first of June; the children had got a nice instruction on the Sacred Heart, and on the promises made in favor of those who practise this devotion. Of course, my dear little readers, you all know these promises. Helen spoke half aloud: "We are to learn to be meek and humble of heart; indeed, I am not very meek. I will endeavor to become so; I will try this month not to be cross when I am told to do things which I do not care to do; then I shall have lots of acts for the Sacred Heart. Papa will be so pleased, and——"

"Miss Helen! Miss Helen!" Helen looked round and saw one of the maids running across a field which lay at one side of the road. She soon reached the spot on the road where the child stood, and exclaimed,—

"Oh! such a race as I had. Miss Helen, your papa told me to meet you and tell you that he got a sick call; he fears he cannot return till late, and he wants you to stay with Miss Mimi, as she is only pretty well. The doctor said he was *really sorry* to disappoint you, Miss."

An angry flush now covered Helen's face as she slowly turned into the field.

"There," she muttered, "that is always the way; just the very evening when I had settled with Jane and Emma Rothsay to go to Little Island. Stupid little Mimi!" but even as she mentioned Mimi's name, her voice softened, for the little blind sister was the darling of the family; and, besides, Helen was beginning to feel rather ashamed of herself. However, she was a *brave, earnest* child. so she said fervently, "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like to Thine," and walked into the house, determined to do her best to amuse Mimi, who was recovering from a long fit of illness, and was as yet barely able to move from one room to another. The child was lying on a sofa in the back drawing-room; she smiled gladly when she heard Helen's step, and exclaimed,—

"O, Helen! I was so lonely I asked your guardian angel to send you home fast." Helen kissed her little motherless sister, and devoted herself to her amusement. Then she told her what they had been taught that day. Mimi's face flushed as she whispered, "Helen, I will say the aspiration often, and I will try to be patient." "And I, Mimi, I will try to be obedient." "Then the Sacred Heart will love us very much," replied Mimi.

Helen felt glad she had taught another to love the Sacred Heart, so might she not hope to have her name written in that Heart?

Soon Mimi fell asleep. Helen stood up and looked out; it was a lovely evening, and regretful, murmuring thoughts again filled her mind. "I can go *now;* fortunately I have not sent the apology *yet*. Papa never meant me to stay if Mimi were asleep." So reasoning, Helen went to her room, dressed hastily, and walked down the avenue. She did not feel satisfied,— conscience reproached her. "Then the Sacred Heart will love us both." Mimi's words rang in her ears — one fervent prayer and Helen turned back — her angel rejoiced at her victory. She passed into the drawing-room,— Mimi was *not there;* terrified, Helen looked round, and saw that the folding door was slightly ajar; she ran into the front drawing-room; the rails of the balcony had been that evening removed, as they were to be replaced on the morrow by new ones; on the balcony, one step from the edge, stood wee, blind Mimi, groping about, evidently in search of a flower-stand which usually stood on the balcony.

A quick appeal to Jesus and Mary,

and in a quiet tone Helen said: "Mimi, pet, don't stir for a moment till I go to you." Helen often wondered afterwards at her own calmness; had she been agitated, her voice might have startled the child and caused her to fall. Helen had overcome herself for love of the Sacred Heart; now, in the hour of danger, that Heart helped her. Mimi stood quite still; Helen crossed the room swiftly, lifted her from the balcony, then, and not without many tears, told her all, and both sisters knelt to thank the sweet Jesus. I need not tell you that Helen tried during the remainder of the month to keep her resolution; she did not become *perfect*, but she certainly did *improve*.

Dear little readers, will you try to correct some fault this month? You may not, like Helen, see your efforts visibly rewarded, but the reward is none the less sure, for the loving Heart of our Saviour rewards even "a cup of cold water" given in His name, for His love. Will not that Heart reward acts of self-denial, of obedience, of patience, performed to please *It* during Its own months of June?

JEWISH POPULATION.—The total number of the Hebrew race to-day is about what it was in the days of King David,—between six and seven millions. There are in Europe, according to the latest statistical information, about five millions; in Asia, 200,000; in Africa, over 80,000; in America, from a million to a million and a-half. More than half of the European Jews (2,621,000) reside in Russia; 1,375,000 in Austria (of whom 575,000 in the Polish province of Galicia); 512,000 in Germany (61,000 in the Polish province of Posen); Roumania is credited with 274,000, and Turkey with 100,000. There are 70,000 in Holland, 50,000 in England, 49,000 in France, 35,000 in Italy; Spain and Portugal have between 2,000 and 4,000; 1,800 in Sweden, 25 in Norway. Nothing is said about Denmark or Switzerland. The number of Jewish residents in Berlin is given at 45,000,—nearly as many as in the whole of France, and more than in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and the Scandinavian peninsula altogether. The majority of the African Jews live in the province of Algiers. But they are to be found in Abyssinia and all along the north coast, and even in the Saharan oases, frequently acting as intermediaries between the Mahomedans and Christians. Of the Asiatic Jews, 20,000 are assigned to India and 25,000 to Palestine. The population of Jerusalem is given as 7,000 Mahomedans, 5,000 Christians, and 13,500 Jews; these last are classified as Germans, Spanish, or Arabic Jews. The report gives no details concerning America, except that in New York there are 30 synagogues.

DOGS IN IRELAND.—A return has just been presented to Parliament of the operation of the Dogs Regulation Act for Ireland during 1880. The total number of dogs registered was 318,140, being at about the rate of one dog for every sixteen inhabitants. The number of town-registered dogs was 21,905, and of country dogs 209,296. The amount of license duty received was £31,814. The expenses of administration of the act came to £15,602 12*s*. The balance of receipts was handed over to the local financial authorities, namely, £1,158 4*s*. 5*d*. to the municipal fiscal officers, and £15,662 18*s*. 5*d*. to the county treasurers. The county of Cork had the largest number of registered dogs, viz., 23,787, being more than one-thirteenth of the whole number; Donegal came next, with 15,509. The county of Dublin had only 4,848, while the city registered only 3,119—a number which seemed sadly below what ocular evidence would fain suggest to any one who walks much in our streets. The county of Cork paid £2,378 14*s*. tax, or one-thirteenth of the total.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

HOME-MADE YEAST.—Four large potatoes, four tablespoonfuls of flour, two of sugar, one quart of lukewarm water; soak one yeast-cake in a cup of water while you are mixing up the rest; put it in a warm place, 12 hours; then it is ready for use; one cupful makes five loaves; keep in a cool place.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—Dr. Waters gives the following directions: Bicarbonate of soda (that is, common cooking soda) has been found the most efficient of the alkalies for the purpose in most cases, and has the additional advantage of being always at hand in nearly every household. But any *neutral alkali* will answer the purpose, the virtue residing in the alkalinity. A caustic alkali, however, such as lime or common sal-soda, is objectionable from its very caustic nature. But lime neutralized by combination with oil forms an emulsion, the virtues of which in this connection are generally known. Other neutral alkalies are bicarbonate of potash, biborate of soda, etc. The alkali is to be spread over the surface burned, which is then to be covered with a wet woollen cloth, and the only care necessary is to keep the cloth moistened until a cure is effected. In case of a slight superficial burn the application of common soap will generally be sufficient to effect a speedy cure.

HOW TO AVOID DROWNING.—Dr. Henry McCormac, of Belfast, Ireland, writes that it is not at all necessary or inevitable that a person knowing nothing of the art of swimming should be drowned if he depends simply and entirely on the powers for self-preservation with which nature has endowed him. The pith of the doctor's remarks is contained in the following paragraph: "When one of the inferior animals takes the water, falls, or is thrown in, it instantly begins to walk as it does when out of the water. But when a man who cannot swim falls into the water he makes a few spasmodic struggles, throws up his arms, and drowns. The brute, on the other hand, treads water, remains on the surface, and is virtually insubmergable. In order, then, to escape drowning, it is only necessary to do as the brute does, and that is to tread or walk the water. The brute has no advantage in regard of his relative weight, in respect of the water, over man; and yet the man perishes while the brute lives. Nevertheless, any man, any woman, any child, who can walk on the land may also walk in the water just as readily as the animal does, and that without any prior instructions or drilling whatever. Throw a dog into the water, and he treads or walks the water instantly, and there is no imaginable reason why a human being under like circumstances should not do as the dog does. The brute, indeed, walks in the water instinctively, whereas man has to be told."

DON'T WORK UNTIL AFTER YOU EAT. Dr. Hall is authority for the following thoughts upon breakfasting before much exercise in the open air, particularly in districts where fever and ague are abundant: Breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for exercise, or labor of any description; those who do it will be able to perform more work, and with greater alacrity, than those who work an hour or two before breakfast. Besides this, the average duration of life of those who take breakfast before exercise or work, will be a number of years greater than those who do otherwise. Most persons begin to feel weak after having been engaged five or six hours in their ordinary avocations; a good meal reinvigorates, but from the last meal of the day until next morning there is an interval of some twelve hours; hence the body, in a sense, is weak, and in proportion cannot resist deleterious agencies, whether of the fierce cold of midwinter or of the poisonous miasm which rests upon the surface of the earth wherever the sun shines on a blade of vegetation or a heap of offal. This miasm is more solid, more concentrated, and hence more malignant, about sunrise and sunset than at any other hour of the twenty-four, because the cold of the night condenses it, and it is on the first few inches above the soil in its most solid form; but as the sun rises it warms and expands and ascends to a point high enough to be breathed, and being taken into the lungs with the air and swallowed with the saliva into the stomach, all weak and empty as it is, it is greedily drunk in, thrown immediately into the circulation of the blood, and carried directly to every part of the body, depositing its poisonous influence at the very fountain-head of life. If early breakfast were taken in regions where chills and fever and ague prevail, and if, in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room for an hour, including sunrise and sunset, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year, not tenfold, but a thousandfold, because the heat of the fire would rarefy the miasmatic air instantly, and send it above the breathing point. But it is "troublesome" to be building fires night and morning all summer. It being no "trouble," requiring no effort to shiver and shake by the hour daily, weeks and months together.

THE HUMORIST.

WHY is the nose placed in the middle of the face? Because it is the scenter (centre).

A "NO RENT CRY" can be heard every time a boy is whipped for tearing his clothes.

IF bock beer acts up to its pictorial advertisement, it will make a beer-drinker stand up on his hind feet and strike with his head.

HERE is another attempt to deprive woman of her rights. A male wretch has gotten up an invention to prevent the slamming of doors.

OLD Sir James Herring was remonstrated with for not rising earlier. "I can make up my mind to it," he said, "but cannot make up my body."

"YOU haven't opened your mouth during the whole session," said a legislator to a fellow member. "Oh, yes I have. I yawned through the whole of your speech," was the complimentary reply.

THERE are many hard tasks for woman in this world, but few which she finds it impossible to perform. Still, there never was a woman who could keep a fur-lined circular from flying open and showing the fur.

BOSTON is noted for its baked beans, good newspapers, and clannish people; but a Western man, in our hearing, said the faces on some of the women would stop an eight-day clock. He might, to be sure, have intended to say tongues.

"WELL, what brings you here?" *Quack* (evidently suffering from disturbed peristaltic action).—"Well, sir, the fact is I feel rather queer, and—" *Country Practitioner.*—"Then why don't you take one of your 'pearls of health'?" *Quack.*—"That's just it sir! I think I've swallowed one—by mistake."

A LADY called on her milliner the other day to inquire into the character of a servant. The respectable appearance of the latter was beyond questioning. "But is she honest?" asked the lady. "I am not so certain about that," replied the milliner. "I have sent her to you with my bill a dozen times, and she has never yet given me the money."

DID you ever notice how things get in your way when you're in a hurry? A Boston woman told her husband that a runaway horse was going by. He jumped so quick he sprained his knee, and in his frantic haste fell over two chairs, and skinned his shin, stepped on a dog, upset the table with books and drop-light on it, ran against his wife and hurt her, and got to the window just as they were stopping the horse two blocks away, round the corner.

IT was a green countryman who wandered up to the State House, Boston, and inquired of some loungers near the doorways of the House,—"Is this the insane asylum?" "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Can I see the inmates,?" "Certainly." "Where are they?" "Right in there," pointing within the doors where the House was in session. "Well, I wanted to see them, and they told me down street I could find them here."

A YOUNG LADY who lies abed in the morning until nine o'clock, and devotes the remainder of the day to dressing, novel-reading, worrying a piano, and shopping, almost fainted when an agent of the paletot gender called at her house and asked her to subscribe for the *Woman at Work.* When sufficiently recovered, she told the agent that he would find the woman at work in the kitchen, and he would have to go round the back way.

A SIGNBOARD.—Dean Swift, while resident on his living in the county of Meath, before his promotion to the deanery of St. Patrick's, was daily shaved by the village barber. Razor, while lathering him one morning, said he had a great favor to request of his reverence. His neighbors had advised him to take the little public-house at the corner of the churchyard, which he had, with the hope that in uniting the profession of publican with his own he might gain a better maintenance for his family. "Indeed," said the Dean, "and what can I do to promote this happy union?" "And please you," said Razor, "some of my customers have heard much about your reverence's poetry; so that if you would but condescend to give me a smart little touch in that way to clap under my sign, it might be the making of me and mine forever." "But what do you intend for your sign?" says the Dean. "'The Jolly Barber,' if it please your reverence, with a razor in one hand and a pot in the other." "Well," rejoined the Dean, "in that case there can be no difficulty in supplying you with a suitable inscription." So, taking up his pen, he instantly scratched the following couplet, which was affixed to the sign, and remained there for many years:—

"Rove not from pole to pole, but step in here,
Where nought excels the shaving but the beer."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1882.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

We give this month the full text of the remarkable Pastoral of the Fifth Provincial Council of Cincinnati. This document has received wide-spread criticism, because of its bold announcements of Catholic truth. The *New York Herald* denounced it as teaching doctrines subversive of the fundamental principles of American liberty. But a careful reading of the passage alluding to human equality, will convince the dispassionate reader that the meaning of the Prelates is sanctioned by the interpretation of the government itself. The phrase in the Declaration of Independence is, not that all men are equal, but that all men have been *created* equal; that is, every man, so far as the act of creation goes, is equal before God, who is no respecter of persons. The soul of a peasant is as dear to Him as that of an emperor.

Gen. Butler interprets the passage as implying that all men have the potential right of making themselves the equals of those whom birth, acquired fortune, or other accidental circumstances have placed upon a higher social plane. This government, by restricting the right of suffrage, say even to men who have attained their twenty-first year, practically declares against the universal equality of all. The same holds good with regard to immigrants; and some States fix property qualifications as necessary to the exercise of the suffrage.

The attempt of the *Herald* and other journals to represent the Pastoral as a blow at democratic principles, because it teaches that all power is from God, is an infidel attempt. The people are not the primary and exclusive depository or origin of rule. At best, they are only the delegates of God, who reserves supreme dominion to Himself. A people have not the right capriciously and unwarrantedly to change the government; and to cite no other instance than the late civil war, the United States Government refused to recognize the right of the South to set up a government. So far as the Church is concerned, she thrives under any government that lets her alone, and there is no better guarantee of a government's stability than her conservative teachings.

The expression that the people should "seek the law from the lips of the priest" has been misinterpreted. The allusion is to a scriptual text, and the law meant is the Divine law. No Catholic is so stupid as to fancy that the Council commanded him to intrust all his legal business to his confessor. We specially commend to the thoughtful attention of our readers the passages bearing upon the labor question, which threatens to become a very serious one in the near future; and also to the express condemnation of the *Irish World* newspaper, which, despite a pompous "profession of faith," still teaches the pestiferous doctrines of Communism.

The chief work of the Land League Conventions seems to have been a vigorous protest against the supineness of Mr. Lowell, and a demand for the release of American citizens confined in English bastiles. It is surprising that a man of Lowell's effusive Americanism should have shown so thorough a spirit of snobbishness as marks his whole diplomatic career. The fact is that bookish men have never made statesmen. They are what the first Napoleon called *Idealogues* — dreamers. Lowell, at Madrid, developed with marvellous rapidity into a consummate flunkey, and as this

species of being is very dear to the British heart, there will be a decided effort made by England to retain him at St. James's; they do not want a genuine American there. At a recent dinner, Sir Frederic Leighton, we suppose after the "loving cup" had circulated freely, toasted Mr. Lowell as a champion of liberty, etc. Lowell's contempt of the Irish is a bond of brotherly love with John Bull, who disliked Minister Welsh for his efforts in behalf of imprisoned Fenians. Why should a man filled with turtle soup and champagne care about a lot of poor wretches in Kilmainham? The idea is ridiculous.

By all means let Lowell be recalled, inasmuch as he has not sufficient self-respect to resign. One-fiftieth of the remonstrances against any of his predecessors would have made them resign immediately. We hope, although we confess rather faintly, that President Arthur will give heed to this now almost universal demand for Lowell's recall. But Arthur is feeling his way to a second term, and this stands in the way of his seeing that he is doing a grave injury to himself and to the country, by permitting the lowering of that high-spirited American sentiment which England dreads and deprecates.

THE mean plot of the English Government in releasing Mr. Parnell on parole with the hope that he would not return to jail, was so transparent as to deceive nobody. The British Government wants to let Parnell go, but not openly, honorably, with vindication or apology for one of the shabbiest acts of injustice that even England cannot parallel. Parnell, however, by his imprisonment, will have achieved more than if he had been daily in Parliament or speaking throughout the country. The dignity, courage, and inflexible will of the man have proved him worthy to be the leader of a great people. He rules Ireland from his cell. [Since the above was written, news reaches us that Mr. Parnell has been released from prison.]

THE month of June is consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a devotion which has spread with marvellous rapidity throughout the world, with the plainest evidence of being accompanied by the Divine blessing. The objective point of this devotion is the sacred humanity of the Redeemer, and its rise in our day was to counteract the infidel teachings concerning the personality and life-work of Jesus Christ. Strauss, Renan, and a whole school of infidels have been writing up the life of our Lord as a great sage, a fine soul, a wonderful enthusiast, etc.; and the style of speaking of Him is as blasphemous as to call Him an impostor outright. Its poison, however, is more insidious. Men would revolt against any attack upon His Divine character, but they may be deceived into believing that He was only a supremely good man. To confound such a conception of Himself, He has been pleased to make a fuller revelation of Himself in all the sweetness and perfectness of His humanity; and devotion to the Sacred Heart quickly enlightens the soul with all the treasures of knowledge and grace that are hidden in Christ, bodily. By this devotion we testify our faith in His Divine and human nature, and confess Him to be true God and true man.

It is sad that Protestantism year by year has been drifting from this cardinal truth of Christianity. It is said that few Protestant divines either believe or teach the doctrine of the Trinity, without which, of course, our Lord's true divinity as the Son cannot be held. But there is a fatal facility in the loss of even speculative truths when once the living and unerring Church has been abandoned. This is attested by the whole history of heresy.

What may be called the physical reason for honoring the Sacred Heart in particular, although the entire sacred humanity of Jesus is worthy of the highest adoration, inasmuch as it is united with the Godhead, is that the heart in man is the fountain of blood, and it was by the Precious Blood that we were redeemed. There is no blood where there is no heart. This, and the symbolic signification of tenderness implied by the use of the word heart in all languages, justify our special adoration of the Sacred Heart of our Saviour. May all our readers, during the month of June, and always, experience the comfort, peace, and compassion of that Heart "which has loved men so well"!

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE of introduction of the Sisters of Charity into Boston, will be celebrated by a series of entertainments, which will commence at the Mechanics Building on Sunday evening, May 14. A commemorative address will be made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, and other distinguished gentlemen will make brief addresses. The music will be given by the full military Cadet band, and a chorus of 500 voices. On Tuesday evening, a grand ball will be given under the marshalship of Gen. P. A. Collins; on Saturday, May 20, from 11 A. M. to 5 P. M. the annual children's May festival, in which over 400 children, carefully trained by Miss Alice Maud Power, will give numerous beautiful tableaux, the ribbon, flower and May-pole dances, sailor's hornpipe, etc. It is expected that an amount sufficient to pay the debt on the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, which was founded here fifty years ago, will be realized from the jubilee, and everything indicates that the undertaking will succeed in accomplishing that desirable and laudable purpose. The tickets have been placed at prices within the means of all.

The management announces "that although it is understood that the proceeds are going to the clearing off the debt on the St. Vincent's Asylum as having the prior claim, yet it is hoped that the sum realized will be so much in excess of that needed for this purpose, that the other houses will be able to share in some of the profits as well as the honor of the occasion."

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

THE *Angelus* is the name of a Catholic Illustrated Weekly for Sunday-Schools and families. It is published at the low price of $1 a year. It is well gotten up, and prettily illustrated. Address Mr. E. Savage, publisher, 44 West Leonard Street, Detroit, Mich.

THE *Connecticut Catholic*, published at Hartford, has entered upon its seventh volume with renewed efforts. The paper is among the best of our Catholic exchanges. We wish it continued success. It is more than half a century since the first Catholic paper was published in Hartford.

THE *Catholic Columbian*, published at Columbus, Ohio, is aiming at the leadership of the Catholic press.

THE New York *Freeman's Journal* has also been enlarged. Outspoken and manly, it makes itself read even by its opponents.

The *Catholic Review* of New York has donned a new dress, and with it added to its size. The *Review* is among the very best of our contemporaries.

THE *Monitor*, issued at San Francisco, has also been enlarged. It is the leading Catholic paper on the Pacific slope. It is able and enterprising.

Notre Dame Scholastic.— This is among the best of the various college papers. It has lately passed into the editorial management of the talented editor of the *Ave Maria*, and appears in new type.

ON the whole, we think the Catholic papers throughout the country are not inferior in ability and enterprise to the papers of other denominations, and excel them in many respects.

THE clergy of the archdiocese of Cincinnati are about presenting to the Rt. Rev. William Henry Elder, D. D., coadjutor-bishop of the diocese, a magnificent set of vestments, manufactured by Benziger Bros., New York.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN CLUB has been formed in Boston, with Gen. P. A. Collins as president. At a meeting in the Parker House, on the evening of the first of May, there were representative Irish-Americans from every profession in the city. The club is purely social in its aims, bringing together the best elements of our people in the city and vicinity. We wish it every success.

WE briefly recorded in our last issue the death of Denis Florence McCarthy, the poet-laureate of Ireland. He was a descendant of the ancient Irish sept of the MacCauras, and was born in 1817. When the old *Nation* was established by Thomas Davis, McCarthy was one of the most vigorous lyrical writers on it. Elsewhere we give several poems from his pen.

CANADA AND IRELAND.

Both branches of the Canadian Legislature have adopted the following Address:—

MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY:—

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Commons of Canada, in Parliament assembled, desire most earnestly, in our own name and on behalf of the people we represent, to renew the expression of our unswerving loyalty and devotion to your Majesty's person and government.

First. — We have observed, may it please your Majesty, with feeling of profound regret and concern, the distress and discontent which have prevailed for some time among your Majesty's subjects in Ireland.

Second. — We would respectfully represent to your Majesty that your Irish subjects in Canada are among the most loyal, most prosperous, and most contented of your Majesty's subjects.

Third. — We would further respectfully represent to your Majesty that the dominion of Canada, while offering the greatest advantages and attractions for those of our fellow-subjects who may desire to make their homes among us, does not receive that proportion of emigrants from Ireland which might reasonably be expected, and that this is due in a great measure — in the case of those of our Irish fellow-subjects who sought foreign homes — to their feelings of estrangement towards the Imperial Government, whom they consider responsible for the existing state of affairs in their native country.

Fourth. — We would further most respectfully represent to your Majesty that in the interests of this, your loyal dominion, and of the entire Empire, it is extremely to be desired that your Majesty may not be deprived in the development of your Majesty's possessions on this continent of the valuable aid of those of your Majesty's Irish subjects who may feel disposed to leave their native land to seek more prosperous homes.

Fifth. — We would most respectfully pray, may it please your Majesty, that some such form of local self-government may be extended to Ireland as is now enjoyed by the provinces comprising this Dominion of Canada, and under which your Majesty's Canadian subjects have prospered exceedingly, so that Ireland may become a source of strength to your Majesty's Empire, and that your Majesty's Irish subjects at home may feel the same pride in the greatness of your Majesty's Empire, the same veneration for the justice of your Majesty's rule, and the same devotion to and affection for our common flag which are now felt by all classes of your Majesty's subjects in the Dominion.

Sixth. — We would further most respectfully pray that your Majesty would be graciously pleased to take into your Majesty's favorable consideration the cases of those persons who are now suffering imprisonment in Ireland, charged with political offences, with a view to extending to them your Most Gracious Majesty's clemency, so that with their release the inestimable blessing of civil liberty may be once more restored to all parts of your Majesty's Empire.

We pray that the blessings of your Majesty's reign may, for your peoples' sake, be long continued.

A FAMILY RECORD.

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS,
April 25, 1882.

P. DONAHOE:

Judge Robert Dougherty died here on the twentieth of last August, leaving a wife and seven children — three boys and four girls — oldest fifteen, all but two DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE readers. Judge D. was a native of County Donegal; came to the United States at eighteen; studied at St. Mary's, in Kentucky, having for classmates Dr. Lancaster Spalding, Father Russel, of Kentucky, and others of note. He became an officer of Texas troops in the war of secession. At the time of his death he was County Judge of San Patricio county, and principal and owner of St. Paul's Academy, at Round Lake, same county. His family in Ireland were *Pilot* readers when T. D. McGee wrote for it. Mrs. D. took a vote of the children whether it would be Donahoe's or some other American literature. Majority of six for Donahoe's. You can judge how these young Texans were educated. P. M. M.

FATHER BURKE'S NEW CHURCH. — *To the Editor of the Catholic Review:* — In your number of the *Catholic Review*, dated March 25th, you have noticed in the kindest and most generous manner the work in which I am now engaged of building a church in Tallaght for the Novitiate House of our Order. No words of mine can express to you how grateful I feel for this prompt and efficient kindness. I have already received two donations from America, — £5 from Mr. Denis Higgins, of Quincy, Ill., and £5 from Rev. F. Felix Tissot, C. P., of Minneapolis, Minn.

I beg to return my best thanks to these kind friends, and I hope that their generous example may be followed by many others. Believe me, dear Mr. Editor, most gratefully yours, THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P.

St. Mary's, Tallaght, Co. Dublin, April 14, 1882.

Mr. Donahoe will cheerfully forward any money sent to him for Father Burke.

GALA DAY AT CAMBRIDGEPORT.

THE seventeenth of March was a gala day for the people of St. Mary's Parish, Cambridgeport, Mass. It was the feast-day of the patronal saint of St. Thomas Aquinas College, recently founded in that parish, by Rev. Thomas Scully.

At 8.15 A.M., Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Patrick Healy, V.G., of the Diocese of Springfield, and pastor of the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, Chicopee, Mass.; Deacon, Rev. J. Edwards, of New York City; Subdeacon, Rev. J. Tierney, of Hartford, Conn.

At 9.30 there was a grand band concert on the grounds in front of the college, by the college band. This was followed, at ten o'clock, by a programme of literary and musical exercises in the Parish Hall. The order of exercises was as follows: Grand Medley, "Fascination," Band; Address, Francis Dolan; "Socrates," an essay, Patrick Riley; "An Ode of Horace," Recitation, Cornelius O'Connor; Chorus, "Awakening of the Birds," Concone; The Relation of Philosophy to Art, an essay, James Murphy; Selection from the Antigone of Sophocles, Recitation, William Dwyer; Chorus, "Praise to the Lord," Abt; "Is Phrenology a Science?" an essay, Cornelius O'Connor; "Quid Sit Vera Philosophia," an oration, William Dwyer; March, "Over Land and Sea," Reckling, Band. The entertainment concluded with a French farce, adapted from the German, entitled, "Les Délices d'un Père de Famille."—dramatis personæ,—"Mr. Lapin," retired merchant, William Dwyer; "Madame Lapin," his wife, Francis Dolan; "Mr. Pipette," landlord, Cornelius O'Connor; "Mr. Papilot," lawyer, Patrick Riley; "Auguste," Lapin's servant, Jas. Murphy; "First Laborer," Edmund Butler; "Second Laborer," Hugh Donahoe.

At half-past one o'clock in the afternoon there was another band concert. In the evening, at eight o'clock, Solemn Vespers were celebrated in the church, and there was a sermon by the Rev. Philip Grace, D.D., of Newport, R.I., after which the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

At all of the services and exercises during the day large numbers of people were present, including His Honor Mayor Fox, and several members of the City government. His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, and a number of the reverend clergy of the Archdiocese, were present during the day; among them being Rev. Fathers De Bruycker, Willimantic, Conn.; Martial, Hartford, Conn.; Hughes and Grace, D.D., of the Providence Diocese; O'Connor, S.J., President of Boston College; P. Cuddihy, Milford, Mass.; R. J. Patterson, Clinton, Mass.; and Fathers Hughes, O.S.B., Gouesse, O'Farrell, Strain, and Donovan.

THE CARNEY HOSPITAL.—The report of the work of the Carney Hospital for the past two years, as printed by Duffy, Cashman Co., gives a very interesting array of facts and figures, and which appeals strongly to the sentiments of the charitably inclined reader. The number of patients admitted to the hospital during the past two years was 1,377, of which over one-half were gratuitously treated, the others paying only in proportion to their respective means. Many of the cases treated were those of chronic disease, such as are not usually kept for a long time in most hospitals, where more attention is given to acute cases of disease or injury. This is why the Carney Hospital has come to be regarded as such a meritorious institution, from its giving such special attention to those unfortunates whose ailments place them outside of the province of other medical institutions. The pages of the report devoted to the medical and surgical department present some wonderful statistics regarding the successful treatment of difficult cases, and will be read with interest by many outside of the medical profession. The receipts for the two years from various sources was $53,242.10, against an expenditure aggregating $53,124.12, of which sum $17,000 was used in part payment of mortgages, and $15,725.62 for groceries and provisions. On January 1, of the present year, the hospital had a cash balance of $117.98 in the treasury, a fact which is in itself a potent hint to the charitable.

THE Catholics of Derry are looking forward with interest to the action of the Government on the Municipal Bill, now before Parliament, as, if passed, it will undoubtedly confer many advantages upon them, and insure them much better representation in the management of the municipal affairs of the city. Out of a Catholic population of 15,000 they have but one co-religionist in a Council of twenty-four members, whereas, if the bill becomes law, they confidently expect to return at least fifteen representatives. The majority of the whole population are Catholics, yet there are but two Catholic magistrates on a list of twenty-four,—a state of things which seems to call for reform.

WE are frequently honored with letters like the following:—

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH,
South Brooklyn, N.Y., April 11, 1882.

Dear Mr. Donahoe,—Please place the enclosed two dollars to my credit for your charming Magazine. Every number is brimful of racy and interesting matter,—and yet it keeps on improving all the time.

Yours sincerely,
JOS. P. O'CONNELL, D.D.,
Pastor of St. Michael's.

IMMIGRATION FROM IRELAND.—A Parliamentary return, which has just been issued, shows that the number of emigrants who left Irish ports in 1881 was 78,719, a decrease of 17,138 as compared with 1880. Of these, 16,232 were emigrants from Lienster, 21,752 from Munster, 24,101 from Ulster, and 16,332 from Connaught, together with 302 persons belonging to other countries. The total number of emigrants, natives of Ireland, who left Irish ports from May 1, 1851, to December 31, 1881, was 2,715,604, 1,446,582 being males, and 1,289,022 females. In the decade from 1866 to 1875 the average annual number was 74,667, and in the preceding decade 83,272, while from 1852 to 1856 the number averaged 148,985 annually. The numbers fluctuated from 190,322 in 1852, to 37,587 in 1876; the numbers for the last few years having been 38,503 in 1877, 41,124 in 1878, 47,065 in 1879, and 95,517 in 1880.

RUSSIA AND THE VATICAN.—Berlin, Thursday night.—The *Germania* to-day devotes an article to a recent *brochure*, of which the inspiration, if not the authorship, is attributed to Bishop Strossmayer, and which is in the form of an open letter addressed to M. Pobedonesceff, Privy Councillor and President of the Holy Synod in Russia. It strongly advocates a reconciliation between the Roman and Greek churches, the only two, according to the author, which are in possession of the true priesthood instituted by Jesus Christ, and capable of constituting together the true Christian Catholic Church. The *Germania* fully adopts the ideas advocated in the pamphlet, and reminds its readers that Leo XIII. in his Bull, "Grande Munus," has extended the hand of fellowship and reconciliation to the Eastern Church. The great Slav pilgrimage that took place last year was an enthusiastic response to the advances then made by His Holiness; but in Dalmatia three Servian bishops repulsed the suggestions of Bishop Strossmayer. The Ultramontane organ concludes by hoping that the Russian Government will be better advised by M. Pobedonesceff, and will side with the movement for reconciliation; for, says the *Germania*, Russia can be saved only by the union of the two churches, which would cure her of Nihilism, and solve the Polish question.

SINNERS who get into trouble should not expect too much from their friends. A boy, or girl, who, when young, would take the law in their own hands, and do as they pleased, regardless of parental admonitions, are surely sooner or later to pay the piper. The young man will find himself in durance vile, and the once promising young girl will perhaps have become the wife of the worthless creature against whom the old mother so frequently warned her, and to no purpose. But when in trouble they have brass enough to appeal to the old hearts they have so often wounded, and these old hearts have not steel enough to allow the law to take its course. There is nothing so cooling for a bad youth as a jail experience, and nothing will be more beneficial to his muscle than a few months spent in the workhouse. A girl who gets a drunken husband and lives a starving life is one who is getting about as severe a punishment as could well be meted out to a sinner. The advice of parents should be listened to with respect, and, if possible, followed. They are evidently our best friends, and in many cases our only honest advisers. It scarcely pays to treat them harshly. — *Lake Shore Visitor.*

"NO RENT" IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.—An extraordinary scene has taken place on the estate of Lord Macdonald, at Wortree, in the Isle of Skye. The tenants on Balmeanach, Peinchoran and Gedentaillear have refused to pay rent. As there was no prospect of there doing so, his lordship resolved to put the law into force. A short time ago a sheriff's officer, accompained by another official, was instructed to serve summonses on some twenty or more refractory tenants. For some time back a regular system of watching the holdings by sentinels has been adopted, to give warning of the approach of strangers, and when the party made their appearance the people in the neighborhood were immediately summoned, about 200 responding to the call. Upon the sheriff's officer making known his errand he was seized, and the summonses taken from him and burned before his eyes. He was then coolly told to return where he came from, or it would be the worse for him. The agitation is spreading rapidly, and assuming alarming proportions.

AT the late general election in France, a priest, Father Sugier, of La Feline, in speaking of the Radical candidates, remarked that they were a set of vagabonds scarcely fit for the galleys. These words gave great offence to the parties concerned, and they threatened prosecution unless Father Sugier were to retract what he had said. The priest readily complied with their request, and on the very next occasion apologized for having remarked of certain people that they were scarcely fit for the galleys. "On the contrary," he added, "they are quite fit for them."

DON'T eat snow to quench thirst, it brings on inflammation of the throat.

WE hear from Warsaw that a number of Polish exiled priests are returning from Siberia; the Czar is beginning to see the danger to his throne does not lie in that quarter.

IN Paris a new paper is to be founded in the interests of the expelled religious Orders, called the *Ami de la Religion*. It will be conducted by the Dominican Father Didoz.

A LITTLE more of the Jacksonian spirit, in the enforcement of the rights of our citizens when abroad, would produce a salutary effect for such cases as these in the future.—*Congressman P. Henry Dugro.*

THE golden rose which the Pope blesses on the fourth Sunday in Lent, and sends, as special mark of favor, to one of the Catholic princesses, is this year destined by Leo XIII. for the Princess Stephanie, wife of Rudolf, Prince Imperial of Austria-Hungary.

IMMIGRATION alone is expected to add almost a million souls to our population in 1882, and a net addition in cash approaching a hundred million dollars. Apart from the cash, every emigrant is worth, at least, a thousand or two dollars to the wealth of the country.

EASTER SUNDAY IN PARIS. — The number of communicants at the church of Notre Dame were six thousand. A correspondent of a London paper says: "The attacks against 'clericalism' seem utterly delusive; for, in a long experience of Paris, I never remembered to have seen such crowds of church-goers."

IF Minister Lowell had done his duty a year ago, we should not now be thus degraded by asking protection for our citizens. For to be an American citizen should be full protection all over the British Isles. My advice is, abolish the mission to England. We should not send men to her court merely to study fashion and fawning.—*Congressman Ladd, of Maine.*

THE crop reports continue remarkably favorable. Kansas and Missouri, in particular, give out that their winter wheat is now so well advanced as to be its own protection, and fairly proof against dry weather. Ohio reports favorably, while Kentucky and West Virginia hope to produce an unusual abundance of wheat. The fruit reports are not quite complete, but the prevailing tone is excellent.

DON'T drink ice-water by the glass; take it in sips, a swallow at a time

IT is announced that Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., intends to resign his seat for Galway, and to take up his residence in the United States.

FOR TWO SUBSCRIBERS and four dollars, we will send Mrs. Sullivan's interesting book — IRELAND OF TO-DAY: The Causes and aims of Irish Agitation.

HORSE-FLESH as an aliment is growing in favor in Paris. In 1875 the consumption there was 7,000 horses, and ten donkeys, or mules; in 1880, 9,000 horses, and 320 donkeys, or mules; in 1881, 9,300 horses, and 400 donkeys, or mules. There are now forty horse-butcheries in Paris.

LEO XIII. has sent the palm which he carried on Palm Sunday to Cardinal McCabe. This gift is always considered a very special mark of the Pontiff's favor. The palm is one of unusual beauty, and has, as its central ornament, a portrait of Leo the Great.

FOR THREE SUBSCRIBERS and $6 we will give an elegant copy of *Christ in His Church*, profusely illustrated, to which is added History of the Church in America, by John Gilmary Shea, LL.D. The price of this book is $2.

FROM a Parliamentary return recently issued, concerning the Irish migratory agricultural laborers, it appears that the number of persons who thus moved about in search of employment during the year 1881, was 21,322; and of these 17,153 went to England, 2,725 to Scotland, and 1,444 to parts of Ireland.

EASTER OFFERING TO MR. PARNELL.— The female members of the Liverpool Land League have forwarded to Mr. Parnell a silver Easter egg containing 100 sovereigns. The donors assure Mr. Parnell that, "though incarcerated in a British prison," he still rules over the hearts of his fellow-countrymen.

AS there were no prisoners for trial at the Cardiff Police Court, in March, the head constable had the pleasure of presenting the Mayor, according to custom, with a pair of white gloves. This somewhat unusual occurrence is a striking evidence of the way in which the vast Irish population of Cardiff had kept the Feast of St. Patrick, and also "the Truce."

REDUCTION OF RENT IN SCOTLAND.—The *Scotsman* states that at a time when the action of the Land Court Commissioners as to rents in Ireland is exciting so much attention throughout the country, it may not be uninteresting to mention that in the county of Midlothian reductions of 20, 30, and 40 per cent. have, within the last few months, been of no uncommon occurrence, while some landlords are finding difficulty in obtaining tenants at these reduced rents. A similar result is said to have been experienced in several other Scotch counties, but the full extent of the reductions will not be ascertainable till the valuation rolls for the year have been made up.

HOW THE POOR LIVE.—A good many stitches go to the making of a suit of boy's clothes, and even when the greater number of these stitches are set in by the sewing-machine, the time absorbed in the process is by no means inconsiderable. A recent Police Court case informs the public of the fact that the girls who make these suits are paid at the rate of 2*s.* per dozen suits, and that out of this sum they are obliged to purchase their own needles and cotton! Mothers who congratulate themselves upon the remarkably inexpensive suits which they can now purchase for the wear of their young destructives, may find food for reflection in the above facts; and maudlin sentimentalists, who send native oysters and wedding-cake to elephants, may, with advantage to themselves and others, turn their eyes on their fellow-creatures. There is no lack of subjects for their superabundant sympathy.—*London Truth.*

THE ETIQUETTE OF PEWS.—Having entered a pew, move along; do not block up the end of a pew as if you did not intend to have anybody else to enter it, or as if you were holding it for some special friends. Do not rise to let others in, but move along, and leave the pew invitingly open, so that they will know they are welcome. If a pew holding six has five already in it, do not file out in formal procession to let one poor, scared woman go to the furthur end, but move along, and let her sit at the end next the aisle. It is not necessary now for a stalwart man to sit at the end, ready to rush out and kill Indians, as possibly it was once.

THE SEES OF SHREWSBURY AND SOUTHWARK.—His Holiness was pleased to confirm the appointment of the Right Rev. Edmund Knight, Bishop of Coricum, to the bishopric of Shrewsbury, and that of the Very Rev. Robert A. Coffin, Provincial of the Redemptorists in Great Britain and Ireland, to the bishopric of Southwark.

IN Dublin, where they regard a cardinal as a veritable prince, they have determined that the coming Eminence shall go about his diocese in princely state. The cardinal in future will, therefore, be presented with a state carriage and four horses, with a magnificent set of liveries.

THE number of Polish Catholics in Chicago is estimated at 30,000. The Poles belonging to St. Stanilaus' congregation have built a church that cost $70,000. The debt on the building, $40,000, was taken up by the members of the congregation,—*i. e.*, they loaned the amount to the church without interest. These hard-working people show a good example to the other congregations.—*Chicago Kath—Wochenblatt.*

MISS MARY POWER O'CONNOR, sister of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., was charged at Athlone petty sessions with inciting persons to pay no rent, promising that plenty of money would be obtained by her brother in America to aid them if they should be evicted. The magistrates, by a majority, ordered her to enter into sureties, herself in £50, and two in £25, and in default to be imprisoned for six months. The defendant was conveyed to prison.

DR. KENNY, late "suspect," has been unanimously restored to his position as a medical officer in the North Dublin Union. The government behaved well on the occasion, and did not offer any opposition. This resulted from the fact that all the guardians (Catholic and Protestant) took a bold stand, and joined, as one man, in restoring Dr. Kenny to the place which he had lost through patriotism.

THE QUEEN'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN.—There is nothing more easy in England than to successfully blacken the character of Irishmen. It unfortunately happens that the greater portion of the people of England readily believe everything they hear to the disparagement of Ireland, and to remove those natural prejudices is well-nigh impossible. Because a person with a surname commencing with Mac attempts to shoot the Queen, he is immediately pronounced to be an Irishman. Newspaper placards announce, inflaming letters, "The would-be assassin "an Irishman"; and everybody readily believes it. Only for the member for Wexford, Roderick MacLean would have remained forever as a disgrace to the Irish character, and as a peg upon which Engiish prejudices could for a long time be hung. The Home Secretary, in reply to Mr. Healy, stated that MacLean was born in London, and that there was no reason to suppose that he was of Irish nationality.

THE KNOCK CONVENT.

THE PALACE, THURLES,
Feb. 20, 1882.

MY DEAR SISTER M. FRANCIS CLARE: I have been thinking of writing to you ever since you left Kenmare, both to welcome you, as I do most heartily, to far-famed Knock, and to bid you God-speed on the lines of the new departure, which, with the blessing and full concurrence of your friends, and spiritual superiors, and under the fatherly and protective patronage of his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, you have so bravely, and, as I trust, so advantageously entered on.

But, as you have been recalled to my memory in a special manner this morning by the receipt of your "Cloister Songs," I do not see that I can, with any decency, defer writing to you any longer, if only to thank you for this last, though not the least, token of your good-will towards me personally, as well as of your unabated energy in the sacred cause of sound religious and historic literature.

It is, indeed, quite a puzzle to me, as it must be to thousands of your readers likewise, how you have managed to compose so many weighty and valuable works on such a variety of subjects as you have dealt with, some of them being unusually abstruse and complicated, and especially how you succeeded in doing so without having laid yourself open to any serious charge of inaccuracy in historic, or of grave error in theological matters; the more so, indeed, as you have been always understood to have been most faithful, and even assiduous, in the discharge of the substantial duties of your sacred calling, besides attending to the supply and distribution of the large funds which, owing to your great popularity, were from time to time committed to you for charitable purposes by your admirers both in the Old and the New World.

As a matter of course, and, indeed, as might have been anticipated, so prominent a religious, so voluminous and varied a writer, and so pronounced a Hibernian as you are known to be, could not have always escaped the sharp and even unfriendly criticism of literary or political purists, to say nothing of the sneers and snarling of such men as that Saxon cleric appears to be who so bitterly assailed you the other day in the pages of the *Weekly Register*.

But you may abundantly console yourself with the thought that your countrymen at large, and your countrywomen also, whether at home or in exile, appreciate to the full your great and disinterested labors in the cause of creed and country; and that the name of the good and gifted Nun of Kenmare will continue to be what it is to-day,—a real household word, to be cherished as such amongst the genuine lovers of our country for many generations yet to come.

I enclose you a check for £10, my subscription towards your contemplated new convent at Knock, and wishing you health, happiness, and success,

I remain, my dear Sister M. Francis Clare,
Your very faithful friend,
✠T. W. CROKE, *Archbishop of Cashel.*

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—At Sackville, four miles from Hantsport, Nova Scotia, on the second of April, the house of Mr. J. Henry Smith, a well-to-do farmer, was struck by lightning and severely damaged. The family, consisting of Mr. Smith, his wife and five children, were assembled in the kitchen, which is an ell attached to the main house. The lightning, or electric fluid, which is described as a ball of fire, struck the chimney, and shattered it from top to bottom, scattering the bricks and soot through every part of the house. Some bricks were driven with such force that they went clean through the partition. The noise of the explosion or concussion was something terrific, and the house and everything in it seemed a blaze of light. The stove-pipe was torn to pieces, but the drum was the only part of the stove injured. The current seemed to have followed down, and went through the stove, as a hole was burned in the floor large enough to let the leg fall through. A pair of woollen mittens, which were on the floor near the stove, were singed as if by a red-hot poker. The whole ell was swung away from the main building fully three feet, and the roof lifted three feet from its place. The doors going into the main part of the house, and the one leading out into the yard, were both burst from their fastenings and hinges. Dishes on the dresser were smashed, and danced merrily about. The most singular thing is that all this could happen without injuring any of the family. Mr. Smith was lying on the lounge not over five inches under a window. The sash and whole window was burst out, and carried into the field, but very few panes of glass were broken. Mrs. Smith and the rest of the family were comparatively uninjured, any more than badly frightened, but they all bear some slight marks of being burnt. On the whole, this is the most miraculous escape we ever heard of.

TWO new Catholic Sees are about to be created out of the extensive See of Southwark — one at Portsmouth, which will include the Isle of Wight and the Channel Islands, and the other at Arundel, of which the mother church will be the enormous cathedral recently built there by the Duke of Norfolk, at an expense of over £100,000. His grace has undertaken to provide an adequate endowment for the See.

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION.

THE second annual convention of the National Land League of America was held in Washington on the twelfth and thirteenth days of April. Twenty-two States were represented. Among the more prominent persons present were Representatives Robinson, of New York, Ladd and Murch, of Maine, and Gen. Rosecrans, of California. Many Catholic priests assisted as delegates, adding by their presence to the dignity and harmony of the convention. The convention was called to order by Gen. P. A. Collins, President of the League. He proceeded immediately to read the call for the convention, signed by the members of the Central Council of the National Land League. Following the reading, Gen. Collins spoke briefly on the objects and duties of the League, claiming that it was following the true course, and calling for unanimity of feeling and unity of action on the part of the assembled delegates. Upon the conclusion of his remarks Mr. John Rooney, of New York, was nominated, and unanimously chosen temporary chairman of the convention. Mr. Rooney, upon taking the stand, briefly indorsed what had already been said by Gen. Collins. Mr. J. D. O'Connell was then appointed as temporary secretary, and Mr. Griffin, of Iowa, as assistant secretary.

Power to select the members of the committee on credentials was accorded to the chairman, with the proviso that each State represented in the convention should supply one member. Mr. H. J. Carroll, of Pawtucket, was chosen to represent Rhode Island. While the committee were considering the credentials of the delegates a letter was read from Mr. Egan, at Paris, thanking the American League for the generous assistance rendered, and expressing the brightest prospects for the future.

As with the committee on credentials, a representation from each State delegation was appointed in the formation of committees on resolutions and on permanent organization.

Following the appointment of these committees, John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, offered a resolution calling upon the President to immediately recall Mr. Lowell. It was passed amidst great applause, and before the business of the session was concluded Messrs. O'Reilly, O'Byrne, and Murch, and the Rev. Fathers McMenamin and Cronin were appointed to perform the duty of presenting it to President Arthur.

According to the report of the committee on credentials, there were present 227 regularly accredited delegates.

The subjoined list of officers were submitted at the evening session, and adopted: President, P. A. Collins; Vice-President, Messrs. Gannon, Flanigan, McCafferty, Curran, Birdsall, Quinlan, Meagher, O'Brien, Riley, Frye, McGovern, Cronin, Sweeney, O'Connor, O'Reilly, Reddy, Gallin, Spellman, and Mrs. R. M. Springer; Secretary, Mr. O'Connell, of the District of Columbia.

A letter was read from Wendell Phillips expressing his regret at his inability to attend, and reflecting severely in his own eloquent way upon the present attitude of the British Government towards the American citizens now in her dungeons. There is matter of much reflection for Mr. Lowell in the following terse statement: "Our relations with foreign states will never be satisfactory until our diplomatists remember on that side of the ocean what they ought to have learned here, that 'all men are created equal,' and that an injury done to any American citizen, no matter what his antecedents, his class or position, is as grave an insult to the nation as if the wrong were done to our foreign Minister himself."

The receipts from the different States in detail were as follows:—

Alabama	$50 00
California	50 00
Connecticut	11,996 98
District of Columbia	200 00
Illinois	1,395 93
Indiana	175 00
Iowa	1,233 75
Kansas	96 00
Kentucky	1,280 25
Maine	385 45
Maryland	2,027 50
Massachusetts	41,316 43
Michigan	820 00
Minnesota	492 82
New Hampshire	1,056 20
New Jersey	991 82
New York	10,134 31
Ohio	534 55
Pennsylvania	5,298 80
Rhode Island	2,819 50
Texas	70 00
Vermont	375 00
Wisconsin	349 05
Canada	406 00

These amounts were received by the treasurer from October 10, 1881, to April 1, 1882. The total receipts were $180,539.25. Up to the present time there had been remitted to Mr. Egan, the treasurer of the Irish National Land League, and Miss Parnell, the sum of $169,262 82. The balance on hand, after the payment of the expenses of the league, was $7,012.37. The report of the treasurer was frequently interrupted by applause, three cheers being given when the large contribution from Massachusetts was announced.

The Secretary's Report.

The secretary, Mr. Flatley, of Boston, then proceeded to read his report, which was a full statement of the number of branch leagues in each State, the amounts contributed by each State, and the method of remittance pursued. The State of

Massachusetts again appeared at the head of the list with a total contribution of $81,706.33, New York being next in order, with an aggregate contribution of $59,820.68. The total amount acknowledged as having been sent to Ireland both direct and from the treasurer was $272,810.60, from nine hundred and forty branch leagues in good standing. The secretary said there were other sums to the credit of the league which had not yet been received, and he believed that the total receipts since the Buffalo Convention would aggregate nearly $300,000.

Gen. Collins, despite the most strenuous opposition, respectfully but firmly declined to accept the position of President, and a resolution was adopted declaring Messrs James Mooney and John J. Hines, of Buffalo, President and Secretary respectively. The Rev. Father Cronin likewise declined nomination as first Vice-President, and named Gen. Collins, who was elected without opposition. The other officers are: Second Vice-President, Thaddeus Flannagan; Treasurer, Rev. Lawrence Walsh, of Connecticut. A telegram was then read from Mr. Egan acknowledging the receipt of $255,000 from America, and thanking the friends of Ireland for their noble exertions. The salary of the Secretary was increased from $600 to $1,200, previous to which transaction the Rev. Father Walsh took occasion to remark that no other officer of the league had ever received compensation for his services. A resolution binding the league not to recognize at the next convention any branch that did not send its remittances through the hands of the general officers, was then offered and accepted. A series of strong and patriotic resolutions were adopted expressive of the interests of the convention, after which the convention adjourned, subject to the Chairman's call.

What an Outsider Says.

Major Ben. Perley Poore, the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, writes that paper: "I have looked in on a great variety of national conventions in session here — agricultural, political, religious and scientific — but I do not remember one in which there was such an intelligent set of delegates as those over whom Gen. Collins has presided this week. For those whose business it is to watch such gatherings with critical eyes, there was vast material for instruction in that earnest body of men, many of them in clerical garbs. Earnest, thoughtful, excitable, and somewhat pugnacious, they appeared penetrated with what a French writer has called the communistic side of Gospel doctrine. Their earnest natures glowed with sympathy and indignation over the treatment of their flesh and blood, and they evidently meant business."

Some Irish landlord, the *London Spectator* tells us, has been hoaxing the editor of *Truth*. A landlord, meeting a tenant who owed him considerable arrears of rent, said: "Well, Mick, when are you going to pay me my rent?" "To be sure I will, your honor," was the reply, "when the suspects are let out." Then, crossing himself, the tenant added in Irish: "*In nanem Anar, augus Axic, augus a Sprid Nave. Amen.*" "Which it is perhaps unnecessary to say," adds *Truth*, "when translated into English, means, 'May they not be let out for the next seven years.'" The real meaning of the words thus phonetically misspelt is, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Be Cheerful.— It is the duty of every person to be cheerful. A gloomy Christian is a dishonor to religion. We are none of us alone in the world as regards trouble and sorrow, but each must make the best of things and go forward. Court the sunshine. Make kinship with the flowers as they come. Don't be wondering what people say about you, but do your duty, and have a kindness in your heart that shows itself in your face. Accept the trials which God sends with submission and with resignation to His Divine will.

Learn a Trade.— One man with a trade is worth a thousand without one. A return to the old plan of apprenticing boys to trades is being advocated. The hosts of young men in every large city who apply for employment and fail to get it, for the reason that they cannot truthfully affirm that they are educated or especially fitted for any particular business, constitute a potent argument in favor of reform. Under the apprenticeship system we should have fewer ignorant mechanics and incompetent business men. A trade is half a man's fortune.

Reverence For The Aged. — Cultivate a spirit of reverence. It is a great blot upon the character where it is lacking. To revere the aged is to revere a thing almost sacred. In them are stored up rich experiences of joy and suffering, good and evil, that may be of great benefit to us if we only rightly contemplate them. They are monuments, as it were, upon which are inscribed the lessons for us to learn,— teaching us what to cherish and what to avoid, what to love and what to hate. While their virtues should demand our love and veneration, their vices should only excite our pity, for these, too, are useful to us, and the unsightly scars they have left upon the body should act as signals, pointing to the rocks upon which they have been wrecked.

PERSONAL.

MR. REUBEN SPRINGER, who gave a good deal of money to the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, is a convert to the Catholic religion.

THREE members of the United States Senate were born in Ireland, — Charles W. Jones, of Florida, William J. Sewell, of New Jersey, and James G. Fair, of Nevada.

FATHER CARBERY, secretary in Rome of his Order, the Dominicans, who is designated as Bishop of Galway, is a man of exceptional talent, and enjoys a just and wide influence in Ireland.

THE tenth anniversary of the consecration of the Right Rev. Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, R. I., was celebrated by a Pontifical High Mass, in the Pro-Cathedral in that city, April 28th.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL HOWARD will be accompanied by Count Camillo Pecci, the Pope's nephew, and attended by a numerous lay and ecclesiastical suite, to represent His Holiness Leo XIII. at the forthcoming coronation of Alexander III. at Moscow.

PATRICK O'DONNELL, a wealthy contractor of Charleston, S. C, has left his estate to Father Tom Burke, O. P., of Galway, Ireland, the native town of the testator, in trust for the benefit of the destitute poor of Galway, without distinction as to creed.

THE good Bishop of Cleveland, Rt. Rev. Dr. Gilmour, celebrated the tenth anniversary of his consecration on April 14th. The occasion was made a very pleasant one by the greetings and congratulations of his devoted priests and faithful laity.

VERY REV. EDWARD SOURIN, C. S. C., the venerable founder of Notre Dame, Indiana, has gone to Paris, whence he will proceed to Rome on business of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, of which he is the Superior-General. This will make the thirty-ninth time he has crossed the ocean.

THE RIGHT REV. MARTIN CRANE, Bishop of Sandhurst, Australia, is on his way to Rome, to visit the Pope. He is accompained by his brother, the Rev. N. Crane. The brother of these two clergymen is the Rev. Peter Crane, S.O.A., pastor of St, Augustine's Church, Philadelphia, Pa. Another brother, Rev. Patrick Crane, is the head of the Augustinian Order in Ireland, and the fifth, Rev. Mark Crane, formerly pastor of St. Augustine's, died in Philadelphia in 1870.

MR. P. S. GILMORE, the Irish-American Bandmaster, has just received, through ex-Governor McCormick, United States Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition of 1878, a medal from the French Government, in recognition of his services in conducting a series of grand concerts given by his band in the Trocadero during the exposition.

THE HON. CHARLES W. JONES, the Irish-American Senator from Florida, learned the trade of a carpenter, but he does not handle the jackplane and saw as nimbly as he once did, and when he wants exercise he bowls over the concrete streets of Washington behind a tall black horse. He is one of the most attentive and hardworking members of the Senate.

IN the City Council, Hartford, Conn., there are many Irish-Americans. The City Clerk, John E. Higgins, is of Irish parentage; Alderman Patrick McGovern was born in Ireland; Alderman Matthew Hogan is a Tipperary man; Councilman James Morgan is from the county Louth; Alderman Richard McCloud, a member of the bar, was born in the county Dublin; Councilman James Sullivan is from Kerry; Councilman James Farrell was born in Ireland. Many others of our race serve in various responsible positions not only in Hartford, but throughout the State.

A WEEK'S WORK OF CARDINAL MANNING'S.— This is the record of the Cardinal-Archbishop's work at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, during one week: On Sunday morning his Eminence blessed and distributed the palms, and on Sunday night closed the Mission on which he had been engaged during the previous fortnight,— preaching, renewing the baptismal vows, and bestowing the Papal Benediction. On Wednesday, after a two days' sojourn in Kent, his Eminence assisted at Tenebræ; on Thursday morning he went through the annual ceremony of the washing of the feet; on Good Friday he preached the Three Hours' Agony; and on Saturday assisted at the Mass which follows the blessing of the oils by the Bishop of Amycla. His Eminence preached twice on Easter Sunday — in the morning at the Pro-Cathedral, and at night at St. Mary's, Moorfields.

WATER BUGS.— Powdered borax and equal parts of pulverized sugar will rid any house of them. Try it.

KEROSENE was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N.Y.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, CHIEFLY ROMAN. By Monsignor Seton, D.D.

These essays were first published in the *Catholic World*, and are now presented in a volume of some three hundred pages. The subjects are: Prose and Poetry of Ancient Rome; Italian Commerce in the Middle Ages; Scanderberg's Vittoria Colonna; The Jews in Rome; Early Persecutions of the Christians; The First Jubilee; The Charities of Rome; The Apostolic Mission to Chili; The Palatine Prelates of Rome; The Cardinalate; Papal Elections.

LECTURES AND DISCOURSES. By Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria.

The titles of the discourses are: Religious Qualifications; Religious Faith and Physical Science; God and Christ; The Catholic Church; The Catholic Priesthood; The Primacy and Infallibility of the Pope; Catholic Worship; The Virgin Mother; Catholic Charity; The Catholic Church and the Christian Religion; The Rise of Protestantism; The Decline of Protestantism.

The subjects of this volume are treated in the usual able manner of the Prelate.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

CATHOLIC BELIEF, OR A SHORT AND SIMPLE EXPOSITION OF CATHOLIC DOCTRINE. By the Very Rev. Joseph Faa Di Bruno, D.D.

A most useful book, full of instruction, statistical, historical, and biographical. The author spent some thirty years on the mission in England. It is not only a valuable book to Catholics, but to give to those outside of our church. The price, 35 cents, brings it within the means of all. It makes a book of 412 pages. May be had of all booksellers. To any one sending us a new subscriber to our Magazine we will send a copy of this most valuable book.

P. O'Shea, N.Y.

SALLY CAVANAGH, OR THE UNTENANTED GRAVES. A Tale of Tipperary. By Charles J. Kickham.

If we are not mistaken this tale was published in the *Pilot* some years ago, and was well received. The publisher has given us a very neat book of 250 pages. It is a capital story, and well told. Price $1.

The above books may be had of Messrs. Noonan & Co.

AN ESSAY ON MASSES FOR THE DEAD, AND THE MOTIVES FOR HAVING THEM CELEBRATED. By Rev. A. A. Lambing.

The writer of this very opportune pamphlet is also the author of many other excellent books. Every Catholic, who desires an intelligent view of their relations to their departed friends, should procure and read attentively this book. We shall give a chapter in our next issue from this very instructive book. It is published at the office of the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana.

THE Irish people are said to be quick at devising grievances. They will not, however, take it amiss if Catholic nations become jealous of the marks of favor which the Holy Father seems never tired of bestowing on the children of St. Patrick in the person of the new Cardinal. For Leo XIII. has sent the palm which he carried on Palm Sunday to Cardinal McCabe, and this gift is always considered a very special sign of the Supreme Pontiff's favor. The palm is one of unusual beauty, and has, as its central ornament, a portrait of St. Leo the Great.

PRESERVATION OF THE FAITH.—A special service of prayer was held at St. Mary's Church, Cambridgeport, Father Scully pastor, on Sunday, April 30th, for "the preservation of the faith of the Irish race." There was a procession, in which marched sixteen little girls and sixteen little boys, representing the thirty-two counties of Ireland; four young ladies represented the provinces of Ireland, and a young man represented Rome, the fountain of Faith. The boys were robed in cassocks and surplices, with green sashes across their shoulders, and the girls were dressed in white, and had wreaths of green leaves on their heads, and wore sashes of green about their waists. Directly in front of the Sanctuary there was a large arch representing Ireland, and upon it were lighted candles, one for each county in Ireland. There was a very large audience in attendance, and all were highly impressed with the interesting ceremonies.

KEROSENE was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

$3. Any of our present subscribers getting a new one, and sending THREE DOLLARS, will receive two copies of our Magazine for one year, sent separately. tf.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. William Doherty, of Marathon, N.Y., is dead.

Rev. Anthony H. Walburg, of St. Augustine's Church, in Cincinnati, is dead.

On April 26, Rev. Mathias Binder, a member of the Benedictine Order, died at the pastoral residence of St. Mary's Church, Allegheny, Pa., in the 64th year of his age.

On April 27, Rev. John J. Maladey, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, Pa., died, in the 28th year of his age.

As the parish priest of Inbach, near Krems, in Lower Austria, was preaching to his congregation on Good Friday, and had just uttered the words, "we must all die," he sank down and expired.

The venerable Jesuit, Father Goetz, died at Santa Clara College, California. The deceased, upon his arrival in San Jose, in 1856, found the small-pox raging in that city, but with the heroism of his holy faith, the good father voluntarily offered himself as nurse and spiritual consoler of the afflicted people with whom he remained, becoming himself a victim to the pestilence which left its mark upon his features ever after. May his soul rest in peace!

It is with great regret that we announce the death of Father Knox, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the Brompton congregation. His connection with the London Oratory went back to the days of the little chapel in King William Street, where some of the most memorable of Cardinal Newman's sermons were delivered to strangely mixed congregations. He lived long enough to see the seed cast in those days into the ground, and, fertilized by the labors and sacrifices of years, yield a golden harvest, and had his life been prolonged a few months more, he could have had the joy of seeing a long cherished hope of himself and his brethren realized by the completion of the new church of the Oratory.

SISTERS.

Mother Stanislaus, Superior of St. Mary Star of the Sea School, died of consumption, at the mother house of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. Mother Stanislaus, before becoming a religious, was a Miss Ryan, a native of Cumberland, Md. She entered the Order twenty-four years ago, and has since that time devoted her life to the training of children.

Sister Antonia (Miss Mary Agnes Burke) died at the Convent of Mercy in Little Rock, Arkansas, on April 17th.

LAY PEOPLE.

Mrs. Charles Sullivan, the actress, died recently in Dublin, of blood-poisoning, strangely occasioned. About three weeks ago, while working a sewing-machine, she pricked her finger with the needle. There was some poisonous matter on the needle, which entered the wound, and, despite all medical skill, caused the fatal result.

One of the largest funeral processions seen in Washington, D. C., for many years, followed to Mount Olivet Cemetery, April 24th, the mortal remains of one of the noblest spirits of the Irish race in this country — Daniel A. Brosnan — who departed this life at his residence in Washington, D. C., on Saturday evening, April 22d, after a lingering illness of rheumatism of the heart, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Mr. Brosnan was a native of Castleisland, County Kerry, Ireland, and came to this country about thirty-five years ago, and to Washington twenty-five years ago. His sorrow-stricken widow has our heartfelt sympathy in her sad bereavement. May he rest in peace!

Another star is quenched out of the galaxy of the poesy and spirit of the Irish nation. Denis Florence McCarthy is dead. Within a brief span two hemispheres have been despoiled by death of poets whose refined grace and literary charm brightened and sparkled over the mid portion of this century. In many characteristics the American Longfellow and the Irish McCarthy present striking similarities. They were both so gentle, so sweet, and musical, so steeped to the lips in the literature of old Europe. Another column we devote to appreciative record of the life and work of Denis Florence McCarthy. The poet is no more, but his spirit lives, and to-day a loving prayer will be breathed for him who sang —

Oh! had I the wings of a bird
To soar through the blue, sunny sky,
By what breeze would my pinions be stirred?
To what beautiful land would I fly?

And answering, "Ireland," came home to die.— *Dublin Freeman's Journal.*

THE JAILS OPEN.

As was foreshadowed, the leaders of the Irish people have been liberated.

On the 2d of May, Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly, the three members of Parliament, were released from Kilmainham Jail.

As might be expected, the rejoicings throughout Ireland and America were intense.

Still greater joy was manifested at the release of Davitt, which took place on the 6th of May.

What Hon. P. A. Collins says in relation to the glorious news:

"It is the first great victory of the Land League. All other fights, thus far, in behalf of Ireland, have been but skirmishes. What I told our organization in my circular last fall was that, if the Irish people could hold out during the winter, victory would surely come. The resignation of Mr. Forster is the confession of the failure of the old weapons so long used to crush the Irish people. It is the end of coercion, and the beginning of Ireland's being governed by the Irish. I have no question that all this will end in self-government, and the ownership of the land by the cultivators, whether this year or next year it matters little. It will surely come, and will come very soon. The hinted proposals of the Tory party, of which so much has been said during the past month or six weeks, has evidently had the effect of alarming the present Gladstone administration, and, to save themselves and to prevent the annihilation of their party at an early day, they have been compelled to a change of policy. What the new Gladstone policy will be comes to us vaguely, as yet, but it must be a complete opposite to the policy which has been applied in Ireland during the past year. Instead of coercion there must be conciliation; instead of governing the country by the most odious of the English politicians, the practical government of the country must be as in Scotland, and surrender to the men who, under republican institutions, would be selected by the people themselves. To this the government of Ireland is surely coming. When that is gained we shall hear no more of Irish outrages, no Irish discontent, nor Irish famines, for the people of Ireland will then be able, through their own representatives, to save themselves from robbery, and order all things differently for their own welfare. For all that is accomplished the Land League alone is to be thanked. No other force operated. It is not Gladstone who has opened the jail doors in Ireland, it is the grit of the suspects, whose noble fortitude and patriotism is worthy of emulation the world over, and the obedience of the people to the manifestoes of their chosen leaders. Without help from America, Ireland could not have done what has been accomplished to-day, but yet much more remains to be done. We shall continue to maintain our organization in all its strength, as it will be needed to continue the battle, which is only now in its beginning. The victory now won will give all Irishmen, and those in sympathy with their cause, a confidence that will in itself furnish a force that will prove irresistible, ultimately, to all coercive measures the English Government may attempt to introduce in Ireland; while, at the same time, it will serve to make all interested in the Irish getting their rights in the old country more united and self-sacrificing than ever before. The Irish people must be treated like the people of other nations, as men, and not slaves; a fact that England has at last begun to realize. The good fight must go on, and the Irish, irrespective of all past differences, must and will stand together until all they ask is granted."

Hon. Charles Levi Woodbury said, in his opinion the "Tories bid against the Liberals in the matter of dealing out a moiety of tardy justice to Ireland. Gladstone saw their game, and went them one better. The Land League champions are now free, and if they have got the brains I think they have they will play the competing parties against each other and give Ireland all its reasonable wants at this time, but it depends on the address and ability of the leaders to secure all they can practically carry off out of this present situation of affairs. If I am not mistaken, great gains will be made for Ireland on account of this competition."

Hon. R. O'Gorman, of New York, says: "I hope that Gladstone really intends to turn from harsh force to gentle justice in the treatment of the Irish people. Have I reason to doubt that the change of policy thus announced will not be genuinely made? Nothing further than a chronic distrust of English promises. At all events, this promise is a noble one, and we can well wait a while to see whether it will be kept." The New President of the Land League said: "The release of Parnell will be heard with delight by every well-wisher of Ireland in the civilized world. It is a direct and crushing blow to Gladstone's policy, and argues for the adoption of at least part of Parnell's advanced ideas, relative to Ireland's treatment by England; ideas which have been slow to dawn on the English Government. As President of the Land League, I have cabled the following despatch: 'Charles Stewart Parnell, Avondale, County of Wicklow, Ireland:

In the name of the Irish National Land League of America, I congratulate you and the Irish people on the destruction of coercion. "'JAMES MOONEY.'"

Davitt's release is regarded as a masterstroke. He is the most respected of the Land League men, and has suffered most. This party considers that the Gove ment has backed down. Though they decline to make a declaration of intentions, they have the air of men who will demand more concessions.

TERRIBLE CRIME.—THE NEW SECRETARY FOR IRELAND AND UNDER SECRETARY ASSASSINATED.

DUBLIN, May 7, 1882.—No words can adequately express the state of alarm and excitement into which this city was thrown by the news of the murder, in Phœnix Park, about 7.10 o'clock last evening, of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The assassination is a heavy blow to Ireland and the Irish cause, for there will be thousands who will believe, in spite of whatever proofs there may be to the contrary, that it was planned and committed by the Nationalists. But the deed is as deeply deplored by the Irish leaders as it can be by the members of the government.

It appears that, after taking part in the ceremony of installation, Lord Frederick Cavendish proceeded on foot to the Chief Secretary's lodge, near the farther end of Phœnix Park. The installation was held at the Castle, which is situated in the centre of the city about a mile and a quarter from the southeast gate of Phœnix Park. Mr. Burke left the Castle a little before seven o'clock in the evening, drove to the park, and overtook the Chief Secretary on the main avenue near the viceregal lodge. It would seem that the meeting was accidental. The Under Secretary dismissed his car and joined his Chief. The two Secretaries had only walked a short distance up the avenue when they encountered the car of the murderers. The fatal attack was made at 7:10, less than half an hour after Mr. Burke's departure from the Castle.

It is not unlikely that the Under Secretary was following his customary route at the usual hour, and that the assassins had laid their plan in accordance. But Lord Frederick Cavendish had arrived in Dublin only a few hours before, and his presence in the park could hardly have been within the expectation of his assailants. The reports are too darkling to supply any solid foundation for a theory, still they point to the probability that the murder of the Chief Secretary was not contemplated by his assassins, that the plot against the life of the Under Secretary was laid by villanous desperadoes, and that the crime was committed to nip the policy of conciliation in the bud, and prevent a reconcilement between the Government and the Land League.

The following proclamation expresses the feelings of Irishmen throughout the world:—

Land League Manifesto.

LONDON, May 7, 1882.—The following manifesto of the Land League was adopted this afternoon at a hurriedly summoned meeting at the Westminster Palace Hotel:—

To the people of Ireland: On the eve of what seemed a bright future for our country, that evil destiny, which has apparently pursued us for centuries, has struck at our hopes another blow which cannot be exaggerated in its disastrous consequences. In this hour of sorrowful gloom we venture to give expression to our profound sympathy with the people of Ireland in the calamity that has befallen our cause through this horrible deed, and with those who determined, at the last hour, that a policy of conciliation should supplant that of terrorism and national distrust. We earnestly hope that the attitude and action of the Irish people will show to the world that an assassination such as has startled almost to the abandonment of hope of our country's future, is deeply and religiously abhorrent to their every feeling and instinct.

We appeal to you to show, by every manner of expression, that, amidst the universal feeling of horror which the assassination has excited, no people feel so deep a detestation of its atrocity, or so deep a sympathy with those whose hearts must be seared by it, as the nation upon whose prosperity and reviving hopes it may entail consequences more ruinous than those that have fallen to the lot of unhappy Ireland during the present generation. We feel that no act that has ever been perpetrated in our country during the exciting struggles of the past 50 years has so stained the name of hospitable Ireland as this cowardly and unprovoked assassination of a friendly stranger, and that, until the murderers of Cavendish and Burke are brought to justice, that stain will sully our country's name.

CHARLES S. PARNELL,
JOHN DILLON,
MICHAEL DAVITT.

All the Irish members heard from, concur in this declaration. Orders for the immediate printing and posting of the manifesto throughout Ireland have been given.

B.P.L.Bind.
SEP 26 1882